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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 5, 1946 No. 1

GRATITUDE

For sunlit hours and visions clear,
For all remembered faces dear,
For comrades of a single day,
Who sent us stronger on our way,
For friends who shared the year's long road,
And bore with us the common load,
For hours that levied heavy tolls,
But brought us nearer to our goals,
For insights won through toil and tears,
We thank the Keeper of the years.

—Clyde McGee.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

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REPORTERS — Raymond Byrd, Thomas Cottrell, Gerald Johnson, Harvey Leonard, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.
SPORTS WRITER—Charles Young.
BOY SCOUT REPORTER—James Hensley.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, John Linville, Thomas Stallings.
CLASS IN PRINTING—Herman Hughes, D. B. Jones, Vernest Turner, Thomas Wansley.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor **LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor**

THE WAY TO A HAPPY NEW YEAR

To leave the old with a burst of song.
To recall the right and forgive the wrong;
To forget the things that bind you fast
To the vain regrets of the year that's past;
To have the strength to let go your hold,
Of the not worth while of the days grown old,
To dare go forth with a purpose true,
To the unknown task of the year that's new;
To help your brother along the road,
To do his work and lift his load;
To add your gift to the world's good cheer,
Is to have and to give a Happy New Year.

—Selected.

THE IMPENDING CRISIS OF THE NEW YEAR

The irresistible hand of time moves on into eternity, and the cycle of the months enters again upon its ceaseless course. Because it is inevitable, the footsteps of mankind have already crossed the threshold of a new year, and as we enter this new year, from all the evidence it appears that there is an impending crisis which overshadows the ominous threats of any other previous year in the world's history.

During the preceding year the entire world witnessed two of the greatest and most startling events of all times: the first being the achievement of victory by Allied forces in World War II, and the second the discovery or the invention of the atomic bomb. Each of these occurrences is so remarkable and so eventful that it is destined to influence powerfully the course of civilization throughout all

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future time. The world now finds itself shuddering in the presence of these and other breath-taking events, so astounding and so spectacular in their character and importance.

An editorial in the Charlotte Observer on December 30th, in part, makes the following observations:

> It has been a year forever to be spelled in capital letters for the epic history which it recorded.
>
> That history has been written in the rich and priceless blood of millions of earth's young sons called to battle in the cause of human freedom.
>
> It has been written on parchment wetted with the tears wrung from the anguished hearts of hosts of those who suffered and sacrificed across the vast latitudes of the whole planet.
>
> It was the year of victory for the legions who fought and bled and died for the sovereign rights and liberties of free peoples, —victory for those who elected rather to die on their feet than to live on their knees.
>
> For this 1945 will be everlastingly memorable.
>
> By comparison any other of many notable achievements and events fades out into relative obscurity, although, except for war's end, these would serve to make the dying year one of momentous uniqueness.
>
> For the first time in human history, peoples everywhere, whether they will it or not, must learn to live together or suffer the sure fate of not living at all.
>
> The year of 1945 has only introduced humanity to the experience of this new and inescapable order of the future.
>
> In passing out, it leaves in the laps of men everywhere the legacies of confusions and chaos which mark such a sudden and sharp change as comes to human society when it begins to adjust itself to a new and untried dimensional of life.
>
> Amid the problems of this cataclysmic transition, we come to year's end groping and floundering for ground that is at once solid and safe upon which to stand as the architectures of the new age are being fashioned and human relationships properly adjusted to its necessities. Such are the meanings of many of our current frictions and frustrations.
>
> None is so much a seer or prophet as to foretell with any reasonable exactitude what shall be the final shape of things that are to be.

On August 6, 1945 the entire world was electrified and startled by the sudden announcement that an American aeroplane had dropped on Hiroshima an atomic bomb which, in the words of President Tru-

man, had "more power than 20,000 tons of TNT, more than 2,000 times the blast power of the British twelve-tonner." Within some three days another bomb, more modern and more destructive, was dropped on the city of Nagasaki. The destruction and devastation were so terrifying that a speedy end of the war was inevitable.

The very story of the invention and the manufacture of the atomic bomb is an achievement which can leave no doubt in anybody's mind regarding the prolific ability of unfettered human beings when they work together. Hundreds of the leading scientists of three nations—the United States, Great Britain, and Canada, pooled all of their wizardry in science into the great project. There were unprecedented concentrations and accelerations because it was a race between life and death. More than two billion dollars were expended for materials, equipment and talented leadership. And it was a huge success, fulfilling the fondest hopes and dreams of those who dared to sponsor the project.

At present no prophet is so wise that he can understand and foretell all that impends in the new atomic age. There are those who assert that this atomic bomb, this explosion of death over Japan, is a clinching and conclusive proof of the sad fact that we, the human family, think more effectively about material things than we do about the moral issues of life—our purposes, our ideals, and our human behavior. There are grave fears that nobody will think as clearly, as bravely, and as unselfishly about peace, about human affairs and social relationships, about religion itself, as those men and women in the laboratories have thought about atoms. This is indeed a great challenge to the spiritual devotion and fervor of Christians. As great as are the potentialities of the atomic bomb, it must always be admitted that it was conceived as a weapon of destruction and death, and that in its infancy it was baptised in human blood. Out if the travails of a world at war, it was born. The dominant question now is, can we take this instrument of destruction and control and safeguard it so that in the end civilization will have been enriched and enhanced because of its ministrations and blessings?

Let us hope that, in the days ahead, we shall be good enough so that our moralities may not simply match, but outdistance our

scientific leviathan skills. A great scholar once wrote: "The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained and decorated by the intellect of man." This is our hope and our goal.

Emerson once said: "There can be no high civility without a deep morality."

The Allied nations came victoriously through the dark years of conflict, some four, some six, some eight years. Franklin Delano Roosevelt described it as a War for Survival, and generally we have thought that it was a war to survive the onslaught of the Axis forces. But in another sense, there are other dangers against which humanity must guard. Else the ultimate end may be suicide, or self-destruction for all mankind. If we look back through the ages as far as history can take us and consider the constant belligerence among mankind, we are prone to adopt a pessimistic outlook towards the future. But in the spirit of the Psalmist let us look unto the hills, from whence cometh our help.

* * * * * * * * *

HAPPY CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

We are delighted to report that the boys at the School had a very happy Christmas season. On Christmas Eve, all of the boys received well-filled bags, and this gave the first real thrill of the holidays. In the bags were nuts, candies, raisins, oranges and apples. Every boy guarded his "poke" as a precious treasure.

As far as is known, every boy received some special or extra Christmas present, either from his own relatives or from some generous friend. These gifts were gloves, socks, sweaters, caps, neckties, books, handkerchiefs and other useful articles. Then again on December 29th, every boy was given an extra supply of oranges, nuts, apples and tangerines. Still another treat was given the boys on New Year's Day, in order to get a happy start for the new year.

To all of those who brought cheer and happiness at the Christmastide, we wish to express the sincere thanks of all. We want all who had a part in giving to know that their kindness will always be remembered. We hope that the hearts of our boys have been touched and we are sure that life has been a little sweeter for them.

Elsewhere in this issue The Uplift is carrying a reprint of an edi-

torial in The Charlotte Observer on the remarkable work of Judge Redd during the Christmas season.

The following is a list of those who made their contributions in cash through the School's Christmas Cheer Fund:

Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Cheer Fund	$217.87
New Hanover County Welfare Dept., J. R. Hollis, Supt.,	30.00
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,	15.00
Forsyth County Welfare Dept., A. W. Cline, Supt.,	10.00
"7-8-8," Concord,	25.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
Board of Commissioners, Anson County,	10.00
Watauga County Welfare Dept., Dave P. Mast, Supt.,	6.00
Board of Commissioners, Caldwell County	15.00
Board of Commissioners, Davidson County,	15.00
Juvenile Court, Greensboro,	4.00
A. W. Klemme, High Point,	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
L. C. Harmon, Concord,	5.00
Samuel E. Leonard, Raleigh,	5.00
A Friend	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield, Concord	10.00
Martin County Welfare Dept., Miss Mary W. Taylor, Supt.,	10.00
Mrs. G. W. Wise, Canton,	5.00
Board of Commissioners and Board of Public Welfare, Cumberland County,	15.00
Richmond County Welfare Dept., O. G. Reynolds, Supt.,	10.00
Board of Commissioners, Cabarrus County,	20.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ferguson, Concord,	2.00
Bernard Cone, Greensboro,	10.00
Citizens of Charlotte, by Judge F. M. Redd,	100.00
A Friend, Manteo,	1.00
E. B. Grady, Concord,	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Odell, Concord,	10.00
Total cash contributions,	$605.87

Other Christmas Gifts

Fruits and nuts sent by Judge F. M. Redd and others, of Charlotte. (Estimated value.)	$500.00
Fruits and nuts sent by A. G. Sheldon, of Charlotte. (Estimated value.)	35.00
	$535.00

Subscription to "Sunshine Magazine," Samuel E. Leonard, of Raleigh.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Christmas in the Cottages

By Thomas Cottrell, 9th Grade

In my cottage, (No. 10) there are 23 boys, and Christmas to us is a most happy time.

We are just one big family, and where can you find a big family that does not have plenty of fun, and excitement!

Our life at the school is no different from yours. We were just as busy as bees getting ready for the coming of "Santa," shopping and getting our gifts wrapped and tied with bright colorful ribbons, and finding a place to hide them for Santa Claus. Let me say, "The boys of Jackson Training School really believe that there is a Santa Claus."

The cottages were so pretty with their snow white trees, trimmed with lights, icicles, tinsels, and different colored balls. We made our door wreaths and we think they were beautiful. We really are sorry that Christmas is over and we must take down our decorations.

In most of the cottages, Christmas carols were sung several times during the week before Christmas.

The boys enjoyed the Christmas stories which were read to them in the evenings.

After our Christmas Eve program in the school auditorium, we returned to our respective cottages and there enjoyed the giving of our gifts which had been placed under our tree.

This was a happy time and each boy was anxious to know what Santa had left for him.

The School gave to each boy a huge Christmas treat, consisting of apples, oranges, tangerines, sticks of candy, small boxes of raisins, and mixed nuts.

Did we have a Christmas dinner? Oh! Yes, and how we wished that some of our friends and loved ones could have enjoyed it with us. We had baked chicken, dressing, noodles, English peas, cranberry sauce, pickles, ice cream, chocolate and fruit cake. Our table was beautiful with a huge tray of fruits, candies, and nuts, used as a center piece and lighted candles at either end of the table.

Due to bad weather, a great deal of our time during the holidays had to be spent inside, but this was not so bad, for every boy had received Christmas boxes form home. Some new games were received, and were really so nice to play that time seemed to fly.

To our particular cottage was given $109.00 by friends and former boys of the cottage. I'm sure that this good tiding of financial joy was given to some of the other cottages, also. We have planned to buy several items with this money, among them will be an indoor ping pong table.

Mr. and Mrs. Liske and the boys of the tenth cottage really appreciate this Christmas purse.

Christmas on the Campus

By Thomas Stallings, 9th Grade

Now that the Christmas holidays

are over, we have resumed our normal activities at the school. During the holidays our life in the cottage followed pretty well the same routine as did the boys of Cottage No. 10.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Baucom all of the boys of the eighth and ninth grades had the opportunity of going over to Concord to do their personal Christmas shopping. Mostly the boys who made this trip did so to purchase gifts for their parents. We would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Baucom for this thoughtfulness and kindness on her part.

Many other boys went to town through the courtesy and kindness of cottage officers and matrons.

As usual during the Christmas season the boys at the school received hundreds of boxes, both from their parents and from the many friends of the boys all over the state. Each boy who received a package from home or elsewhere was permitted to send a postal card to the sender expressing his appreciation for the gifts.

Then, too, each boy sent two Christmas cards either to relatives or to friends. These cards were made available through the efforts of Mr. S. G. Hawfield, superintendent of the school. Several of the officers and matrons purchased cards for the boys of their individual cottages to send to their parents. We would like to thank Mr. Hawfield and all the individuals who made these cards available.

Sunday before Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield were in charge of the chapel program. Mrs. Hawfield's first grade boys sang from ten to fifteen songs at different intervals. A lovely story, "Christmas Bells," was then read by Mrs. Dotson. A very impressive talk was then given by Mr. Hawfield.

The Christmas Eve program was given by boys from the first through the ninth grades. Each grade representative either sang or gave a reading. This program was enjoyed by all who attended.

Weeks before Christmas the school rooms and the library were busy decorating and preparing for the Holy Event. All of the rooms were beautifully decorated. In the library the old but ever new manger scence was set up, making the library a beautiful place.

On Sunday before Christmas a number of Boy Scouts from the Training School helped in the clothing drive sponsored by the Lions Club of Concord.

On Thursday night Mr. Corliss, scout master at the school, took a number of his scouts to the Court of Honor at the St. James Lutheran Church in Concord. This group of scouts enjoyed this trip very much.

Friday night the Cub Scouts had a party in the library under the direction of Mr. Hines and the Den Mothers, Mrs. Liske, Mrs. Tomkinson and Mrs. Dotson.

The day after Christmas the Christmas shows began and lasted for a week. Needless to say, these were the highlights during the holidays. These pictures were obtained through the film exchange in Charlotte.

Christmas day was a grand event for the boys. The cottage officers and matrons presented each boy in their cottages with gifts. First cakes were given out to the various cottages and on Christmas the boys had all the cake and ice cream they could eat.

Unfortunately, the weather was bad, and the boys had to stay inside during the holidays. Nevertheless, they played indoor games and enjoyed themselves very much.

We would like to thank each and every one who made these Christmas joys possible. To those who really entered into the Christmas spirit, we say, "Thank You."

New Years Day

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

The origin of New Years Celebrations dates back to the Romans. On this day they were accustomed to exchanging greetings and presents. The New Years Celebrations were a great source of profit to Caesar during his rule of the Roman Empire.

For many years after this Christians were prohibited to celebrate New Years Day. It was not until 1752 that Great Britian celebrated it.

In Persia the New Year begins on March 21st. This is a great day of rejoicing for the Persians.

In Japan it is the season of much festivity. Each door and window of the houses is decorated, and each object used in the decorations has a symbolic meaning. The usual form of decoration is the Green Arch.

In China it is the greatest celebration of the year.

In France, Canada and Scotland New Years is observed more than Christmas.

There is a so called celebration even from the American Indians. They have what is called the Mogui celebration or So-yal-u-na. It consists largely of a mythical drama in two parts followed by presentation of gifts to a plume headed serpent which is the enemy of the sun.

The first real celebration in the United States was held in 1790 when Washington was president. He held a reception between 12 and 3 A. M. and received all home and foreign visitors.

Today the celebration consists mostly of late parties by individuals. There is no celebration outside except bells and whistles at 12 0'clock.

Shows During Christmas

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

The boys of the Training School saw four shows this Christmas time. The first of these was shown on Wednesday, the day after Christmas. The name of this show was "Thousands Cheer," starring Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Lucille Ball, and lots of other stars including "Red Skelcton."

The name of the second show on Thursday afternoon was "Fighting Seabees," starring John Wayne. This show was about war and fighting men.

The third show was on Friday, and the name of it was "Meet Me in St. Louis." Judy Garland was the main character. Her father was going to move to New York, and her mother, sisters and brother did not want to leave St. Louis. They finally convinced their father not to move to New York.

The name of the fourth and last was "Barbary Coast Gent." This was a western picture starring Wallace Berry. All the boys take this period Berry. All the boys take this opportunity to thank Mr. Hawfield and producers for making it possible for us to see these pictures.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

The groups assembled in the auditorium and sang, "This is My Father's World." Then Mr. Raymond Snyder gave a talk. After he had finished, Mr. Hawfield gave a talk about the song, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War." He said that this was General Pattton's favorite hymn. Then we had a talk by Mr. Puckett. We were then dismissed to go to our classes. In our class we did not have any program arranged so we just had a talk. Mr. McCoy dismissed us with prayer.

Items of Interest

By Kenneth Staley, 9th Grade

On December 21, Mr. Hawfield, our superintendent, visited Mrs. Morrison and the boys of the second grade and read them a story of how Christmas was celebrated in other lands. The boys enjoyed this story very much.

Monday was a busy day for the first and second grades. They were taking down Christmas decorations.

The boys of the second grade have all settled down to good school work after a good Christmas.

This week is letter writing time. The school reports and work reports will go home in these letters.

Mrs. Dwight Morrison's fourth grade is replacing their Christmas pictures with pictures of Switzerland. They are studying this interesting peace-loving country in connection with their geography. The mountains, lakes, tunnels, glaciers and waterfalls make it an interesting study. They are finding out why Switzerland is called "The Playground of the World."

———:———

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to annouce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Weeks of December 30, 1945 and January 6, 1946

Dec. 30—Jack Wolfe, Cottage No. 2, 17th birthday.
Dec. 31—James William Hill, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.
Jan. 4—Rodney Mintz, Cottage No. 5—16th birthday.
Jan. 5—James Warren Jones, Cottage No. 1, 16th birthday.
Jan. 5—Harold Bates, Cottage No. 15, 16th birthday.
Jan. 5—Robert Shepherd, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
Jan. 5—Hobart Keaton, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.
Jan. 8—Fred Coates, Cottage No. 2, 15th birthday.
Jan. 9—Hanie Cothrin, Cottage No. 2, 16th birthday.
Jan. 10—David Isenhour, Cottage No. 11, 14th birthday.
Jan. 11—Robert Eugene Trout, Receiving Cottage, 16th birthday.
Jan. 12—Benny Payne, Cottage No. 13, 16th birthday.

HISTORY OF STONEWALL JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

By S. G. Hawfield

There is being prepared a history of the Stonewall Jackson Training School Since the School has been in operation over a period of approximately thirty-six years, the preparation of this historical sketch involves a considerable amount of investigation and research. Later on, the history will be published by the North Carolina Historical Commission. Already five chapters or divisions of the School's history have been completed, and the plans are to print these in THE UPLIFT, our local magazine from time to time.

The chapters which are complete are as follows:

Introduction.
Chapter I. Development of the sentiment for a training school in North Carolina.
Chapter II. Legislative enactment creating the Jackson Training School, and subsequent amendments.
Chapter III. Purpose and function of the Jackson Training School, past and present.
Chapter IV. Early beginnings of the institution.
Chapter V. Organizational set-up.
Chapter VII. Population statistics and related facts.
Chapter VIII. Financial Statistics.
Chapter IX. A Description of the School Plant or Facilities.

(Continued from Issue of December 15, 1945.)

CHAPTER IX (Continued)

A Description of the School Plant or Facilities

7. Farm Buildings

The school has a new storage building which is located 30 feet to the rear of the Swink-Benson Trades Building. This building measures 30 feet by 40 feet and is of frame construction, one story high, on a 7-foot brick foundation, with a roof of composition shingles. The building has a roomy basement in which farm machinery and tools are stored. It was erected in 1944 by the carpenter shop force, with the assistance of an outside brick mason. This building is used for storage of tools, paints, lumber, and garden seeds.

The one-story granary, approximately 30 feet by 40 feet, with storage space underneath, which is situated across the road in front of the building known as the No. 1 Granary, was erected in 1936 and was built mostly by the school carpenter shop force. It is of frame construction and the large storage room underneath is used to store tractors and other farm machin-

ery. The main floor of the building is used for storage of grain and farm seeds.

Directly across the road from the above building and about 300 yards west of the Cannon Memorial Building, on the right of the road, near the stock barn, is the No. 1 Granary. It is a large one-story building with a basement. The building is of fireproof construction, with a slate roof. It was built in 1923. The main floor is used to store feeds and grain, and the basement is used to store farm tools, machinery and fertilizer.

Directly to the rear of this building is a farm machinery house of frame construction, approximately 20 feet by 30 feet. It was built in 1934. Incidentally, when the "near tornado" storm hit the campus on March 25, 1935, this building was completely blown down, but was rebuilt soon afterwards.

The wagon shed, approximately 18 feet by 81 feet, located northwest of Granary No. 1, was built in 1936. It is of frame construction, with a composition shingle roof.

The large stock barn located west of Granary No. 1 was built in 1910. It is of wood construction and shingle roof, 2 stories high, and 90 feet by 40 feet; 2 wings 30 feet by 30 feet each. This is the original barn for which $1,000 was donated by Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Reynolds in 1910. It houses horses, mules, feed, hay and gears.

About 150 yards south of the stock barn is located the dairy barn, erected in 1924. The milking and feeding barn is a one story building, 124 feet by 36 feet. The construction is of solid brick walls and slate roof. At the front entrance of this building are located two large tile silos. Across the rear end of the milking and feeding barn stands the lounging barn, which is two stories high and is 130 feet by 36 feet. It is of wood construction and slate roof. This building is for hay and feed storage on the second story, and the ground story is a lounging barn for the dairy herd. Incidentally, this portion of the barn was destroyed by fire around six o'clock on the morning of June 13, 1931. No cattle were burned, but a considerable amount of new hay was destroyed along with the barn. That portion of the barn was rebuilt soon afterwards.

About 50 feet north of the milking and feeding barn is located the milk house, which was built in 1924. The construction is of solid brick walls and slate roof. It is a one story building, 42 feet by 32 feet. This building contains a refrigeration system; bottling equipment and storage for milk and butter. Incidentally, the milk house was considerably damaged by fire on December 18, 1936, and during the rebuilding in 1937 it was enlarged in order to provide space for a pasteurizing plant, as well as an ice cream unit. The school has had an ice cream unit since 1941, and the 1945 General Assembly appropriated funds with which to install a pasteurizing plant.

The school has two original poultry houses, one erected in 1922 and the other in 1923. These buildings are of frame construction and are 16 feet by 100 feet in size. They were constructed by the carpenter shop force at the school. They are located to the west of Cottages Nos. 9 and 10.

During the Special Session of the N. C. State Legislature held in August, 1938, the School was appropriated $8,085, which was supplemented by a

PWA grant amounting to $6,615, and projects were constructed as follows:

a. Poultry House 20 by 100 feet.

b. Brooder House 14 by 60 feet.

c. Enlargement of Laundry 16 feet by 37 feet.

d. Hay Storage and Work Room Building 32 feet by 100 feet, located north of the stock barn. (Note: A Cattle Shed 18 feet by 100 feet., attached to this building was erected in 1945.

e. Hay storage building 36 by 120 feet, located west of the dairy barns.

f. Cannery, with storage room and boiler room, 30 feet by 120 feet, located between the Swimming Pool and Indian Cottage.

These buildings were erected during the latter part of 1938 and early in 1939. The project was known as Misc, Farm Bldgs. Docket N. C. 1448-F.

In the fall and winter of 1938-39 a large two-story frame building, 34 feet by 100 feet, was erected. This building, which is a part of the dairy unit, is known as a maternity and calf barn. It is located a short distance southwest of the milking and feeding barns. The funds for the erection of this building were obtained in the same manner as those for the swimming pool, mentioned in Section 5 above (erected under PWA Docket N. C., 1387-F.)

8. Farm and Pasture Lands

a. The original tract of land consists of 291 acres, and it represents several different tracts which were donated by the citizens of Concord. Some of the early comments about the first tract of land stated that there were 298 acres, but the official records indicate that there were only 291 acres.

b. On June 3, 1922 an adjoining tract of 32.44 acres, known as the Hudson land, was purchased at a cost of $9,995. Later, one acre of this was sold to Mr. W. W. Johnson, a former teacher at the school.

c. On March 22, 1923 a third tract of land, known as the Fisher land, containing 91.88 acres, was purchased. At that time it did not adjoin the other school property. It was originally a part of the Parrish land, and lies about one mile southwest of the campus. The cost was $7,000.

d. On September 5, 1925 a small tract containing 2.12 acres, located on Coddle Creek, was purchased for the location of a pump site. The cost was $212. At that time the plans were to install a pumping and filtering system to supply the school's water, but this idea was abandoned when it became possible to connect with the Concord City Water System.

e. On December 1, 1929 a tract of land known as the Phifer land, was purchased. This tract contains 208.7 acres, and lies west of the main campus. It adjoins the original tract at the rear of the stock barn and dairy barn. This tract was bought at a cost of $100 per acre, a total of $20,870. Fifteen thousand dollars of the funds for this purchase came from the late B. N. Duke, and the remainder of it was furnished by the state.

f. In July of 1935 a tract of land known as the Pharr land was purchased at a cost of $9,994. In this farm there were two tracts which together contain 152.17 acres.

g. On January 12, 1939 the school received a small tract of land lying to the rear of the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church. This was received from the said church in exchange for a small tract which was deeded by the

school to the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church for cemetery purposes.

h. In June, 1941, the J. T. Kennedy farm was purchased at a cost of $10,-196. In this tract there are 192.89 acres, and it lies directly west of the Phifer land.

The total acreage known to be on record as belonging to the school is 970.2 acres.

On the school campus there is an unusual type of rock formation. There are some immense boulders which are so large they are very unusual for this part of the state, and they attract a great amount of interest. Many travelers passing this way have noted the prominence of these rocks, and have wondered about their formation. These rocks appear to be of granite composition, but when they are carefully studied it is found that the rock does not contain any quartz, which is one of the essential constituents of a granite. Since these rocks do not contain quartz they go by the name of syenite, and since the black material in it, according to authorities in geology, is the mineral augite, this rock is spoken of as Augite Syenite.

Bulletin No. 2 of North Carolina Geological Survey, issued by the North Carolina Building and Ornamental Stones, on pages 93 and 94, makes the following comments with reference to these rocks:

Beginning about 4 miles southwest of Concord, the Rocky River road traverses an extensive area of coarse-textured augite syenite which extends within one and one-half miles of the town of Concord. The area is approximately 3 miles wide, measured in a southwest direction. Outcrops of the rock are numerous on both sides of the road, in the nature of immense boulders which measure 10, 20 and 30 feet high and proportionately large otherwise (see Fig. B, Pl. IX). Similar exposures are reported to the south and east of Concord, which would apparently mark a northwest-southeast belt of this area. See p. 265 for tests as road metal.

The rock is uniformly coarse texture over the entire area, of massive structure and composed of large bluish gray feldspar individuals, without pronounced crystal outline (allotriomorphic). It contains little of the other minerals, as a rule, but is largely made up of the course crystallization of feldspar. The large feldspar individuals are wrapped about each other and are closely interlocked, imparting a close texture to the rock as a whole. When closely examined, the feldspar shows a decided pinkish tone; but not of sufficient depth to be noticeable in the general color of the rock, which is a pronounced bluish gray.

The soil on the farm of the Jackson Training School is described as the Mecklenburg clay loam type of soil, and an analysis of the soil shows that it has a pH reading of 6.825, which is explained as possessing "slight acidity."

9. Miscellaneous Facilities

The school owns four garages, each of four-car capacity. These buildings are of frame construction, with composition roof; one of these garages is located west of the Administration Building; one is located near No. 11 cottage; one is located west of the school building and near the truck garage; and one is located to the rear of No. 9 cottage.

A one-story frame building with composition roof is used as the truck

garage and meat house, and is located about 75 feet west of the school building.

One frame barn, known as the Linker barn, over from the dairy, was on the Phifer Place when purchased December 1, 1929.

One small dwelling house about 100 yards north of the dairy barn, was on the Phifer land when purchased The house was built around 1927 when Seab Linker was living on the Phifer land, and it is of frame construction with composition shingles which were put on in August, 1945.

There is a dwelling house on the lower place. It is of frame construction, wooden shingles, one story, and has six rooms. It was remodeled in 1924. It was on the Parrish land when it was purchased March 22, 1923. This house is located about one mile south of the school on the north side of the Charlotte highway No. 29.

In the fall of 1925, the Jackson Training School officials made a contract with the city of Concord to furnish water for the school. Under the contract the school was responsible for laying an 8-inch pipe line on the right-of-way of No. 29 highway from the school over to a point near the Southern Railway Station in Concord, across Buffalo Creek from Long's Service Station. This project cost $31,148; it was completed in the early months of 1926.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

Into the Silent Places
The Old Year goes tonight,
Bearing old pain, old sadness,
Old care and old delight,
Mistakes and fears and failures,
The things that could not last—
But nought that e'er was truly ours
Goes with him to the Past.

Out of the Silent Places
The Young Year comes tonight,
Bringing new pain, new sadness,
New care and new delight.
Go forth to meet him bravely,
The New Year all untried,
The things the Old Year left with us—
Faith, Hope, and Love—abide.

—Annie Johnson Flint.

JUDGE REDD'S FINE WORK

(The Charlotte Observer)

The good service of Judge F. M. Redd, head of the Mecklenburg juvenile court system, in providing so generously during the holidays for the boys and girls in varios corrective institutions of the state, are worthy of the appreciation of the public.

For several years Judge Redd has made it his custom assume personal responsibility for seeing that these unfortuate young people receive bountiful supplies of Christmas goods.

He has found in this community a host of individuals and organizations who gladly supply him with the funds necessary to this end.

But the responsibility of buying these Christmas tokens and seeing that they get to their proper destination over the state he gladly and efficiently assumes himself.

Judge Redd has perpetuated this thoughtful and worthy enterprise which, as each succeeding Christmas comes and goes, has been marked by increasing generosity on the part of those who co-operate financially in this gracious undertaking.

Having for so many years dealt with boys and girls of juvenile age, and being intimately informed of their problems, Judge Redd is especially considerate of this particular group of young people, many of whom of necessity are forwarded to these corrective institutions for training and reformation.

His sympathies for them are boundless and his attitude towards them always friendly and helpful.

Of kindred character has been the thoughtfulness of Judge Redd in establishing at Samarcand, an institution for girls of the state, a large library to which, with the aid and co-operation of friends, he was able lately to add 9,000 new volumes.

All of this is obviously a labor of love on his part and an expression of intelligent and constructive charity from which large benefits to these unfortunate groups are bound to result.

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It is more than a New Year we start today—
It's a decade we mark along life's way—
Forty to fifty—ten long years
To fill with good works and sunshine that cheers.
May we find, when the last of the ten departs,
Joy in the world! Peace in our hearts!

Salome V. Holloway.

TIME TO PATCH UP

(Sunshine Magazine)

One of the nice things about the first month of a new year is the impulse, more or less common, to reform one's habits. A man's character during the course of twelve months can be worn pretty thin in spots, and it is well that there is one time in the year when he is reminded, and has the desire, to check up on himself. Most of us don't have to do much searching around to discover where we need patching up.

For one thing, our attitude of mind is a variable that causes us a lot of trouble, and usually accounts for many of our weaknesses.

Many of us find it difficult to be reasonably fair with, and considerate of, other people, especially those who do not think and feel and live as we do. Intolerance of opinions that are not our opinions, of ways that are not our ways, of ideals that are not our ideals, is too common. The man who can hold a broad, generous, and respectful attitude toward others, who is willing to credit the other fellow with sanity and good judgment, even when he disagrees with him, will be far more comfortable and happy than the intolerant man. So long as we must live and work and play with others tolerance is a desirable virtue.

A proper attitude of mind is one of man's richest blessings. It compels him to live within his income, to meet his obligations fully, to treat others politely, to control his appetite, to sympathize with those less favored than himself, to improve his skill and mind, and to be humble.

Another quality that most of us need badly is patience. We need patience to attain serenity. The rough wear we now get in life tends to wear thin our tranquillity. With most of us composure is only skin deep. A slight irritation and away we go. Petty annoyances, once ignored, sting us into a display of temper. We lose our mental balance on the slightest provocation. We spend our energy in explosive outbursts over trivialities. With more patience we would be better able to ignore the little things that roil us.

In view of our many shortcomings, it is well to make New Year resolutions; it is better still to keep them.

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An egotist is a man who talks about himself when you want him to talk about you.—Sunshine Magazine.

A BETTER NEW YEAR

(Selected)

It is possible for man to continue as a race only as long as he places hope in the future. He looks to a tomorrow and another day, a disposition for another try. The beginning is vividly expressed in the celebration of New Years. The customary figures of the old gentleman with his hour glass and scythe as time a-flying, with the bare babe ribboned in a numeral bearing banner as the symbol of tomorrow, denote the history of the past and the chance for a future.

The idea of a New Year is heartening when viewed from the angle of a recent grim, tough year of sacrifice and sorrow.1945 in its military cloak was occupied with stern matters. 1946 does not find us with all weighty problems solved, with the national slate clean. We are even now living in subdued thought as the home front scatters itself about in heated verbal combat over issues that affect its well-being. This is history, again. Our enemies are tried in foreign courts, their crimes against man named and judged. In a way, when we fail to keep the peace, we too have committed a crime against man. We may harshly judge ourselves in our court called conscience. Over there, victors are attempting to harness disaster to a normal rig and at home we fight to keep down inflation and iron out strikes in labor. Drawn together in adversity we more quickly champ at the bit with the team in peacetime. Well aware are we that the world enters January in no pacified pattern.

Last New Year's resolution included a pledge to exert particular effort in understanding as well as reducing consumption of candy and cigarettes. We individually determined to reduce hips and waist-lines, do better with letter writing and book reading, but we included principles of decency wtih these other things, too. We incorporated fellowship and brotherly love in the list of yearly promises.

Here we come to another crossing, where '45 and '46 offer us an excuse to celebrate. In our hearts, the memory of the first will never die, it was so momentous. Nor will it in history. It follows that we will carry into the New Year some of the lessons learned in the old. Time does not end in one period of festivity and begin again. It grows into history and history is not bound into seasons. The wisdom of the old is handed down to the new and the past unites with the future, it merges rather than severs its connection from it. Let us profit by our mistakes, continue our benefactions, direct our efforts for a dignified, rythmic growth, older and wiser and more hopeful.

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"Ambition is a virtue until it fails to include the welfare of our fellowmen, then it becomes selfishness."

TWICE THE RIGHT MAN WAS PICKED

(Beasley's Farm & Home Journal)

In the list of men we have known well or observed closely in the last forty years who have done the State fine service, none stands higher than Dr. W. S. Rankin. The news of the day is throbbing with talk of hospitalization and public health undertakings by both state and national governments. The last legislature of North Carolina laid the foundation for what may eventuate in a large state program. The federal government is launching out with plans which are proposed to reach the utmost limits of the country. It is timely therefore to say something of the career of one man who for nearly forty years has done much for the cause in North Carolina.

For sixteen years Dr. Rankin was public health officer of North Carolina. Twenty years ago he stepped from that position to the one which he has since occupied, director of the hospital and orphanage section of the Duke Foundation. In the first position he became a national leader in developing public health work. In the latter position he has become the best informed and most helpful man in North and South Carolina in the development and management of hospitals. The goal in the medical profession as well of the developing public health service is now to provide hospitalization service within the reach of the entire population.

Recently hearing Dr. Rankin talk on this subject, we were deeply impressed by the thought of what his own career has meant to North Carolina. The late Dr. Richard H. Lewis of Raleigh was the pioneer in public health service in the state. As secretary of the State Board of Health, then a name rather than an institution, Dr. Lewis, with great patience, foresight and constructive thinking, coupled with rare devotion, did much to lay the foundation on which the structure has since been erected. He once told the writer that when the time had come to have an all time public health officer for the state, he looked about carefully to find a young man of the requisite talents, character and energy who could be selected for the position. His choice was Dr. Rankin, then connected with Wake Forest College.

Dr. Rankin became the first all time public health officer of the state on July first, 1909. The need, the opportunity, and the man met. In that year the state of North Carolina was spending $25,000 per year on public health work through the state board. When Dr. Rankin resigned the position in 1925, the state was spending annually $450,000. Between these two financial extremes the work accomplished was in similar proportion. Through all these years Dr. Rankin had the confidence of the legislature and the public, and step by step, year by year, proposed and carried through the several measures that had to be done by the state in behalf of preventive medicine. These measures are now accepted as commonplace, we live under their benign influence and hardly think of the time when they were not. Yet every one had to be fought

for, fought for in the field of public information and enlightenment. Our people responded through their lawmakers as rapidly as they became convinced of the necessity for each and an understanding of the purpose. Therefore, the first work was largely public enlightenment.

To this end the State Board of Health Bulletin was enlarged from a four to six-page monthly to a thirty page monthly publication and instead of 3000 copies being distributed monthly the circulation went to 36,000. In addition to this many popular educational pamphlets upon the more important public health problems were printed and distributed.

For a while the State Board of Health used public health exhibits at state and county fairs and also equipped and operated a public health truck for traveling from place to place and demonstrating public health methods by model and moving pictures. Sanitation was stressed and a department of sanitary engineering with ten full-time inspectors was placed in the field for inspection of public institutions, State and county, inspection of restaurants, the enforcement of a state-wide sanitary privy act and to assist local authorities in enforcing modern milk ordinance, approved by the State Board of Health for milk control in North Carolina about 1920. The laws controlling the spread of communicable diseases were expanded and more rigidly enforced. A state-wide vital statistics law requiring the registration of births and deaths was passed by the legislature of 1913 and North Carolina became a registration State, meeting the standards of the Federal Government in 1915.

Perhaps the most important accomplishment of the sixteen years administration was the development of full-time county health work. Guilford county was the first county in North Carolina to employ a full time county health officer. This was in 1912. There has always been some controversy as to whether North Carolina or Kentucky or the state of Washington had priority in the beginning of full-time county health work. When Dr. Rankin retired in 1925 there were 36 counties in North Carolina with full-time health departments and it is doubtful whether any other state in the Union had so large a percentage of its population or even of its counties under full-time local health officers. Along with these activities there was a most gratifying reduction not only in the general death rate, and the number of deaths per thousand population per year, but in certain of the specific death rates such as typhoid fever, tuberculosis, diarrheal disease of children under two years of age, diphtheria, and the other communicable diseases.

The people have largely forgotten one thing that took place in those early years. This was the campaign which eradicated hook worm from North Carolina. The Rockerfeller foundation financed this work in the south with a contribution of a million dollars. Dr. John A. Ferrell of Sampson county began his able and far reaching national work by conducting the campaign in North Carolina. That campaign aroused a sleeping lion in public health when it gripped a certain country doctor, who, as a political leader, had once a great following in North Carolina—Dr. Cyrus Thompson, was one of the sharpest minded politi-

cal leaders the state had in the troubled years around the beginning of the century. But from this time on Dr. Thompson became an evangel of public health work, and as a member of the state board and a favorite member of his own profession, lent powerful aid.

As Dr. Lewis had done years before, the Duke Foundation picked the right man when it got Dr. Rankin to become director of its hospital benefactions. The Foundation has provided a great deal of money in North and South Carolina in assisting in construction and maintenance of hospitals. As said in the beginning of this article, complete hospitalization is the next great goal. Now that it appears that the public purse may be widely opened before long, it is well to remember what has already been done. In studying and comprehending their problems Dr. Rankin has been of vast help to hospitals already in existence and in the encouragement of people to provide more. In helping along with funds at his disposal he has by careful study, understanding and sympathy, placed every dollar where it would do the most good. As no legislator ever accused him of "being a glutton for power," as the late Henry A. Page referred to another man, so in his present position no one has ever thought of Dr. Rankin in any way except as a friend and helper, one utterly devoted to the cause and withal a man of sound judgment and constructive forthought. He is at the call of every community in the territory covered by the Duke Foundation on all questions relating to hospitilization and his advice and counsel are being constantly sought.

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IF YOU WOULD HAVE PEACE

Go forth into the busy world and love it. Interest yourself in its life, and partake of it. Mingle kindly with its joys and its sorrows. Strive to do for men, rather than covet their possessions. A truly successful life is not made by taking for ourselves that which others have a right to share, but by rendering to others that which is worth more to them than they give in return.

There are but two classes of people in the world: those who live to get—they are those who cause wars and poverty; and those who live to give— they are those who bring peace and prosperity.—Selected.

THE LAW OF GIVE AND TAKE

By Arthur Bartlett in Sunshine Magazine

On a train running into New York City rode a notorious gangster, a man who "rose" from a package thief to chieftain of a ruthless underworld organization. No man ever looked more thoroughly miserable. Just out of the hospital, after one of his numerous visits to recuperate from bullet wounds, he was pale and sick looking. But the root of his misery was obviously much deeper than any bullet could penetrate. He was suffering from that chronic and incurable disease of fear. Drawn, gray, worried, he shrank back in his seat, with one bodyguard on his right and another on his left. His eyes constantly shifted from side to side. Every casual passerby seemed to startle him. Every fellow passenger seemed to represent potential death to him.

Another passenger on the same train was a man of high repute. This man was John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Far from having a bodyguard, he strolled into the coach with his son while other wealthy men were seeking the comparative isolation of the club car. No full seat being available, he sat down beside another man, and his son found a seat behind him. Smiling and cheerful, Mr. Rockefeller chatted over his shoulder with his son, and passed the time of day with his seat-mate. Occasionally his eyes roamed over the train but his gaze was one of friendly appreciation of his fellow men, rather than of fear and suspicion. When the train came to a stop at his destination, he waved a jovial good-bye to his son and walked casually out of the car.

The contrast between the two men was inescapable. The gangster, a leech on society; Rockefeller, a great philanthropist. The one devoted his life to dragging his fellow men down in order that he might put a few paltry dollars into his own pocket; the other spending most of his time giving away millions to help humanity.

Taking all the good out of life and letting selfish greed get the better of us, will result in soul-searing misery. But once in a while, if we give a dollar or two to charity, or a basket of food to some needy family, we can get the same kick out of it that Mr. Rockefeller gets out of endowing a great church or hospital. After all, it is not a question of money; it is a question of the law of give and take.

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If I can make men of my people, my business will take care of itself. Everything I can do to help them ultimately benefits me. The more money I spend on them, the more enthusiasm they will have for my interests, and the more money they will make for themselves and for me.—Henry Ford.

HOW OTHER LANDS "RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW"

(Selected)

Belgium—

New Year's Eve in Belgium is also celebrated as Sin Sylvester's Vooravond. The boy or girl who arises last in the morning is nicknamed a "Sylvester." As the "Sylvesters" must pay forfeits to their brothers and sisters, each child tries to be first out of bed. In small towns and villages the New Year's Eve night is spent in gay family parties. At midnight, everybody kisses and exchanges wishes for a Happy New Year. In cities, restaurants and cafes are crowded with noisy merrymakers, as in America.

British Isles—

New Year's Eve in the cities of England, Ireland and Scotland finds cafes jammed with celebrating crowds much in the manner of the United States. In the cities and towns of Scotland it is an especially important occasion, for January first is generally regarded as Scotland's great national holiday. Houses are scrubbed and put in order. Pies and cakes are baked in great abundance. Directly after midnight church services, people begin calling on one another and wishing a Happy New Year. According to old custom, the first person putting foot across the doorsill is called a "first-foot," and is thought to bring good luck or bad luck for the coming year. To make the luck good, the "first-foot" always brings a gift of wine, ale, whisky, or some holiday dainty.

Bulgaria—

Novigodishna Vecher in Bulgaria is the favorite occasion for all kinds of fortune telling. A favorite method of forecasting the future is to drop a leaf in water and let it remain overnight. If the leaf is fresh in the morning, sound health is predicted through the coming year.

China—

In the Chinese Calendar, New Year's Eve is known as Ch'u Hsi, twenty-ninth day of the twelfth moon. Amid the exploding of fire crackers and general shouting and rejoicing, a new picture of the Kitchen God is pasted on the chimney. This ceremony symbolizes the return of the god to watch over the household's affairs. Every Chinaman settles up his debts on New Year's Eve. After all debts are paid and supplies for the New Year purchased, each family sits down to a special meal, "to round out the year."

Czechoslovakia—

The night before Novy Rok, or New Year, Czech boys and girls drop bits of melted lead into cold water and try to read their fortunes in the various shapes the cooling lead assumes. Another favorite is to place a lighted taper in a nut shell and set it afloat in a tub of water. If the nutshell floats toward the center of the tub, its owner will go on a journey. If it stays near the edges, he or she will remain near home during the coming year. If two nutshells float toward each other, the

boy and girl to whom they belong will wed within the year. Should the shells stay apart, however, another year of waiting is predicted.

Finland—

The Finns refer to New Year's Eve as Uudenvuoden Aatto. In Helsinki the New Year is greeted by a concert from the steps of the Suurkirkko, or Great Church, which is located on the capital's imposing Suurtori, or Great Plaza. At midnight, church bells peal forth and harbor ships whistle their salutes to the New Year. The melted lead and water fortune forecasting is popular with the Finns as well as elsewhere.

Latvia—

New Year's Eve is Jaungada Vakars to the Latvians and suckling pig in aspic, piradzini and dried fruit compote are the traditional foods of the occasion. Unscaled and uncleaned fish, symobolic of good luck and wealth, holds a place of honor on every table. Gay and boisterous family reunions in the home with much eating, drinking and laughter are the order of the night. At the hour of midnight, trumpets are blown from church towers, chimes are rung and pistols fired.

Lithuania—

It is Nauju Metu Isvakares to the Lithuanians, and it is the great party night of the year. Groups of men and women masked and dressed in fancy costumes, visit from neighbor to neighbor. At each home they eat saltanosidi, a kind of holiday bun, drink wine and dance. After a brief time in merrymaking, the guests move along to the next home on their list, taking along the people who have just entertained them. As the evening progresses, the parties grow larger and larger, until, toward dawn, very long processions of torch lighted sleds are seen skimming over the roads from one hospitable home to another.

Netherlands—

The Dutch observe Oudejaars Avond by attending an early evening church service at which the minister gives a resume of the year's events and a brief memorial for the parishioners who have died during the year just closing. He never mentions the dead by name unless they are members of the royal family.

Norway—

Nyttarsaften finds the young people of Norway dressed up in fantastic costumes and masks going visiting in groups of ten, fifteen, or more. At every house where stops are made there are refreshments and dancing. Often the night long festivities are ended with a morning breakfast at the home of a friend or neighbor.

Poland—

New Year's Eve is not singled out for a "super celebration" by the Poles. To them the entire period from December 24 to January 6, Three Kings Day, is regarded as Boze Narodzenie, or "Christmas Time." Boys go in groups from house to house singing koledny, of Christmas Carols. Sometimes they give Szopka, or Punch and Judy plays with crude sticks inserted in the stage floors. The traditional meal of the time is the Wilia.

Portugal—

It is Vespera de Anno to the Portuguese, who attended Church services

in great numbers on New Year's Eve. Bands of children go from house to house singing janeiras, ancient New Year's songs. The masked singers, janeireiros, often address their words to the master or mistress of the house, whom they praise if generous, and insult if stingy with the traditional presents of wine, apples, nuts, sausages or coins. Many people go up on the housetops at midnight and "blow away the old year" with trumpets and songs.

Rumania—

Rumanian boys and men make the rounds after dark on Ajunul Anului Nou and announce the New Year with ringing bells, cracking whips, and the reciting of verses about Badica Traian, the Emperor Trajan, and the bull which pulls the plow across the field. The singers carry a buhai, or "bull," which is a crude musical contrivance fashioned from a small wooden barrel, a piece of dried skin and a horsehair cord. By twanging the cord the device is made to emit a roaring noise which closely resembles the bellowing of an angry bull. This ancient custom is called the Plugusorul. It is thought to be a derivation of the Roman Opalia, the festival of Ops, goddess of fertility.

Switzerland—

The Swiss are another of the peoples who carry out the "Sylvester" tradition on New Year's Eve. Last to get up that morning is Sylvester at home, and whoever reaches school last is Sylvester at school. These sluggards are greeted with deafening shouts of "Sylvester!" Bonfires burn on the mountains at night, while the church bells ring out joyous harmonies in honor of the passing old year and heralding the new. In some Swiss villages, youth thresh grain on specially constructed platforms, a rite which is supposed to insure a plentiful harvest for the coming year.

Yugoslavia—

To the Yugoslavs, too, the Sylvester tradition is bound up with New Year's Eve, which is called Silvestestrovo Veche. The night's celebrations are hilarious with much singing, dancing and drinking. Promptly at midnight the lights are extinguished. A moment later, the host wishes his guests a Happy New Year and kisses his wife or mother. His guests follow suit with their own wives or mothers present. Croats and Slovenes follow the custom of kissing on New Year's Eve, while the Serbians do so on Christmas Day.

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If any man desires to live a great life, let him remember that evil is always easy. It is far easier to go with the crowd than it is to stand alone, but greatness does not come that way. It is always easier to surrender than it is to fight it out, but no man ever found victory in surrendering. It is much easier to lose one's temper than it is to control it; easier by far to compromise than to stand firmly in one's place. But greatness does not come that way.—Roy L. Smith.

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

(The Northern Freemason)

Every person of mature years, and often those who have not yet reached maturity, has a philosophy of life. He may not be aware of it, but his daily conduct testifies to its presence. It is shown in his aspirations, his omissions and his shortcomings. It may be a carefully thought out programme of life or it may be the utter absence of planning—a weak yielding to circumstance and impulse—but in either case it still is a philosophy.

One man's philosophy recognizes duty, responsibility, the obligation to observe the rights of others, and includes a determination to do the square thing by himself and everybody else. Another's lacks all of these and is based on the gratification of personal desire and the intent to do exactly what pleases him most at the moment. The first marks the man of high character. The latter is the creed of the vicious and irresponsible. Between them are thousands of other philosophies of widely variant nature. And, each having carefully formulated of weakly accumulated a philosophy of life, it is surprising how closely men stick to them.

Ordinarily the man whose philosophy dictates that he be self-reliant, honest, courteous, skillful and generally of benefit to mankind is just that throughout his life. Similarly, the one who stops at nothing to gain his ends, who is criminal without remorse, and unmindful of the pain he may cause others, usually comes to the gate of death with the same despicable character.

Religious teachings are of great aid in the formulation of a noble philosophy. Honesty, brotherly love, charity, truth, helpfulness and temperance are among the qualities that go to make up the philosophy most becoming to every man.

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THE MIRACLE

This man has seen his acres stretching bare
And scarred beneath the wind and driving rain
And he has wondered with sick despair
If he would make a decent crop again.
Now he has learned to cherish and to build,
Restored the vigor that had drained away
And marvelled as he saw the miracle
Of strong green sod replacing barren clay.
And thought: If these poor fields can turn to green
Love may yet flower in the hearts of men.

—Selected.

SNEAK ATTACK

(The New Day)

A Japanese navy captain disclosed that crews of six Japanese aircraft carriers which struck the warbreeding blow at Pearl Harbor thought they were on a training mission until the day before the assault.

Capt. Mitsue Fuchida, "supreme commander" of the carriers' flight groups, said in an interview that all six had been sunk since the Dec. 7, 1941, strike, and that "I believe that I am the only one left" of the sneak attack group, "but there might be some others I've lost track of."

The carriers were the Akagi, Kanga, Soryu and Hiryu, sunk in the battle of Midway June 4-6, 1942; the Syukaku, sunk in the battle of the West Marianas, and the Zuikaku, destroyed in the second battle of the Phillipines.

Fuchida said the Pearl Harbor force also included two battleships, three cruisers, four destroyer flotillas of four ships each and eight tankers.

This fleet, Fuchida related sailed from the Chi Shima Islands Nov. 26, 1941, with most men on board believing they were on a training operation. Then, "the bows were headed east and the men began to wonder and speculate," he said. On Dec. 3, the fleet personnel was told that Japan might enter the war and "they became kind of excited," but they "calmed down when given the order to attack."

"We took off from the carriers from 200 miles off Pearl Harbor," he said. The first flight consisted of 50 planes assigned to horizontal bombing, 40 topedo planes, 50 divebombers and 40 fighters, or a total of 180.

"We flew over the northern peninsula and commenced attack two hours after taking off."

"The remaining planes were divided into three groups to attack Hickam, Ford Island and Schofield Airfields."

Fuchida said the harbor attack lasted 45 minutes and that American ack ack fire downed nine planes of the main group. The attacks on the airfields, by 170 planes, also lasted 45 minutes, he related, and 20 of these planes were shot down.

Fuchida said "We found nine American battleships, sank four and damaged four, and estimated there were 900 planes on the island and believed we wrecked half of them."

On the way back to Japan Fuchida reported, two carriers left the fleet to attack Wake Island.

Life is a short prologue to eternity, and while we glide down the river, why not enjoy the flowers, stars, music, love and the service in life?—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. Oren Moore, Jr., pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read parts of the first and second chapters of Hebrews, and the subject of his message to the boys was "The Easiest Thing in the World."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Moore told his listeners that the easiest thing in the world to do was to just drift along with the crowd. It is much easier, he added, to lie on the surface of the water and drift along with the current than to swim upstream against the current.

The speaker then told how a certain famous explorer tried to reach the North Pole. The strong current and huge icebergs pushed their boats back time after time, until is seemed they would never reach the Pole. These men, however, did not give up. They fought their way through stormy gales, swift currents and dangerous icebergs until they found themselves past the dangerous points, and were caught safely in another current which carried them right to the North Pole.

Thus it is with our lives, continued Rev. Mr. Moore. We can fight our way through the various evil pitfalls of life, until it seems that we shall never be able to reach the goal. What we need to do is to get our lives into the stream of God's will and let Him carry us through to eternal joy.

Drifting along is bad at any time when it is carrying us toward danger, said the speaker. The trouble with many people is that they play too much with danger when they know the way in which they are traveling is unsafe. They may even think they are safe, but in time, if they keep on aimlessly drifting, they are sure to be lost. There is no easy road to success in this life or to the attainment of everlasting joy in the life hereafter. It is a struggle against all sorts of currents seeking to hold us back, and nothing but the power of God can carry us through safely.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Moore told the boys that each one of them had a life to live, and that it was each one's duty to try to live the right kind of life. He pointed out some rules to be observed in their effort to live an honorable life, as follows: Try to keep from drifting along aimlessly through life; don't be too careless; don't be vulgar; don't be dishonest; don't drift away from the good influences of home, parents, the church and from God. In short, don't drift, but always be ready to try to come through to safety, regardless of the many temptations placed in the way.

———:———

There are just two reasons why people don't mind their own business—they haven't any mind and they haven't any business.—Sunshine Magazine.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 30, 1945

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Frank Andrews
Claude Bridges
George Bridges
Maynard Chester
Dean Harris
James Perkins
Charles Reeves
Robert Trout

COTTAGE No. 1
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3
Thomas Childress
Hugh Cornwell
Lindsay Elder
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Olin Sealey
Olia Sealey
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5
George Byrd
Woodrow Davenport
Patrick Ford
Robert Kerr
Clyde Ward

COTTAGE No. 6
Donald Branch
Richard Davidson
Fred Ganey
John Gregory
Clyde Hill
Lester Ingle
George Jones
Robert Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
Charles Sellers
James Swinson
William Ussery
Leroy Wilkins
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 7
Glenn Davis

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
J. C. Alley
Albert Allen
Conrad Cox
Raymond Cloninger
Hubert Inman
Defoye Inman
David Johnson
Richard Johnson
Clifton Kerns
Gene Peterson
Thomas Wansley
Jack Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 10
Ernest Bullard
Thomas Cottrell
Benard Hiatt
William Lane
William Mitchell
J. C. Michael
James Hensley

COTTAGE No. 11
Donald Bowden
Charles Bryant
Thomas Hyder
Lee Lockerby
Arlon McLean
Leon Rose
Ralph Tew

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Black
Charles Gordon
James Hensley

COTTAGE No. 14
Leonard Allen
Elbert Gentry

Howard Holder
Clifton Martin
Eugene Martin
Landon McKenzie
John Roberts
James Shook
J. H. Smith
James Spence

COTTAGE No. 15

Harold Bates
George Brown
William Correll
Jack Crump
Henry Coffey
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
John Greene
Jack Greene
Robert Holland
R. V. Hutchinson
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
David Kinley
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Zeb Presson
Carl Ransom
Robert Roberts
Ralph Stewart
Robert Summersett
Coy Wilcox
William Caldwell

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

Norman Hentschell
Paul Wolfe
David Brooks
William Brooks
Dwight Murphy

———:———

BUILD WELL

It is not what you have made yourself.
It is not what you have done—
The way to clinch the battle
Is to hold the post you've won.

When you've fortified your stronghold
With a mighty barricade,
You can plan new fields to conquer
From the vantage point you've made.

With completed tasks behind you
To fall back on if you need
You have but to show endeavor
And ambition to succeed.

Let each new day you are working
Be more useful than the old,
So the wall you build around you
Is of strong and lasting mold.

—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 12, 1946 No. 2

THE ANVIL — GOD'S WORD

Last eve I passed beside a blacksmith door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers, worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," said he, and then, with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, thought I, the anvil of God's Word,
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed—the hammer gone.

—Author Unknown.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor **LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor**

MY DAILY PRAYER

This coming year I'd like to be a friend to everyone;
I'd like to feel each day well spent at setting of the sun;
I'd like to know that I have done at least one kindly deed,
Before I lay me down to sleep that I have given heed—
To some one's cry for sympathy, or friendship or that I
Have made the day seem brighter to some chance passer-by,
And that the world is better still in just some little way,
Because I've tried to live the very best I could each day.

I'd like to be a ray of light when skies are overcast,
I'd like to help some one who failed to blot out all the past,
To start again despite the storms, and find the skies are blue,
To know that in this good old world there's lots that's fine and true,
I'd like to be the kind of person everyone will love,
And make the world seem just a little more like heaven above;
I'd like in all my dealings to be true and just and fair,
That God will help me do these things shall be my daily prayer.

—Author Unknown

THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC AT THE SCHOOL

During the last two or three weeks, and particularly during the Christmas holidays, the school suffered an epidemic of influenza and sore throats among the boys. Fortunately, no boy was seriously ill, though some had to stay in the infirmary as much as a week or ten days. The average stay in the infirmary, however, was only two or three days. Generally, the boys had pretty high temperatures and sore throats, and the greatest care was to see that they avoided exposure.

During the holidays the weather was unusually rough, the ground was covered with sleet, snow and ice, and it was impossible always to keep the boys inside and keep them from getting their feet wet at times. Every time the boy went out he would get his feet wet. At the peak of the epidemic there were a total of thirty-eight boys in the infirmary. Generally, they were nursed by Mr. Fisher, Mrs. Dutton and Mr. Bass, and they were always under the care of Dr. R. M. King.

Some of the new drugs recommended for this type of illness were used with almost miraculous results. Sometimes a boy would come into the infirmary and would be found to have a pretty high temperature. After the new drugs were given, the response was so good that the boy would be feeling much better by the next day. We only hope that during the remainder of the winter months we will be successful in keeping the boys well. We are greatly pleased that with all the cases of influenza we did not have a single case of pneumonia among the boys.

* * * * * * * *

IMPROVEMENT PROJECT AT NUMBER TEN COTTAGE

At the Jackson Training School, Cottage No. 10 has always had the reputation of being an outstanding cottage at the school. Mr. and Mrs. Liske have the reputation of taking lots of interest in the boys and in the cottage itself. They have the happy faculty of making the boys feel that they are in a real home situation; they make them feel as if they are welcome in the cottage. The boys who live in this cottage are always well-fed and well-clothed and well-behaved wherever they are found on the campus. All who have a part in making this fine program possible deserve the highest commendation, and they also deserve the thanks of those who share in their high ideals for operating a good cottage.

During the Christmas holidays, when the weather was too bad for the boys to be on the outside, Mr. Liske and the boys spent a good portion of their spare time in re-arranging and beautifying the basement of their cottage. They were given enough paint to repaint all the walls and the ceilings of the basement. Several months ago the basement ceiling had been sealed overhead with sheetrock, so

that the new paint job makes an attractive appearance. During the holidays Mr. Liske and the boys installed a partition between the playroom and the toilet and bath facilities. Doors were hung at the partitions of each of the commodes. By clever arrangement, nice boards were scalloped and placed at the tops and on the sides of the windows so that these give the appearance of window curtains or drapes, which can be washed and kept neat and clean. They have placed in the basement tables and other facilities for playing games and reading. They have installed in the basement a loudspeaker, which is attached to the combination radio-victrola up on the first floor of the cottage.

One of the outstanding features of the new set-up in the cottage is a ping-pong table and necessary equipment for playing this game. This equipment cost more than $40 and was given to the cottage by an interested friend.

The entire improvement project at the cottage sets a high standard for all the other cottages at the school. No words of commendation would be too praiseworthy for what has actually been done, and it must be kept in mind that at the heart of the set-up at Number Ten Cottage is the fine spirit that prevails among the boys and between them and Mr. and Mrs. Liske.

* * * * * * * *

THE ETERNAL QUEST OF MAN

Throughout all the long history of mankind there has been an eternal quest for certain things which tend to bring contentment and satisfaction. From the beginning it was explained that man was created in the image of God, which by interpretation means that he has within him much that is divine and akin to God Himself. No one ever thinks of God as being completely satisfied with conditions as they are but as possessing the eternal hope that His Kingdom may be ushered in and may prevail in the hearts of all men everywhere.

Inspired by the highest purposes in life and by the most illustrious impulses of Christianity, man has made an eternal quest for Security, Equality, Liberty and Freedom.

It is but natural that man should seek to acquire for himself a reasonable amount of Security. It is one of the essential elements in all true happiness. This means, of course, that man, from childhood through adulthood, yearns for the feeling that as life progresses from day to day he may have the assurance that there is physical and material security in his life, that he has food, clothing and shelter. This is the one thing that produces stability and steadfastness in the life of people. Along with this, of course, is the fact that man has always sought to have protection against violence and oppression from those who would be ruthless and inconsiderate of others, from those who ignore the principles of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," and because of this man has sought to devise forms of government through which he may feel that his rights are always secure and safeguarded.

The feeling of Equality is another of the basic and fundamental elements of a well-rounded life. Throughout all the history of mankind there have been the deep and abiding hopes that we would come into that Eutopian period when all men will be regarded as equal. It has been said that "by the law of God given to all humanity, all men are free, are brothers, and are equals." This does not mean, however, that all persons are born with equal talents and equal abilities, but that they are entitled to an equal opportunity to live without being enslaved or insubordinated to others.

The great philosopher Plato once wrote these words: "All men are, by nature, equal, made, all, of the the same earth by the same Creator, and, however we deceive ourselves, as dear to God is the poor peasant as the mighty prince." Thus we see that wherever inequality prevails it is the product or the by-product of man and not of God Himself. Whatever may be the evils that exist in America, it may be claimed in all fairness that America comes the nearest to any place on the globe to being the land with equal opportunity.

When the children of Israel in olden times went into the land of Egypt to get grain they went because they were prompted by a desire for security, but when they marched out of Egypt back into the land of Canaan, under the leadership of Moses, they did so because of their desire to find a home where equality would be their privilege and their chance. ,

The desire for Liberty has been the one aspiration that has stirred

the hearts of men throughout all ages to herioc and epic achievements. Throughout the history of mankind there have been many tragic eras of oppression and restraint under the heels of tyrants and despotic rulers, but always there was the hope of a new day when the bells of liberty would ring across the hills.

In the dark days of the Revolution, Patrick Henry stirred the hearts of the pioneers with these words: "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

During the horrible days of World War II, as in all human history, the flower of the youth of the land went out to fight for liberty, and those who died gave their lives upon the altar of freedom. Sometimes there are those who live in roles of heroes, but they hesitate even to boast of their achievements, because they know that there are those who died for liberty's sake, they made the supreme sacrifice of life.

Freedom, of course, is akin to liberty, but throughout all the ages men have sought for the glorious day when all men may enjoy complete Freedom. In recent years we have begun to think of Freedom in its wider aspects—Freedom as involving freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of religion, and freedom of speech. If the world ever needed any proof that freedom stands at the apex of all the privileges of life, it has but to remember that when the invention of the atomic bomb became a reality, it is now and always will be recognized as the product of free men and free women, the product of people who were free to search for the truth, untrammeled by dictators and tyrants.

It has been truly said that "the cause of freedom is identified with the destinies of humanity, and in whatever part of the world it gains ground, by and by it will be a common gain to all."

Again, it has been said that "the only Freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good, in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs or impede their efforts to obtain it."

Thus, when we have Security, Equality, Liberty and Freedom we have the possession of a well-rounded self, of the true ego.

Dr. MEITNER, THE OUTSTANDING WOMAN

The same group of newspaper editors selected Dr. Lise Meitner as the outstanding woman of the year. Dr. Meitner worked at the Kaiser-Wilhelm Academy of Science in Berlin, but under Hitler was driven from Germany, since she is a Jewess. She went to Denmark, where she was successful in her experiments to split the uranium atom into two approximately equal parts. Her formula for this experiment was of primary assistance to the scientists who developed the first atomic bomb in 1945.

Dr. Meitner is sixty-seven years of age, and she is a native of Vienna. Although she was the winner of the $30,000 Nobel Prize, she explains that she works for the fun of working, because she is fascinated with what she does. Her attitude is that money brings annoyances and troubles, and she says all she wants is to be left alone to work in peace. She is very modest and unassuming and dismisses her part in the great achievement of last year as "nothing worth mentioning." She is employed as an instructor in the Nobel Institute.

It is reported that when Dr. Meitner is in the midst of an absorbing experiment she forgets the clock. She usually sends for a sandwich and some fruit so that she may keep on until the small hours of the night. She is reported to be a frugal eater, with decided vegetarian leanings.

Dr. Meitner declares that it is practically impossible to explain the mysteries of the atomic bomb to the ordinary person. "In this respect," she says, "the public today is like the Indians of old who had to take the word of the medicine man."

* * * * * * * * *

PRESIDENT TRUMAN, THE MAN OF THE YEAR

Recently the nation's newspaper editors, voting in a poll conducted by the Associated Press, gave President Truman the title of "Man of the Year." Primarily, this means, of course, that Mr. Truman was, during the turbulent year of 1945, the outstanding headliner or news maker.

While it is true that Mr. Truman served as president for only

nine months, yet during that time it became his privilege or his responsibility to announce the complete defeat of Germany and also the surrender of Japan. Also, during the year he entered prominently into the conferences of the "Big Three" and after the discussions and agreements at Potsdam he emerged as one of the world's outstanding leaders. During his nine months it was his opportunity to announce the harnessing and destructive useage of the atomic bomb, and during the latter months of the year he has been embroiled in the bitter domestic disputes between labor and capital which have involved the country in tremendous strikes. As great as have been the events of the concluding year, of course, Mr. Truman now finds himself confronted with many puzzling and baffling domestic and international problems. In his latest radio speech to the nation he describes this new year as the year of decision.

* * * * * * * *

EISENHOWER, THE OUTSTANDING MILITARY LEADER

General Dwight D. Eisenhower was voted to be the outstanding military personality for the second consecutive year. He is regarded as the chief architect of the Anglo-American victories in Europe. He can be described in these words: "modest, just, courageous, decisive, and yet withal humanly 'monumental.'"

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

Motion Picture Show

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

The feature attraction at the movie last week was "Her Lucky Night," and the comedy was "Pied Piper of Basin Street." The leading characters were Noah Berry and the Andrews sisters. Noah was the nephew of a billionaire. He went to New York so that his uncle could fit him out and see if he was the right one to inherit his fortune. Noah ran into a lot of trouble and was arrested. His uncle went his bail, and he was released. He got into some more trouble and was again released on bail. His uncle was going to send him back home, but Noah went to a fortune teller. He was told to stay in bed until the 22nd of that month and he would have good luck.

On the 22nd he went to a night club, where his coat sleeve was torn off, and he had his tailor there to fix it up. Later his trousers were split up the legs, and he went to his tailor. The tailor got drunk and passed out. The Andrews sisters sewed up Noah's trousers while his uncle was talking to him, and found out that he was an all right guy.

It was two minutes after twelve when they had finished sewing up his trousers, and they told him to come out because nothing could happen, since it was after twelve o'clock.

Noah stepped out from behind a table, but his trousers were sewed to the curtain. He was dancing in his coat and shorts.

The boys enjoyed the movie last week and are looking forward to the one to be shown this week.

The White House

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

The beautiful White House is located at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. Its corner-stone was laid by George Washington in 1792, after an Irish architect, James Hoban, had drawn the plans. In 1800 it was ready for its first resident, who was John Adams. The building was then known as "The President's Palace." When James Madison became President of the United States, its name was changed to the White House.

It was burned by the British in 1814 but was rebuilt according to the original plans.

The main body of the White House stretches 170 feet from east to west. From the south bay to the north portico it extends 86 feet. The first floor of this building is used for receptions and dinners. The President's private residence is the second floor. The mammoth state dining room is decorated with heads of American game animals, bagged by Theodore Roosevelt. Seventy-five or more people can eat from gold plates or from china selected by the hostess. There are five traditional dinners each season. They are for the members of the President's Cabinet, the Justices of the United States Supreme Court, the Speaker of the House, the foreign diplomats, and the Vice-President. Sometimes as many as 2,700 people

are invited to these great affairs. The high officials enter the north door, passing by the President's Seal, which is embedded in the foyer floor. The ones who have no special cards enter through the east corridor.

Somewhere in the White House may be found portraits of each President and "First Lady of the Land." The Blue Room is where newly appointed diplomats meet the President. At the President's elbow stand a bodyguacd and a military aide who ask the guest their names and then announce them to the President. On formal occasions, in the East Room, the Marine Band plays for dances. On New Year's Day, a reception is open to the public, and five or six thousand people file past the President on that day.

The "first lady" belongs to the nation almost as much as her husband. She has many official appointments, such as ships to christen and charities to patronize. She does not have much time for her friends or to attend to personal affairs.

In the style he should maintain, it cost about a half million dollars to support the Chief Executive. He receives $75,000 annually and draws $25,000 for traveling expenses. For the upkeep of the White House it takes $100,000 annually. This sum covers the payroll of all the employees, repairs, supplies and furnishings. The overhead expense for the office of the President is about $135,000 yearly. Of the ample staff, the meals of twenty servants are charged to the President's private grocery bill.

Basketball at the School

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

The boys of Cottage No. 10 played the team from Jackson Park one night last week, and were the losers by the score of 28 to 17. While they lost this game, the boys of this cottage all say that they want another chance at the Jackson Park boys.

The boys of the ninth grade are planning a game of basketball with the boys of Hartsell High School. We hope to play this game soon.

The American Revolution and Revolutionists

By Thomas Stallings, 9th Grade

January 7, 1946 marked the 171st anniversary of the "War That Won America's Freedom" known as the "American Revolution."

In 1775, warned by prolonged rumblings of discontent from thirteen of her American colonies, England felt the shock of a revolution which finally separated her from her first great empire oversea. The skies of men's fortunes were darkened while the fate of self-government hung in the balance of the Old World and the New.

They were three, great, well-known men who played a very important part in this great war for the freedom of the new world whose birthday anniversaries came this month. They are as follows:

Ethan Allen; born January 7, 1738 and died in 1789. He was a type of the rugged, unlettered pioneer, ready to fight at a moment's notice. We first find him in 1771 at the head of the"Green Mountain Boys," a force organized to resist the authority of the colony of New York in the "New Hampshire Grants."

When the war broke out with the mother country in 1775, Allen was as

ready to resist England as he was to resist New York.

Paul Revere; born 1735, died 1818. All of you are familar with his famous ride from Boston to Lexington to warn the militia of the approach of the British solidiers. At Lexington he was captured by the British and held during the day, but a companion got through to Concord.

Paul Revere rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel during the war. He established a powder-mill for the colonists. He also engraved the first Continental money.

Israel Putnam; was born in the year 1118 and died in 1790. In the long period of disagreement between England and her colonies, Putnam's sympathies were entirely with the colonies. When news of the outbreak at Lexington reached him, he left his plow and hurried to Boston. For his services at the "Battle of Bunker Hill," he was commissioned a major-general in the Continental Army.

In the year 1779, two years before the close of the Revolutionary War, General Putnam suffered a stroke of paralysis and had to retire from the army. He did, however, live to see the success of the cause to which he had given the best part of his life and services. He died in the year after Washington became President.

In every age and date when the need arose, there have been and will continue to be men who will arise to meet the occasion. There were men in the recent war who will go down in history who will be as great if not greater than Revere, Allen, Putnam and other famous men of old.

Now that the soldiers are returning, and some have already arrived, let us prove to them that they are not coming back to an ungrateful world.

No. 10 Basement is Re-Decorated....

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

Mr. Liske and some of his boys painted and re-decorated the basement of Cottage No. 10.

First, we painted the overhead with white paint. Then Mr. Liske built a partition separating the showers and bath room from the rest of the basement. We then painted the basement a pretty two-tone color, white and blue.

The partition was painted white on the out side and blue on the inside.

The basement looks very neat and tidy now and is a fine place in which to play games.

We have quite a few games to play. We have a tennis table and material with which to play. We also have a game called "Finance" which is like the game called "Monopoly."

We also have a book case with books and plenty of magazines to read.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield said they thought it was very nice.

Radio Program

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

The radio program last week was on "Christmas at the Training School" The program was under the supervision of Mr. S. G. Hawfield. Mr. Hawfield gave an introduction, then Mrs. Hawfield's first grade boys sang three songs. They were, "Thank God for Little Children," "Night and Day" and "I'm Glad to Go with the Sunlight." Mr. Hawfield then let two boys from

the Training School give their viewpoints on the kind of Christmas the boys here had. These boys were Thomas Cottrell and Thomas Stallings. Thomas Cottrell first told us about the kind of Christmas they had in his cottage. Thomas Stallings told about Christmas on the campus. Mr. Hawfield ended the program by telling what kind of treats the boys had during Christmas, and by thanking all the people for their generous gifts.

Items of Interest

By Gray Brown, 9th Grade

Some of the boys at the school are cleaning up the school building. They are cleaning up every room very well, and then they are mopping and putting oil on the floors. The school building is beginning to look very nice, and I am sure the boys will appreciate it.

Landon McKenzie, better known as "Pedro," has gone to his home in Charlotte. We all hope he will make a good record.

Promotion Day

By Arlon McLean, 9th Grade

Promotion day has come again at the school. Some of the boys were sent up a grade and some changed sections. These boys were tne ones that worked hard and could do a higher average of work than others. They have been given a chance to prove themselves and learn as much as they can. The boys appreciate the opportunity to try a higher grade and hope to advance more before leaving the school.

January 6th—"Old Christmas."

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

The sixth day of January is known as "Old Christmas." Many people accept this as the date of Jesus' birth while others say it is the time the wise men arrived from afar with their gifts for the new king.

January 6th marks the end of a twelve-days' feast which starts on December 31st. The end of this feast is called Epiphany instead of Christmas.

It is celebrated by many people in the old Yule fashion. This consists of the log of oak and the boar's head. The boar's head was used to bring good crops during the year.

Many people say that on the night of the sixth of January animals, such as hogs, cows, sheep and horses, awake from their sleep.

This season sometimes ends with a Twelfth Night Feast, which is similar to our feasts on December 25th.

What many folks need is not so much a new position as a new disposition.

HISTORY OF STONEWALL JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

By S. G. Hawfield

There is being prepared a history of the Stonewall Jackson Training School Since the School has been in operation over a period of approximately thirty-six years, the preparation of this historical sketch involves a considerable amount of investigation and research. Later on, the history will be published by the North Carolina Historical Commission. Already ten chapters or divisions of the School's history have been completed, and the tenth chapter is now being published.

The chapters which are complete are as follows:

Introduction.
Chapter I. Development of the sentiment for a training school in North Carolina.
Chapter II. Legislative enactment creating the Jackson Training School, and subsequent amendments.
Chapter III. Purpose and function of the Jackson Training School, past and present.
Chapter IV. Early beginnings of the institution.
Chapter V. Organizational set-up.
Chapter VII. Population statistics and related facts.
Chapter VIII. Financial Statistics.
Chapter IX. A Description of the School Plant or Facilities.
Chapter X. Outline of the Present Program.

(Continued from Last Week.)

CHAPTER X

Outline of the Present Program

Admission and Orientation

After a boy has been committed to the Jackson Training School by the courts of the state, either the superior or juvenile courts, he is transferred to the institution by some county official in the county from which the boy comes. He may be accompanied to the school either by some person from the county welfare office or by a representative of the county sheriff's office or by a member of the city police force.

Each boy comes to the training school on an idefinite or indeterminate commitment, and his length of stay at the school depends primarily upon the quality of the record which he makes at the institution. Futhermore, his record is determined by his conduct, his progress in school work, and his improvement in some trade

or work activities. It may be, however, that home conditions may at any time cause a delay in a releasing program, for no boy is ever released from the institution until a suitable arrangement has been planned for him by the superintendent of welfare in the boy's home county.

When a boy first arrives he is placed in the Receiving Cottage, where he remains for a period of at least two weeks. The purpose of his staying in this cottage with the other new boys and separate and apart from the other boys is that he may go through a quarantine period and also that he may have an opportunity to become familiar with the life of the institution. During this time, he does not attend the academic school, but he works with the other new boys on the farm or in some other work activity. During this time, too, he has an opportunity to observe the various work activities offered at the school so that he may later on be able to select the work activity which he himself prefers. During his first two weeks at the school he is generally given an intelligence test and an educational achievement test.

In order that a boy may be helped with his orientation as much as possible, he is advised in different matters, as follows:

1. An effort is made to have the boy develop a feeling that he is to be among friends at the school and that he will find leadership and counsel among those with whom he will live. It is explained to the boy that the training school officials had nothing whatever to do with the boy having to come to the training school, and that therefore no boy should enter with an unfriendly feeling towards anyone at the school. The training school officials explain that they are willing to accept their obligation to help each boy as much as possible, but that, on the other hand, every boy will have to help himself.

2. It is explained to a new boy that his ultimate release will depend on his record at the school, and also that the boy who makes the best record while in school will naturally have the best opportunity for making good when he is released. An effort is made (at the school) to stimulate and inspire each boy to want to do well and be a good citizen, but it is always necessary for the boy to make the proper response himself.

3. It is explained to each boy that he will be treated fairly and that he will be treated just as good as he himself will permit. The boys who make the best records naturally are given special privileges, such as belonging to the Boy Scouts or the school band, or they may be given the privilege of attending one of the churches in the city of Concord. These special privileges are granted to those boys who demonstrate their own dependability and trustworthiness. It is preferred that deserving boys engage in some wholesome experiences outside of the school so that they may keep in touch with life on the outside.

4. It is explained to a boy that the period of training and re-direction of his life and the processes of helping him permanently on the road to high living always extends over a considerable length of time. Generally, before a boy comes to the school he has been gradually slipping

into pathways of disobedience and delinquency over a period of months and years. It, therefore, becomes necessary for each boy to spend approximately one year or more at the school for the purposes of training and developing permanently wholesome attitudes.

5. It is explained to each boy that it will be necessary for him to live and work in group situations. In the cottages the setup is somewhat as a residential club operated for the good of all with certain rules and regulations. The boy is told that he will have to abide by these rules. To a large extent, each boy determines the amount of emphasis that must be given to problems of discipline because of misbehavior.

Life in the Cottage

The Jackson Training School is operated on what is commonly known as the "cottage plan." There are seventeen cottages in all, and each cottage is built and equipped to accommodate approximately thirty boys, together with the cottage father and mother.

The big objective at the school is to have in each cottage one large family, which in a sense of the word may be described as a residential club. Although it becomes necessary because of numbers to operate the cottage under certain definite rules and regulations, nevertheless the cottage is the nearest symbol to a good home, to which every boy is rightfully entitled. The cottage father or officer takes the place of the boy's real father, and from time to time he counsels with the boy and helps him with any problems. The cottage officer supervises recreation and play activities; he regulates the conduct of the boys, and he has general oversight of them during the hours which they spend in the cottage.

The cottage matron has an important function to perform. She takes the place of a real mother. She cultivates an appreciation of neatness and cleanliness, and through her high ideals she promotes a cooperative spirit among the boys. She sets the standard for happy home life in the cottage.

The duties of the matron may be outlined as follows:

1. She trains and supervises the house boys in their numerous activities, such as cooking, serving, cleaning, and caring for foods.

2. She prepares daily menus and supervises the actual cooking in the cottage.

3. She prepares the orders for groceries, clothing, linens, and other supplies.

4. She directs and assists with the mending of clothing and linens.

5. She looks after the boys' bedroom to see that the beds are properly kept and the bedroom is clean.

6. She teachs good table manners and courtesy.

7. She takes care of all indoor games, scrap books, airplanes, books, and other playthings.

The objective at the school is to provide a good amount of wholesome recreation within the cottage. This is done by providing radios, good books, various types of indoor games, and different types of religious or other club programs. Through these activities the cottage father and mother have excellent opportunities for re-building characters in informal, homelike situations.

Academic School Department

The work of the academic school department occupies the position of first importance among the various departments of the school. The predominant thought is that every boy sent to the training school should be given as much education as possible during his stay at the school. By emphasizing education the purpose is to help the boy to overcome the deficiencies in education which have developed in his past experiences.

The chief objectives of the school department are:

1. To inspire the boys with an ambition, or to implant in them a strong desire to want to learn and be somebody.

2. To help the boys master the tools of learning and as much subject matter as possible.

3. To develop good traits of character through wholesome activities—such traits as dependability, truthfulness, honesty.

4. To promote for all, good standards of social adjustment, including good sportsmanship, courtesy, self-control, and cleanliness.

5. To cultivate a better appreciation of good books and wholesome literature.

6. To help the boys to be informed about current events.

7. To promote a sense of responsibility in taking care of public property.

The policy is to take the boys where they are in their school program and begin with them there. In most instances it is found that boys who are committed to the school have not only failed to make normal progress in school, but they have actually developed a dislike for school. Thus, it is different from the public schools, where the beginning six-year-old child is enthusiastic about going to school and where parents have conditioned his attitudes favorably toward school.

During their stay at the school the boys work a half-day and go to school the other half-day. The school term extends over the entire twelve months period.

At various intervals a boy is given additional education achievement tests, and it is possible to evaluate the progress that the boy is making in his school work, and it is also possible to determine the type of remedial work which is needed for each individual case.

In recent years the big objective has been to equip the school so that it may meet the state's requirements for standardized schools. This has involved the purchase of many library books, supplementary grade readers, and new basal textbooks. It has involved the purchase of maps, globes, and other necessary materials. It has also involved the employment of certified teachers. At the present time the school apparently is nearing the goal or standardization.

One of the important features of the school program is the assembly programs which are presented from time to time by various grade groups. Many of the boys have here their first opportunity to perform on the stage and participate in dramatics of any form. In most instances, when they were in the public school, they were shunted to the background because others were more versatile than they. Each boy has a chance to do the things which he wants to do and which he can do successfully. This tends to build into his life a feeling of self-pride and

self-esteem, and, incidentally, of course, it tends to develop whatever talents he may have.

Finally, it should be explained that there is a definite relationship between the school work in the classrooms and the outside work experiences of the boys. The work is so planned that a good proportion of the supplementary reading materials deal with farm life, civics, sports and games, and such other activities as are stressed at the school. The idea is that this strengthens the motive of the work and adds purpose and meaning to it all.

In the classrooms the following elements of good teaching are constantly emphasized:

1. The importance of knowing each boy individually and endeavoring to build on his past experiences.

2. The need for sane and dignified counseling with each boy, with the findings being put into written form.

3. The importance of the wise use of time in worthwhile activities.

4. The importance of stressing thoroughness of work by the boys, with each boy being given proper commendation for work well done.

5. The importance of teaching music and fine arts in order to foster and promote an appreciation for the beautiful and the spiritual things in life.

6. The importance of keeping all classrooms, libraries, and all other rooms neat, clean and attractive by the wise use and placement of good pictures, drawings, flowers and book displays.

7. The importance of well planned devotional periods and assembly programs.

8. The importance of a teacher being a well informed person and a wise leader who inspires the pupils by her presence.

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Edgar A. Guest, the popular American poet, once said: "It's no trick to grow old; anyone can lo it—if he has time."

Behind the humor is the implication that time is the essence. But it has been said that the loneliest man on earth is he who has lived many years, selecting for the target of his efforts only himself. He is the man who has regarded his vocation as merely means for profit, not as a trust for serving society. He is the man who has had no time to keep his friendships in constant repair. He is the man who has not learned the delights of a hobby, nor the thrill of a majestic sunset. He is the man who has finally become bored with himself, and all his experiences have been uninteresting.—The Rotarian.

SUPERSTITIONS TOLD ABOUT NEW YEAR'S IN MANY LANDS

(Selected)

New Year's Day affords everyone the opportunity to bring himself good luck throughout the year. At least that is supposed to be true according to several old superstitions concerning the beginning of a new year.

The "First Foot"—the first person to enter the house on New Year's morning—plays a signficant role in the family's future fortunes. He must be a dark man to bring good luck, but if he also brings a gift and "carries in" more than he "takes out" then the house is assured peace and plenty for a whole year. The most auspicious gifts as luck-bringers are a lump of coal and a red herring.

Unmarried persons are advised to look out of the window on New Year's morning. If you see a man, it is a sign that you will be wed before the year is out. Should you see a horse, you can have a wish, and it will be realized within the year. To see a dog is lucky, but a cat foretells worry.

A little care will make it possible to bring oneself good luck for the entire year. Wear something new, if possible, on New Year's Day, but the garment must be put on when you first dress in the morning. Receipt of a gift is certain to carry luck. Wish everyone you meet "A Happy New Year," but remember when the greeting is given to cross your fingers for luck. Be sure to say "rabbits" as the first word when you wake before anyone has had a chance to speak to you.

Love's progress will be aided on New Year's Day if you are careful to put on the left stocking before the right. The potency of this charm is supposed to be increased if you do all things as far as possible left-handed during the day.

To open a bank account on New Year's Day was considered lucky in Old England, the custom growing probably from the belief of many centuries that whatever you do on the first day of the year will be an indication of what will happen during the months that will follow.

In some parts of England and Scotland it is supposed to be unlucky to leave a house until some outsider has first entered it.

According to Swiss legend, the Holy Family is abroad during the hour of midnight mass on Christmas Eve.

Therefore, a bowl of fresh milk is placed upon the dining table and each member of the household carefully lays his spoon upon the table cloth.

The person who, returning from church, finds his spoon has been moved may anticipate special blessings during the coming year: for surely Mary and Joseph have rested within the abode during their flight into Egypt and the Virgin used that spoon to feed the Infant Jesus.

THE SIGN OF THE MOCCASIN

(Author Unknown)

John Rogers was putting on his boots with a mechanical motion near the kitchen stove in the two-room hut. He was thinking of the problems that confronted him, and his discouragement spoke from every line of his earnest young face. He paused to inspect the worn boots. The soles were thin—far too thin for his twenty-mile trek to the Indian settlement at Tecumseh.

His wife stood by his side as he pulled the thongs tight over his instep. "I'm afraid, John, those boots won't last until our next 'barrel' comes," she ventured.

"Then I shall have to go barefoot, or in moccasins, like my people," John laughed sadly.

The "barrel" would probably bring a new pair of boots, since the kindly folk of the Eastern church always remembered their living link. But even so, the boots they sent would invariably have to be altereed to fit, for John Rogers had peculiar feet—one large and one small. John and Ellen had thought it both romantic and conscience satisfying to work among the Indians at the frontier, but had not counted the hardships when they made their pilgrimage some months ago.

"They're a hard lot of Indians out there, aren't they, John?" sighed Ellen fearfully.

"I don't seem to be doing much good among them," replied John evasively. "I fear I'm not the man for the place. I've been hoping for a sign — some visible indication that this is my work, but—I don't know!" John Rogers was plainly discouraged.

"Oh, John, that sounds superstious," exclaimed Ellen; "I wish you wouldn't put your faith in signs."

"Better men than I have done it," he countered as he took up the pack Ellen had prepared, and buttoned up his big coat. "I'll be back tomorrow night; be brave; keep the shanty bolted," he warned and was on his way.

Before the sun set that night, John Rogers was in the midst of a gathering of Crees. He talked with them simple yet earnestly, and looked into their hard faces for some sign of a response to his message. But they remained stolid and grim, and the squaws on the back benches chuckled uneasily. It was clear to the young missionary that his half-year's work was seed cast on rocky soil. Where was the sign for which he had longed so earnestly? Not here, unless it was the apathy of the Indians telling him his efforts would avail him nothing.

In the gloom of the next morning, John was hastening to be on his way home. Chief Eagle Feather stood in his path. He pointed toward the sky. There were red clouds whirling up in battalions from the level horizon of the prairie.

"Winter come," exclaimed the Chief in guttural tones. "Snow, Big Snow." And his face wrinkled up his withered cheeks. "Good Man have warm clothes?" He felt of John's coat. "Good Man have strong shoes?" He looked at John's boots, and uttered

an "Ugh." "Good Man get home. No freeze before snow."

The young missionary's heart was warmed. It was the first time the cold, suspicious Chief had spoken to him. Yet, when he looked back as he walked rapidly down the long trail, no hand waved a farewell to him, and his heart froze again. He felt he was through; he would never come back.

With dark thoughts for his companion, John Rogers trudged along the endless trail for an hour—for two hours. Not until the wind whipped his face with sharp particles of ice did he realize that the first snow of the winter was upon him, and he still had hours to go.

He stumbled over something under his foot. He stooped down and discovered that the soles of his boots had given way. His feet were already dust-stained and bare. "Oh, God," he exclaimed, "why should I care about my boots—if only I could have found one soul among my Indians to have listened to my message!"

The snow was coming down heavier; to cover the trail, and his feet were getting chilled. But there was nothing to do but keep on. The air was filled with a fine, stinging powder, like a heavy fog, and the cold blasts were finding the thin spots in his coat. He had to bend his body against the storm, and the hours lengthened out as he battled to keep his footing in the mounting drifts. It was becoming hard to find the trail. Once he lost it, but struggled back when the figure of a tall man appeared directly in front of him. He shouted to the stranger through the swirling snow, but got no answer. It was a God-sent to follow in the stranger's footsteps, for there was no longer a trail mark.

After the endless trek, there loomed up before him only a few feet away, the slats of his own little hut! What joy! The door opened wide. He saw Ellen and then dropped exhausted on the floor.

In the days that followed, Ellen watched by John's side. One morning he beckoned Ellen to come closer. "Who was that man?" he whispered.

"What man, John?" she answered softly.

"That man — went ahead — made tracks for me. Where did he go? What happened to him?" The words were almost too faint to understand.

Ellen smiled, though her lips quivered. "You're better, John. Let's be thankful for that. And we have good neighbors. Some have come miles to help me. I'm not a bit discouraged."

John seemed oblivious to her words. "Guess I've had my sign, Ellen," he said after a pause. "I'm a failure. I want to go where there are no Indians."

There was a startling knock at the door. Ellen went quickly. There stood a tall old Indian in a plaid woolen coat and leather moccasins. His beady eyes peered inquiringly behind her.

"Good Man here?" The voice was rough and frightening. "Me old Chief Eagle Feather."

Ellen stood aside and beckoned the Indian in. "John has been very sick."

The Indian nodded understandingly. "Go to heaven?" he asked.

"No," Ellen answered almost laughingly; "but he is very weak."

The Chief's eyes roved around

until he spied the half-open door of the chamber. "Eagle Feather got gift for Good Man," he said, and pointed to the door.

"Here is Chief Eagle Feather, John," Ellen called. Without waiting, the Indian stepped into the room. He looked at John in silence. Then, thrusting his brown hand inside his coat, drew forth two handsome, heavy moccasins and laid them down at John's side. "For Good Man," he said in a breath. "One little—one big."

John picked them up. "Chief Eagle Feather, wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I never saw such fine moccasins. One little one, one big one. How did you know?" John seemed to gain strength from a mysterious source.

The old Chief smiled, and John marveled at the luminous face. "Eagle Feather make him like snow," said the Indian. "Good Man talk to Indian. Go home in snow. I go too. See he get home. Bad for Good Man not know snow. Good Man get lost. Eagle Feather go ahead. Make tracks." He turned to Ellen and said, "You see?"

Ellen's eyes were filled with tears. "Yes, Chief Eagle Feather, I understand. John said someone had led him home that night, but I thought it was only his fever."

The Indian bent low and gesticulated. "Eagle feather go down in snow. See little foot. See red blood. Good Man have no good shoes. Eagle Feather see big foot. See red blood too. Eagle Feather make two moccasins like two feet. Squaw make pretty."

John turned his face to the wall. He could not let Eagle Feather see his eyes moist.

"Good Man no like moccasins?" the Indian asked with eagerness.

"Oh, very, very much," said Ellen, drawing the Indian out of the room. "John is very weak. He cries with joy because you are good to him, because you brought him fine, warm moccasins."

The Indian threw his head back vigorously. "We be friends. Good Man bleed for Indian—Indian bleed for Good Man."

When Ellen returned to the room John held the moccasins close to his side, and his radiant face shone out from the pillow. "You remember, I asked for a sign, Ellen?" he asked. Ellen knew intuitively what was coming. "Well, I was too impatient. I've got the sign at last. I'm going to stay!"

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"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries and fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears.

—Joaquin Miller.

WHERE PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY BELONGS

By Dean Charles R. Brown, in "The Master's Influence"

How Jesus would have scorned that limp sense of personal responsibility which forever lays blame for its moral failures upon the conditions where it finds itself! He drew a picture of a wayward, disobedient son coming back to his father's house, not with an eloquent indictment of the social and political conditions in that "far country" where he had gone to pieces. This young man came back with this frank statement on his lips, "I have sinned. I am no more worthy to be called my father's son." Had he blamed his misfortumes on some political party, or upon the Anti-Saloon League, or a high protective tariff, or the profit motive, he would be in that far country yet. We do not kill fatted calves, nor bring out the best robes and the gold rings, for those who lay the entire blame for their misdoing on environment.

How wholesome is that truth for these times! From soap-box reformers, from some professors' chairs from Christian pulpits, alas, one hears this sort of misdirected emphasis. People are told to say, "Create a better social order, O God, and renew right relations between all these various classes of men." We do need better conditions, political, industrial, social. But the better conditions will be created and maintained by better people. We are still compelled by the logic of events to go back and offer that basic petition, which has come down to us hallowed by the ages, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." If people generally were offering that prayer with sincerity of purpose, "all the kingdoms of this world," business and politics, education, recreation, and the rest, would be in a fair way to "become kingdoms of our God and of his Christ."

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of January 13, 1446

January 13—Howard Herman, Cottage No. 15, 13th birthday.
January 13—George Brown, Cottage No. 15, 16th birthday.
January 14—Hubert Inman, Cottage No. 9, 14th birthday.
January 15—Raymond Pruitt, Cottage No. 5, 16th birthday.
January 17—Dean Harris, Receiving Cottage, 16th birthday.
January 18—Thomas Corley, Cottage No. 9, 16th birthday.

FRIENDSHIP—THE WINE OF LIFE

(The South Australian Freemason)

Friendship has been called "the wine of life." Scholars, sages, and poets of all ages have emphasized its beauty and value, and the history of the world is rich with examples of choice friendsihps which have been formed and kept all through life. Cicero, the old Roman orator and author, once wrote: "They seem to take away the sun from the world for we have received nothing better from the gods, nothing more delightful.". "Friends though in poverty are rich, though, absent are still present, though weak yet in the enjoyment of health, and what is still more difficult to assert, though dead, they are still alive." Lord Bacon says: "We may affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness." The old Greek sage, Socrates, reminds us that all men have their different objects of ambition—horses, dogs, honor, money as the case may be, for his own part he would rather have a good friend than these put together. But why multiply quotations?

The value of friendship is evident. What is its philosophy? Can we find a satisfactory answer to why persons enter into such a close relationship with each that the other is a kind of second self? True friendship is hardly less than that. What, then, is the rationale? If one looks at the great friendships that stand out in history one cannot be but struck by the many points of likeness in each. David and Jonathan, for instance, were both men of great physical courage; both had some claim to genius for military leadership, and in each case there was a deeply religious nature. And so like drew like—each called out from the other the best that were in him. But there are often some points of dissimilarity among friends, and it would seem that one friend finds in the other, perhaps unwittingly, the complement of himself—one who supplies his own deficiencies. Tennyson's lines on his friend Arthur Hallam would suggest this:

> And he supplied my wants the more,
> He was rich when I was poor,
> As his unlikeness fitted mine.

One of the best examples of friendship in all history it that of St. Peter and St. John. Both were fishermen with great physical courage; both their lives had been touched to new issues by their attachment to their Master. Both advanced from discipleship to apostleship, and, with St. James, comprised the inner circle of the friends of their Master. But then while John was thoughtful and somewhat cautious, Peter was volatile and impulsive—essentially a man of quick action, and likely to explode. He did not hesitate to attempt to walk on the water of the lake. On that early morning, when they were told of the empty tomb, they both ran to the sepulchre. No doubt, while Peter admired

and valued the cool and measured judgment of John, the latter thought highly of the breezy, impulsive actions of his friend. He found in Peter the complement of himself—one who supplied his own kind of deficiencies. Their friendship after the great tragedy was, as Dryden puts it, "made more sacred by adversity."

We are frequently reminded that union is strength, and in friendship one cannot always apply the arithmetic table. One and one does not always make two. There is the enthusiasm born of association. Team work always counts, whether on the playing field or any other sphere. It is often contended that two men working together can do double the work of one. That may be why partnerships in business are popular.

It is a great thing to have a prudent friend with whom one may take counsel, and to whom one may open the heart and speak frankly. There is rich compensation, too, in recounting joys and successes to a friend. In his Henry VI Shakespeare reminds us that "friendly counsel cuts off many foes"—a friend may look at the matter from a new viewpoint, and act as a corrective.

Friends call out the highest and noblest in each other, for all desire their friends to think the best of them. But it is essential to take care in choosing one's friends. The writer of "Speckled Bird" once suggested that a man should not be judged by his relatives—they were thrust upon him like the feathers on a bird's back —but by his friends, for they were of his own choosing. Friendship is a two-edged sword, and a Hebrew sage reminds us that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

Youth's the time for making friendships. Old people retain the friends of their youth. Some friends are lost by neglect, for "a man that hath To keep a friend one must be a friends must show himself friendly." friend. Friendship is the door through which untold profit may come to ourselves, and others may share in its many advantages. It pays big dividends. But the laws of friendship should not blind one to the duties which the relationship imposes. A friend is expected to stick as close as a brother—"through thick and thin" —but the compensation is great. A good friend is priceless, as Nina Murdock writes:

Oh, the long, long road to anywhere
Seems haply without end;
But who shall call it weary
With the love of some good friend
To greet him, like the wattle,
As he turns the final bend?

———:———

If and when the meek inherit the earth, it looks like they will inherit enough debt to keep them that way.—Exchange.

STATE TO USE $300000 TO BUY SCHOOL LUNCHES

(The News Herald)

The state board of education has started machinery to work for effectuating the use of a $300,000 state revolving fund for benefit of school lunch rooms. The appropriation was designed to make funds available to buy food for lunches pending receipt of federal allocations for that purpose, which usually requires 90 to 120 days to come through. Use of the state money will permit immediate payment of grocery bills, the amount to be repaid out of federal allocation and returned to the state general fund.

The state act specifies that the fund is for use in county administrative units, but the attorney general has constructed this to mean also city administrative units. Because of the wording of the statute, however, the forms mailed out to the 170 units in the state this week must be processed through county boards of education and county commissioners.

The state lunch room program will receive approximately two million dollars from the federal government this school year, a part of which will be surplus commodities but most of it in cash. Each lunch room unit can buy needed supplies in the open market. Some schools have been buying groceries since opening of the term and storekeepers are asking for payment. As soon as the forms prepared by the state board and sent to the several counties are properly executed the schools can draw against the $300,000 for sufficient funds to pay outstanding bills that come within the federal program.

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Seek not for fresher founts afar,
Just drop your bucket where you are;
And while the ship right onward leaps,
Uplift it from exhaustless deeps.
Parch not your life with dry despair;
The stream of hope flows everywhere—
So under every sky and star,
Just drop your bucket where you are.

—Sam Walter Foss.

POLES GOING BACK HOME

(Selected)

American occupation forces have started repatriation of displaced Polish nationals in their zone, and most of them are expected to be back home before Winter begins.

In the United States zone there are 325,000 Poles, making up half the displaced persons still being cared for. Their departure will relieve an acute food situation.

When winter sets in, there will be left only a "semipermanent residue" of about 300,000 displaced persons in the American zone, said Brig. Gen. Eric F. Wood, deputy director of the United States group on the Allied Control Council's displaced persons branch.

When the Allies first occupied western Germany, most of the more than 1,000,000 Poles in their area refused to go home. Allied policy was to let them stay. Wood said this policy still held but that he expected most of the Poles in the United States zone would now accept repatriation.

The Poles are being shipped home by train across Czezhoslovakia under an agreement Wood worked out with the Prague Government after the Russians said they were unable to provide transportation across eastern Germany.

A wealthy family in England, many years ago, took the children for a holiday in the country. Their host turned over his estate for a week-end. The children went swimming in a pool. One of the boys began to drown, and the other boys screamed for help. The son of the gardener jumped in and rescued the helpless one. Later the grateful parents asked the gardener what they could do for the youthful hero. The gardener said his son wanted to go to college some day. "'He wants to be a doctor," said the gardener. The visitors shook hands on that. "We'll be glad to pay his way through," they said.

When Winston Churchill was stricken with pneumonia, after the Teheran Conference, the King of England instructed that the best doctor be found to save the Prime Minister. That doctor turned out to be Alexander Fleming, the developer of penicillin.

"Rarely," said Churchill to Sir Alexander, "has one man owed his life twice to the same rescuer."

It was Sir Alexander who saved Churchill in that pool!

—Selected

A CHALLENGING TASK

(The Connie Maxwell)

Sometimes in discussing the matter of our job of training children in a group we do not quite tell the truth. Not that any of us mean to tell a lie about anything, but it is just an unintentional way of misstating the case. We have all heard about the clean, white page on which we may write in shaping the course of youth. But the plain truth is, we do not get any white pages. At least they do not come to Connie Maxwell. If we could only get pages of this character we would have a much easier job. The trouble is that they are all written over and some of them are blurred. They have all sorts of misspelled words in them and are simply full of crazy ideas. On some of the pages impurity is plainly written, as well as other forms of wickedness. There is crookedness and misunderstanding. It looks as if instead of being trained to go forward the children are all set in reverse of the right.

There is no telling about the unbecoming things they have absorbed before arriving with us. We find that none of the children with the same sort of a scratched over page. It is plainly evident with some of them that exhortation to the good is not going to be a success. And it is also evident reproof will not do. It will just not get us any where to find fault.

It looks as if the child gets more from what he sees than from what he is told. Probably in many a case they have heard, "Now you do like I say and not like I do." That is a philosophy that has never succeeded since time began. Talk about forming character and shaping the destiny of a child—why the truth is, our work is to reform. Changing the figure of the sheet of paper, we will say that our job is one of reformation. We are trying to straighten a crooked stick. We are making effort to get out wickedness that has already been put in. How many children come to us deformed in character if not in body! They have been in environment that was below standards of decency. So they have absorbed much that must if possible be extracted from their makeup.

You may call it heredity or inheritance or instinct or what not, but the average child who comes our way has read deeper meanings than were in the words and admonition of his unworthy or untaught parents. There is always a deep meaning behind conduct. The mother may have been a little bit deceitful and because she has failed in being a strictly truthful person, the child is tricky. Don't fool yourself about that. A child's intuition is so keen that it will catch in a parent or associate all that is not strictly correct. The environment of a child greatly affects his development, even though his ancestry may have been excellent. The forces that drive him forward in the making of his ideals have overpowered influence. Some of his crude instincts are not permitted open expression. It is a big job to get him to take a progressive attitude in selecting more refined ways of expression as he comes to us to take a place in a group.

Which means that more and more we

must place integrity as a chief qualification in a worker at an institution. The worker ought to have an education of course, but he must have culture, refinement and training in the finest principles of religion and of life. Since our job is to reform at the same time we are trying to form, it is imperative that true, fine, excellent, religious people shall constitute the environment in which the children are to live. It is a big job to accomplish all that comes in a challenge to work for dependent children in a group. We just wonder if our good friends have realization of all this and if they pray for us as often and as earnestly as they might.

HOW DO BIRDS MIGRATE?

Pathfinder.

All summer the young crows had been caged at Edmonton, Canada. They'd been cooped up as fledglings and there were no adults with them. Fall came and other crows left Canada for their wintering ground in central Oklahoma. Then on Nov. 9, the young crows were liberated.

A few days later they were captured, not near the cage where they'd spent their young lives, but 250 miles southeast in flight toward Oklahoma. It was below zero. Snow covered the ground. Yet they were traveling without guides 50 miles a day in a straight line toward a wintering ground they had never seen.

Prof. William Rowan, University of Alberta, describes his crow experiment in Science to disprove recent attempts to "explain the homing and migratory habits of birds by assuming that they use familiar landmarks rather than that they possess a new sense organ."

Landmarks and training may be the secret of homing pigeons, Rowan admits, but it can't hold for migration. The very success of pigeons as homing agents 'rest primarily on the fact they are entirely devoid of migratory instinct."

To further prove his point he cites the thousands of penguins which swim with infallible precision from the Arctic to South America and back through a murky ocean that has no landmarks. How birds, eels, other animals migrate is still a mystery, even to Rowan.

Nothing spoils more quickly than a good intention—postponed.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Maynard Chester
James Perkins
Charles Young

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
Carl Church
George Cox
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
William Doss
Thomas Everheart
James Eller
Raymond Harding
Franklin Hensley
Jack Lambert
Clay Shew
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnett
Louie Ashe
Fred Coates
Robert Furr
Gerald Johnson
Donald Kirk
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
James Norton
Hayes Powell
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Paul Wolfe

COTTAGE No. 3

Joseph Case
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsey Elder
Glenn Evans
Robert Jarvis
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Lloyd Perdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Phil Batson
Clyde Brown
Paul Carpenter
Eugene Grice
Robert Hogan
Eugene Hudgins
James Hill
Herman Hughes
Hobart Keaton
W. C. McManus
Harvey Purdy
Burton Routh
James Smith
Wesley Turner
Ernest Turner
Edward VanHoy

COTTAGE No. 5

George Byrd
Connie Hill
Ralph Medlin
Robert Wilkins
Clyde Ward

COTTAGE No. 6

Coy Creakman
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Fred Gainey
Clyde Hoffman
George Jones
Jerry Oakes
Robert Porter
Robert Peavy
Louis Southerland
James Sellers
James Swinson
William Ussery
Leroy Wilkins
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Glenn Davis

Arthur Dawson
Jerry Peavy

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
Gray Brown
Raymond Cloninger
D. B. Jones
Edward Johnson
David Johnson
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Peterson
Thomas Stallings
Vernest Turner

COTTAGE No. 10
Jesse Black
Ernest Bullard
Raymond Byrd
Thomas Cottrell
Jack Gleason
Earl Godley
James Hensley
William Lane
J. C. Michael

COTTAGE No. 11
Donald Bowden
Charles Bryant
Leon Rose
Ralph Tew

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14
Paul Denton
Elbert Gentry
Donald Hendrix
Reeves Lusk
Landon McKenzie
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Lawrence Owens
John Roberts
James Shook
J. H. Smith
James Spence
Thomas Styles
Leonard Allen
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15
Harold Bates
William Best
George Brown
William Caldwell
Jack Crump
Harry Coffey
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Jack Green
John Green
Robert Holland
R. V. Hutchinson
Howard Herman
Marcus Heffner
James Johnson
David Kinley
Harvey Leonard
Marshal Lamb
Zeb Presson
h tonP
Robert Roberts
Ralph Steward
Charles Stephenson
Solomon Shelton
Coy Wilcox
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Ray Covington
James Chavis
Thomas Chavis
Allen Hammond
Morrison Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Weldon Lochlear

INFIRMARY
William Brooks
Norman Hentschell
Dwight Murphy

———:———

Being miserable cannot be a purely personal affair; like the mumps, it spreads to the rest of the household.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 19, 1946 No. 3

PRAYER OF A SPORTSMAN

Lord, in the battle that goes on through life,
I ask but a field that is fair,
A chance that is equal with all in the strife,
A courage to strive and to dare.

If I should win, let it be by the code,
With my faith and my honor held high;
If I should lose, let me stand by the road,
And cheer as the winners go by.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

BEGIN TODAY

Dream not too much of what you'll do tomorrow,
How well you'll work perhaps another year;
Tomorrow's chance you do not need to borrow—
Today is here.

Boast not too much of mountains you will master,
The while you linger in the vale below;
To dream is well, but plodding brings us faster
To where we go.

Talk not too much about some new endeavor
You mean to make a little later on;
Who idles now will idle on forever
Till life is done.

Swear not some day to break some habit's fetter,
When this old year is dead and passed away;
If you have need of living wiser, better,
Begin today!

—Author Unknown.

IN SUPPORT OF OLD CLOTHES DRIVE

The drive is now on throughout the United States to collect old clothes for the suffering peoples of the world. This is a worthy cause which should receive a hearty response from people everywhere. Most folks have in their wardrobes various items of useful clothing that are in good condition and yet are lying stored away in idleness.

There has probably never been another period in the history of mankind when the needs of suffering humanity were so widespread

and so appalling, when the opportunities for doing good toward others at such little cost were so prevalent in the world. If Americans could only see with their own eyes the shocking spectacle of the cold and shivering of other lands there no doubt would follow a mamouth avalanche of clothing, which would touch the heart of the world.

Americans must be reminded that the spiritual destiny of the world is intimately linked up with what we do in this and similar causes. The unfortunate peoples of the lands across the seas are looking to us in their distress. If we collect vast quantities of useful clothing for those who so sorely need them, we shall only be fulfilling our civil and Christian obligation.

Regarding this drive, the Stanly News and Press makes this timely comment:

> The people of this nation have enough discarded clothes in closets, trunks and attics to save hundreds of thousands of lives in Europe and other parts of the world, and an opportunity to save them is being offered through the Victory Clothing Drive, now in progress. A similar drive was made last year, with much success, and countless lives were saved. In this land of plenty, it is nothing short of criminal not to be generous in giving clothing to the campaign.

* * * * * * * *

MARCH OF DIMES APPEAL

Again a national campaign is in progress throughout the entire United States to raise funds to combat infantile paralysis. In honor of the late President Roosevelt, a "March of Dimes" drive is conducted annually for this very worthy cause.

The quota for North Carolina is $354,750.00, which is slightly lower than last year's quota. In the 1945 campaign the state raised a total of $517,211.00, as compared to $169,529.00 in 1944. Much of the grand success in behalf of this cause is due to the vigorous and efficient efforts of Dr. Ralph McDonald, the state chairman. This project, while it makes a strong appeal to the hearts of the people, requires a great amount of thought and effort. People have to be contacted individually, and county organizations formulated.

This year there is being prominently displayed in store windows and elsewhere striking posters which carry a portrait of Mr. Roosevelt, and on the posters are these words: "It did not conquer him!" Let us then, in this drive in honor of this great leader, have his same spirit of courage and determination, to the end that we may restore health and happiness to those who suffer from this dreadful disease.

* * * * * * * * *

We recently received a letter from Adjutant James H. Prout, who is in charge of the Salvation Army Post in Greensboro. For several years prior to going to that city, Adjutant and Mrs. Prout directed the work of the Salvation Army in Concord. During their stay in this community they visited the Training School on several occasions and conducted the Sunday afternoon services. Adjutant Prout writes as follows:

Editor and The Staff,
The Uplift,
Concord, N. C.

Gentlemen:

I would like to express to you, as this New Year gets under way, my appreciation of The Uplift, which reaches me regularly.

It is a fine periodical and reflects exceedingly well on the entire staff and the editors.

May God's blessings be upon you in this fine work.

Sincerely,

James H. Prout.

In a recent issue of the Boys' Journal, the official publication of the Glen Mills School for Boys, Glen Mills, Pa., there appeared in the exchange column the following comment concerning The Uplift:

A word of praise to the Stonewall Jackson Industrial School's Uplift. No wonder it has maintained such a name for itself. Who edits your poetry? Its selection and editing are definitely characterized by the professional touch. Your articles are exceptionally good.

We are delighted to receive these favorable comments from our friends. They are most gratifying, and are definitely an inspiration to the editor and other members of The Uplift staff. We shall continue our efforts to improve the standards of our little publication.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of January 20, 1946

Jan. 20—Donald Bowden, Cottage No. 11, 14th birthday.
Jan. 22—Patrick Ford, Cottage No. 5, 16th birthday.
Jan. 23—Robert Peavy, Cottage No. 6, 13th birthday.
Jan. 23—Jerald Peavy, Cottage No. 7, 12th birthday.
Jan. 26—Robert Phillips, Cottage No. 11, 14th birthday.
Jan. 26—Orville Gray Brown, Cottage No. 9, 15th birthday.
Jan. 26—Martin Walters, Cottage No. 11, 16th birthday.
Jan. 26—Franklin Robinson, Cottage No. 1, 13th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

News Items of Interest

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been painting the third grade room. They hope to finish this week.

Mr. Hawfield, who was ill last Friday, Saturday and Sunday, is back on the job. Mr. Hawfield was in bed with the influenza. We are all glad that he is back on the job.

The ninth grade boys have been learning all the states and capitals in the order in which they come. They are also learning the sections in which each state is located.

Mrs. Dwight Morrison's fourth grade boys gave a chapel program Friday morning. The topic was "Books." They told something about some of the work they have been doing in History, Geography, Health, and Bible Study. The work was presented in an interesting way by means of stories, poems, and songs. The entire grade took a part in this program. Every one enjoyed this program very much.

Mrs. Baucom's library boys have been making posters to advertise some of the books they have. One bulletin board will run advertisements on books which follow American history. The first posters of the series are on "Explorers." We find there is a dozen or more books on this subject. The second poster will be on the Indians who were in this land when the explorers came. Then will come the colonial period. Getting the Constitution, Westward Expansion, the Civil War Progress and Growth, World War I and World War II. The other bulletin boards will carry posters of dog books, science books, cowboy books, new Bible books, and children around the world. In this way, attention will be called to children who love to read good books as well as those who in the past have not liked to read.

Sports at the School

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

The boys of Cottage No. 11 played Cottage No. 1 last Wednesday night. The score was tied 20 to 20.

The boys of Cottage No. 10 are going to play the boys of Cottage No. 4 next Saturday. We are looking forward to a tough game for No. 4 has a good basketball team.

Last Saturday the boys of Cottage No. 15 played the boys of Cottage No. 10. The boys of Cottage No. 15 lost to the boys of Cottage No. 10 by the score of 40 to 9. Mr. Liske refereed this game.

The boys of Cottage No. 2 played a double header last Friday night First they played the boys of Cottage No. 10 and lost to them by the score of 25 to 9. They then played Cottage No.1 and won by the score of 26 to 12.

Radio Program

By Gray Brown, 9th Grade

Mrs. Morrison's second grade boys had charged of the radio program last Tuesday. They sang four songs. One was "Thank You, Father." This song thanks God for food, clothes, school and home. The next song were "Our Heavenly Father Cares" and "Jesus, Friend of Little Children." The last song was "When He Cometh." Then Mr. Hawfield, our superintendent, gave a talk on Number 10 Cottage. He told how this cottage has improved and said it would be good if all the cottages would do the same.

Picture Show

By Thomas Cottrell, 9th Grade

The show last Thursday was entitled, "Government Girl." The main characters were Olivia DeHaviland and Sonny Tufts. Everyone enjoyed the picture very much.

We thank the manager of the R. K. O. distribution center in Charlotte for making it possible for us to see this picture.

B. T. U. Intermediate Group

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

The groups assembled in the auditorium and sang three songs. They were as follows: "A Shelter in the Time of Storm," "Tell Me the Story of Jesus," and "My Redeemer." After these songs we had a group of boys to sing a few songs. They were as follows: "Thank You for Our Home," "When I Go to Sleep" and "Jesus, Friend of Little Children." We were dismissed to attend classes, with a prayer by Mr. Beck.

The Junior Group One attended class with the Intermediate Group this week. The name of our lesson topic was "Baptists and Others." The Junior Group had charge of the program this week. After a brief talk by Mr. Beck we were dismissed.

Mozart

By T. L. Arnette, 9th Grade

Probably one of the greatest musicians that ever lived was Wolfgang Amadues Mozart. He was known as "the only musician" in the world. He was born in Salzburg, Austria, January 27, 1756, where his father was musical director for the archbishop. He showed great interest in music when he was three years old, and his father gave him musical lessons. When he was five he played the harpsichord well, and he also composed a number of short pieces. He composed ten sonatas, and six of them were published. At the age of 13 he traveled through Italy playing concerts. When Mozart was 26, he married. Then he made his best music for the Marriage of Figaro," and "Don Giovanni," which were two of his finest pieces. Of the music by Mozart, "Magic Flute" was probably the best. Mozart died with typhoid fever. He was buried in a pauper's grave in Vienna.

Robert E. Lee

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

Robert Edward Lee was born at Stratford, Va., January 19, 1809.

He was the son of General Harry

Lee, who died when Robert was eleven years of age.

All through his school years young Lee stood high in his class and always paid attention to his instructors.

At the age of 18 Lee entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, through appointment by Gen. Andrew Jackson. He graduated in 1829, the second highest in a class of sixty with the rank of second lieutenant.

Two years later he married Mary Randolph Custis, daughter of G. W. P. Custis, the grandson of George Washington.

In 1836 he was promoted to a full lieutenant's rating and two years later he was made a captain.

In the Mexican War Lee had his first real chance to prove his ability as a soldier. During this war he was promoted from captain to colonel in three promotions.

From 1849 to 1859, Lee was in charge of the army in Texas. In 1859, he was made colonel of the First Cavalry.

When the Civil War broke out in 1860 he resigned the post at an offer from Confederate President Jefferson Davis to become Commander of the Confederate Army. He told his superiors that he could not make war against his own home state, which was Confederate.

He at first was made separate commander of the coastal defenses. Immediately he showed his sense of organization. He trained his men and put them close together. This made them fight that much harder.

He was constantly on the defensive until he signed the treaty with Grant at Appomattox, Va., in 1864.

After the war he was elected President of Washington College which later became known as Washington and Lee University.

Lee died October 12, 1870 after being stricken with apoplexy more than three months before.

He was buried at his old home which is now Arlington National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia.

Distinguished White House Hostesses

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

(This is the first of a series of articles on Distinguished First Ladies of the White House).

Although the White House was not finished until after George Washington's administration, and Martha Washington never lived in it she is still called "America's first, First Lady." Martha Dandridge Washington was born in 1732. She was very small, plump, dark-haired and hazel eyed. She was the daughter of wealthy Col. John Dandridge. In 1759 she married George Washington, and she went to be the mistress of his Mount Vernon estate. For eight years, beginning in 1775 when Colonel Washington took command of the Continental Army, Martha Washington kept even busier than she had at his Mount Vernon estate overseeing the farming of thousands of acres in Virginia and spending the winters with General Washington at his headquarters. During the winter of Valley Forge she carried food to the sick and sewed clothes for the soldiers, and by visiting the camp she cheered the boys up. In 1789 she answered the call of duty again. She went to New York to be hostess to President George Washing-

ton. On her way, Revolutionary soldiers everywhere cheered her as "Lady Washington." In her own words, Martha Washington kept "steady as a clock, busy as a bee and cheerful as a cricket."

WHAT IS A CHILD WORTH?

By Dr. I. G. Greer

The value placed upon childhood increases according to the progress of civilization. Lycurgus, the greatest of Spartan lawgivers, reflected the attitude of his age toward childhood in the loconic answer he gave a group of elders who inquired as to what disposition they should make of certain children. Said he: "If they can make good soldiers for Sparta, feed them; if they cannot make good soldiers, fatten the beasts of the arena."

It was left for the Galilean to place upon childhood a price that supasses all other values when He said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Since His day we have thought of children in more sacred terms than ever before, and even the man without creed or religion can now be touched by the needs of the child.

You remember the crude yet beautiful touch in one of John Hay's Pike County ballads. The old plainsman left his team in front of a store. The horses took fright and ran away in a blinding snow storm, taking with them his four year old boy, Little Gabe. Late at night they found the horses submerged in a snowdrift, dead, but Little Gabe could not be found. They continued their search and hours later found Little Gobe snug and warm in a sheep-fold where the lambs were kept at night. The father said:

"Fellows there's something I don't understand; my horses were killed, but Little Gabe was saved." Said the shepherd, "Begad, the angels saved Little Gabe." But the father replied, "I thought the business of the angels was to loaf around the throne and sing songs of glory." And then Hay wrote:

"And I think that saving a little child,
and fetching him to his own,
Is a darned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne."

The Christian religion is the only religion that ever proposed to snatch from the wrecks of life boys and girls to make out of them leaders. James says: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspoted from the world."

Useful attainments in your minority procure riches in maturity.

HISTORY OF STONEWALL JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

By S. G. Hawfield

There is being prepared a history of the Stonewall Jackson Training School Since the School has been in operation over a period of approximately thirty-six years, the preparation of this historical sketch involves a considerable amount of investigation and research. Later on, the history will be published by the North Carolina Historical Commission. Already ten chapters or divisions of the School's history have been completed, and the tenth chapter is now being published.

The chapters which are complete are as follows:

Introduction.
Chapter I. Development of the sentiment for a training school in North Carolina.
Chapter II. Legislative enactment creating the Jackson Training School, and subsequent amendments.
Chapter III. Purpose and function of the Jackson Training School, past and present.
Chapter IV. Early beginnings of the institution.
Chapter V. Organizational set-up.
Chapter VII. Population statistics and related facts.
Chapter VIII. Financial Statistics.
Chapter IX. A Description of the School Plant or Facilities.
Chapter X. Outline of the Present Program.

(Continued from Last Week.)

CHAPTER X (Continued)

Outline of the Present Program

The Health Program

It is assumed that one of the most important obligations of the training school is to maintain an effective health program for all the boys. This is an activity that calls for constant and vigilant supervision. It is understood that the benefits of a good health program cannot be accomplished within a day or a week, but that they involve a prolonged process.

Generally speaking, when the boys are sent to the training school it is found that their one great need is to have their general health improved. Prior to their commitments they have suffered far too much from such ravages as undernourishment, lack of sufficient rest and sleep, improper diets, neglect of teeth, tonsils and eyes. In addition to this, they have lived in an atmosphere of nervous tension and

emotionalism which has interfered with their health, both mental and physical. All of these things have done much to undermine the health of the boys. Remedial treatments generally require careful attention over a considerable length of time.

In planning the over-all health program for the training school, there are several basic principles which guide in the work, as follows:

1. To give prompt attention and treatment to any ailments.
2. To determine, as far as possible, the basic causes of the ailments.
3. To provide the most suitable and effective treatment.
4. To promote and encourage both personal cleanliness and cleanliness in all living and working quarters.
5. To provide a balanced diet of well-prepared and substantial foods.
6. To promote and encourage safety and the prevention of accidents.
7. To study, in difficult cases, the previous histories.

Through the operation of such a program, the boys at the training school, no doubt, receive much better attention than does the average boy out in the various communities of the state.

In certain instances, the treatments consist of first aid only, especially if the injuries are of a minor nature; in other instances, it may be necessary to keep a boy at the infirmary for several days for prolonged treatments: in other cases, it may be necessary for a boy to be sent to the Carbarrus Hospital in Concord or the Orthopedic Hospital in Gastonia, or treated by some specialist in Charlotte or Concord. Thus, it is seen that the health program includes medical care, cleanliness, wholesome food, hospitalization, clinics, and immunizations.

A. Infirmary

The school owns and operates its own infirmary, with a resident registered nurse. In addition to this, the boys have the benefit of the services of a part-time physican, who makes daily calls at the school and who is also available for emergency calls. Twice each day a boy having any ailment is given an opportunity to report to the infirmary. Any boy who is found to have more than normal temperature, or one who has some painful injury, is kept and put to bed until his case can be diagnosed by the physician. Any boy who reports with boils or skin sores is given treatment and, if necessary, is held until he can be treated further by the physician. In the case of nail or fork punctures or cuts, the boy is given the tetanus treatment.

B. Dental Clinic

The training school cooperates with the Oral Hygiene Division of the State Board of Health in providing a dental clinic of eight weeks or more annually. Generally, this clinic is divided into two or more periods during the year. In addition to this, provision is made for emergency treatments which are given by reputable dentists in the city of Concord.

During the clinic the following treatments are given: extractions, cleanings, fillings, and partial plates. As far as possible, each boy is given some dental education, and the boys are required to brush their teeth regularly at least twice each day.

C. Tonsil Clinic

During each year, provision is made

for a tonsil clinic. Many of the boys have their tonsils removed prior to their commitments, but the school doctor advises that a great proportion of the boys who have not had this attention before they arrive eventually need it, and the policy of the school is to attend to this as soon as possible in order that the period of training at the school may be of greatest benefit to the boy.

D. Typhoid Immunization

At a convenient time during each year, with the assistance of the Carbarrus County Health Department, the viccine for the prevention of typhoid is administered to those boys who have not had it within the last three years.

E. Wholesome Food

It is always recognized that a basic need for good health is wholesome food which has been well prepared. Some of the food is cooked at the school bakery and some is prepared in the cottages. At least one quart of whole milk is supplied to each boy daily, and most of the boys get more than this. The boys are given ice cream twice each week during the summer months, and milk is used in breads, puddings and other foods. The boys are furnished an abundance of vegetables and fruits which are grown on the school farm. Among these vegetables are tomatoes, cabbage, mustard, turnips, kale, bunch beans, butter beans, corn, peas, Irish potatoes and sweet potatoes. The school owns a fine herd of approximately 100 Hereford beef cattle and a herd of 125 Berkshire hogs. From these two sources, the boys are fed generous amounts of meat through the year.

F. Cleanliness

It is recognized that cleanliness is a big factor in good health. It is emphasized in all situations as often as possible. This applies to the dairy barn, the cottages, and the personal cleanliness of the boys. In addition to the swimming facilities, each cottage is equipped with shower baths, and these are used every night before the boys retire. The boys are required to use clean night clothing, either pajamas or shorts, at all times. The bed linen is changed from top to bottom each week. The boys change their work clothes twice each week. A high standard towards which all officers and matrons strive is to make the cottages neat, clean, attractive and as homelike as possible.

Extra-Curricular Activities

At the Jackson Training School there is a fairly adequate program of extra-curricular activities. These activities are designed to take up some of the slack in a boy's time during the day when he is not engaged in one of the formal activities of the school. Although these activities are called extra-curricular, they are beginning to be regarded more and more as just as basic and fundamental as are the formal school and work experiences of the boys. They are considered important because they tend to promote in the boys the finest and most wholesome types of social attitudes and individual ideals. It is a conviction that the stronger these activities are, the greater are the possibilities for accomplishing with the boys the greatest improvement in the more practical aspects of the training school. Usually it is through participation in these so called extra-curricular activities that a boy really finds himself or

discovers his own potentialities in life, or that an instructor has his best opportunity to study the boy. After all, the most essential thing in the development of any boy is for him to discover his own talent or interest, for after doing this he has a beginning point for starting to develop his self-pride and self-esteem more and more.

The goal towards which the school is striving is to rise above repression and restraint as the best methods of control and development for the delinquent boy. This type of program, of course, generally involves numerous problems and a good amount of foresight in planning supervision. However, the conviction is that it is far better for boys to be kept busy and have their time occupied in worthwhile activities than to have them lolling or loitering around in idleness, planning runaways or other misdeeds. Then, too, participation in extra-curricular activities affords excellent opportunities for understanding boys. It is in such activities that there is a high degree of self-expression.

1. Swimming Pool

The boys have the privilege of swimming in the indoor swimming pool at least twice each week. There is probably no other activity that has greater enjoyment for the boys than does the swimming pool. About 90% of the boys who come to the school already know how to swim, and the others generally learn while they are at the school.

2. Gymnasium

The school possesses an excellent gymnasium for indoor sports. It is used during the winter months for basketball and other sports in which boys like to participate. Most of the participation is on the cottage basis.

3. Outdoor Playground Activities

At the school there are two regulation baseball diamonds and three softball diamonds. The athletic program is entirely on a cottage basis rather than through competition by varsity teams. The goal is to provide an opportunity for each boy to participate on his own level of physical development. Horseshoe pitching is one of the most popular sports among the boys. There is also provision for playing tennis, volleyball and outdoor basketball. Once during each year there is held a track meet for the boys. This includes various types of contests, such as broad and high jumping, relay racing, three-legged racing and shot throwing. Through the fall and winter months the boys participate in tag football.

4. Band

The school offers band training to those boys who have an interest. It is found that some of the boys make excellent progress in the band. The only limitation is that the boys are released from the school when they are at the peak of their development. The school owns approximately thirty band instruments, and the school now has a contribution of $500 to be used towards the purchasing of band uniforms.

5. Boy Scouting and Cub Scouting

For 2 or 3 years the school has had a Boy Scout troop, which offers splendid opportunities for some of the most worthy and dependable boys. In this activity the boys have enjoyed the usual privileges of Scouting on the outside. At times they have gone on

hikes, to Courts of Review meetings, and to Boy Scout banquets. Most of all they have enjoyed the privileges of Scout camping. These are some of the highlights in the superlative experiences of character development.

In the spring of 1945 a Cub Scout pack was organized at the school, with an enrollment of fifteen boys who were ten and eleven years of age. It is believed that the experiences in Cub Scouting will offer an introduction for these boys in later years to the Scout program.

6. Indoor Cottage Recreation

In some of the cottages there are excellent programs for the boys while they are on the inside. In some there are opportunities for numerous indoor games, such as dominoes, checkers, carrom, Rook. The boys are expected to play these game quietly and with all the courtesies of a gentleman. Some of the cottages have delightful evening programs of a religious nature once or twice each week, at which time the boys give readings, sing songs, and make brief talks. In some of the cottages the boys have the privilege of reading wholesome literature. This might include some interesting book that a boy has brought from the school library or some Bible story book belonging to the cottage. Many of the cottages have radios, and the boys have an opportunity to hear radio programs of music and world news. In some of the cottages the boys are permitted to have the radios in the bedroom for a while after they retire at night.

The objective towards which the school is working is to have in every cottage well-behaved boys who know how to live together in groups and at the same time enjoy the normal experiences of a well-regulated home. At present, the program in some of the cottages here would rank among the finest in the nation.

Through this varied program the purpose is to offer rich and varied types of worthwhile activities. Some of these may be described as rather informal, in which the boys do certain things they delight in most. Other activities are more formal and in conformance with rules and regulations and under systematic supervision. If the boys were required to follow the same routine of work from day to day without these other activities, it would tend to kill their spirits, but by their participation in these activities life is more cheerful and purposeful

Religious Activities

Religious activities occupy an important place in the life of the school. A considerable effort is given to the importance of keeping all these activities on a high plane and keeping them vitalized and meaningful for the boys. There is a deliberate purpose towards preventing all these activities from becoming superficial and too formal so that they would not touch the hearts of the boys.

With reference to the religious activities, it should be explained that they fall under nine major divisions, as follows:

1. Sunday School and preaching services.

2. Promotion of campaigns for church membership among the boys.

3. Promotion and encouragement of regular religious services in the cottages.

4. The privilege to certain boys of attending Sunday School and church

services in Concord, according to their preferences.

5. Personal guidance and counseling with boys concerning religious matters.

6. Promotion of good daily devotional programs, with special emphasis on school assembly programs once each week.

7. Making Bibles and Bible story books available to the boys, both in the school department and in the cottages.

8. Promotion of the policy of having boys memorize Scripture selections, either as verses or as entire chapters.

9. The practice of providing opportunities for the boys in Baptist Training Union classes.

Each of the above activities is an important one within itself and offers excellent opportunities. Through all these activities the major theory is to have the boys participate in these activities and through them it is the hope of the school that the boys may develop good church habits and develop an appreciation for wholesome religious literature.

Every boy attends the Sunday School and preaching services, with the Sunday School meeting at ten o'clock on Sunday morning for one hour and the preaching services being held on Sunday afternoons. The staff members of the training school are used as teachers for the Sunday School classes. The preaching services are conducted by the ministers of Concord three Sundays in each month, and on the fourth Sunday the services are conducted by a minister from one of the churches in Charlotte.

HOW TO STAY YOUNG

Here's a bit of philosophy that should prove helpful to those who in counting the years bemoan their loss of youth. It is called "How To Stay Young" and is taken from a framed message that hung over the Manila headquarters desk of General Douglas MacArthur.

"Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind.

"Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, lony years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

"Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life.

"You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair."—Morganton News-Herald.

ROBERT E. LEE

By E. M. B.

As the whole nation unites in the commemoration of the 139th birthday anniversary of Robert E. Lee on Saturday, January 19th, by the complete restoration of his ancestral home in Arlington, Virginia, we pause also to pay homage to him, not as one of the greatest generals of the world, for that phase of his greatness it well known, but to meditate on General Lee, the loser, and his magnificent comeback in a South that was broken and insecure in its financial, political, religious and economic structure.

Most people look upon Lee as a victor even though he was forced to surrender his straggling band of hungry men to General Grant at Appomattox. He was victorious because he had exemplified those characteristics which are respected even by an emeny. It is said that soon after the surrender there was a great noise near the scene. Some thought it was the Union Armies, but it was not, for General Grant would not allow rejoicing on the part of his armies. The noise was the voice of jubilation for the captain who had surrendered the army and muskets, but was still the commander of their hearts. His men crowded about him, "bare-headed, with tear -wet faces; thronging him, kissing his hand, his boots, his saddle; weeping; cheering him amid their tears; shouting his name to the very skies." He said, "Men, we have fought this war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."

This was Lee's final victory and a high tribute to the South and the devotion of the people of the South to him was greater in the hour of defeat than in that of victory. No victor ever came home to more evidences of devotion than this defeated general, a general who had not lost only temporarily, as did General Wainright of World War II, but who had lost all: the cause for which the South was fighting. He is truly reckoned as one of the world's noblest losers.

One might have expected him to have referred regretfully to his failure with the armies of the South but this is what he said to General Hampton soon after the war, "I did nothing more than my duty required of me. I could have taken no other course without dishonor and if it were to be done again I should act in precisely the same manner!"

The war had hardly ceased when offers of jobs came pouring in to him—offers of honor and profit; offers of the presidency of insurance companies and other industrial enterprises; and even the offer of an estate by an admirer, where he could spend the rest of his life in comfort and peace. His reply to all these tempting offers was a gracious but irrevocable refusal. Even the governorship of Virginia was proposed to him, but he refused it. One one occasion he was offered $50,000 a year as president of an insurance firm. He declined on

grounds that he was not familiar with the work. "But, General," said the agent, "You will not be expected to do any work; what we wish is to use your name." General Lee replied, "Do you not think that if my name is worth $50,000 a year, I ought to be careful about taking care of it?" His daughter once said, "They are ocering my father everything, but the only thing he will accept is a place to earn honest bread while engaged in useful work." How true to life is it for our hero—our own Robert E. Lee to be deluged with offers. How true for any returning general. How tempting for the best of them to quickly fall into some high and mighty job based on politics and popularity rather than to conscientiously take work that would be far more constructive and for which many times they would be better fitted and happier doing. As we glance through the annals of history we see several war generals who have been aspirants to public office. Wars have produced many presidents and what a marvelous comeback for any beloved general. But not so with our Lee, for he was not only victorious in surrender but in his own life as well. How noble for a man to be able to stand on his own convictions in spite of all popular demands and in spite of personal temptation!

And so it was by the deliberate decision of his soul that he turned to education. This decision came from the very depth of his great heart and being. So leaving behind him the glory of a military career, henceforth, his life was devoted to this new service with the same zeal that had made him a famous general.

Lee entered the field of education because he wanted to be useful in a peculiar way. He knew that of all human endeavor, teaching was the most prophetic. He wanted a part in the shaping of tomorrow. He knew education of the right kind would be far more influential in reshaping the Union than anything else. He knew the future of the new Union lay in the education of its people.

So it was with these strong convictions of what he wanted to do that he accepted the presidency of Washington College for the promised sum of $1500 per year. This classical school which Washington had endowed was situated in a little mountain town where the whole section was more or less free of any form or state control and independent of the dominance of any religious sect. Too, the college was rich in historic American tradition. For all these reasons Lee took the work there. Lee felt that this would give him the place and opportunity for the work he wanted to do, so he set about immediately to his duties which would have daunted any but a most gallant spirit, for the buildings were run down, books were destroyed, apparatus of any kind was out of the question and there was no money with which to pay the meager salaries—in short, the institution was paralyzed. The enrollment had dropped and very few students had money. The endowment was either swept away or totally lost. Lee, without guarantee of any money, took up the training of the youth, the children of those who fought with him for the most part, with a courage equal to that shown when he was at the head of a devoted army on a battlefield where death and glory shook the earth.

"The central objective of his administration was to create and fortify an institution which would minister to

the greatly changed civilization," says Dr. Frances Gaines, in an address made on Lee. Not in the spirit of experimentation but with a definite understanding of the new social order which must come, be transformed the curriculum of the old classical school. General Lee knew full well that the courses offered in the classical school would not meet the needs of the boys of 1865 who were facing a new era. He knew that they must have good law courses for the new South would need legislation, legal adjustment, legal interpretation so Lee added law to the curriculum. Lee envisioned new ways of travel, communication and broad utilization of natural resources so he added a school of engineering. The South, which had the plantation system, knew only that type of farming and business, but Lee could see at least a partial doing away with this mode of life and the establishment of new business enterprises, so he started a school of commerce to teach young men new ways of carrying on their business. This was probably the first course of this kind in America to be put on a college level. The new South required intelligent guidance in the formation of public opinion so he added courses in journalism so as to prepare the youth for helping create the proper spirit in the Southern people when they returned home. At this moment the author of this article pauses to wonder if there were people then who said: "General Lee is ruining the curricula at Washington College. What good are those new courses? He is too revolutionary, too progressive. Our boys had best stick to their Latin and Greek." If such remarks were made they were never known, for thoughtful citizens marvelled at the progress made in the South.

Lee, as an educational leader, took time to make friends of the institution, to sell his educational ideas to the right people. And these friends of Lee's became benefactors of the college in a great way. Their gifts were valuable, but not half so valuable as their endorsement of his program of learning. Suppose these friends had opposed him in his new project! Suppose they had stood off and criticized instead of helping him! The South might still be more retarded educationally speaking than it is.

Any great teacher has the power to get into the inner life of his pupils. Lee tried to learn each boy's ambition and just how each boy was standing in his life and work at the college. He wished to know the pupils, what they were learning and how they were learning.

Nor did Lee fail to realize that character building must go hand in hand with true education. To this end he inspired his pupils. He had that rare genius of making his pupils seek higher levels. He believed "a man's reach should exceed his grasp" and he lived this in his own life everyday. Lee was extremely courteous and this one thing was contagious for the boys tried to follow his example. He also believed in individual responsibility on the part of the students—responsibility for their work, honesty, and everyday acts. This led to the establishment of the "honor system" which is still in effect today at the university. He never appeared hostile or partisan to the boys. He wanted to discourage any feeling of animosity the boys might have over the war. He emphasized courageous citizenship in a

new united nation where each was to take his place and do his part. He lived beautifully before the students and with the students. Once when two of his students were going on a visit to a resort town, he wrote to the manager of the hotel saying: "These young men are students of the college. I hope you will treat them as if they were my sons."

All the fine virtues of a true Christian gentleman were exemplified in Lee. A gentleness of heart, yet a sterness; a simplicity that always produced calm and poise. All traits of human kindness were exemplified in him and his aim was to pass it on to his boys.

No great teacher can have his eyes closed to the things of beauty and nature around him. Lee was constantly planting trees and beautifying the grouds around the college in his own artistic way. Many of the trees which are so beautiful today were planted under his supervision. So we see that he thought environment was a very important phase in the process of education.

Summing up Lee's philosophy of education we see that he believed the curriculum of a school should change to meet the needs of boys at that time; that he thought of education as something personal in the lives of the boys and not objective or machine like; that character education should go hand in hand with academic learning and he saw to it that the boys had chances to practice individualism by being put on their own honor; and that the same beauty and peace that he found in his own home life should be shared by the boys while making Washington College, which was later to become Washington and Lee University, a happy, wholesome, beautiful place in which to study and live.

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I don't know why I should fail to realize that the world is getting steadily smaller—as far as distances and transportation are concerned. I look to see the time when a trip to London or Paris—or other once-distant places—will be no more unusual than one to New York or Washington is now. Those of us who have always wanted to "go places and see things" have bright prospects of having our ambitions realized in bigger and better ways than we ever thought possible. We will not have to ask as did the child of the traveler in a verse I learned years ago:

"Traveler, what lies over the hill,
Traveler, tell to me;
I am only a child at the window sill,
And over I cannot see?"

We long ago left the "window sills" of our restricted lives, and our interests extend beyond "the hill" and into the far reaches of the world.—Morganton News-Herald.

THE ROSE OF PEACE

(Adapted from the Persian, in Sunshine Magazine)

The palace of the king of Persia was surrounded by great and beautiful gardens. Two brothers, potters by trade, lived near the palace gate, and at times worked in the king's gardens, for they were skilled in the art of flowers. Faithful workers they were, and won the admiration of the king. The brothers rose early each morning and did much work in the gardens before the world had rubbed the sleep from its eyes. The king was aware of this because he too rose early to welcome the approach of day.

One morning, at the break of dawn, he called the brothers to him. "My good friends," he said, "why do you come so early to work? The birds are just beginning to sing their sleepy songs in the trees."

The elder brother smiled. "Sire," he said, "we might ask the same question of you, were it not that we already have the answer. We, too, believe in getting our task done early, so that when the heat of day comes with all its cares, we can rest a bit if we wish. Besides, as you well know, the time to care for flowers is when the cool of dawn is over them, and the dew of the night hours glistens on their leaves."

The king was pleased. "Come," he said, "I have something to show you. I have reserved it for those whose eyes have learned to know beauty." As the king spoke he went swiftly along the tiled walk that led beside the pool and came to a hidden garden into which no foot but that of the king and his chamberlain ever entered.

The brothers drew back as the king opened the gate, but the king smiled and placed his hand on the arm of the elder and led him in. When the three had come to the farthest corner of the garden, the king pointed to a small rosebush on which grew a beautiful red rose. "Behold," he said, "the rose of the Three Knights!"

"Beautiful!" cried the brothers. "Its color is that of pure red fire! We never dreamed such a lovely rose existed in the world!"

The King sighed. "Perhaps," he said, "it would have been just as well had it never existed. Its story is a sad one. Sit down on yonder bench and I shall tell it to you.

"It was in the reign of my father —may the Spirit of Peace grant rest to his soul. Once when my father went abroad in a land many hundreds of miles away, he saw this rose blooming in the garden of a mighty chieftain. It was the favorite rose of the chieftain's wife, and though my father offered many times its weight in gold, he could not buy so much as a branch from its brown stem. When my father returned, he told the story in open court.

"My father was the very spirit of justice. Under no circumstances would he attempt to take by stealth or force that which he could not obtain by fair means. It happened, however, that the words of my father fell on the ears of a young knight whose loyalty to the throne was greater than his sense of justice. Mounting his steed, he rallied two other young warriers,

and the three left in the night for the avowed purpose of bringing the rose-bush to the garden of my father.

"On the tenth day they came to the kingdom of the rose. They put off their knightly garb for the common robe of the merchant. Each went a different way, hoping in this manner to learn of the rose. In ten days they were to meet outside the main gate to the chieftain's castle.

"The tenth day came, and but one knight appeared. He waited many days for the others, but they never came. Little did he know that one lay dead and that the other was languishing in a dungeon hewn in the solid rock under a river bed.

"At last, in the dark of the moon, he stole into the garden of the chieftain and cut a slip from the cherished rosebush, concealed it in his cloak, and crept forth once more onto the highway. Then, to preserve its vital life stream and living strength, the knight went deep into the wilderness and picked a sunny spot on the shore of a lake, where he planted the slip. He built a crude hut as a shelter, and watched the slip put forth roots. He sent a message to his cousin about the rose slip, and urged him to find it if anything happen to prevent his return to his own country.

"Something did happen, for a viper crept out of the earth in the lonely darkness and bit the knight, and he died. After months had passed and the knight failed to return, the cousin journeyed many weary days before he found the hut and the rose slip. To his delight, the slip was fully rooted, so he brought it to this garden, and its beauty is the thing you now see. But you cannot see the loss to my kingdom that has come about because of it. So may beauty become a deadly thing when there is no justice in it." Then the king paused, gravely concerned.

"Sire," said the elder, "we know that you are distressed. How can we serve you?"

"You are good men," said the king. "I have observed your faithfulness. I have chosen you for a desperate task. I have received a message from the chieftain of the far country, saying that the theft of the rose had been discovered, and that if it is not returned to him, he will march with his armies against our cities. There is justice in his message, for an evil has been done that leaves after it consequences. I should have returned the rose."

"And why did you not return it?" asked the elder.

"Because of the love and devotion for service that went into the gaining of it," answered the king. "Three men died that I might enjoy its color and fragrance. But in this I was wrong. There is no way to right injustice except through justice."

"We understand," said the elder brother; "we shall prepare the rose-bush at once, and saddle our horses and set forth to return it."

"You may die in the service," said the king, "for the ruler of the distant land is very anger."

"So be it!" answered the elder. "What is the death of two potters to the ravaging of our great cities?"

The king raised his hand, and said, "Peace be with you, my friends."

And so it was that on the morrow the two brothers went forth on the long journey. And when they came to the court of the great chieftain, they

were received into his presence. They undid the parcel, and, to the wonder of all, so well had they done their work that the rose spread out its green leaves in sheer joy of release and lifted up one red blossom of such fragrance that the chamber was filled with it.

The chieftain descended from his throne, bent over the rose and imbibed of its sweetness. "The very same rose has come back to me in a strange manner," he said. Then turning to the two brothers, "You have done well. You did not know when you came that my wrath would ever let you depart. Because I admire courage in the service of justice, I shall tell you this thing: Five months ago a strange disease came upon the rosebush in my garden, and it died. Thus would the beauty of this rare flower have faded from the earth except for the slip that went forth into your master's kingdom.

"The thieves were wrong in their theft, but I was wrong in my selfishness. Who has the right to enclose beauty with high walls, and cast guards about the source of happiness? Today my rose comes back to me. Go, my friends, and plant this bush in my garden, care for it, and cut slips from its tender growth. The first take back to your master, and the others dispatch into the gardens of beauty whereever they exist upon the earth, and with each growing bush that you send forth, send forth also the command that he who profits by the glory of this rose shall share it with his brothers, and shall divide this living fire until even the little plots of the poor have grown rich with its radiance. And say to your master that peace shall exist between us, of which this rose shall be a symbol forever."

And so it came to pass in that far country, that the Peace of the Rose became a living remembrance, and when men quarreled, there were others who came to them and said, "Let the Peace of the Rose be between you and yours, so has it been with our fathers, and so must it be with us!"

I gave a begger of my little store
Of well-earned gold, he spent the shining ore
And came again and again,
Still cold and hungry as before,
I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine,
He found himself, the man, supreme, divine;
Fed, clothed and crammed with blessings manifold,
And now he begs no more. —Selected

GRAB HAPPINESS WHENEVER AND WHEREVER YOU CAN

(The Morganton News-Herald)

The New Year is the time when many people make new resolves. One of the best suggestions for a New Year's resolution that should be generally popular came this year from the pen of Dorothy Dix. The philosophy of this older woman might well be adopted by young as well as old. After a full life she is in a position to reflect wisely and to give good advice. There is, of course, a happy medium, the ideal being a life well balanced between work and play and there can be real happiness in work. However, there is real sense in the advice Miss Dix gives in the following:

There is one thing about life which we should all be grabbers. We should seize every bit of pleasure that comes our way and make the most of it while we can get it. It is a fatal mistake to put off being happy until tomorrow because tomorrow never comes. All that any of us ever have is just today, and if we don't get some joy out of that, we have lost out entirely.

This is such a palpable fact that it seems as if the dumbest of us should recognize it and act upon it. Yet the world is filled with gloomy Guses who deny themselves every pleasure and lead hard, dull lives in the belief that sometime in the future they will have a great time making whoopee. Which is just about as sensible as it would be for a starving man to refuse food because he expected some day to sit down to a banquet.

Yet we all know people like this. Perhaps we belong to the lodge of the happiness deferrers ourselves. Certainly we see plenty of illustrations of the folly of putting off having our good times for 20 or 30 years. For the irony of the thing is that if we wait to long to eat our cake, we find we have lost our appetite for it. By the time we are able to buy out a bakery we have shed our sweet tooth and acquired stomach ulcers and are on a diet.

It is a matter of common knowledge that our capacity for enjoyment does not increase with age. On the contrary, it slumps with every year. The things that we get a whale of a kick out of when we are 20 bore us to tears when we are 60, so why we kid ourselves into believing that the longer we defer indulging ourselves in the things we want to do and have, the more fun we will get out of them, nobody can explain.

But the idea brings about situations which are comic as well as tragic. It gives us, for instance, the hoarders who pinch and save and deny themselves every comfort and luxury to pile for a fortune. They wear shabby clothes. They skimp on their food. They hop buses instead of having a car. They tell you they are laying up for a luxurious old age, but when age comes there is nothing they want that money will buy.

And then there are the women who never get any pleasure out of their

jewels because they are in a safety deposit box; who are always two years behind in the styles because they are saving their new dresses for some great occasion; who have beautiful houses beautifully furnished, but they never see their lovely drawing rooms except when they dust them, for they live in a cubby-hole in the back.

But the most pitiful part of the mistake people make in putting off being happy is when they apply it, as they so often do, to the family relationship. We see so many mothers who get no fun out of their babies, whose growing children are nothing but a burden to them, who never try to get acquainted with their adolescent boys and girls. They are waiting to enjoy their children when they are grown, but when they are grown it is too late. They have flown the home nest.

And we know so many husbands and wives who really love each other and appreciate each other, but who never show each other any tenderness or pay each other a compliment. They keep putting off saying the thing that would have brought happiness to a hungry heart until they whispered into dead ears.

Happiness passes your way but once. Grab it.

LIBERTY BELL

(The New Day)

One of the most cherished symbols of our American independence is the Liberty Bell, which is preserved in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. It has been rung on a number of occasions, the most important of which are as follows:

July 4th, 1776, it tolled to announce the adoption of the glorious Declaration of Independence. This was really the birthday of our nation, and marks the most important event in her history.

October 4th, 1781, it was rung to celebrate the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and the practical end of the Revolution.

April 6th, 1783, it announced the proclamation of peace with Great Britain.

September 29th, 1824, it was rung to welcome Lafayette to Independence Hall.

July 24th, 1826, it rang for the "Year of Jubilee," the fifteenth anniversary of the American Republic.

July 24th, 1826, it tolled for the death of Thomas Jefferson.

July 4th, 1831, it rang for the last time on Independence Day.

Febuary 22nd, 1832, was the last time it was rung to commemorate the birth of Washington.

Later that year it tolled to announce the death of the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

July 21st, 1834, it tolled again for the death of Marquis de Lafayette.

July 8th, 1835, while being tolled for the death of Chief Justice John Marshall, a crack developed in the bell. It started from the brim and inclined in a right-hand direction toward the crown.

TEXTS OF FAMOUS MEN

(Selected)

The text from which John Buynan preached to the multitudes: John 6: 37—"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me: and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

The text that saved William Cowper from suicide: Romans 3:24, 25—"Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God."

The text that comforted the troubled soul of John Wesley: Mark 12:34—"And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God. And no man after that durst ask him any question."

The text that made Martin Luther the hero of the Reformation: Romans 1:17—"For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written. The just shall live by faith."

The text that made David Livingstone a missionary: Matthew 28:19, 20—"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world."

The text to which John Knox anchored his soul: John 17:3—"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

The text that gave William Carey a world wisdom: Isaiah 54:2—"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes."

The text that made William Penn a conqueror: John 5:4—"For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had."

The text on which Michael Faraday staked everything: II Timothy 1:12—"For the which cause I also suffered these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

———:———

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven so blue above me,
And the good that I can do.—George L. Banks.

I SAW THE WORLD IN A WINDOW

By Portor Routh

I saw the world in a plate-glass window last night.

It was just as plain as sin. Above it in blood-red letters were these words-- "This is the post-war model you have been waiting to see."

It was all a crazy dream, but the world seemed to be turning just like the washing machine—the kind that washes your dishes and your clothes —I had seen In the department store window the day before.

Not many people were stopping to see this post-war world as it wearily turned around and around.But something caught my eye as I hurried by and I stopped and put my nose against the thick glass and atsred.

And I saw the strangest thing. For there on the world in the plate-glass window were millions of tiny people. I saw them in Europe, in Korea, in India, in the Philippines, in Thailand. They were crying for food and clothes for they were hungry and naked. But turned around and around. But somethe glass cut out their cries and I did not hear. I only saw their sunken eyes and malnutritioned bodies. I only saw the goose pimples as they shivered in the cold.

I awoke with a start and realized that the room in which I was sleeping was too warm--or I had eaten too much for dinner. But the picture of the post-war world in the plate-glass window has remained.

How can I help change that picture?

I can pack a kit for Russia. information may be obtained from Dr. Louie Newton, Atlanta, Georgie.

I can co-operate with other evangelicals in providing clothes through the Church Committe on Overseas Relief and Reconstruction in sending clothes to Europe, Korea, Philippines and other needy places. Clothing should be sent to United Church Service Center at New Windsor, Maryland, or Modesta, California. Write Foreign Mission Board for further information.

I can answer the call of President Truman to give to the Victory Clothing Collection, for Overseas Relief January 7-31. Watch your local newspaper for further information.

Above all, I can speed the saving message of Jesus around the world by giving to the mission program of my own church.

———:———

Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—Samuel Johnson.

TO RESUME 'LOST COLONY'

(Selected)

Information at hand indicates resumption of the "Lost Colony" dramatic pageant on Roanoke Island is assured for next Summer and Fall; that satisfactory progress is being made toward the goal of restoration of Tryon's Palace at New Bern; and that Virginia is getting along with plans for pretentious historic pageant portraying early days in the Jamestown Williamsburg-Yorktown area.

Disposing of the Virginia situation first it now appears that alarm over prospective competition with the Lost Colony was ill-founded. Latest dope is the Virginia show will deal with the silk and satin late colonial and early independence era, with only cursory attention to the John Smith and Pocahontas episode at Jamestown. In that event the Virginia show would complement rather than compete with the Lost Colony presentation, which deals entirely with the hardships of the pioneers who first attempted English settlement on this continent.

North Carolinans are more interested in plans for resuming the presentation of the drama on Roanoke Island, and these plans are moving along nicely. A miniature model stage set-up has been built at Chapel Hill and by use of recent inventions the proposed new stage will far surpass the one that attracted hundreds of thousands of visitors before the war.

Plans still in the tenative stage provide for swing or rolling scenery, so that spectators may see factual reproduction of the landing of the Sir Walter Raleigh expedition, with Roanoke Sound and simulated ships in the background. This will be the first time that a prong of the ocean has been used as effective stage scenery for a dramatic production.

The stage and scenic effects are being constructed by Albert Q. Bell in consultation with Paul Green and Sam Selden, assuring accurate reproduction of conditions obtaining in 1587.

———:———

BUILD A FENCE OF TRUST

Build a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon tomorrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

—Mary F. Butts.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. A. J. Cox, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, was the guest speaker at the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 95th Psalm, and the subject of his message to the boys was "Religion."

The speaker began by telling the boys that religion is something that is discussed considerably by people; many arguments arise over it; yet it is something which many people find difficulty in explaining.

He told the following story: An old colored man was trudging along the highway. A white man, who had just moved into the community, met him and asked this question: "Uncle, do the folks around here seem to enjoy their religion?" The old darkey replied, "Yessah. Them as has it, enjoys it mighty well."

Religion, said Rev. Mr. Cox, is not a Sunday coat, to be worn once a week and then taken off, and its wearer proceed on his evil ways, as before. Religion is not at all like that. It is something that should be used every day in the week. If a person is truly religious he will have complete control of all that he is or that he ever hopes to be.

The purpose of religion, continued the speaker, is not merely to help us when we are down and out or in serious trouble. It is something to be used at all times.

To further illustrate the meaning of religion, Rev. Mr. Cox told his listeners this story: A preacher was driving his car along a beautiful mountain highway. He saw a boy standing by the side of the road and gave him a ride. In the course of their conversation, the boy asked the minister, "What is life?" The minister replied, "Life is having a good body." "I have that," said the boy. His companion then said, "Life is being able to get along with other people." The lad's reply was, "Oh, I know how to do that. I study people, see what they like, and try to be that kind of a fellow." The minister then said, "Life is using your common sense." This time the boy's reply was, "I can do that, too. I've always made very good marks in my school work." The preacher stopped the car and said, "Get out, young man. I want to show you something." They got out, and the driver of the car asked, "Boy, how many tires do you see on that car" "Four," came back the reply. "How would I get along with only three?" was the next question. "Why, you'd just bump along," said the lad. "That is just what I wanted you to see," said the preacher. "Life is the fourth tire on the car. It makes us travel along smoothly—the way in which God intended for us to travel." The boy's face beamed as he said "Preacher, I'm glad that I met you. I'm going to make room for God in my life."

In closing, Rev. Mr. Cox told the boys to use religion as it should be used—to make it a part of their every day lives. He urged them to be kind, to be good, to be loyal to the best they knew, adding if they did so all through life, God would surely bless them. The only way to have a good time in life, he said, is to be a good boy or a good man. That is real religion.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 13, 1946.

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Frank Andrews
George Bridges
Maynard Chester
Samuel Dill
Robert Fogle
Charles Francis
James Perkins
Charles Reeves
William Speaks
James Teague
Robert Trout

COTTAGE No. 1
Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
Carl Church
George Cox
Horace Collins
Carl Davis
William Doss
James Eller
Raymond Harding
Franklin Hensley
Jack Lambert
Clay Shew
Benson Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 2
Harvey Arnett
Louie Ashe
Ray Burns
Walter Byrd
Fred Coats
Haney Cothrin
Robert Furr
Donald Kirk
Howard Manus
Robert McDuffie
Knox Norton
Hayes Powell
Van Robinson
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3
Eugene Bowers
Thomas Childress
James Cristy
Hugh Cornwell
Joseph Duncan
Talmage Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
Lloyd Purdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealy
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Benard Webster
Benjamin Wilkins
Clyde Wright
Leroy Shedd

COTTAGE No. 4
William Arrington
Phil Batson
Paul Carpenter
John Fine
Eugene Hudgins
Robert Hogan
Hobart Keaton
William Meadows
W. C. McManus
Lacy Overton
Burton Routh
James Smith
Ernest Turner
James Wiggington
Edward VanHoy

COTTAGE No. 5
George Byrd
Walter Carver
Woodrow Davenport
Patrick Ford
Charles Gibson
George Swink
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6
Donald Branch
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Fred Ganey
George Jones
Robert Mason

Jerry Oakes
Robert Porter
Robert Peavy
Louis Sutherland
Leroy Wilkins
James Walters
William Ussery
Charles Sellers

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Charlton Cox
Glenn Davis
Jack Phillips
Kirk Putnam

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Albert Allen
Gray Brown
Conrad Cox
Thomas Corley
Raymond Cloninger
Kenneth Dillard
Ralph Gibson
Defoye Inman
David Johnson
Richard Johnson
Clifton Kerns
John Linville
Eugene Peterson
Thomas Stallings
Vernest Turner
Thomas Wansley

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Byrant
Charles Davis
Elmer Heath
Fred Holland
Thomas Hyder
Lee Lockerby
Arlon McLean
Kenneth McLean
James Phillips
Robert Phillips
Leon Rose
Ray Shore
J. C. Taylor
Ralph Tew
Martin Walters

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

Leonard Allen
Paul Denton
Elbert Gentry
Donald Hendrix
Reeves Lusk
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
John Roberts
James Shook
J. H. Smith
Thomas Styles
James Spence
Garvin Thomas
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
George Brown
William Caldwell
Jack Crump
Harry Coffey
Alvin Fox
R. V. Hutchinson
Marcus Heffner
James Johnson
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Zeb Presson
Ralph Stewart
Robert Summersett
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Ray Covington
James Chavis
Thomas Chavis
Allen Hammond
Harvey Jacobs
Morrison Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Weldon Lochlear

INFIRMARY

Dwight Murphy
Paul Wolfe

———:———

The best way to kill time is to try to work it to death.

JAN 26 1946

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 26, 1946 No. 4

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DO IT NOW

The clock of life is wound but once,
And no man has the power
To tell us when the hands will stop,
At late, or early hour.

Now is the only time you own,
Live, love, toil with a will —
Place no faith in tomorrow,
For the clock may then be still.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor **LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor**

THE LIGHTS ARE ON AGAIN

Now that the lights go on in London,
What shall we see where that great town sprawls;
The sword of justice over Old Bailey's,
The cross of faith over St. Paul's.

Now that the lights are on in Paris,
What shall we see as the dusk sifts down;
The Arc De Triumph in the glittery of beauty,
The Champs Elysees in her starry crown.

Now that the lights are on in Vienna,
What shall we see in that city of song;
Only the ghosts of the shadowy dancers,
The little cafe where the coffee was strong.

The lights are also on in Warsaw,
What shall we see in that once proud place;
Out of the ruins are people rising,
With terrible courage and heart-breaking grace.

Now that the lights go on in Oslo,
What shall we see in that tower of truth;
The glow in the face of a folk unconquered,
The fierce inner flame in the face of youth.

Now that the lights go on all over,
What shall we look for; what shall we find;
The shattered mirror of man's last madness,
The glory of man's immortal mind.

—The Flashlight

THE BIRTHDAY OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

January 30th marks the anniversary of the birth of the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and this year, for the first time, the

nation will eulogize and honor this great leader in death. Less than ten months ago Mr. Roosevelt was among us, still playing his part in the global events of that fateful hour. He was then having his rendezvous with destiny, and on April 12, 1945 he heard the final summons of the death angel.

In the many testing issues involving the fate of the world itself, crowded as they were into the brief span of a dozen years, Mr. Roosevelt fulfilled all of the measurements or criteria of a great man. The greatest tribute that was paid to him at his death was the "tribute of tears" from millions in the humble ranks who were grieved at the passing of their heroic leader. Through the radio all Americans in silent prayer stood with bowed heads by the bier in the White House when the funeral rites were spoken for this fallen leader.

As time is passing on, and as the passions of prejudice, jealousy and selfishness fade away more and more, it becomes clearer and more certain that history will accord Franklin Roosevelt a high rank along with Washington, Lincoln and Wilson, as a great president. His personality and his ability as a courageous leader are unmatched in splendor and lustre.

Because Mr. Roosevelt was unselfish and sincere in his leadership towards the fulfillment of a brighter day for all classes of men, he became the object of devotion of countless millions of people throughout the world. That devotion to him was born of his own unselfishness.

Because he espoused causes of the 'common people' and always insisted upon humanitarian legislation, he entrenched himself in the affections of the rank and file of the great masses. Perhaps no other president in the history of the nation was so close to the hearts of the people as he was. To the workers in humming factories and quiet offices, to the men and women of all stations of life, from lowly washer-woman to college professor, he was a friend. They wept unabashed at the sad announcement of his death.

Because he was a fearless exponent of universal freedom and justice for all he was universally idolized by oppressed millions. He was the embodiment of their deepest hopes and their fondest dreams.

Because he possessed a simple faith in God and man, and because of his sure self-confidence born of the righteous purposes of his being, he was the master of his soul; his example of fortitude and

courage was and still is a benediction and an inspiration to every American.

Mr. Roosevelt took the helm when the nation was bogged in the slough of depression and despair; and he piloted the ship of state into sunny waters of renewed hope and prosperity. But because the fruits of his labors in restoring confidence to the nation were of such an intangible nature no one can ever truly measure the great contributions which he made towards saving the people from anarchy and chaos. Unfortunately many of those who were rescued from financial ruin in that tragic period ungratefully rejected his leadership at a later period.

In 1932 Mr. Roosevelt pledging himself to a new deal was first elected president of the United States by the largest majority of electoral votes in the nation's history. He was re-elected in 1936, again in 1940, and again in 1944. Thus he enjoyed the high distinction of being the only person in American history to be elected president for more than two terms.

Mr. Roosevelt's death occurred on April 12, 1945, after he had given his best to his country and to the world.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of January 27, 1946

January 27—J. B. Hollingsworth, Cottage No. 13, 15th birthday.
January 27—Olin D. Sealey, Cottage No. 3, 11th birthday.
January 31—Eugene Peterson, Cottage No. 9, 13th birthday.
February 1—Kenneth Staley, Cottage No. 3, 15th birthday.
February 1—William Meadows, Cottage No. 4, 15th birthday.
February 2—Maynard Chester, Receiving Cottage, 16th birthday.
February 2—Gerald Johnson, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.
February 2—James Dunn, Cottage No. 3, 12th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

Edgar Allen Poe

By Thomas Stallings, 9th Grade

Edgar Allen Poe was born in the year 1809 and died in 1849.

Poe's mother, an English actress, and his father, a stage-struck youth of Baltimore, left him an orphan at an early age, this causing him to inherit a highly nervous and emotional temperament, that needed the kindest and wisest oversight. Instead of the kindness that he needed the handsome, nervous youth was brought up as the spoiled heir to the fortune of his godfather, John Allan of Richmond, who adopted him. After he had been taken from Virginia University and expelled from West Point Academy for his dissipated habits and stubborn insubordination, Mr. Allan disowned and disinherited him.

At the age of 25, with no training for a profession and the expensive tastes of a gentleman, Poe found it necessary to live on the charity of his father's poor sister, a Mrs. Clemm of Baltimore. There Poe began taking many local prizes for prose and verse, and he discovered literary talents for which he found employment in Philadelphia and New York. A man of striking personal appearance, charming manners, and obvious gifts, Poe readily secured positions on the leading magazine staffs of that day. But his weakness of will and occasionally taking to strong drink made him undependable and kept him in poverty. Yet in intervals of deadening work, Poe wrote short stories and verse, which, while small in amount, are among the most precious in American literary classics. The publication of "The Raven" made him the literary lion of the day; but good was followed by ill fortune. He had married Virginia Clemm, his cousin, and also the beautiful "sainted maiden" of "The Raven." Two years after the appearance of this famous poem, his young wife died! In grief and remorse he made a heroic effort to conquer his weakness, but he died wretchedly in a Baltimore hospital.

"In all literature there is no more dark and disastrous career than that of this American poet and short story writer whose inherent faults of character and bad training combined to quench in early death a truly fine and original genuis."

An Interesting Contest

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

The special sixth grade boys are having a grand time giving each other competition in two interesting contests that are held in their class in the afternoon. The judge of these contests is our principal, Mr. J. W. Hines, who is also an officer at one of our cottages. These contests are on geography and spelling. The contest on geography takes in the study of our Western states of the United States. The boys that are the highest in this

contest are as follows: Clifton Rhodes, Thomas Childress, Howard Jones, and Lawrence Littlejohn. The spelling contest is very interesting and each boy is trying very hard to be the winner of this contest. The boys that are the highest in spelling are as follows: Thomas Childress, Lawrence Littlejohn, Talmadge Duncan, and Howard Jones. These contests are being held during the month of January, and each boy hopes to win.

Basketball Games

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

The boys of Cottage No. 1 played the boys of Cottage No. 2. The No. 2 boys won by the score of 30 to 24. Mr. Tomkinson, cottage officer, refereed.

The boys of Cottage No. 10 played the boys of Cottage No. 15 and won by the score of 26 to 7. Mr. Liske, No. 10 officer, refereed.

The boys of Cottage No. 10 played Jackson Park for practice. They played five-minute halves. No. 10 boys were defeated by the score of 4 to 3. Mr. Liske refereed this game.

No. 9 boys played the No. 2 boys last Saturday afternoon. The boys of No. 9 lost to the No. 2 boys. Mr. Tomkinson refereed this game.

The boys of No. 11 played the boys of No. 14 last Saturday afternoon and won by the score of 27 to 11. Mr. Tomkinson refereed this game also.

Picture Show

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

The picture Thursday night was "Wing and a Prayer," starring Dane Andrews, William Bendix and Don Ameche.

It was the story of Air Group 15 after Pearl Harbor. It told of the Navy Department's plan to lead the Japanese fleet into a trap off Midway Island. They knew that if the Japanese waited until they could use their full strength to attack that the fight would be hopeless.

Instead of allowing them to take their time, they sent a carrier around over the Pacific with orders to run at the sight of the enemy. This made them think that our fleet was scattered and encouraged them to attack at once.

Meanwhile the U. S. Fleet had assembled off Midway and completely surprised the Japanese.

Boys Released

By T. L. Arnett, 9th Grade

Recently there have been released a group of boys. These boys are as follows: James Spence, Cottage No. 14, Pink Hill, N. C.; Robert Hobbs, Cottage No. 13, Lexington, N. C.; Erwin Ewing, Cottage No. 13, Raleigh, N. C.; Earl Godley, Cottage No. 10, Washington, N. C.; Walter Byrd, Cottage No. 2, Dunn, N. C.; Charles Shore, Cottage No. 5, Lenoir, N. C.; James Buckaloo, Cottage No. 5, Los Angeles, California and Charles Young Receiving Cottage, Charlotte, N. C.

We sincerly hope these boys get off to a good start.

B. T. U. Meeting

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

The groups assembled in the auditorium and sang "He Keeps Me Singing." Then we had a talk by Mr. Puckett. Mr. Puckett also gave Bibles to some of the boys who didn't get theirs

when they were baptized. After some of the boys expressed their appreciation we went to our group meetings.

In the Junior Group, Mr. Talbert and Mr. Puckett, for a few minutes, talked about last Sunday's lesson which was "Learning Self Control." Then they began their parts. Jesse Hamlin was in charge of the program for this week. After the boys had given their parts, Mr. Puckett talked about the boys in service. James Arrowood dismissed the class with a prayer.

In the Intermediate Group, we began our program with a prayer by Mr. Isenhour. Then we had our parts. Hugh Cornwell had charge of the meeting in this group. The topic of our lesson for this week was "How Baptists Are Different." After we had given our parts, Mr. Isenhour gave a talk. Then we were dismissed.

Distinguished White House Hostesses

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

(The second of a series of articles on distinguished White House hostesses).

Abigail Adams, wife of our second president, was born in 1744. She was the daughter of Rev. William Smith, a Congregational minister. She was married to John Adams in 1764. While her husband was away from home in conventions and congress or on diplomatic missions, Abigail managed their rocky farm in Quincy, Mass., taught her children and nursed them through pestilences and made all the family clothes. She once said "No man ever prospers without the consent and cooperation of his wife." No one had a better right to say this, for this pioneer New England daughter, trained in hardihood and self reliance was a true help-meet to her husband. Her husband became President of the United States in 1779. In Nov. 1800 they moved from the temporary White House in Philadelphia to the wilderness city of Washington. While she acted as hostess of the White House she also acted as adviser to her husband. Abigail Adams was the only woman who was both wife and mother of a president. She did not live to see her son in office.

Items of Interest

By Robert Lee and Gray Brown, 9th Grade

Mrs. Hawfield's first grade has been decorating their room with winter scenes. Her room is very pretty.

Mrs. Morrison's second grade has been very busy getting up a program on the life of Abraham Lincoln.

The new boys have been placed in the grades they are best suited for in school. There are as follows: Jerry Ray, from Newton, has been placed in the ninth grade. Ray Swink also from Newton, has been placed in the sixth grade. David Eaton from Greensboro, was also placed in the sixth grade. We hope these boys will make a good record.

Lately the boys at the School received a haircut. Mr. T. R. Adams is in achrge of the barber shop. He saw to it that each boy received a good haircut, and the boys appreciate it because it helps their appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Hooker have taken charge of the boys at Cottage No. 14. They took charge Wednesday, January 16, 1946. We are sure they will enjoy their stay with the boys very much.

Cub Scout Work

By James Hensley, 9th Grade

Mrs. Dotson has drawn a poster for the Cub Scouts. This poster explains how they advance. It is a picture which has twelve steps to the Lion door. She has drawn pictures to represent the Cubs of her den. These boys are as follows: Clay Shew, Richard Davidson, Robert Mason, Tommy Childress, Bobby Joe Duncan, and Jerry Oakes. Shew, Davidson, and Mason are on the second step, and Childress, Duncan, and Oakes are on the third step. We hope all the Cubs soon become Lions.

There are twelve steps, and each step has a requirement. The first is the manual alphabet for the deaf. The second is for laws of health, The third is for knowing the "Star-Spangled Banner." The third is as far as the Cubs have gone. This poster is made so that Scouts will advance sooner.

This poster has been placed in Mr. Hines' office.

Friday's Chapel Program

By Kenneth Staley, 9th Grade

This week the third grade boys had charge of the program. The program began by the audience singing "A Shelter in the Time of Storm." The Scripture, Matthew 5:12, was given by the following boys: Coy McElvin, Robert Peavy, Franklin Stover, Charles Sellers, Ben Wilson, Charles Davis, Leroy Shedd, Daniel Johnson, and Thomas Styles. Then the audience prayed the Lord's prayer. That was followed by some songs and poems by the third grade boys. The program ended by the audience singing "Work for the Night Is Coming." I am sure everyone appreciated the fine program given by the boys of the third grade.

Radio Program

By Thomas Wansley 9th Grade

The radio program last week was under the direction of Mrs. Baucom and Miss Oehler. Miss Oehler's third grade boys began the program by singing three songs. They were "Wonderful Words of Life." "Somebody Did a Golden Deed" and "Work for the Night Is Coming." These songs were sung very well. The program was turned over to Mrs. Baucom. Her subject was "The Life of Robert E. Lee." as his birthday is January 19. Mrs. Baucom told the story of his life from the time the war ended until his death.

We all think this program was well planned and carried out very well.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson was born in the small town of Clarksburg, West Virginia January 21, 1824. When Thomas was only seven years old he was placed in the care of the last of his father's slaves, old "Uncle Robinson" and was sent to live with his aunt, Mrs. Blake about four miles from Clarksburg. He lived with his aunt for about one

year, and then he went home to see his mother die. Thomas said in later years of his life that her words and prayers had never been erased from his heart. His mother was buried not far from the famous Hawk's Nest, on New River, West Virginia.

When young Jackson was eight years of age he went to his father's cousin, John G. Jackson, and told him that he and his uncle did not agree with each other and that they were through. It seemed that his uncle had tried to govern him by force rather than by sense of right and wrong. The next morning he went eighteen miles to his Uncle Cummins' home, the half brother of his father. Warren, his brother, induced Thomas to go with him to his uncle's home out West. The boys made a raft and floated down the Ohio River to their uncle's home. They were not heard from for some months but soon returned to kind friends, ragged and ill. Thomas decided to go back to his Uncle Cummins, but Warren died at the age of nineteen at the home of his Uncle Blake's, from disease. When he was in school he was usually behind in his studies but when the boys' games of "bat the ball" or "prisoners base" were played he was chosen captain of one side and that side generally won.

In the year of 1842 he became a cadet at the West Point Academy. He went to Washington and was met by his friend, Mr. Hays, a member of congress from his district who took him to the Secretary of War. After the fourth year at West Point he graduated the seventeenth in his class. Jackson was 22 years old when he left West Point June 30, 1846 and took the position of second lieutenant in the United States Army. In less than a year from that time he advanced from second lieutenant to that of Major in the Mexican War.

After the battle of Bull Run in the Civil War, he was promoted to the rank of major general. In June 1862 he joined Lee in defense of Richmond against McClellan. In May 1863, after dark on the evening following the first day of the Battle of Chancellorsville he was accidently shot by Confederate outposts. General Robert E. Lee declared that he had lost his right arm after Jackson's death Jackson was buried at Lexington, Virginia, according to his wish.

Thomas Jackson was a real Christian. He prayed before each battle and gave thanks to Providence after each victory. Because of his consideration for others he was deeply loved by his soldiers.

Our grand business undoubtedly is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

HISTORY OF STONEWALL JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

By S. G. Hawfield

There is being prepared a history of the Stonewall Jackson Training School Since the School has been in operation over a period of approximately thirty-six years, the preparation of this historical sketch involves a considerable amount of investigation and research. Later on, the history will be published by the North Carolina Historical Commission. Already ten chapters or divisions of the School's history have been completed, and the tenth chapter is now being published.

The chapters which are complete are as follows:

Introduction.
Chapter I. Development of the sentiment for a training school in North Carolina.
Chapter II. Legislative enactment creating the Jackson Training School, and subsequent amendments.
Chapter III. Purpose and function of the Jackson Training School, past and present.
Chapter IV. Early beginnings of the institution.
Chapter V. Organizational set-up.
Chapter VII. Population statistics and related facts.
Chapter VIII. Financial Statistics.
Chapter IX. A Description of the School Plant or Facilities.
Chapter X. Outline of the Present Program.

(Continued from Last Week.)

CHAPTER X (Continued)

Outline of the Present Program

Specialized Trade Training Departments

One of the chief functions of the program at the Jackson Training School is to provide trade training, or work experiences, for all of the boys in one or more of the practical trades. The daily schedule is arranged so that the boys attend the academic school during one-half of the day and work the other half-day.

These work experiences have a three-fold purpose. First, they provide opportunities for the boys to engage in useful work that contributes to the maintenance of the institution; second, they offer training opportunities in one or more of the practical trades of everyday living; and third, they tend to develop in the boys a wholesome attitude toward honorable work.

The general public should not assume that the training which the boys receive here equips them to be skilled workmen. It is important to remember also that for many boys the work experiences are to be regarded largely as exploratory in their purpose, as well as vocational. Obviously it is not possible for a good percentage of the boys to make the wisest choice of a vocation at the outset, and consequently they often need work experiences in more than one field.

One of the basic elements of the philosophy of the officials of the Training School is that every boy should learn to do some kind of honorable work, and that he should learn to do something with his hands. To teach a boy that he can get along in the world without work is a heresy of the rankest and most dangerous nature. Idleness has always been recognized as a curse to individuals and nations.

At the training school it is understood that the boys, prior to their commitments, have had limited and meager backgrounds in social contacts and work experiences. This tends to make it difficult for them to choose vocations. Therefore, while it is an unwise and a dangerous policy to permit boys to shift frequently from one work department to another, it is at the same time foolish to attempt to force them to continue in certain work experiences in which they have no interest or for which they have no talents. The guiding philosophy is that the wise counselor attempts to help the boys to find the type of work which they can do most successfully and most happily. The wise counselor thinks of the potentialities of the boys, and is not dogmatic to the extent of foring a boy into some undesirable vocation.

The school officials are convinced that in all instances the work experiences for the boys should have definite relationship to the industries of the communities to which they will likely return when they are ultimately released. Obviously, it would be unwise for a boy to spend time in learning a trade at the school when there is little or no prospect of his entering that trade back in his home community. In other words, a boy from a textile community is encouraged to take his training in the school's textile unit; likewise, the boy from the rural community is encouraged to get his training on the school farm.

1. Bakery

It is in the bakery where much of the food for the school is prepared. This is one department that is in constant use, serving to maintain a continuous flow of breads, cakes, and pies out to the cottages. The food prepared in this department consists of the following: light bread, corn bread, rolls, pies, cookies, cakes, and baked sweet potatoes.

One of the most important jobs in the bakery is known as setting the sponge. This is when the dough for the light bread is first mixed, including flour, salt, yeast, vitamins and water. After the sponge is set on any given day and after it rises in the proofer compartment, it is then removed the following day. It then undergoes a remixing process, when there is added about one-third more flour, four per cent sugar, four per cent milk, some shortening and water. It is then ready for the proofing com-

partment, and from there it goes to the baking oven.

In addition to operating the bakery, the boys of this department are responsible for the following related activities:

(1) Operating the ice plant.

(2) Attending to the cold storage plant.

(3) Cutting up and storing meat.

(4) Grinding sausage.

(5) Operating the school furnace.

(6) Distributing food supplies out to the cottages.

2. Barber Shop

The Training School maintains and operates for the boys a barber shop furnished with five chairs and other operating equipment. This shop is open only at periodic intervals of about five weeks. On a whole the boys receive haircuts which are comparable to the haircuts they would receive in any commercial barber shop. About five boys are in training in this department at any given time, which means that about ten boys work in this department in the course of a year. Each boy is taught some of the rudimentary skills of barbering. These include using scissors, combs and clippers. Those who have the privilege of working in this department may not actually become proficient barbers, but their training is full of exploratory possibilities so that the boys may determine definitely whether or not they may choose to enter this trade.

3. Cannery

The school possesses its own cannery which operates periodically during the year according to the seasonal production of fruits and vegetables. The boys who work in the cannery acquire a great variety of skills, all of which will be of practical benefit to them in later life .

The following is a partial list of the activities in the cannery:

1. Sorting and grading vegetables and fruits.
2. Preparing or processing the vegetables, including washing, paring, shelling, and snapping beans.
3. Cooking vegetables and fruits.
4. Packing these into cans.
5. Sealing cans.
6. Labeling cans.
7. Operating the hoist.
8. Packing in crates for storage.
9. Doing general house cleaning.

This department cans the following: soup mixture, tomatoes, snap beans, butter beans, peaches, apples, turnips, greens, pumpkins, beets, carrots, and sweet potatoes.

After the fruits and vegetables have been canned, they are placed in the school's tore room, whence they are dispensed to the different cottages according to their needs.

4. Carpenter Shop

The work of the carpenter shop is rather varied. It relates to construction work, repair work, painting, general maintenance of property, and electrical and plumbing repair work. During his training in the carpenter shop a boy learns some of the following skills: the use of hammer and saw, paint brushes, screw drivers, chiselers. Frequently a boy starts without knowing the simplest principles of carpentry, but after a few months he becomes fairly skillful in the practical skills of this trade.

5. Dairy

The dairy stands at the very center of the school's food and health program. It supplies one of the most

essential items of daily food, day in and day out. In one way or another, the products of the dairy touch the lives of all who live at the school. Every boy gets one quart of whole milk each day, and milk is served to the boys in puddings, pies, cakes and breads. During the summer months a generous supply of ice cream is served to them twice each week. ,

In the processing and caring for the milk, there are eight processes, as follows:

(1) All bottles, utensils and equipment are cleaned and sterilized. This is a basic requirement, and demands constant attention.

(2) The milking barn is kept perfectly clean, and a stanchion ready for each individual cow.

(3) Each cow is kept clean, and at milking time the udders are washed thoroughly and disinfected so as to eliminate filth and disease germs.

(4) The boys do the milking by hand, and each boy is required to wash his hands thoroughly before milking each cow.. The milk is milked into 14-quart pails.

(5) The milk is immediately placed in a cooler where all the animal heat is removed in order to reduce to a minimum the bacterial count.

(6) Next, the milk is put into quart bottles by a hand-operated machine, and the bottles sealed.

(7) The milk is then placed in a refrigerator, at a temperature of 38 to 40 degrees, where it is kept until delivered.

(8) Deliveries are made to the various cottages each day just before the noon-day meal.

6. Laundry

Through the laundry department the school seeks to foster and promote cleanliness in all the phases of everyday living. Experience has taught the school supervisors that the first step in the building of good character among boys is to help them regain their self-pride and self-esteem. When they are taught to exercise cleanliness at all times this tends to cause them to appreciate themselves to a high degree. Naturally, many different articles are laundered at the school. The following is a partial list: overalls, shirts, underwear, pajamas, bath towels and hand towels, handkerchiefs, bedspreads, sheets, pillow cases, blankets, table cloths and napkins, curtains, rugs, uniforms, dresses and aprons.

In the laundry the boys learn to operate the various types of equipment, including electric irons, pressers, mangles and dryers. Certain boys learn how much soap to use, how many rinses or washings are required, and when all the soap is properly taken out, another boy operates the extractor, and another operates the dryers. All of these are practical skills, useful in everyday living.

7. The Machine Shop

The machine shop occupies an important position in the life of the school. The activities in this department are very diversified. They include doing repair work on the following farm machines: tractors, disc harrows, combines, mowing machines, wagons, sewing machines, hay rakes, grain drills, automobiles, trucks, heating plants, stoves, grates, and numerous plumbing and electrical equipment. The work of this department is such that it has a very fascinating appeal to many of the boys. In their work

they learn to use the following tools: wrenches, drills, vises, planes, hammers, files, chisels, grindstones, screw drivers, and rulers. All of the experiences in this department are full of exploratory possibilities.

8. Poultry and Store Room Department

a. Poultry

At the Jackson Training School there is kept a flock of New Hampshire Red chickens. On an average, the school has from 600 to 800 hens through most of the year. Each year in the spring there are purchased from 1200 to 1500 day old chicks, male and female. After the weather becomes warm enough, the young chicks are put out on the field ranges, and at night they are cared for in the range shelters. After they become two or three months old, the cockerels are killed and served to the boys. Later on, during the fall months, some of the old hens which have become nonproductive are killed and served at the school.

The school has a modern brooder house and three laying houses for the hens.

There are about six boys who work with the poultry, and the following are some of the things which they learn to do:

(1) To keep the chickens comfortably housed during all seasons of the year.

(2) To keep the buildings and grounds neat and clean. This means that it is necessary to replace the straw in the laying houses three or four times during the year, or whenever the straw becomes filthy.

(3) To feed a well-balanced diet, of mash and grain, to the chickens.

(4) To gather up the eggs daily and care for them until they are distributed to the cottages.

The basic principle of operating the poultry department is that it takes regular, daily attention. Considerable work is necessary to keep the project in operation so that it is definitely not a "hit and miss" proposition.

b. Storeroom

The school operates a store room or commissary through which the groceries and other supplies are furnished to the boys in the various cottages. This department is of considerable importance to the life of the school. It is a department that is opened daily. In the cottages the matrons prepare their orders for groceries and other supplies, and one of the house boys goes to the store room from each cottage three or four times a week. Generally, the boys arrive at the store room about 8:30 and wait until their orders have been filled.

The following are some of the things that the boys working in the store room learn to do:

(1) To help keep the stock of goods up to date.

(2) To fill orders sent in.

(3) To keep the stock of goods properly arranged on counters and on shelves.

(4) To keep the store room orderly and clean.

The following is a list of the goods canned at the school and dispensed to the cottages: lima and string beans, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, squash, pumpkins, soup mixture, sugar peas, mustard greens, kraut, and peaches.

The following is a list of other staple groceries furnished through the store

room: lard, sugar, molasses, cereals, dry beans (lima, navy, Great Northern, and pork beans,) apple butter, apple sauce, prunes, raisins, jellies, peanut butter, pickles, rice, grits, macaroni, spaghetti, cheese, margarine, salt.

The following is a list of other articles furnished through the store room: brooms, electric bulbs, toilet tissue, soap and powders.

In addition to the supervisor of the store room, there are six or eight boys who help with this work. Of course, the boys who come to the store room from the cottages represent the customers, but any boy who works in the store room has an excellent opportunity to learn some of the essential skills in operating a modern grocery store.

The store room is located under the auditorium at the school building. It occupies a room 40 by 70 ft., and also an adjacent room 14 by 16 ft. Most of the meats which are sent out to the cottages are processed in the store room. The school owns a standard meat cutter for slicing or processing the various meats.

(To Be Continued)

CHARACTER

In view of the fact that, whether we realize it or not, we are in the complicated and full time business of building a man, and in view of the fact that a year of business is drawing to a close, and a new year of business is about to begin, it seems that a thorough inventory of our business is in order.

In our business facilities, we will find that ours are as good as anyone's, if we use them right. Our only facilities would be brains, hands, eyes, ears, etc. We find them, in most cases, in good working order, able to carry on the business. The only improvement to be made would be on the use we put these facilities to.

In our business stock, we will find but one item—character. On the quality of that stock, more than any other one thing, will depend the success or failure of our business. If our stock is cheap or of low grade, our business will of necessity be cheap, and of low grade. Our man we build will be cheap, and of low grade. If our stock is high grade, our business will be high grade, our man we build will be high grade.

If, at the close of our business year, we are not satisfied with our business, plans should be made for the coming year. In your business, what kind of man do you want to build? Can you do it with the character you now have on hand, or do you find you will need to stock up on some higher grade character for the new year's business.—Selected.

PROGRESS IN OUR TIMES

By Henry Nitzsche

Progress is a wonderful word! It immediately calls to mind certain ideas—ideas that have to do with advancement, in living standards, in educational methods, or in our manner of "loooking at things." Thus, we find included by implication: an enlightened approach to social problems; a clear understanding of cause and effect; a rigid control of the emotions; and, a sound use of the rational faculty. That is the way those men whose life-work has been the elevating of mankind have wrought the so-called miracles of the physical world.

This definitely is a mechanical age! We invent machines to do the heavy work. The more machines the less physical labor; and the less of the latter, the more time for self-improvement, providing we are sincere in this quest. So that, all things being equal, we really have made a step in the right direction and progressed. However—

There can be no progress if man remains mentally stagnant, that is, if he isn't capable of keeping up with whatever material improvements have been achieved. We haven't progressed if we haven't learned some profound truth while living our daily lives; if we haven't arrived at the stage, in thinking, where we can understand and appreciate the other fellow's viewpoint; where are are able to forget ourselves in the common interests; or, where we fail to realize that "it is human to err, but divine to forgive."

All true progress is on the spiritual plane first; and only secondarily on the physical. True progress does not consist in material wealth but in spiritual growth! This fact is important.

The ancient Pharaohs, materially prosperous and rightly considered successful as far as mere worldly standards were concerned, were impoverished spiritually because they measured their success in material terms alone. And while they left behind wonderful momuments in the Nile Valley, they themselves were submerged beneath the mountain of injustices which they, during their lifetimes, had practiced or permitted. Those at whose command the pyramids mounting zenithward, and the immutable Sphinx turned its face toward the rising sun and the morning land—did not add one iota to man's slow groping for the light. They were brutal. They lashed the weak and drove them on to work until, exhausted, they fell and died. There was no thought of mercy, only hard, cold cruelty as beffited men berefted of human feelings. Such men never contributed toward a better world in which to live — consequently they brought no progress in the true sense of that term.

Today, we are moving, still slowly but moving nevertheless in the right direction and furthering progress. We see a slow, tedious effort being made to bring into the world a spirit somewhat better than the spirit of the arena, the spirit of the conqueror,

the spirit of revenge; for that spirit only turns back the clock of time, back to the days when crulty was considered a virtue and intelligence at a low ebb.

They say that schools and colleges and universities make for progress. They do. But only when the teaching is along ethical lines and when it is made clear that education alone can never bring spiritual progress—and it is in that, that the true greatness of people rests, not in material wealth; for often wealth brings in its wake intellectual deterioration and selfishness.

This is the "atomic age" as some have said—and that age—who can tell what it holds in store for mankind? Who knows whether man's inhumanity will vanish or increase? Who can say that the atomic age will not be the age during which man will sink to lower levels? For the struggle between the forces of right and wrong are ever engaged, the battle not to end until one or the other has been eliminated.

And yet, if we make ever so slight an advance in the right direction, it will be rightly called progress since even one step ahead brings us nearer to a goal—the advancement of Man.

All the centuries are focussed on this age. Every moment of human travail will not have been altogether in vain, IF—mankind has thereby been enabled to rise above the ancient hates and misunderstandings, and has at last come to see that The Moral Code cannot be lightly brushed aside as though of no account. Man, so long shackled by his own wrong thinking, by his selfishness, and by his unwillingness to concede equal rights to others, his eyes opened at last, will see definitely wherein his welfare lies. This age—the atomic age, if you will —will see the development of Man as not one of the previous ages has done.

When men are guided, not by personal gain but by justice (that is not blind;) when men cease warring upon one another; when they no longer rejoice in a downfall not their own; when they are as jealous of the rights of others as they are of their own; and when Truth displaces shame and hypocrisy, then will we have at last reached the threshold of The Golden Age so long sought after by sage and prophet. For no man ought reap gain from the ruin of others.

There is no easier way to cure foolishness than to give a man leave to be foolish. And the only way to show a fellow that he has chosen the wrong business is to let him try it. If it really is the wrong thing, you won't have to argue with him to quit, and if it isn't, you haven't any right to.—J. Graham.

DO NOT HUNT FOR EGGS IN LAST YEAR'S NEST

(The Speakers Library)

There is a hymn that is often sung in Salvation Army meetings which says, "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." He may not need it very long, but while he does need it he needs it mighty bad. If he is going to hold soul and body close together during the usual span of life, he has to hunt for eggs in the place where they will naturally be found or starvation will overtake him and he will get a call to join the angels in a land where nests were never built.

Speaking of angels reminds me of a little girl who said, "Mamma, do angels have wings?" "Yes, dear." "Do they fly?" "Yes, my dear." "Well, when will nursie fly? I heard Papa call her angel last night." "To morrow, my dear," was the mother's reply.

It is generally supposed that when man was created out of the dust of the earth and placed in the Garden of Paradise he was to just walk around the beautiful gardens and eat nearly every kind of fruit and live forever without doing any real slave labor. What a snap it would have been for us, their descendants, to have everything we wanted and be perfectly happy all day and every day. In such a country what would the unddertakers do where there was not a funeral in a thousand years? What would the dressmakers do where all that was necessary was to hook up a few fig leaves and have a gown of the latest fashion? However, I am not going to speculate further on that subject, as they soon spilled the beans by sampling one more kind of fruit, and then they heard the sentence, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken, for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." So they had to get out of that fine place and hustle for a living, and from that time to this men have been seeking the bread of life,—in other words, hunting for eggs.

Some travelers on the highway of life seek for and find this year's nests and are rewarded by finding abundant stores to supply their needs, while others are trying to walk the paths their father walked, always trying to do the things in an antiquated way, oblivious to the fact that the inventive genius of man has revolutionized the world and the ways of the by-gone generations can no longer be followed. Only those who keep abreast of the times can hope to make the most of the opportunities of life.

Speaking about opportunities: An immigrant from Ireland had just stepped off the boat onto the dock when he saw a silver dollar lying at his feet and stooped to pick it up. Suddenly he straightened up again and said, "No, be the saints, this

is a land of opportunity so I'll wait till I find them thicker."

That is the trouble with many people in this world, they hope to pick things up instead of digging them up. They are trying to get away from that sentence on Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," as they want the other fellow to do the sweating and they would like to do the eating.

An old lady at the Chautauqua said to her friend, "There's the professor—I am sure he is going to say something wonderfully intellectual. Let's listen." Then the wise professor said to his friend, "Isn't it about time we were getting outside of some hot dog sandwiches and coffee?" Words of wisdom are all right in their place, but they are not very tempting to a man who feels as though he had a vacuum just eight inches below his tie pin.

There is a great responsibility resting on the shoulders of the fathers of this land, as they are primarily responsible for our future citizenship. The rising generation look to their parents, but especially to their fathers, for the necessities of life; intellectual uplift, spiritual guidance as well as the food and clothing necessary to nourish and clothe the body. One of the sad things to contemplate is the fact that the children seldom appreciate what the parents do for them until the old folks have shuffled off this mortal coil, and sometimes not then. Here is an illustration of what I mean.

A small boy owned a dog named Paddy, and it was closer to his heart than any other object on earth. One day Paddy met with a swift and terrible death on the highway under the wheels of a whizzing automobile. His mother dreaded to break the news to him when he came home from school, but finally said, "Paddy was run over and killed." He took ii very quietly and finished his dinner undisturbed. All evening it was the same, but when he went upstairs to bed there was a loud scream and his mother rushed to him.

He sobbed, "Nurse says Paddy has been run over and killed." "But dear, I told you at dinner, and you didn't seem to be troubled at all."

"No; but I didn't know you said it was Paddy. I thought you said it was Daddy."

Just for a moment, speaking seriously on the subject of eggs, I will say that there are nine thousand varieties of known birds and they furnish every shade of color in eggs. This is a devise of nature for their protection. Birds whose nests are covered lay whiet eggs, while in open fields they are colored like surrounded objects.

On few things have so much color been lavished. Just peep into a bird's nest and cozily in their mossy couch you will behold a number of mysterious spheres, every one of them with life within but externally smooth and brilliant as a gem, penciled with delicate lines, flecked with ruby, streaked, furnished with thousands of invisible pores, through which the air penetrates to the imprisoned bird, to hasten its development and co-operate with animal heat in imparting to it all the mysterious powers of organization and vitality.

This follows the mighty process of matter quickening into life, the meta-

morphosis of those fluids into bones, talons, heart and brain with the machinery of voice, instinct, affection, emotion, whether in the ostrich or the humming-bird no larger than a pea. But all of these eggs were laid in this year's nests.

A woman purchased some eggs where there was a sign "Strictly Fresh," and boiled one for her little girl's breakfast. Soon she was startled by the joyful cry of the child, "O Mama! This is an angel egg, for it has a pair of wings." That egg was laid last year in last year's nest, and anyone who gathers them from those nests will find they have angel eggs.

Many people are like eggs: too full of themselves to hold anything else.

THE SECRET

A legend tells of an artist who, after painting a madonna, showed his canvas to a friend. The layman enthused, claiming that all along he had known the secret of the artist's skill. The artist inquired what the secret was.

"The secret of your art is in the way you paint a woman's hair."

"That is interesting," mused the artist. "Let me paint the woman's hair alone, and then you tell me if that is the secret of my art." The artist took a second canvas and painted only the hair of the madonna, but precisely as in the original. When the layman came to see it, however, he remained unmoved.

"No, that does not grip me. I must have been mistaken." The layman looked at the original canvas and exclaimed, "I see it! I was mistaken about the woman's hair: the secret of your art, sir, is the expression in the mother's eyes!"

Patiently the artist took a third canvas, creating the madonna's eyes, but carefully omitting every trace of the rest of the figure. The layman, scrutinizing it, again confessed that he was wrong.

"There is this to be said about every good picture," observed the artist, "the parts of a canvas blend to make a whole. It is the ensemble that 'gets you'."

It is the ensemble of humanity which portrays the meaning of civilization. No single culture is the secret of human grace.

—Selected

POWER OF THE PRINTED PAGE

(Baptist Standard)

The printed page is a power for weal or woe, according to the character of its contents.

Col. "Bob" Ingersoll, the notorious infidel, was showing a personal friend his great infidel library. It was regarded as the most complete collection of books on the phases and philosophy of infidelity in America.

"Colonel Ingersol," his friend exclaimed, "this library must have cost you a great deal."

"It has," the infidel replied,"It cost me the presidency of the United States."

Colonel Ingersoll paid dearly for a false concept of life., the result of reading the wrong type of literature.

A Christian worker in England was called to see a dying woman. He found her rejoicing in Christian hope even with certain death staring her in the face. He asked her how she found the Lord.

"Reading that," she said, with a faint voice as her feeble hand pointed to a faded piece of paper, which was a part of a sermon preached by Spurgeon in London and printed in a paper in America.

"Where did you find this paper?" the visitor inquired.

"It was wrapped around a parcel sent to me from Australia," was her whispered reply.

A sermon prached in London, England, printed in America, sent to Australia, back to England, resulted in the salvation of a soul.

A Puritan preacher by the name of Sibbe, wrote a small devotional book called the "Bruised Reed," which was soon forgotten. Forgotten? No, one copy chanced to fall into the hands of Richard Baxter, which started him thinking of God's claim on life, and resulted in his salvation. Later, he wrote the "Saints Everlasting Rest."

A copy of Baxter's book led Philip Doddrige to accept Christ. He became famous as a writer of hymns. He was also the author of "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul."

William Wilberforce, a Christian philanthropist, read Mr. Doddrige's devotional manual and was stirred and challenged by its contents. As a result, he wrote "The Practial View of Christianity."

Thomas Chalmers, famed orator and preacher of Scotland, was led to Christ through the influence of Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity."

That is a record that ought to challenge the best in all who write, and it constitutes a challenge to Christians to make every effort to keep good Christian literature in the home and thus encourage youth to form good reading habits.

"Diplomacy is letting the other fellow have your way."

TALK MERIT RATING PLAN FOR TEACHERS

The Charlotte Observer

A commission studying the possibility of a merit rating system for teachers agreed tentatively that new new teachers should be placed on trial, followed by an examination, before being accepted for public school work.

It agreed also that there should be "a high degree of selection of those who may teach," and that a "democratic" program of in-service training should be applicable to all working teachers.

A tentative statement outlinine the commission's policies and principles, under which any recommendations for legislative action will be made, was endorsed immediately by a committee representing the North Carolina education association.

The commission, headed by Representative John W. Umstead of Chapel Hill, and which includes several of the state's leading educators; will make its recommendation for legislative action to Governor Cherry before the 1947 General Assembly convenes.

Meeting with the NCEA's merit system advisory committee, which previously had drawn a statement of principle and policies in support of a merit system for teachers, the commission agreed that any system of rating teachers for salary purposes "must be anchored in the child and his welfare."

It also adopted these principles under which an exhausive study of a possible merit system will be made during the coming months:

1. "The actual salary in any schedule must be large enough to attract and hold the best possible teachers. This means an ample beginning salary, but even more it means a liberal ultimate salary. For the classroom teachers, the ultimate maximum salary on any level of training should be at least twice the beginning salary.

2. "Any system of rating, based upon factors other than training and experience, perhaps would be tried out voluntarily and experimentally by a few local school units.

3. "There would be no difference in salaries due to sex, race or type of teaching.

4. "All factors of criteria which determine merit should be objective, measurable, and scientific. Otherwise personalities, politics and other pressures may be determining factors.

5. "While the criteria should be objective, they must not be ends in themselves, otherwise teaching may become sterile and mechanized.

6. "The factors which determine merit must be those which (1) encourage all teachers to grow professionally while in service, (2) give unity and coherence to the entire teaching force so that there may be co-operation in all teaching efforts rather than professional discord, and (3) cause the teacher to have such de-

votion for his work that he will give his best efforts to it.

7. "Any system of rating teachers should have as an objective only good school personnel.

8. "As a means of having only good teachers, there should be (1) a high degree of selection of those who may teach, together with the best possible education before one is permitted to enter upon teaching, (2) a probationary period during which the new teacher would be on trial, and would prove his general fitness to continue to be a teacher, and (3) a democratic program of in-service teacher education which would be shared by and participated in by all teachers."

9. "A good teacher must be defined if there is to be a basis for the use of factors which determine merit.

10. "Any system of rating teachers must be acceptable to the organized school personnel and be judged as fair, just and workable."

The commission agreed that any rating system should include all classroom teachers, principals, supervisors, and superintendents.

THE KIND WORD LEFT UNSPOKEN

There are few hearts in which there do not lie kindly wishes for others. The man is to be pitied who does not have good thoughts for his fellowmen. The real man wishes others well.

Therefore, there should be more occasions when these good wishes are outspoken. We say good morning or some other greeting when we meet a friend, and on special occasions such as birthdays or other anniversaries, at Christmas and New Years we usually thaw out sufficiently to say a few words of kindness and cheer, and even on these few occasions it is well that we speak the gentle word which those about us are hungry to hear.

One of the saddest things in life is that with such boundless opportunities to give cheer to others by a few kindly words, most of us pass through the world in silence, and the words unspoken would mean so much strength and inspiration.

In these days of trial, when hearts are breaking and men are bowing under burdens too heavy for them, there is on every hand and in every life, the need for the words of encouragement that will help them along the way. This service to others is not costly, the utterance of a kindly word of encouragement will often give all the inspiration required. Yet, many of us let our good intentions remain unuttered and stand by in silence while our brothers beside us go down in defeat, when one word of ours would have changed defeat to victory.

So, let us strive to really live the principles of the Golden Rule.

—Fred J. Glueck.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

By Dr. Henry Alford Porter in The Christian Index

The Unknown Soldier was a symbol of America's sacrifice in the first World War, the sacred symbol of the valor and the idealism and the faith of thousands of fallen heroes. He represents the immortal brotherhood of all those who died for America. That is the chief reason why the Unknown Soldier so touched the imagination and so stirred the feeling. That is why the love and gratitude of the nation were lavished upon him.

The Unknown Soldier was the symbol of something else—of the honor due to myriads of plain people, people of whom the world is not worthy, although their names are unknown.

It is a startling fact that until the Unknown Soldiers were buried with impressive ceremonial beneath the Arch of Triumph in Paris, in the great church in Rome, in Westminster Abbey and in the Arlington amphitheater, the unknown, never knew fame. Now they live in deathless renown.

Most of us must be content to be included in the big unmentioned throng of the unknown. It is "others" who make up the great majority of humankind. Lincoln used to say that God must love the common people or He would not have made so many of them. There are many things worse than being unknown. To be unknown does not argue that one is valueless. A single star

> May seem to give faint light, but
> Countless stars
> Break up the night and make it
> beautiful.

There is hope of ultimate recognition for the unknown. Everyone wants to be remembered. God has planted very deep in the human heart this desire not to be forgotten. I stood in an old cemetery. It was all overgrown with weeds and briars. Those lying there had been forgotten. The scene recalled the words of the poet:

> After awhile a vanished face,
> An empty seat and a vacant place
> After a while a man forgot,
> A crumbled headstone, an unknown spot.

On the tomb of the Unknown Soldier we read, "Here lies an American soldier known but to God." There is One who knows and understands—the God and Father of us all. He keeps his records. Jesus, you remember, when the seventy whom he had sent out returned exulting in their triumphs, soon to be forgotten, told them to rejoice not in their achievements but to rejoice in this, that their names were written in heaven's Who's Who.

Socrates had his dream about entering the court of genius in the other world, and meeting the great who had gone before. But the apostle had a vaster and finer dream. He saw a multitude of the faithful whom no man could number. And not an unknown or unnamed soldier among them!

> "When shall I be forever known?"
> "Thy duty ever!"

"This did full many who remain
unknown."
"Oh, never, never!
Thinkest thou perchance that they
remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their
praise is blown,
Divine their lot."

———:———

EXTRA STEPS

It's great to be fair, to live on the square,
To pay every dollar you owe—
To have people say you're honest as day
And straight as two strings in a row.
I say that it's fine to hew to the line,
There's plenty who don't, sure enough—
But I've found a man who's bettered the plan,
So listen and I'll quote his stuff.
Says he, "I have found, as I've wanderer' round
This world, and I've wandered a few,
The very best way to live day by day,
Is to do more than folks ask of you.
For instance I try, when I meet a guy,
To be more than just—to be fine—
So I figure out what's fair, beyond doubt,
Then meet him clear over the line.
I waive what is fair, what's honest and square,
Which one's in the right, and which wrong—
Then take one long stride to the noble side,
And freindship is sealed, fast and strong.
So I've found it pays, in plenty of ways,
To think not of loss, or of gain—
But near as I can, when I deal with man,
To do the big, generous thing."

—Jeanne LaBebe.

BOOM AND BUST AGAIN?

(The Dare County Times)

Several million farmers in the U. S. says Chester C. Davis, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis in the December Country Gentleman, have come out of the war with a financial power that can stabilize national enonomy and secure better living or it can bid up the price of land and create disaster as it did after World War I.

The two paths lie plainly ahead. The path of security lies in using this financial power to cut production costs, increase net returns, take drudgery out of farm life, stop soil waste and safe-guard basic land resources. If farmers speculate in land, bid up prices and the cost of other items they want, not yet in full supply, many farm families will be ruined and many more will feel the impact of hardship for a long time.

These factors are increasing land prices—low interest rates, hedging against inflation by city buyers, government parity price guarantees, returning soldiers who want farms in a hurry, plus fundamental pressure of a lot of money to invest. While it is possible to generalize how farmers will react, Mr. Davis states, there will be many who will chase land prices sky high and go into debt to do it. They should be reminded that 2,000,000 farms have been foreclosed since World War I.

The choice of "boom and bust again" as after the first world war, is out on the farm. Patience self-restraint, good judgement should pay big dividends in the end. If farmers use their improved capital position to inflate the price of farm land, the deflation that follows will be tragic, and the road for decades will be a rocky one for many. The wise course, says Mr. Davis, is to convert financial resources into permanent gains for agriculture by establishing thoroughgoing soil conservation, providing better homes, installing electric power and light, acquiring modern machinery and equipment, and generally improving and conserving the farm plant.

———:———

When people make money without earning it, it is like taking a lot of spirits at one draught. It gets into their heads, and they don't know what they're about. There is a tipsiness of the pocket as well as of the stomach.—Dwight W. Jerrold.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read John 1:43 and John 15:4, and the subject of his message to the boys was "The Four Invitations From Jesus."

The speaker first listed these invitations, in Jesus' own words as follows: (1) "Follow Me;" (2) "Come to me;" (3) "Learn of Me;" (4) "Abide in Me."

No invitation that we might receive from any of earth's dignitaries, continued the speaker, could rank with any of these four invitations coming from Jesus. These invitations are like steps. When we get on the first step we are still far from the top, but are much higher than we were before starting. As we climb, these steps or invitations, grow in meaning.

Rev. Mr. Summers then explained the meaning of the Master's four invitations, as follows:

(1) "Follow Me." In the great war just closed, we heard much of General Patton's army, and those of other great military leaders. Thousands of the soldiers in the ranks had never spoken to those leaders; many of them had never seen them, yet they were following them. So it is with millions of Christians today. They have never seen Jesus, but they are following him.

When Jesus said to Philip, "Follow Me," he meant for him to turn away from the things he had been doing and take an active part in assisting him in the work he had come to earth to accomplish.

(2) "Come Unto Me." Jesus meant for those whom he called to come as his personal friends. He wanted them to become intimately associated with him in his work among men.

This is a personal invitation to those of us who would be true Christians. It is our duty to try to find out what the Master wants us to do. We must accept this invitation and consider it a special privilege to have an opportunity to help carry out Jesus' plans for the people of the world.

(3) "Learn of Me." This means more than simply calling a person to be a friend of Jesus. We should learn more of the Master's wonderful character; learn more of his love for all mankind; learn enough to know that he is our friend every day. By learning more of Jesus we will try to become more like him. This will create in us a desire to leave off our evil ways of living.

Our daily acts should be of such nature that we will not do things which we would not be glad for Jesus to see.

We learn much from Jesus. He teaches us how to live; how to get along with one another; how to forget and forgive; how to die as a child of God.

(4) "Abide in Me." This invitation is the most difficult to accept. It is the final invitation coming to us from Jesus. By these words he means, "I am willing to give you myself; willing to bring the Eternal God to you and let Him become a part of your life." If we abide in the Master, we shall see the glory, the honor, the mystery, the great power of God. He wants us to become God-like.

The reason why Jesus was able to do so many wonderful things was because he lived with God constantly. We, too, can do many fine things if we let God rule our lives. This applies to all men, for there isn't anyone whom God is not willing to save.

If we abide in Jesus, our lives will be examples to others. People will see how such a life affects us, and will want to become Christians.

Rev. Mr. Summers then told the boys that Christ wants us to share in his program. We have his own assurance that as followers of his we are entering into the highest type of manhood, for Jesus referred to Christians as "the light of the world" and "the salt of the earth." There can be no greater honor bestowed upon a man than for him to merit the name of Christian.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers stated that if we do not accept what Jesus has to offer, our lives will have no value. The four invitations referred to are tendered us. If we fail to accept them, worthless indeed will be our lives, regardless of how long we may live. Jesus is ready at all times. It is our duty to follow him, and the earlier in life we start, the better it will be for us.

———:———

A CRUSHED FENDER

It happened in Milan one summer night,
While we were driving down a narrow street.
A fender crashed—the brakes froze to a stop
Beneath the pressure of the driver's feet.
I hurled my ire against the guilty one:
"You should be taught to signal as you turn!
At least put out your hand!" I cried at him.
"You could have caused our car to overturn!"

At first the man was silent, then he spoke:
"Sorry," he said, "to cause you such alarm.
You did not see it, for the night is dark,
But as I turned, I did put out my arm.
Please take my license number and my name—
I hope you will forgive and understand.
I was a soldier once, somewhere in France—
My left arm is a stub. I have no hand."

I could not speak. The words choked in my throat—
I did not take his number, nor his name—
I turned the car against the dull black night,
My face averted to conceal my shame.

—Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 20, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Lawrence Allen
Frank Andrews
George Bridges
Maynard Chester
Samuel Dill
James Perkins
Charles Reeves
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
William Britt
Carl Church
Paul Church
George Cox
Carl Davis
William Doss
James Eller
Franklin Hensley
Jack Lambert
David Prevatte
Franklin Robinson
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins
James Jones

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Louie Ashe
Ray Burns
Fred Coats
Bobby Furr
Hanie Cothrin
Donald Kirk
Robert McDuffie
James Norton
Knox Norton
Hayes Powell
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Eugene Bowers
Thomas Childress
Hugh Cornwell
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsey Elder
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Robert Hogan
James Hill
Hobart Keaton
William Meadows
Burton Routh
James Smith
Edward Vanhoy

COTTAGE No. 5

Curtis Butcher
Woodrow Davenport
Walter Carter
Patrick Ford
Charles Gibson
Robert Kerr
Robert Wilkins
Clyde Ward

COTTAGE No. 6

Coy Creakman
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Fred Ganey
John Gregory
Clyde Hoffman
George Jones
Jerry Oakes
Robert Porter
Lewis Southerland
Leroy Wilkins
James Walters
William Ussery
Robert Peavy

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen

Charldon Cox
Glenn Davis
Authur Lawson
Edward McCall

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
Albert Allen
Gray Brown
Conrad Cox
Raymond Cloninger
Kenneth Dillard
Charles Francis
Ralph Gibson
Hubert Inman
Defoye Inman
David Johnson
Richard Johnson
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Peterson
James Stadler
Thomas Stallings
Vernest Turner
Robert Trout
Jack Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11
Donald Bowden
Charles Byrant
William Faircloth
Elmer Heath
Thomas Hyder
David Isenhour
Lee Lockerby
Arlon McLean
Kenneth McLean
James Phillips
Robert Phillips
Leon Rose
Ralph Tew

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Black
Luther Coble
Earl Grant
Jerry Harding
James Hensley
Curtis House

COTTAGE No. 14
Leonard Allen
Paul Denton
David Eaton
Howard Holder
Donald Hendrix
Reeves Lusk
Clifford Martin
Charles Moore
Harold Kernodle
Lawrence Owens
John Roberts
James Shook
J. H. Smith
Garvin Thomas
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15
Harold Bates
William Best
George Brown
Jack Crump
Harvey Coffey
Elzo Fulk
Jack Greene
Robert Holland
R. V. Hutchinson
James Johnson
Zeb Presson
Carl Ransom
Robert Roberts
Ralph Stewart
Robert Summersett
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Ray Covington
James Chavis
Thomas Chavis
Harvey Jacobs
Morrison Jacobs
Weldon Lochlear

INFIRMARY
Dwight Murphy
Paul Wolfe

When in doubt, tell the truth.—Mark Twain.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV | CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 2, 1946 | No. 5

FEB [illegible] 1945

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FIGHT ON!

I never see a twisted tree—
All bent by gale and bruised by storm,
And yet, whose torn and twisted form,
Still sends its branches, full and free,
Toward heaven, as though in prayer to be,
Whose roots, deep down in Mother Earth
Still grasp the soil that gave them birth—
That something doesn't say to me—
"Here is a lesson you should learn;
When storms of life you, too, shall smite,
And faith and hope seem nearly gone,
And doubt your faltering steps would turn,
Stand firm for what you think is right,
And in God's name, fight on and on."

—Selected.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

A FRIEND LOVETH AT ALL TIMES

Do you know what it means to have a friend,
The honest-to-goodness kind?
I don't mean the friend who'll just pretend,
For they're very easy to find.

But the friend that I mean, is the one that's true,
The kind that you know you can trust.
The one who will do, and suffer for you,
Whose regards are more than just.

Do you know what it means to be a friend,
The true and trusted kind?
Have you had a friend that you'd defend
With your body, soul and mind?

There's a reason such friends are hard to find—
It's because of our selfish thirst.
With ourselves in mind, we're all inclined
To see that ourselves come first.

If our hearts are kept right, we may forget
A few of our selfish trends.
Shall we, then, get set while time is yet?
Shall we try to be better friends?

—B. B. Walton.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION DIRECTOR EMPLOYED

We are delighted to announce that we have been able to secure the services of Mr. Earl Walters, of Concord, as physical education director for the Jackson Training School. Mr. Walters will begin his work at the School on Friday, February 1st and it is believed

there is a wide field of possibilities open to him. He has been employed to undertake this work as a full time position.

We believe Mr. Walters is well equiped for this new work. He has participated in various branches of high school and college athletics, and he has had lots of experience in the army in this same field. He has a wide knowledge of the various games boys like to play, and in addition to this he is fond of boys and enjoys his associations with them. Perhaps most important of all is his enthusiasm for games and sports of various kinds. He attended Erskine College and participated in varsity football, basketball and other sports.

In mapping out the program for the physical education director we are keeping in mind that the major emphasis will be on intramural sports and games, and participation by all the boys. In some instances there will be group games which will include large numbers of boys. Of course, the program will include basketball, baseball, football, volley ball, and tennis. There will not be much emphasis given to varsity teams and competition with outside teams. In carrying out this program, it will be necessary to arrange tournament schedules and competition on the cottage basis. It will also be necessary to arrange tournaments that will involve the small boys as well as the larger boys. We find there are some boys who at first have no enthusiasm for participating in sports and games, but it is our conviction that these are the very boys who are in greatest need of the physical education program.

Mr. Walters will be on the job seven days in the week. A good part of his work will have to be done in the late afternoons and at nights. It is our purpose to stagger the recess periods for the grades at school so that there will be opportunities for playing at the recess periods. Then there will be a daily play period after school closes until time for the boys to go to their cottages. Then there will be a tournament for playing basketball in the gymnasium on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday nights. The tournament will also include games on Saturday afternoons for various groups, both in the gymnasium and on the grounds. At times it is possible that the physical education director will take teams from two cottages and arrange for them to play in the gymnasium at

night, and at the same time the cottage officers will keep and supervise some of the boys in the same cottages in reading and other cottage recreation. In other words, it will not always be necessary for the cottage officers to go to the gymnasium when their boys go.

It is recognized that the new program will involve the purchase of more equipment for sports and games than we have been accustomed to purchasing. We have never had an adequate amount of such equipment. As soon as the war priorities permit it, many of these goods will be purchased from time to time because boys cannot play games unless they have the necessary facilities.

* * * * * * * * *

HERALDS OF KINDNESS

The people of America are in the midst of their greatest opportunity to demostrate to the remainder of the world the essence of the sentiments of the hearts of Christian people. Throughout the world there are millions and millions of suffering people of all creeds and all races; this applies to the aged and to the children. Out of the anguish of their spirits they are holding up their hands and crying out from their hearts to the good people of America to help them in their distresses.

America has demonstrated in the last four years the great magnitude of her power and of her genius, because it was through these forces that the ruthless and despotic dictators were conquered on the battlefield, on the sea and in the air. The war achievements of the American heroes have been so grand that they are almost fantastic. Without a doubt, America stands at the pinnacle of all the nations in the magnitude of her greatness in production and in warfare.

However, as great as have been our achievements in this field, if we do not demonstrate a similar or even a greater spirit of generosity when humanity cries out in its improverishments and in its griefs and its sorrows, we shall then fail in the spiritual challenges of life. Throughout the years, our nation should be remembered not merely for its splendor in warfare but more surely for its goodness and its righteousness towards humanity.

Out of the abundance of our wealth and our resources we are being called upon to feed and clothe a large portion of the people of other lands. The doors of opportunity for service are wide open at this time. It should be true that in every possible instance the people will contribute generously of their means and of their used clothing towards alleviating the suffering of mankind throughout the world. Truly, we in America should be the heralds of kindness and mercy at this time.

* * * * * * * *

NATIONAL BOY SCOUT WEEK

Beginning with Friday, February 8th, Boy Scout Week will be observed throughout the nation, and it is fitting that great importance be assigned to this important organization and that great emphasis be given to its place in the life of the youth of the country. It is generally recognized as being the greatest organization devoted to the character training of young boys outside of the schools and churches.

One of the most interesting phases of the Scout work is the fact that so many adults give of their time, their talent, and their money towards the promotion of this great enterprise. Basically, it is a voluntary movement, and it is interesting to note that 99.6% of those who work in this program are volunteers and work without hope of remuneration.

This is an appropriate time to pay tribute especially to the vast throng of men who serve as Scoutmasters, because they are the ones who stand in the forefront, and they are the ones who make the greatest sacrifices. They are, in fact, the ones who give the largest portion of life to other boys. They are the ones who enjoy the greatest opportunities for shaping the lives of the Boy Scouts. During the war there were thousands of Scoutmasters in the armed forces. They played a conspicuous part in liberating the world from the totalitarian forces that sought to shackle individual freedom of development. The Scoutmaster is that person who is the friend, the comrade, and the counselor to the Boy Scouts.

There are many strong and attractive features of the Scout pro-

gram which commend themselves to all citizens of the country. The keystones of Scouting are: the Scout Motto, the Slogan, the Oath and the Law. Upon these is built the entire Scout program and their high principles become habit in the daily life of every good Scout.

The Motto is "BE PREPARED."

The Slogan is "DO A GOOD TURN DAILY."

The Oath is:

On my honor I will do my best:
To do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout Law;
To help other people at all times;
To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.

The Law is:

1. A Scout is Trustworthy.
2. A Scout is Loyal.
3. A Scout is Helpful.
4. A Scout is Friendly.
5. A Scout is Courteous.
6. A Scout is Kind.
7. A Scout is Obedient.
8. A Scout is Cheerful.
9. A Scout is Thrifty.
10. A Scout is Brave.
11. A Scout is Clean.
12. A Scout is Reverent.

The major objectives of the Scout movement are to foster and promote the development of the attributes of a good citizen, including such virtues as obedience, courtesy, dependability and responsibility. The Scout program for the development of these attributes is through offering many fine and wholesome experiences, such experiences as involve adventure, handicrafts, outdoor hiking and camping. Generally speaking, the Scouting program is brimful with educational possibilities.

The Scouting program offers to many boys wholesome experiences under proper supervision, and these experiences are offered to many boys who have had only limited opportunities in life. Sometimes there are boys who have deep yearnings in their hearts for the chance to live and enjoy live as other boys do. Through the Scouting program even the humblest boy can have his chance, too, and by his own good conduct and high ideals he can advance through the Scouting program to the highest ranks. In the Scouting program he can participate in sports and games. He can sit in the campfire

circle, he can share in the Scouting ceremonies and rites, he can enjoy the experiences of hiking and tracking through the forest. He can live close to Nature and to God. It is the golden opportunity for every boy.

The Scouting program is a great challenge to the more than eleven million people who participate in its activities. There are untold opportunities, and someone has said with reference to Scouting, "When we have done our best there is still too much to do." Therefore, let everyone feel anew the thrill of celebrating the Boy Scout Week this year as never before.

We are giving below some outstanling facts concerning the work of the Boy Scouts of America.

War Services of the Boy Scouts

		Pounds
1.	Salvage Collections:	
	Rubber (1942-43)	109,001,313
	Tin Cans (1942-43)	23,962,356
	Waste Paper (1941-44)	683,831,159
	Scrap Metal (1942-43)	370,294,320
	Grease (1943)	1,134,307
	Milkweed Pods (Oct. 1944)	1,500,000
	Total pounds collected	1,189,723,455

2.	Distributions:	
	Minute Man posters for the Treasury Department (1941)	1,607,000
	Consumer pledges against waste (1942)	10,000,000
	Price Control pamphlets for Office of Price Administration (1942)	25,000,000
	War Bond pledges (1942-43)	18,375,048
	"Keep 'Em Flying" slogan cards for Air Forces (1943)	5,125,000
	Estimated total pieces of Government material distributed by Scouts (including 1944, estimated)	**116,445,377**

3. Production and Conservation:

A major war service of the Boy Scouts of America is in the production of food. In 1943 alone more than 108,000,000 hours of service were given by members of the Boy Scouts to the raising of food for ourselves and our allies. Hundreds of camps had Scout-tended gardens.

Tens of thousands of troops conducted their own Victory gardens, while others contributed to school and community gardens. Several hundred thousand Scouts have worked on farms in order to supplement the available labor.

More than a million and a half trees have been planted by Scouts as part of the conservation needs intensified by wartime.

THE BOY SCOUT BROTHERHOOD

Thirty thousand eager faces,
Thirty thousand heads held high,
Thirty thousand Boy Scouts marching
What a sight to cheer the eye.

Thirty thousand voices cheering
Holland's Queen, so great and good,
Thirty thousand young hearts surging
Towards the goal of brotherhood.

Forty nation's flags unfurling.
In the breeze of Netherland—
Surely men must pause and ponder
O'er this modern "Crusade band."

Blessings on these goodwill makers;
May their campfires never cease;
May the God of all the nations
Crown their brotherhood with Peace!

—Mrs. Harold F. Pate.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

Radio Program

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

The radio program on Tuesday, January 22nd, consisted of two parts. Mrs. Dwight Morrison, the fourth grade teacher, and her pupils sang songs. These songs were as follows: "Brighten the Corner" and "God Will Take Care of You." The remainder of the program was a written biography of the life of Thomas Jonathan, better known as "Stonewall" Jackson. This composition was written and read by Harvey Leonard, a ninth grade student at the school. Mr. S. G. Hawfield made the introductions and the boys who sang were accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Frank Liske.

Sports at the School

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

On Friday night of last week, the boys of Cottage No. 10 and the Cottage No. 2 boys played a game of basketball. The Cottage No. 10 team was the winner by the score of 29 to 16. Mr. Liske was the referee.

The Cottage No. 1 boys and those of Cottage No. 2 played a game on Friday night of last week. The No. 1 boys won by a 6 to 4 score. The referees were Joe Spears and Bobby Peck.

On Wednesday night of last week the boys of Cottage No. 9 played a game with a group of boys from Jackson Park. The visitors won by the score of 46 to 36.

Items of Interest

By James Hensley and Robert Lee, 9th Grade

Mrs. Morrison's second grade room is very pretty. It is decorated with beautiful colored pictures of farm animals and pets. On one bulletin board in the front of the room, there are pictures of Abraham Lincoln.

Recently, Mrs. Dotson's fifth grade boys have made a nice mural about George Washington. They are also going to give a play about the life of this great American.

Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys have been painting Cottage No. 11 this week.

Show

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

The name of the show last Thursday night was, "Brester's Millions." This picture was about a man who was to inherit eight million dollars from his uncle, on the condition that he spend one million in two months. He was under obligation not to tell anyone nor get help from anyone to spend it. He had to have receipts for every cent of it, and he could not own one thing that would be bought with the one million. He nearly lost his future wife, his friends and everything else on account of it. He finally succeeded in spending it all. He finished spending it all about one miniute before time to have it all spent. He would bet on

horses that he thought would lose, but they won and brought him more money. He would also bet on stock that he was sure that he would lose, but it would rise and he would win.

Everyone enjoyed this picture very much.

Visit to City Water Works

By Thomas Stallings, 9th Grade

Wednesday morning, January 23, 1946, the ninth grade class of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, in connection with their study of water, visited the Concord City Water Works under the supervision of Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

Mr. Yerton of the water and lights department showed the boys through the plant.

Concord's water supply is secured from Lake Concord, approximately 2,750,000 gallons being pumped in a day. This water already contains lime, one of the very essential chemicals needed to purify the water. The four chemicals which are put into the water to purify it are as follows: (1.) Alum, to clarify the water; (2.) chlorine, which sterilizes the water and also kills any germs which the water might contain; (3.) ammonia, which helps to hold the chlorine in the water, but it is necessary to watch the amount which is put in the water for too much will cause harmful growths in the water; (4.) powdered carbon is used to remove taste and odor from the water.

After this processing the water goes through the filter which is composed of 18 inches of rock with 30 inches of sand on top of it. After the water returns from the top of the filter it is fairly clear. Then to make sure that the processed water contains no germs or other impurities, lime and more chlorine is added.

Twice each year Lake Concord is treated with copper sulphate to kill all algae growth and typhoid germs.

Constant tests are made in the laboratory to determine how much chlorine is to be used in the water, as too much will cause a soreness of the eyes and throat.

At least once a year a crew of men is hired to clean off the banks of the lake. All the dead matter and trash is removed. Dead matter is much more harmful than live matter.

The laboratory at the city water works governs the whole plant. During much rain or snow the percentage of chlorine has to be raised. This laboratory is set up to suit the requirements of the State Board of Health.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Hawfield and Mrs. Baucom and all who made this trip possible.

Friday Morning Chapel Program

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

The chapel program Friday morning was given by Mrs. Hawfield's first grade boys. The program began with a song, "Trust and Obey," by all. Mrs. Hawfield then had the Bible reading. She read about God presenting the Ten Commandments to Moses. After this, everyone stood and repeated the Lord's Prayer. Another song was sung by all. The title of it was "O, Beautiful for Spacious Skies." We remained standing and saluted the flag. Following this Mrs. Hawfield's first grade group sang "Swing Low."

Harvey Jacobs sang the verses and the rest of the group sang the chorus. Then they recited a group of poems. These poems were just common ones. After this everyone sang "Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us." Mrs. Hawfield's first grade boys continued with a few songs. This was followed by a story read by Mrs. Hawfield. It was "How the Rabbit Helped the Coon." Then twelve first grade boys recited some poems about the months. Donald Branch, Bernard Webster, Franklin Robinson, and Ralph Gassoway ended the program with a song, "The Little Red Hen."

Lewis Carroll

By Kenneth Staley, 9th Grade

Lewis Carroll, whose birthday anniversary is January 27th, was born in 1832. The real name of this English author was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. One of his best stories was "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." The strangest thing about Carroll's life was that his life work was that of professor of mathematics at Oxford University. This is perhaps why he came to write his delightful books for children. He took a different penname. Even stranger is the fact that he had no children of his own, being an "old bachelor," whose knowledge of children was derived from playing with the children of his friends. The real Alice was the daughter of his friend, Dean Liddell. Long afterward she gave this account of how these whimsical stories, which still delight readers of all ages and all countries, were first told to her and her two sisters: "Most of Mr. Dodgson's stories were told to us on river expeditions near Oxford. Children liked to hear him tell them."

Until this day people like to read and hear stories written by Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll.

Distinguished White House Hostesses

(A series of articles on White House Hostesses).

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

One of the most beloved hostesses of the White House was Dorothea (Dolly) Madison. At 33 Dolly Madison made her bow to the official society of Washington, entering on the arm of President Jefferson. At 81 "Queen Dolly" bowed her way out leaning on the arm of President Polk.

She was the daughter of John Payne. Dolly married John Todd who died in 1793. She married James Madison in 1794. From 1801 to 1809, she was frequently hostess for President Jefferson, and when her husband was elected to succeed Jefferson, Dolly quickly became one of the most noted hostesses that ever graced the executive mansion. Dolly ruled fashionable society. Yet she found time to cut hundreds of garments for the children of the Capital's Orphan Asylum. In 1814 when the capitol was burned by British raiders, Dolly fled with a bag full of state papers and a Stuart portrait of George Washington. The Madisons moved into the Taylor mansion which was called the Octagon House. After James Madison had served two terms they retired to the Madison Estate in Montpelier, in Virginia. Dolly lived there until the death of her husband in 1834. Then she returned to Washington.

Robert Burns

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

Robert Burns was born near Ayre, Scotland, on January 25, 1759. He was the son of William and Agnes Burns. He was the eldest of seven children.

Robert had very little public education, but his father taught him a great deal.

All during his childhood Burns had to work hard to help support his family. At the age of sixteen he was doing a man's work. Shortly after the death of his father he and his brother rented a farm to try to make a successful living for themselves and their younger brothers and sisters. This proved useless and very unsuccessful.

For a few years previous to the time that he rented the farm he had written many verses and poems. These he sold in an effort to get money to go to the West Indies to continue his writing.

Instead of continuing on to the Indies he stopped Edinburg, and there he met a publisher who published many volumes of his work.

From only one year of his life Burns produced five of his more popular works. These were "Address to the Diel," "The Holy Fain," "Address to the Uncou Huid," "Holy Willie's Prayer" and "The Two Herds on Holy Fulzer."

In 1788 he married his childhood sweetheart, a Miss Armour.

He turned out these four works: "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Auld Mare Maggie," "To a Mouse," "Auld Mare Mailie." Others include "Tam O'Shanter," "The Jolly Beggars" and a collection called "Scottish Airs."

After these productions of his talent he seemed to go down gradually. For this reason he took to drinking and became ill. He died on 1797 being only 38 years old.

———:———

LET ME BE A GIVER

God, let me be a giver, and not one
Who only takes and takes unceasingly;
God, let me give, so that not just my own,
But others' lives as well, may richer be.

Let me give out whatever I may hold
Of what material things life may be heaping,
Let me give raiment, shelter, food, or gold
If these are, through Thy bounty, in my keeping.

But greater than such fleeting treasures, may
I give my faith and hope and cheerfulness,
Belief and dreams and joy and laughter gay,
Some lonely soul to bless.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

HISTORY OF STONEWALL JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

By S. G. Hawfield

There is being prepared a history of the Stonewall Jackson Training School Since the School has been in operation over a period of approximately thirty-six years, the preparation of this historical sketch involves a considerable amount of investigation and research. Later on, the history will be published by the North Carolina Historical Commission. Already ten chapters or divisions of the School's history have been completed, and the tenth chapter is now being published.

The chapters which are complete are as follows:

Introduction.
Chapter I. Development of the sentiment for a training school in North Carolina.
Chapter II. Legislative enactment creating the Jackson Training School, and subsequent amendments.
Chapter III. Purpose and function of the Jackson Training School, past and present.
Chapter IV. Early beginnings of the institution.
Chapter V. Organizational set-up.
Chapter VII. Population statistics and related facts.
Chapter VIII. Financial Statistics.
Chapter IX. A Description of the School Plant or Facilities.
Chapter X. Outline of the Present Program.

(Continued from Last Week.)

CHAPTER X (Continued)

Outline of the Present Program

9. The Print Shop

The Jackson Training School operates a print shop in the Swink-Benson Trades Building which fills an important function in the life of the institution. There are three major functions of this department, chief of which is the training of the boys in the printing trade. The other two functions are the printing of The Uplift, which is the magazine for the institution, and job printing both for this institution and for similar institutions. Because of the fact that so many of the activities are reported through the columns of the magazine, the print shop department represents an important activity at the school.

In training in this department there are generally six boys in the morning group and six in the afternoon group. The most practical training given in

this department is that of operating the linotype machines. The program involves the training of at least six boys at all times on these machines. However, there are several other skills that the boys of this deportment acquire in their training. Some of these are: (1) operating the hand feed job presses, (2) proof reading and correcting, (3) binding, padding, and trimming, (4) folding, (5) job composition.

Generally, it requires about a year and a half for a boy to become proficient in the various skills of this department. In the course of this time, if a boy has proper talents he may become rather proficient in these specific skills. When a boy first goes into the print shop he does some of the more simple activities and gradually gets into the more complicated experiences. As a rule the boys of the department come from the upper grades of the school since they have already advanced enough in school to be interested in the activities of a print shop.

In addition to the trade skills acquired in the department there are excellent opportunities for a boy to improve his literary education and his grammatical achievements. The boys who work in this department generally do more writing and general reading than any other boys in the school. Always they show great improvement in their spelling and their language attainments. In other words, the work of the department has a distinct educational advantage. Benjamin Franklin once said, "A print shop is a poor man's college."

The most important output of the department is The Uplift, which is the school's weekly magazine. This magazine features the following types of articles:

1. Editorials.
2. Institution notes.
3. Alumni notes.
4. Feature articles explaining the activities of the various school departments, with suitable pictures.
5. Seasonable holiday materials.
6. State historical facts.
7. Articles dealing with vital current issues.
8. Biographical sketches of outstanding national and state leaders.
9. Literary selections of poetry and prose.

In addition to this, the print shop prints all the blank forms used here at the Jackson Training School. The department also does a considerable amount of job printing for other state institutions. It is not the purpose of the school to operate the department for profit in a commerical sense of the word, and for this reason commerical job printing is not featured. The primary objective is training boys, and this, no doubt, will always be the dominant purpose.

10. The Shoe Shop

The first responsibility of the shoe shop department is to keep the shoes properly repaired for the boys, so that their feet may be dry and comfortable. The department does repair work on both work shoes and dress shoes. This department uses electrically-driven machines such as sewing and stitching and finishing machines. It also uses bradding machines, a heel remover, adjustable shoe lasts, scissors, pliers, knives, tacks and tack pullers, needles, thread, brads, pegs, awls and hammers. In this department the boys are taught to put on

rubber heels, to put in insoles, to do half-soling, to sew in tongues, and to mend rip places.

In addition to repairing shoes, this department takes care of repair work on gears and harnesses for the farm animals. In doing this, the department makes and repairs bridles, lines, collars, hame-strings and back-bands. The department also repairs machinery belts for various types of machinery.

11. The Sewing Room

The sewing room, in comparison with the other departments at the school, is not as important as some others, yet it fulfills an important function in the life of the school. The major activities consist of making new garments and mending worn garments. Among the things made in this department are the following: shirts, pajamas, sheets, towels, pillow cases, aprons, table linen, and window curtains. Mending operations relate to such things as shirts, overalls, underwear, coats, sweaters and athletic goods.

Included in the skills which a boy learns in this department may be listed the following: learning to cut by pattern, operating sewing machines, sewing by hand, operating buttonhole machines and a machine for sewing on buttons. A boy also learns to sort out materials and classify finished articles. It is possible for a boy to become fairly proficient in the skills of this department within a period of about six months. All the skills of this department are of practical and exploratory benefit to the boy.

12. Textile Department

The textile department fulfills an important function at the school. It is important because of the practical experience provided for the boys and because of the useful products furnished to the school.

From the point where the raw cotton enters the picker room until it comes out as yarn, it goes through eight different processes, as follows:

(1) The raw cotton goes through the picker, where it is torn apart and cleaned of foreign substances.

(2) It then goes through a finisher where it is fashioned into a flat sheet, or lap. Then four of these laps are put into one lap, given the proper weight, and placed on a lap pin.

(3) It then is taken to the card room where it goes through the carding machines, from which it emerges into a roll called a card sliver; it is condensed from a flat sheet into a small roll.

(4) Next it goes through the drawing frame where six different rolls become one, and the product is a drawn sliver.

(5) It then goes to the slubber frame for the slubber rolling process, where it is twisted the first time into a thread and drawn out further.

(6) Next it goes to the intermediate ply frame where two threads become one.

(7) It then goes to the fly frame, or speeder, where two threads again become one.

(8) Finally it goes to the spinning frame where two threads again become one, and it is placed on the quills, ready for the shuttles and the looms.

Six boys work in the department in the forenoons and six others in the afternoons. Within a period of six months it is possible for a boy to acquire the basic skills of the textile work. However, he may continue

his training longer and become more and more proficient in the trade. Speed and quality of work are the two more important factors.

Work Line and Barn Forces

About half of the boys at the school at some time work on the outside work lines, or what is know as the barn force. In connection with the other activities the school operates a large farm. The two major objectives of the work on the farm are to produce food and feedstuffs for the support of the school, and to provide work experiences for a large group of boys.

It should be explained that it is not the policy of the school to over-emphasize the importance of these two activities to the neglect of other training experiences. At no season of the year is the training for trades sacrificed in order to augment the farm activities. Rather, the policy is to resort to farm work more to take care of the overflow in other work assignments. Frequently, it occurs that other departments are closed for a period, and then it becomes necessary for the boys in these departments to go out on the work lines. Then, too, it is considered a wise policy for all new boys, before entering some specialized trade training, to spend some time on the work lines or with the barn force and during this time become adjusted to the routine of the school.

From time to time those who work on the farm have the opportunity to drive teams or care for animals. Practically every boy likes to be where there are farm animals. Generally, the boys do not have to work hard or for long hours, but it is of great profit to any boy to learn to work with his hands and to learn to work with other boys in groups.

Among the major activities of these two departments are the following:

(1) Preparing the soils.

(2) Planting the seed according to the different seasons of the year.

(3) Cultivating various types of crops with machinery and horse-drawn cultivators and hoes.

(4) Pruning and caring for orchards and vineyards.

(5) Building fences for cattle, hogs, and other animals.

(6) Feeding and caring for approximately 125 hogs and 20 horses and mules and 60 head of beef cattle.

(7) Harvesting grain, hay, and other farm crops.

(8) Hauling coal, feed, fertilizer, lumber, etc., with teams or trucks.

(9) Preparing seed beds and planting various garden seeds.

(10) Caring for lawns, shrubbery, flowers, seed beds, on and about the campus.

(11) Operating the cannery during the canning season.

(12) Building and repairing farm roads and bridges.

(13) Grubbing and caring for pasture lands.

(14) Threshing seed, baling hay, filling silos, mixing feeds.

Finally, it is considered as a highly profitable experience for any boy to work in conjunction with Mother Nature. It is quite stimulating to anyone to have the experience of turning the soil and stirring the earth. It does something to the spirit of a person which nothing else can do. Then, too, it is an elevating experience for anyone to work around growing farm crops, flowers, shurbbery, and other plants.

JAPANESE KILLED LONG AFTER ATOMIC BLASTS

(Selected)

A scientist described today how fantastic effects of rays given off by atomic bombs killed Japenese weeks after the blasts which flattened Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Dr. Phillip Morrison, who helped assemble those bombs, said the rays strangely affected the blood and made the victims a prey to fatal infection.

In a statement prepared for the special Senate atomic energy committee he told of the gruesome findings of a party which inspected the devastered cities after the Japanese surrendered.

He said most persons within a mile of the bombs died quickly—either from the great heat of the blast or injuries suffered in demolished buildings.

Many who escaped death by blast or burn, Morrison said, "died from the effects of radium like rays emitted in great number from the bomb at the instant of the explosion."

"This radiation affects the blood-forming tissues in the bone marrow, and the whole function of the blood is impaired," the former University of Illinois physics instructor related.

"The blood does not coagulate, but oozes in many spots through the unbroken skin, and internally seeps into the cavities of the body. The white corpuscles which fight infection disappear."

Lack of these corpuscles permits infection to "prosper," Morrison said, "and the patient dies, usually two or three weeks after the explosion.

"I am not a medical man, but like all nuclear physicists I have studied this disease a little," Morrison said. "It is a hazard of our profession. With the atomic bomb it became epidemic. War now can destroy not cities, but nations."

After describing the destruction wrought to Hiroshima Morrison said it is probable that an atom-bombed American city "would be as badly damaged as a Japanese city, though it would look less wrecked from the air."

"In Japan the wreckage burned clean; in a western city, the rubble would stand in piles in the streets.

"But the city would be just as ruined, and the people of the city as dead."

———:———

There is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what is to be done in given circumstances and does it.—Hazlitt.

WHEN THE YEARS GATHER

(Sunshine Magazine)

The name of Dr. Frank Crane will long merit a household familiarity. He was a journalist by training, a student of human nature by inclination, and a wizard in helpful philosophy. Out of his fertile mind came many golden rules of living, which will remain virile until the end of time.

Not long before his death, Dr. Crane wrote precepts for old age. "When I am old," says the resoution, "I will observe the following ideals (perhaps):"

1. I will not try to act nor dress nor talk so as to make people think I am younger than I am.

2. I will not pretend to be young, nor be angry when called old, nor ashamed of my age.

3. I will not complain of being old.

4. I will not continually remind people of my old age to secure their sympathy, or to hear them say I am not so old after all or do not seem so.

5. I will not form the habit of indulging in reminiscences.

6. I will be particularly careful not to repeat the same anecdote over and over.

7. I will not complain of the present and claim the past was much better.

8. If I am deaf, weak-eyed, lame, or otherwise afflicted, I will not advertise my infirmities, but avoid obtruding them upon the notice of others as much as possible.

9. I will not talk of myself, my work, my achievements, even of my mistakes, any more than necessary.

10. I will speak cheerfully or keep still.

11. I will never indulge in cynicism, never sneer at youth, and will try always to appreciate what younger folks do.

12. I shall concede my life's triumph to be to grow triumphantly, victoriously old.

13. In a word, I shall try to adjust myself to old age, as well as to all facts of life.

———:———

Fame is what you have taken,
Character is what you give;
When to this truth you waken,
Then you begin to live.

—Bayard Taylor.

THE BRIDGES WE CARRY, LOOKING FOR RIVERS TO CROSS

(The Speakers Library)

In our journey through life we have many combinations of experiences, sometimes through Pleasant Valley, sometimes up a rugged mountain, and many times we must bridge a stream. However, with many of us we often carry our bridge, looking for some river to cross. By this I mean we all have useless worries.

Our being's end and aim is happiness—having its highest form in the spiritual exaltation of those rare souls who, in this world of shadows and half-lights, have seen a vision and follow the gleam. Thus, to worry is to miss the purpose of one's being; it is to fail.

Worry is a creation of the mind and can be dispelled by the same power that gave it birth. It always results from a failure to see life in its true perspective. In our hurried lives great things and small force themselves upon us and seem of equal importance. Thus, if we would avoid worry, we need, above all things to attain that serenity and sanity of mind which will enable us to see life as it is. We need some little time each day when the world can drop away from our vision and we can understand ourselves.

"Every day should have a part
Free for a Sabbath of the heart."

Much of our native energy might be conserved if we but realized that worry is unncessary. The amount of strength wasted in worry, not only over things that have happened, but over things that never will, is appalling.

"Some of our griefs we can cure,
And the sharpest we still may survive,
But what pangs of distress we endure
From the evils that never arrive."

The mind's strength is limited. When this strength is spent in worrying, it robs the memory of its strength and paralizes the will and, as a result, many other defects of the mind and body are noticeble.

It is worry that paints the lines of care on forehead and cheeks that should be smooth and beautiful; worry bows the shoulders, brings out scowls and frowns where smiles should exist. It is often caused by the dread of defeat, whereas experience shows that a defeat is often but the stepping-stone to a higher success than we have dared to hope.

All the pictures given to us of Grant show him the most imperturbable at the most trying times. When the fortunes of war seemed most against him, he was the most cheerful, the least disturbed. He had learned the danger of worry, and compelled it to flee from him that calm judgment and clear-headed decision might be his.

A story is told of the inventor Thomas A. Edison: As he sat in his office, an excited associate rushed to report that three experiments involving large expenditure of money, time and labor, had utterly failed. After reciting the facts, the associate, worn out, disheartened, disappointed, all "broken up," seeing how quietly the wizard received the news, exclaimed impatiently, "Well, Mr. Edison, aren't you going to worry about it a little?" "Why should I?" said he, "since you are worrying enough for two?"

It is utterly foolish and wrong to spoil today by fretting and worrying over the possible evils of tomorrow. Many a man in business has ruined himself by allowing worries about tomorrow to prevent him from doing the needful work of today. The farmer who sits down and worries because he fears it will not rain tomorrow, or it will rain, fails to do the work of today for whatever the morrow may bring forth. The wise Roman, Seneca, expressed the same thing in other words when he wrote, "He grieves more than is necessary who grieves before it is necessary," and our own Lowell follows: "The misfoutunes hardest to bear are those which never come." Even the Chinese saw the folly for they have a saying, "To what purpose should a person throw himself into the water before the boat is cast away?"

How much needless anxiety, care and absolute torture some women suffer in an insane desire to keep their homes spotlessly clean. Such a woman is almost sure to break down her own health and, perhaps, cause great discomfort for her family.

There are people who make themselves and everyone else around them wretched by contrasting their lot with that of someone more fortunately situated than they.

Another serious cause of worry in this busy, bustling, rapid age, is the need we feel for hurry: "We are caught in the mad rush and its influence leads us to feel that we must rush. This might be avoided if we allowed ourselves more time during the day by getting an earlier start in the mornings.

Much worry comes from fear as to the future. Men become hoarders, savers, misers, or work themselves beyond healthful endurance or shut out the daily joys of existence in their business absorption, because they dread poverty in their old age. Two thousand years ago this trait of human nature was so strongly manifested that Christ preached a wonderful sermon upon it, which is recorded in the sixth chapter of St. Matthew. A few verses may suffice to show the reference.

"Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than food and the body more than raiment?"

All the wisdom of the ages is against worrying over things that have not yet transpired. Let tomorrow take care of itself. Live today. As Cardinal Newman's wonderful hymn expresses it.

"I do not ask to see the distant scene,
One step enough for me."

Futhermore, the evil we dread for

tomorrow may never come. Every man's experience demostrates this. For instance, the bill for which he has not money in the bank is met by the unexpected payment of an account overdue. Many times we find parents heavily burdened with the cares of their children. They are usually worrying about their health, their education, their clothes, the company they are in, etc. There never was a boy or girl who was worried over, who was not annoyed, fretted, injured instead of being benefitted. The benefit received from the love of the parent was in spite of the worry and not because of it.

A WOMAN'S ESSAY ON MAN

Man is what a woman marries.

Men have two feet, two hands, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one collar-button or one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material, the only difference is that some are better disguised than others. Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties—prize, surprise and consolation prize. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture and common sense, faith, hope and charity. It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented, sweet thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big awkward, stubbly-chinned, tobacco and bay rum scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, it frightens him to death, and if you don't you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you wear gay colors, rouge and startling hats, he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little brown toque and a tailored suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat.

If you are the clinging-vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain. If you are the modern type, an advanced and independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are surly he longs for a bright mate, and if you are brilliant, he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with other men, he is jealous, and if you are not, he hesitates to marry a wallflower. If you please him, he seldom mentions it, but if you displease him, he never fails to tell you about it, especially if you are his wife.—Exchange.

THE LAUNDERED LIFE

By H. C. Moore in The Watchman-Examiner

Everyone who goes to Yellowstone Park goes to Handkercheif Pool. It belongs to that steaming group in the Upper Geyser Basin. In that glory nook, Old Faithful sways its vapory scepter, for, sprouting every sixty-five minutes, it is undisputed monarch of Geyserland.

A mile to the west nestles Handkerchief Pool, in the center of the Emerald Group. In some respects it is the least attractive of all the hot springs in the group. It is enclosed by a concrete curb. You could leap across it from side to side. It is but a few feet deep. The water bubbles up rather prosily. The sides and bottom of the pool are drab, almost muddy, and certainly without the richness of color that flames and radiates from hundreds of hot pools in the region round about it.

A few steps farther away is Emerald Pool, deep, wide, and glowing green, wisps of vapor floating from it, sky and wooded mountains looking down into it with admiration. Turn from Handkerchief Pool in another direction, and there is Rainbow Pool flaunting its colors in the face of every seer, while almost adjoining it Sunset Lake embodies in itself the sevenfold glories of illustrious eventide. Just across Iron Creek bridge, Green Spring bubbles, and Cliff Spring charms, and Spouter Geyser spouts, and Whistle Steam Vent whistles. But all of them get only the glance of admiration, while always there is a group hanging thick and long around Handkerchief Pool.

And why? It has about it one thing which is nowhere else. Drop a handkerchief on its surface; down to the bottom it will soon descend. You can see it. Then a current draws it out of sight. You think you have lost your handkerchief, but soon the honest pool will hand it back to you, perfectly laundered! You have to wait only a few moments until your handkerchief reappears. You take the iron rod at hand and pick it up. It is perfectly clean and fresh—the test stain you put upon it has disappeared. You and your handkerchief have had a new experience.

Just a bit of original action is what has given Handkerchief Pool world-wide fame. There is a place for draped beauty as seen in Emerald Pool There is a place for static achievement as may be seen in the fantastic Grotto Geyser. But the little pool that does things for people so personally, so intimately, so accommodatingly as to wash a soiled handkerchief, is the one which gets closest to them, and which perhaps they remember longest. And there may be a lesson for us. Not always can the handsome and the mighty catch the popular mind, and seize upon the heartstrings of humanity with such power as some in humbler station, who do their work in a quiet way, and make the world cleaner and better.

LEADERSHIP OF EDUCATED MEN

(Selected)

When we speak of leadership we usually think of some one person far removed from us, someone in an exalted position, some one whose gifts seem far greater than ours, and someone who was destined to fill that particular place.

Sometimes it looks as though leadership has been the result of a series of boosts by the little god of Luck and our envy increases as we see the ease and facility with which the ascent is made.

There is little in either of these theories and men may be leaders with either a large or small following, but essentially leaders. There is but one thing that holds a man in the position of leader and that is education.

Let us look at the self-made man or at the political boss who has won his ascendancy over his fellow men. What does he lack?

The man who is self-educated is usually very narrowly educated. He is educated, so to speak, tangentially. His thinking, too, is usually tangential. It lacks comprehensiveness and a sense of relations. It has force, and the endeavors which spring out of it are forceful, but breadth is sacrificed.

Education takes time but it pays. Considering the time of life when the work of education ought to be done, the most costly education with the minimum of results to the individual is that which is picked up here and there as life presents opportunities and as boys improve them. With schools as they are at present with their well-ordered and enriched courses,, and their organized social life, the schools effect for young men enormous saving in time and costly mistakes.

The doing of good work and the reaching toward success depends largely on (1) Good health, (2) Intellectual ability, (3) A strong will, (4) Graciousness and (5) Good manners.

One who possesses these five elements and qualities should rise in his business or profession and should win the results of such work, work which is usually summed up in the word "success."

Education makes for manhood of the man himself. Man and himself are more important than merchandise. Character is more precious than a check book. A man's heart is of greater worth than his house. One can interpret life in dollars and cents and become rich. It is well. One can interpret life in terms of intellect and get truth. One can interpret life in terms of will and get force. One can interpret life in terms of heart and get joy or exaltation. One can interpret life in terms of conscience and get righteousness and duty. One can interpret life in terms of esthetic faculty and get beauty and appreciation. Each of these results is well. Each of these results are far-reaching. Treasures in one's self are better than treasures outside of one's self.

To think truthfully, to choose in righteousness and wisdom, to appreciate beauty, to feel nobly, to increase the number and the worth on one's re-

lationships, to give self knowledge, self control, self development and self enrichment, to foster social efficiency, to promote reverence for all goodness and for God, to give graciousness without weakness, and strength without severity, to extend the boundaries of human knowledge, to make the thinker, the scholar, the gentleman, the great liver, the great doer, the great man, the leader, these are the intimations of the large human relations that are fostered by education.

Education seeks to make character, vigorous without making it harsh or boisterous, patient without indifference, conscientious without being hypercritical, efficient without being ostentatious, symmetrical and impressive, noble and self-reliant, but sympathetic with the less worthy, rich in itself but without selfishness. Leadership carries heavy responsibilities and education teaches us how to bear them.

In leadership the intellectual element stands first. The leader primarily needs, of all the intellectual parts, the power to think. A manager of one of the great industrial combinations was asked, "What do the men you employ need the most?" "Brains," was the prompt reply.

"What do these men lack?" was asked a great manufacturer of steel and iron products. "Accuracy, the power to take a large view and to investigate thoroughly" was the reply.

Thinking is an art. An art is learned by practising it. Thinking therefore is learned by thinking. It represents habits of intellectual accuracy, discrimination, comparison and concentration.

Such habits are formed by being accurate, discriminating, and by actual concentration of the mind. The educated man has this power.

The real leader is usually a man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought into which other men rise with difficulty; he has to put open his eyes to see things in a true light and in large relations, whilst they must make painful corrections and keep a vigilant eye on many sources of error.

Let us look at the commercial world and see the relation of the educated and the uneducated men, and the ultimate leadership.

The United States Bureau of Education issued some time ago a bulletin bearing the title, "The Money Value of an Education." Of the many graphic charts and tables illustrating the discussion, one shows that with no schooling at all 31 persons out of 5,000,000 obtained distinction; with elementary schooling 808 out of 33,000 achieved a like level; with high school education 1,245 emerged out of a group of 2,000,000; and with a college education 5,768 arrived at this point out of a group of 1,000,000.

"Every employer is looking for the man who not only can think but who will think. One can hire any number of people marvelously skilled in routine or in detail work — human machines that will run on splendidly as long as motor power is supplied and nothing unusual turns up in the work.

The educated man grasps intricate situations and reduces them to essentials much more quickly than the equally well-trained man who has not had the advantage of a broader fundamental education.

Leaders and helpers equal to the growing opportunities for improving

human life in the manifold forms of social service, men in commerce, in manufacturing, in banking, in mining, in distribution, in transportation, with a conception of the meaning of their enterprises and their opportunities far beyond the scope of technical preparation, available men equal to the task of leadership in the government of our states, of our nation and especially of our cities—such men are needed today.

The really educated leader has the ability to get the best out of life; to put the best into life: to stand for the best things in life—and to demand the best from his followers, and finds his place to do his work.

A well prepared mind hopes in adversity and fears in pros-

TAKE TIME

(Capper's Weekly)

Time is a precious gift God has given equally to all men. It is true that length of life varies greatly; still, day by day we all have the same amount of time to use as we will. If one accomplishes more during the day than another, it is not because he has more time, but because he has used his time more advantageously.

"Do it now!" is a popular motto frequently seen in business offices, shops, and homes. "Take time while time is, for time will away," is an old familiar maxim.

Time passes quickly. There is nothing we can do about it except to see, as far as possible, that it passes fruitfully as well. If, in passing swifter than a weaver's shuttle, it nevertheless lays up its store of good deeds done, noble ambitions upheld heroically, and kindness and sympathy scattered with a lavish hand, there will be given to it a permanence and enduring quality that nothing can take away.

The past has gone; the future has not yet come; the present is all we have. We cannot change the past, nor can we draw upon the future, but we can use the present. So let us heed the philosopher, who says:

"Take time to look—it is the price of success. Take time to think—it is a source of power. Take time to play—it is the secret of perennial youth. Take time to read—it is the source of wisdom. Take time to be friendly—it is the way to happiness. Take time to laugh—it is the music of the soul."

A CREED OF PERSONAL LIBERTY

(Selected)

We believe that if we preserve the fundamental principles of our American way of life and individual freedom that in the post-war period, though there are many barriers to be crossed, we are coming out triumphant into a period of unity, happiness and prosperity never known before.

We believe that sour talking, pessimistic philosophizing, hatred, complaing, succumbing and all such, work toward our own decline and pull others down with us.

We believe that we cannot expect very much of something for nothing —nor of more for less—not for long.

We believe that our right for a "square deal" depends upon our hard and honest personal endeavor in assuming to the utmost possible extent our own individual responsibilities. This nation is but the total of individuals like ourselves and on our collective "will to win," our collective courage, hard work, honesty, kindliness, initiative and straight thinking depends our future properity. We must sharpen our axes and blaze our paths out.

We believe that in an association of free men, the duty of government and organized society is to help men help themselves. Aid should not be "put out" by political and social philosophies of self-pity and do-nothingness. The spirit of "give up" never built this country. It was founded and has been made great by those who believe in the right and neccessity of men to struggle for and to possess for themselves the rewards of their labor. The theory of pooling property—pooling responsibility—pooling almost everything to the sacrifice of individual intiative never has and never can enter very deeply into the soul of America. This people will not be "herded"—we want no benevolent autocrats to "shepherd" us.

We believe that government, both national and state, should cooperate with industry, and industry with it, and both with labor, to the end that nationally we unite in regulating the abuses of special privilege to any class or group of organized minorities—be they of capital, of labor, sectional or political.

We believe there never was a time when men and women of all classes and occupations had a greater responsibility in employing their individual and collective strength and intelligence, with courage and without ceasing, to the task of "seeing this thing through," man by man, family by family, company by company, town by town, city by city and state by state.

An intelligent man will tell you that a mob is democracy at its worst.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Mr. A. C. Sheldon of Charlotte, was a visitor at the Training School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Rev. Edward Hancox, who was the guest speaker at our regular afternoon service. He is secretary of the Charlotte branch of the organization known as "The World-wide Evangelization Crusade," the chief objective of which is to train men to go into foreign fields as missionaries.

For the Scripture Lesson Rev. Mr. Hancox read part of the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and as a text for his message to the boys he selected the last verse of the Book of Ecclesiastes: "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

Rev. Mr. Hancox began by stating that he had recently been thinking of the value of the X-ray in medical work. Without this great aid, our surgical and medical work would almost be at a standstill.

In a spiritual sense, said the speaker, God takes an X-ray view of our hearts. He knows everything concealed therein. One day, every secret thing will be brought to light, whether good or bad, and it will be a terrific revelation. We shall stand before God in judgment and see things about which we had forgotten. Nothing will be hidden from Him. He will judge us according to what he finds in our hearts and souls.

Rev. Mr. Hancox then stated that there is a judgment which comes to us from time to time, while we are here on earth. That still, small voice— our conscience — tells us when the things we do, or plan to do, are wrong. There are many instances recorded in the Bible, telling of the judgement of conscience. Two of them are as follows:

Adam and Eve experienced this judgment in the Garden of Eden. After they had sinned, instead of meeting the Lord, as had always been their custom, they tried to hide from Him. It was their conscience which made them ashamed in the presence of the Lord.

Then we have the story of Peter's denial. When he heard the rooster crowing he suddenly remembered that Jesus had told him that he would deny him. Peter, realizing what he had done, was sad, and wept bitterly. It was the judgment of conscience.

The speaker then told the boys of the judgment of remorse. This feeling comes to us when we refuse to listen to the voice of conscience. As an example, we have the story of Judas. He knew that it would be wrong for him to betray Jesus. However, he had set his mind upon doing the thing that was wrong. Did his traitorous act make him happy? Definitely, not. When he saw Jesus condemmed to die, because of his base act, Judas became remorseful, and went out and hanged himself. That did not end it for Judas, however, for he still has to meet God in the final judgment.

We cannot get away from the fact, continued the speaker, that there is no way in which we can escape judgment. We may rest assured that some day we shall have to meet God at the judgment seat.

Rev. Mr. Hancox stated that the most difficult lesson for man to learn is that sin never pays. Of course, it has its allurements, but they will only serve to lead men astray. We learn this from history. Adam and Eve listened to the words of the devil. They ate of the forbidden fruit. God's word came true. They were banished from the Garden of Eden. Spiritually, death set in the moment they disobeyed God.

We see this in the story of Noah. Men had multiplied and become many on earth. God saw that they were becoming very sinful, and wiped out all but Noah and his family.

Again we see that sin does not pay as we read the story of the people of Israel. God delivered them out of slavery, with all its heartaches and suffering. For a time they lived according to God's wishes. Then they forsook Him. After giving them many opportunities to repent and obey Him, the Heavenly Father gave them up to be slaves of the surrounding idolatrous nations.

The speaker then stated that when God said he would judge us, we may be assured that we shall have to stand before Him. There is a day coming when God will judge all living nations. He shall bring to light all hidden sins.

When God sets up court on the day of judgment, continued Rev. Mr. Hancox, it will be a sad occasion for unbelievers and for those who love to sin.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Hancox stated that as we think of this judgment we must face, there is one thing which cheers our hearts. It is the thought that there is a way of "settlement out of court" for those who see the error of their ways. We do not have to wait. The whole thing may be settled now. God calls to us today. He invites us to come to Him now, through His Son, Jesus. If we accept Christ now and continue to live according to his teachings all the rest of our lives, we need have no fear as to the day of judgment. With the Master pleading for us, all the joys of eternity shall be ours.

———:———

IT ONLY STRIKES ITS LENGTH

The buzzing of a rattlesnake deprives me of my strength,
Till I recall to my great joy it only strikes its length.
The leg of Jock, my bridle mule, has quite a little strength,
But I am not afraid of it; it only strikes its length.
The mighty arm of Lewis is noted for its strength,
But we are safe five feet away; it only strikes its length.
The tongue of mortal slays and kills and leaves a total wreck,
Its victims fall in every land and on the steamer's deck.
The martyrs of the ages past and today our greatest men
Are falling to that cutting blade to never rise again.
Oh, boneless tongue, so limp and weak, so fragile in thy strength,
God grant the time will come when you will only strike your length.

—Fred Page.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 20, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Perkins

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
George Cox
Horace Collins
William Doss
Thomas Everheart
James Eller
Franklin Hensley
David Prevatt
Benson Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Fred Coats
Robert Furr
Gerald Johnson
Donald Kirk
Chester Lee
Robert McDuffie
James McMahan
James Norton
Knox Norton
Hayes Powell
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Eugene Bowers
Joseph Case
Thomas Childress
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsey Elder
Samuel Johnson
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright
Paul Denton

COTTAGE No. 4

Phil Batson
Clyde Brown
Eugene Hudgins
Robert Hogan
Bill Meadows
Lacy Overton
Harvey Purdy
James Smith
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner

COTTAGE No. 5

George Byrd
Woodrow Davenport
Charles Gibson
Robert Kerr
Harrison Minor
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Clyde Ward

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Richard Davidson
John Gregory
Clyde Hoffman
Earl Holloman
George Jones
Robert Mason
Jerry Oakes
Robert Peavy
Lewis Southerland
Charles Sellers
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
James Walters
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Charldon Cox
Edward McCall
Jack Phillips
Kirk Putnam
Robert Shepherd

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Raymond Cloninger
Charles Francis
Kenneth Dillard
Ralph Gibson
Defoye Inman
David Johnson
Richard Johnson
Clifton Kerns
John Linville
Eugene Peterson
James Stadler
Robert Trout
Jack Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 10
Ernest Bullard
James Hensley
Bernard Hiatt
Thomas Hutchins
Donald Stultz

COTTAGE No. 11
Donald Bowden
Charles Byrant
William Faircloth
Elmer Heath
Thomas Hyder
David Isenhour
Lee Lockerby
Arlon McLean
Kenneth McLean
Edward Morgan
James Phillips
Robert Phillips
John Rhodes
Leon Rose
Ray Shore
J. C. Taylor
Ralph Tew
Martin Walters

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Andrews
Earl Grant
James Hensley
Curtis House

COTTAGE No. 14
David Eaton
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Reeves Lusk
Lawrence Owens
John Roberts
Thomas Styles

COTTAGE No. 15
Harold Bates
William Best
Jack Crump
Harry Coffey
Alvin Fox
Marcus Hefner
David Kinley
Harvey Leonard
Zeb Presson
Robert Roberts
Carl Ransom
Charles Stephenson
Solomon Shelton

INDIAN COTTAGE
(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
Billy Brooks
Norman Hentschell
Paul Wolfe
Dwight Murphy

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of February 3, 1946

February 3—Robert Hogan, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.
February 4—William Arrington, Cottage No. 4, 14th birthday.
February 6—Robert Porter, Cottage No. 6, 10th birthday.
February 8—Elzo Fulk, Cottage No. 15, 16th birthday.
February 9—Wesley Turner, Cottage No. 4, 15th birthday.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 9, 1946 No. 6

IF

If I have lived this day aright
Or done my best to keep the light
That burns within my brain and heart
A sacred thing, but not apart
From common tasks that make my day,
Then in the evening I can say,
Let come whatever fate may be,
This life is beautiful to me.

But if that leaping flame within
Is hid behind a veil of sin,
A fog of malice, and untruth
And wanton deeds too free from ruth
Then countless prayers to any god
Can make me nothing but a clod.

— Louise A. Stinetorf.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor **LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor**

THE SKY-LINE TRAIL

I've ridden the trails of the "Sky-line" way,
From the crest of the great divide,
To the Eastern shores where the dawn of day
Sweeps in with the morning tide,
And I've followed the crest of the "Smokies" west,
Through the land where the setting sun,
Paints a golden streak far beyond each peak,
When the day's long ride is done,
And I'm happy to know that, wherever I go,
In hamlet, or city, or vale,
I can tarry awhile with the friends I know,
All along the "Sky-line Trail."

For the "Sky-line Trail" is more than a way
Over mountain and valley and glen,
'Tis a friendly road that, day by day,
Links the hearts and the souls of men,
And the friends I know on the "Sky-line Trail,"
Are men who dwell in the sun,
Who stand four-square in the sunlit air
Of a friendship fairly won;
So whether the road be rough or long,
Or the weather be foul or fair,
I'm sure of a friend to cheer me along,
And a haven of rest somewhere.

Some day, when the sun hangs low in the West,
I shall go for a last long ride,
Through the shadowy trail to that Land of Rest,
Far across the Great Divide,
But I'm sure I'll find at the journey's end,
That haven of rest and peace,
Where the Good Book says we shall meet our friends,
And abide with the Prince of Peace;
And wherever that be, I'll be happy I know,
To dwell in that beautiful vale,
With the friends I've known and loved here below,
All along the "Sky-line Trail."

—C. A. Snodgrass.

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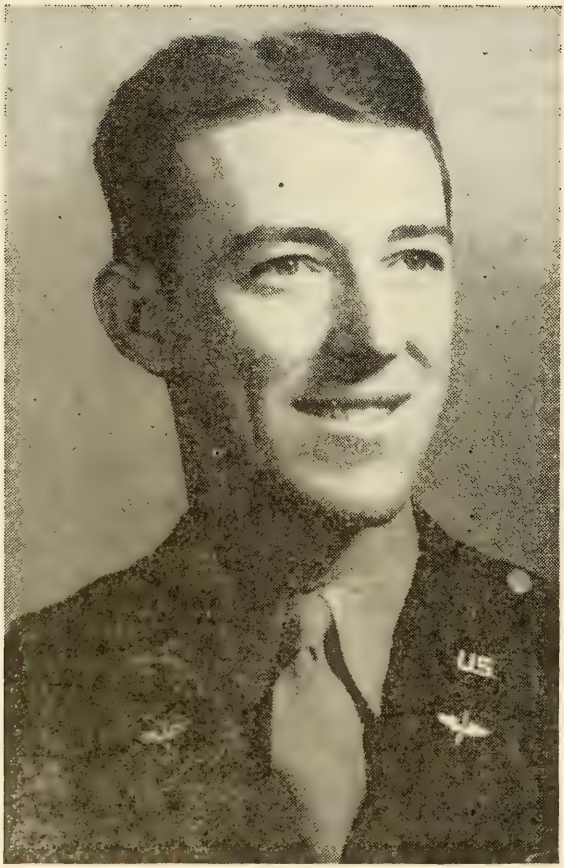

CAPTAIN JOHN DANIEL BOGER

TRIBUTE TO JOHN DANIEL BOGER

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Boger, the parents of John Daniel Boger, have been notified by the War Department that according to custom it should be assumed that this fine boy is to be numbered among the dead, for John has been missing in action for more than a year. In all this time there had been high hopes that he might be found to be safe, but it now seems that these hopes have been in vain.

John Daniel Boger was born April 5, 1920. He attended the city schools of Concord and graduated from the Concord High School in the class of 1937. During his senior year he had the honor of serving as president of the student body.

John was very active as a Boy Scout, and he won for himself the Eagle Scout award, representing the highest rank in Scouting.

In the fall of 1937 he entered North Carolina State College, Raleigh, N. C., and he was graduated from that institution in textile manufacturing in the class of 1941. He belonged to the Sigma Phi Epsilon social fraternity; he was vice-president of the Blue Key and Golden Chain; he was treasurer of the student council, and he was a member of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet; he was business manager of "The Wautaugan," student publication, and was on the business staff of "The Agromeck;" he was a member of the inter-fraternity council.

Immediately after graduation from college he entered the military service. His first assignment was in the Quartermaster Corps at Philadelphia, where he remained for a period of eleven months. Following this, he was transferred to San Antonio, Texas, where he was enrolled in the Army Air Corps. After a period of training he received his wings.

Because of his excellent record he was assigned as an instructor in the Air Corps and was stationed at San Marcos for a period of two years. During this time he had a great ambition to be assigned for additional training to become pilot of a B-24 Liberator plane, and for this he took training at Fort Worth, Texas, for a period of about ten weeks.

Then he was assigned to the Classification Center at Greensboro, N. C., where he was given an overseas assignment. He left Miami, Florida, the latter part of December, 1944. He wrote his parents that he was over the Holy Land on Christmas Eve, 1944. He arriv-

ed in India the early part of January, 1945. He was on his third trip transporting supplies from India across to Kumching, China. It was on January 21, 1945 that notice was received by his parents that he was missing in action after January 6, 1945. At the time of his death he held the rank of Captain in the Army Air Corps.

This fine young man, by virtue of the superb qualities of his life and because of all the inherent gentility of his spirit, easily ranked at the very top among the young men of the nation. When one stands with bowed head in the presence of the death of such a gallant young man, there sweeps across his spirit the humblest sentiments of the soul, because of the magnitude of his sacrifices.

This young man was noted as a genteel and affable person throughout his life. He had traversed his pathway across only a brief span of years, but during that time he had experienced all the joyous events of a well-spent youth. These happy experiences transpired in the home, in the public schools, in college, and in the army training camps. Through all these preparatory experiences he enjoyed life in all its effulgence and splendor.

When this young man went into the army he was at that stage in life when his preparation for a career, useful both to himself and to his fellowman, was beckoning him on to the heights of noble achievement. He was standing at the threshold of an eventful career in which he had high hopes of implementing all the useful skills and knowledge which he had acquired up to that point, and because he had so worthily acquitted himself, fulfilling all the expectations of his family and of his friends, there is now abundant reason for paying a glowing tribute to him for all that he was.

John Boger was recognized as an upright and manly young boy. He was noted especially for his thrift and his innate sense of modesty. At no time did he ever seem to seek for cheap honors, nor for privileges that were not won in the scales of true worth and merit. It is generally known that he could have remained in the United States and continued to play an important part towards winning the war as an instructor for air pilots, but in his own spirit of patriotism and fidelity he volunteered to go overseas. No doubt, he had an unconquerable feeling that he wanted to share to the fullest all the responsibilities of a gallant airman. Therefore, he volunteered for overseas service. Now that he has fallen in battle he can meet his

comrades face to face, from the commander-in-chief to the humblest private, with the full conviction that he, too, has borne his full share of the responsibility.

In the sentiments of our hearts we seek to place upon his unknown grave garlands of earth's choicest flowers as tokens of our love and esteem, and likewise we seek to adorn his head with a halo of glory, with priceless jewels as symbols of the high tributes which we offer to him.

To his parents and the other members of his family we wish to extend our deepest sympathy. We share with with them as much as is humanly possible, this great sorrow that has come into their home because God, in His infinite wisdom, has so willed it. It seems that this fine young man has gone as a forerunner into the heavenly world as a messenger for all that is high and noble and good. Because he lived among us as he did, life will always be sweeter and much fuller of meaning.

John Boger, throughout his entire life, had a wide host of devoted friends. They will always cherish sweet memories of his beautiful life and of his noble character. The nobility of his character will always be an inspiration to those who knew him.

John Milton, the immortal poet, once penned these words: "Death is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity." For all of us, the ultimate goal of life is, as was in his life, to reach the palace of eternity or the golden gates of the New Jerusalem.

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PHYSICAL EDUCATION PROGRAM BEGINS

The new physical education director, Mr. Earl Walters, began his work at the school last week, and he made an excellent beginning. He has entered whole-heartedly into the responsibilities of his position, and the boys have responded to the program with great interest and enthusiasm. It is possible now to begin to develop the play-life of each boy, and it is a relief to cottage officers to know that the recreational activities can now be planned and directed by someone specifically charged with these duties.

The recreation program has many possibilities, and it will serve to meet a long-felt need at the school. Unfortunately, the play-life of

a large percentage of our boys has never been developed through participation in wholesome, well-planned, and well-directed sports and games. In far too many instances they have become accustomed to moping around, being awkward and listless, with sad and dispirited dispositions. They have developed attitudes of self-pity and a deep feeling that everyone is against them. They have become social misfits, out of harmony with community life.

The Chief Aims of the Recreation Program

1. To develop good sportsmanship.
2. To develop the play spirit and the ability to relax, free from emotional tension.
3. To develop skills in sports and games.
4. To develop strong and robust bodies.

Guiding Principles of Program

1. To plan program so as to include all boys.
2. To provide indoor and outdoor sports and games.
3. To organize sports and games on an intramural basis.
4. To relate the entire recreation program directly to the academic school department.
5. To study the needs of individual boys and attempt to meet individual needs—not attempt a theoretical program and require boys to fit into it.
6. To safeguard the health of the boys.

Some Suggested Procedures

1. To organize a recreation council of staff members.
2. To make monthly reports of recreational activities.
3. To arrange systematic schedules of tuornaments, track meets, stunts, etc.
4. To formulate a master plan for year-round recreation program.
5. To utilize other staff members and dependable boys for referees, umpires and supervisors.
6. To make special studies of abnormal or subnormal boys and make special reports of most commendable cases.

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ANNIVERSARY OF LINCOLN'S BIRTH

February 12th of this year marks the 137th anniversary of the birth of the immortal Abraham Lincoln, the 16th President of the United States. On that day and throughout the nation people will

eulogize this great character who was able in life to rise from the humble station of a log cabin to the highest position of honor within the gift of the people of the United States. Those who have studied his life without passion or prejudice have discovered that he truly was the superlative embodiment of life's grandest virtues. Also, it is evident to one and all that in the span of his lifetime he experienced both the bitterest tragedies of humanity and the grandest victories of human achievement. Thus, we now find ourselves, by common agreement, placing him upon the highest pedestal reserved for our choicest heroes, and around his name we place a radiant halo of glory, whose lustre brightens with the passing of the years.

In his life there were certain great dominant principles which may be listed as follows:

1. He determined to make stepping-stones out of the obstacles of life.

2. He cultivated and promoted in his spirit the profoundest impulses and highest ideals.

3. He possessed an unquenchable ambition for self-improvement, and climbed the ladder of success round by round.

4. He was so steadfast and determined in the high purposes of his life that he remained undisturbed and unruffled in the face of all vicissitudes or gloomy fortunes.

5. He possessed a deep spirit of tolerance and understanding in the presence of even the humblest human being, for to him all life was sacred.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of February 10, 1946

Feb. 10—Clifton Rhodes, Cottage No. 3, 14th birthday.
Feb. 12—Ralph Stewart, Cottage No. 15, 14th birthday.
Feb. 14—Robert Elder, Cottage No. 11, 16th birthday.
Feb. 14—George Swink, Cottage No. 5, 15th birthday.
Feb. 14—Jack Phillips, Cottage No. 7, 14th birthday.
Feb. 14—Hugh Cornwell, Cottage No. 3, 16th birthday.
Feb. 16—Charles Todd, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

Our Radio Program

By Gray Brown, 9th Grade

Mrs. Dotson's fifth grade boys gave the radio program last week. This program was about the life and work of Franklin D. Roosevelt. First, a group of boys sang two of his favorite songs which were "Anchors Aweigh" and "The Marines' Hymn." Gerald Johnson, a ninth grade student, then gave a short biography of the late President's life. Then Thomas Stallings gave a talk on the handicap of infantile paralysis and of Mr. Roosevelt's work for those who suffer from the disease. The boys went off the air as Mrs. Liske was playing "Home on the Range," another of Mr. Roosevelt's favorite songs.

Chapel Program

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

The chapel program on Friday morning of last week was under the direction of Mrs. Dotson and Mr. Hines. We began with the song, "America," after which we saluted the flag. Kenneth Staley then read the Twenty-third Psalm. This was followed by the entire group repeating the Lord's Prayer. Mrs. Dotson then led us in our second song, "America, the Beautiful." Mr. Hines told us some interesting facts about a great poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He told us of his life and of some of the poems written by him. He also read a few of his favorite poems. They were "The Psalm of Life," "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Arrow and the Song." These poems are well-known to a lot of poetry-loving people. The program ended with the singing of "The Marines' Hymn." I am sure that we all enjoyed this program very much.

Basketball Games

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

The boys of Cottage No. 2 and a group of boys from Jackson Park had a nice game of basketball the other night. The visitors won by the score of 30 to 18.

On Tuesday night of last week the boys of Cottages Nos. 2 and 10 played basketball. The No. 10 boys won by a 32 to 18 score.

Friday night was a night of real fun for the Cottage No. 2 boys and those of No. 10. The No. 10 boys were the winners by the score of 18 to 8.

On Friday night, teams from Cottage No. 1 and Cottage No. 9 played an interesting game. The No. 9 boys won by a 17 to 14 score.

The Jackson Park team visited us again on Friday night of last week. This time the visitors played the team from Cottage No. 9 and were the victors by the score of 30 to 20.

The result of the game between the boys of Cottage No. 10 and those of Cottage No. 15 was a victory by the latter by the score of 32 to 13. Mr. Walters, our new physical director, was the referee.

Items of Interest

By James Hensley and Robert E. Lee, 9th Grade

Miss Oehler's third grade boys have been decorating their classroom with pictures of trains and boats.

Recently some boys were released from the Training School. Their names and the places to which they went are as follows: Jesse Parker, Fayetteville; Phil Batson, Wilmington; Hayes Powell, Beaver Dam; and Lawrence Allen, Gainesville, Florida.

Mr. Liske, one of the den fathers of the Cub Scouts, is teaching some of the Cubs an interesting project. He is teaching them to bottom chairs. They are enjoying it very much.

On Sunday night, February 3rd, five boys from the Training School were baptized at the Southside Baptist Church, near Concord. They were: Paul Denton, James Dunn, Daniel Johnson, Olin Sealey and James Shook.

Mounting Pictures

By Kenneth Staley, 9th Grade

Recently some boys of Cottage No. 3 have been mounting pictures. These boys are trying hard to improve the appearance of their cottage. The names of the pictures these boys have mounted are: "Marines on Mount Suribachi, Iwo-Jima," "Mount of the Holy Cross," "Welcome in the Wilderness," "The Hope of a Nation," "Smooth Sailing," and "Christ in the Garden." The boys enjoy mounting pictures very much.

The School Gets an Athletic Director

By Thomas Cottrell and Arlon McLean, 9th Grade

The boys of the Jackson Training School have been looking forward to the arrival of our new physical education director.

Mr. Walters has proved himself fully capable to teach us any sport in which we wish to participate.

We hope he gets up teams from the school to play those of different schools in the state. We also hope Mr. Walters will enjoy teaching us as much as we will enjoy learning.

New Boys

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

Nine new boys were recently admitted to the Training School and were placed in various school grades, as follows: Wayne Eldrige, first grade; Joseph Bean and Leon Poston, sixth grade; James Peterson and J. B. Shepherd, fifth grade; Edward Stone, fourth grade; Howard Hall, third grade; and Robert Canady, second grade.

We hope that these boys will all make good records in their work.

Our Study in Civics

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

Our ninth grade class has been studying civics during the past week, and it is very interesting. We have been studying about "How to Prevent Poverty" and "How to Reduce Poverty." It is not known how to prevent all poverty because about 25 per cent of the people of the United States are living in poverty. To prevent pover-

ty we must prepare ourselves for the future. We must learn how to work and to put ourselves into our work and keep at it. We must get an education because poor education results in not knowing how to spend money properly or to save. Poverty is an enemy to all mankind, but we must do our best to try to prevent it. You must share what you have, even if you have but little yourself.

Winners in Geography Contest

By T. L. Arnette, 9th Grade

The winners in a geography contest were some boys in Cottage No. 3 and one Cottage No. 14 boy. They were as follows: Lawrence Littlejohn, Thomas Childress, Clifton Rhodes, Clyde Wright, Talmadge Duncan and Harold Kernodle. These boys made unusally high ratings. It shows these boys are interested in their work and want to get an education.

The Show

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

The name of the picture show last Thursday night was "Old Acquaintance," starring Bette Davis. This was a love story. It was about a man and a woman who married, but who later separated. Bette Davis played the part of a friend of this woman who was now separated. Her friend's husband fell in love with Bette. When he was separated from his wife, he joined the army. He came home as a major and found that Bette had fallen in love with a young man who was soon going to the Navy. While he was in the Army he also fell in love with a pretty girl. He went to see his daughter whom he had not seen in ten years. When he returned to his home to see the girl that was once his wife, he told her that he had once loved Bette Davis. She accused her friend, Bette, of taking her husband away from her. Later she apologized to her and they made up. The picture ended with everyone good friends and very happy.

Everyone enjoyed this picture very much.

An Enjoyable Afternoon

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

Last Saturday afternoon was one of the most enjoyable afternoons for the boys of Jackson Training School. They went to the school gymnasium where they played basketball, dodgeball, and other games. Here are some of the games they played:

(1) The boys of Cottage No. 9 and the boys of Cottage No. 15 played a swell game of basketball. The No. 9 boys were defeated by the score of 31 to 4.

(2) Then Cottage No. 13 played Cottage No. 5 in basketball. The No. 13 players defeated the No. 5 team by the score of 38 to 10.

(3) The boys of Cottage No. 10 had a tough game of basketball last Saturday afternoon with the Cottage No. 4 boys. The No. 10 boys were defeated by the score of 28 to 18. This was a bad loss for No. 10 because this was the first game they had lost this season.

(4) The boys of Cottage No. 3 and No. 1 had an enjoyable game of basketball last Saturday afternoon. The No. 1 boys were defeated by the score of 30 to 28. No. 3 has a

good team because they have been trained by a man who has had experience in playing all kinds of games. Their director was their cottage officer, Mr. J. W. Hines.

After all the games of basketball were over, the smaller boys had a chance to play. They would choose sides and have a swell game of dodgeball.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809, in a rude log cabin near Hodgensville, Kentucky. He was the first son and second child of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln.

Young Abe Lincoln was a working boy and won the acclaim of all his friends as a good worker.

Thomas Lincoln was a poor farm laborer and could not afford to send his son to school. Abe had less than one year of public education and the rest he got from reading good literature.

When Abe was eight years old his father moved with his family to Gentryville, Indiana, where Nancy Lincoln died about one year later.

About one year after the death of his wife, Thomas Lincoln married again, this time to Sarah Johnston, of Elizabethton, Kentucky. She was a lovely woman and very devoted to Abe and his sister and brother.

Young Abe Lincoln established a reputation for honesty early in life. Once at the age of seventeen he was working as a clerk in a grocery store when he made a mistake amounting to fourteen cents. That night he walked two miles in the rain to return the man's money.

At the age of nineteen Abe Lincoln went to New Orleans on a flat boat with a friend. While in the city he saw slaves being sold. He vowed then that if he ever had a chance he would fight against slavery.

Two years later, in 1830, his family moved to Decatur, Illinois which proved to be Lincoln's first scene of success.

When the Indians threatened the settlers near his home, Lincoln joined the army as a private. He was released soon afterward as a captain.

He returned from the army to be nominated to the Illinois State Legislature. He lost the election, but he received the vote of his whole precinct.

After the election he bought a store which turned out to be a miserable failure. Soon only debts remained. He did not get the debts completely paid until he became a congressman.

In this same year he became engaged to Ann Rutledge who died shortly after their engagement. This was a great blow to Lincoln.

In 1834 he set up law practice in Springfield, and in 1836 he ranked high at the Illinois state bar.

In 1838 he was elected to the legislature and in 1840 he was elected speaker of the house.

In 1840 he was married to Mary Todd of Louisville, Ky.

Abraham Lincoln then settled down and practiced law until late in 1856.

After a few months of debating he

was elected to congress. Here he became popular in his fight against slavery. He spoke firmly against it.

In 1860 the Democratic party was split on the question of slavery. In the election Stephen Douglas was the Democratic and Lincoln the Republican candidate. Lincoln would never have won had it not been that the Democrats had split. He won by a slim majority.

When the Civil War started in 1860 Lincoln ordered his men to fight.

Lincoln's greatest act during the war was the Emancipation Proclamation in which he set the slaves free.

On April 15th, six days after the war was over Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth, a war-crazed Confederate. In this act he hurt the nation as it had never been hurt before. Lincoln was the only man who could have worked out a plan to save the nation. Both the North and South suffered by this selfish act.

Abraham Lincoln was buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois.

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LAGGING PARTNER

Education and science continue as the most important factors in our lives. They should go hand in hand, but, unfortunately, science has far outstripped education, with the result that a gap exists which must be bridged before we arrive at our individual and collective conception of a world.

As an example: With time, more and more labor-saving machines will be developed. This means that industry, becoming stream-lined, will require fewer working hours per man.

In turn, this poses the problem of how free time should be be used. Education points out that time must be used to help man understand and appreciate living, but, because of the present gap, it is unable itself to make a proper demonstration.

Some people might use the opportunity just to sit around and do nothing, while a few would recognize the value of leisure time and take advantage of it. Time must be used. Our minds are so constructed that they do not stand still but are either advancing through work, study, and creative observation, or are sliding backward.

In order to arrive at the most appropriate state for all men education must bridge the gap between it and science and teach all of us the true sense of values—to insure gainful use of time in pursuit of our ideals.—The News-Herald.

HISTORY OF STONEWALL JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

By S. G. Hawfield

There is being prepared a history of the Stonewall Jackson Training School Since the School has been in operation over a period of approximately thirty-six years, the preparation of this historical sketch involves a considerable amount of investigation and research. Later on, the history will be published by the North Carolina Historical Commission. Already ten chapters or divisions of the School's history have been completed, and the tenth chapter is now being published.

The chapters which are complete are as follows:

Introduction.
Chapter I. Development of the sentiment for a training school in North Carolina.
Chapter II. Legislative enactment creating the Jackson Training School, and subsequent amendments.
Chapter III. Purpose and function of the Jackson Training School, past and present.
Chapter IV. Early beginnings of the institution.
Chapter V. Organizational set-up.
Chapter VII. Population statistics and related facts.
Chapter VIII. Financial Statistics.
Chapter IX. A Description of the School Plant or Facilities.
Chapter X. Outline of the Present Program.

(Continued from Last Week.)

CHAPTER X (Continued)

Outline of the Present Program

The Reviewing Committee

Beginning with April, 1945, the Jackson Training School has been operating with a Reviewing Committee, whose primary purpose is to analyze and review the cases of the boys at the school who may be eligible in general terms for their conditional releases. This committee holds regular monthly meetings, and the meeting nights are the first Tuesday night of each month. Under this plan each boy is privileged to have his case studied and reviewed periodically.

The cases are reviewed particularly after each boy has spent at least ten months at the school. There are some special exceptions to this rule. Each case is not only reviewed at different intervals, but is given fair and sympathetic consideration from all angles. Thus, there is eliminated the danger of a boy becoming lost or forgotten among

the group in the multitude of other duties.

This program takes care of the timid or shy boy who does not always let his wants and wishes be known, and it also serves to take care of the danger of undue consideration for the boy with the ready approach and pleasing personality who, even in early life, has learned the art of selling himself or playing up to a superior officer.

By having a Reviewing Committee, it is possible to have a fair and intelligent appraisal of the attainments of all the boys. This serves to eliminate the dangers of having decisions regarding releases based upon the opinions of one or two persons, and it is felt that the opinion of a group represents the safeguards in the processes of releasing boys.

The Reviewing Committee is composed of the following staff members:

1. Superintendent of the School
2. Assistant Superintendent
3. Principal of the academic school
4. Teacher of the sixth grade
5. Supervisor of the bakery
6. Purchasing Agent and Supervisor of Poultry and Storeroom
7. Supervisor of Carpenter Shop
8. Receiving Cottage Officer
9. Budget Officer

The fundamental considerations for releases are about the same as they have always been. These are as follows:

Generally speaking, a boy is expected to remain at the school for approximately one year in order to earn his release. The time element plays a rather important part in the reclamation and redirection of the life of a delinquent boy. Generally, the boys who come to the school have been trespassing into the ways of deliquency over a period of months and years. Generally, they have been developing their anti-social tendencies for some time, and it is impossible to erase from their minds within a brief time the evil tendencies which have become so firmly implanted. The final breakdowns do not, as a rule, come as an avalanche, but rather they represent a gradual accumulaton or accresion of unwholesome attitudes.

After a reasonable period of time at the school, conditional releases for the boys depend upon their general attitudes toward life, their sense of honesty and sincerity, their ability to practice self-control instead of being preyed upon by other boys, their willingness to assume responsibilities in different group situations, their progress in the academic school, and of course their possibilities for getting adequate supervision and help in the home after they are released.

The dominant factor is to determine to what extent the boys have successfully adjusted themselves to their obligations and responsibilities within the school, and how much real progress they have been able to make.

In some instances it becomes necessary to consider the seriousness of the pre-commitment offenses and also the length of time of their previous delinquencies; but, generally speaking, these factors are held in the background. There is always a determined effort to operate on the basis that, for every boy, entrance at the school is a new beginning and a new chance in his life.

At the Jackson Training School no

effort is made to use a system of merits and demerits, but on the other hand, records are kept to indicate the progress that the boys are able to make, and each boy is encouraged to improve his record from time to time. As far as possible, every boy is given due credit and recognition for his good points.

When the Reviewing Committee determines that a boy has become eligible for a release, a case summary is prepared and sent to the superintendent of welfare in the county from where the boy was committed. As a rule, the case summaries are sent one month prior to the suggested date for release, and no boy is permitted to leave the institution until his placement has been sanctioned and approved by the welfare department. In general terms, the case summaries indicate the social factors, physical condition, mental status, and general observations, and a prognosis of the possibility of his succeeding.

After a boy has been released, he remains on probation for a period of twelve months. During this time he is under the supervision of the welfare department of his home county, unless other suitable arrangements have been provided for the boy. During his period of probation the boy reports at least monthly to the superintendent of welfare in order that there may be a systematic check-up as to the success of his adjustment. If a boy fails to make good after his conditional release, his release may be provoked by the superintendent of the school upon the recommendation of the superintendent of welfare. However, if the boy makes a successful adjustment and the superintendent of welfare makes a favorable report concerning his conduct and reputation, the boy is issued a final discharge by the superintendent of the institution at the end of twelve months.

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THE SMILE OF GOD

God breathed upon the earth and grasses grew
God smiled and then the trees came into view;
The smile to laughter turned, then birds did fly
And music clear came tumbling from the sky.
While flowers danced in the summer air.
Wave chalices of gold most chaste and fair,
And furry beasts in gladness skip and run;
Thinking the world is full of joy and fun;
Drop care, old man, look upward to the light
And let the smile of God break on your right.

—Selected.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Thomas Roper, one of our former students, visited us recently. This young man, who is now twenty years old, was admitted to the Training School, May 16, 1941 and was permitted to go to live with his parents in Lancaster, S. C., December 22, 1942. He was given a final release from further parole supervision, August 8, 1943.

While at the institution, Tommy was a member of the Cottage No. 2 group, and his work experiences consisted of duties with various outdoor groups.

For a short time after going to Lancaster he worked in a cotton mill. He then went to New York where he was employed on a tugboat for several weeks. He then returned to his home and on January 28, 1943, he enlisted in the United States Navy. For his basic training he was first sent to the U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois, where he spent two weeks. He was then transferred to Bainbridge, Maryland, for training in a gunners' school. His next assignment was to Shoemaker, California, and soon thereafter he became a member of the crew on a destroyer.

Tommy told us that while aboard the destroyer they made several trips across the Alantic as part of a convoy, and that on the last trip the destroyer was sunk by a torpedo from a German submarine. He added that he and three companions spent a day and a night in the water before being picked up by a seaplane. After the rescue he was taken to an island in the North Atlantic before coming back to the United States.

According to Tommy's statement he was next assigned for duty on the "USS Franklin," the well-known aircraft carrier. When this vessel was so badly damaged by a Japanese suicide plane, he received several shapnel wounds. He came back to this country and spent some time in a base hospital on Long Island, N. Y.

When he stopped in to see us, Tommy said that he had a sixty-days' leave and that he was going to spend most of it with relatives in Lancaster, after which he would report to Norfolk, Virginia, for re-assignment.

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Thomas M. Whitten called at The Uplift office a short time ago. Tom entered the School, November 19, 1926 and was released, August 22, 1928. While with us he was in Cottage No. 4, and he worked on the barn force. He was in the sixth school grade at the time of leaving. He is now thirty-three years old.

After leaving the institution he made his home with his mother, who was then living in Concord. He stayed in Concord about four months.

On December 22, 1928, he enlisted in the United States Amry and was stationed at Fort Bragg, where he served a four years' period of enlistment. While at that army post, Tom received a very serious hand injury, it having been cut badly by a circular saw.

Leaving Fort Bragg, he went to Danville, Virginia, and for quite some time he was engaged in doing various odd jobs.

Tom was inducted into the United States Army in April, 1944. He was

in the service but eight months when he received a knee injury during maneuvers at Camp Barkeley, Texas. He was given an honorable medical discharge on November 27, 1944.

Upon receiving his discharge, Tom returned to Danville, and since that time he has been driving a transfer truck for a company having its headquarters in that city. He stated that he liked his present work and was keeping busy every day.

Tom also told us that he had been married six years and he seemed very proud as he showed us a picture of his four-year-old daughter.

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Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from Joe Mitchell, who was permitted to return to his home a few weeks ago. Joe's letter, dated January 25th, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: I am getting along fine and have been trying to make a good record at home as well as at the training school. I have been helping my mother. I have been doing my best in school and will always try to get along without being mean and doing wrong things, as I have done in the past.

"I think that while I was over there at Jackson Training School, all of the officers, matrons and school teachers did all they could to help the boys to understand what were the right things to do. Am going to church every Sunday, and will soon have a pin for going to church for three months without missing a Sunday.

"Well, I guess that's all I have to say for this time. Tell all the folks 'hello' for me. Sincerely yours, Joe Mitchell."

Another recent visitor at the School was Fred Vereen, who we remember as a little tow-head, "pint-size" fellow, running around the campus about fourteen years ago.

Fred entered the institution, October 17, 1932 and was conditionally released, August 12, 1938; re-admitted, February 10, 1939, and was again released, October 10, 1939. He was issued an honorable discharge, October 16, 1941.

When Fred left the School in October, 1939, he went to Logan, Utah, where he lived with his father. He attended the city schools there and later graduated from the Logan High School.

Following his graduation he became an enrollee in a CCC camp at Huntsville, Utah, and during his stay at that place he studied drafting for six months, one of the projects of the National Defense Training Course.

In December, 1942, Fred enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, and was sent to San Diego, California, for basic training. Later, while serving in the Panama Canal Zone, he contracted malaria, and in July, 1944, he received an honorable medical discharge.

Fred then returned to California, spending some time in Hollywood and Los Angeles, working for a restaurant chain.

On November 1, 1945 he returned to Wilmington, N. C., where he is employed by Swift and Company, working in one of their refrigeration plants.

While he is now a little more than twenty-one years old, Fred hasn't added much to his small stature in the years that have past since he left us. He is, however, a very nice-looking young man, and we noticed that he had retained that million-dollar smile

and pleasing personality. He expressed pleasure at the many changes at the School, and was quite enthusiastic in speaking of what the institution had done for him and is doing for many other boys.

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William F. Gregory, aged 37 years, was a recent visitor at The Uplift office. This was the first time we had seen Bill since he left the School, more than twenty years ago.

Bill came to this institution from Rockingham, July 23, 1921 and was permitted to leave, August 20, 1924. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 8 group and was employed in the printing department. He was the second boy to receive instruction in operating a linotype in this shop, the first machine of this type having been installed while he was a member of the class. He soon developed into a very good operator.

At the time of his release, Bill went to live with relatives in Greenville, South Carolina, and for a few months he was employed in a printing establishment in that city.

Leaving South Carolina, Bill came to Gastonia, and for the next year he was employed by the Carolina Printing Company. While working for that firm he spent most of his spare time learning to operate one of the old-type silent motion picture machines, and soon received a license as a projectionist.

Bill then went to Hickory, where he was employed for about three years by the Hickory Amusement Company as projectionist and assistant house manager.

His next move was back to Gastonia, where he was employed by the State Theatre. After staying there about three years, he was transferred to Statesville, working in the same capacity in one of that city's theatres.

In August, 1943, Bill was inducted into the United States Army, and was stationed at the following places: Fort Jackson, South Carolina; Camp Barkeley, Texas; and Camp Reynolds, Pennsylvania. He was given an honorable discharge from further military service on July 5, 1944.

Bill informed us that he was married on March 4, 1929, and at the time of his recent visit he and his wife were living at a Charlotte hotel, since there were no houses or apartments available. He states that he had decided to take up the printing trade again, and that he had been working for the Washburn Printing Company, Charlotte, for several weeks.

Just a few days ago we met him on the street in that city. He stated that he was on his way home from work, also that he was daily growing more pleased with his present place of employment.

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Cucell Watkins, a former member of our printing class, called on us last month. This young man, who is now thirty-four years old, came to the School from Durham, March 31, 1925 and remained here until July 31, 1926.

He returned to Durham to live with his mother. He attended the public schools in that city until he completed the eleventh grade work. While going to school he did part-time work in a printing establishment.

In 1929, Cucell went to Mount Vernon, New York, and was employed there as a linotype operator for two and one-half years. We recall seeing a letter from his employer in that city,

quite a few years ago, stating that young Watkins was one of the best workers he had ever employed.

Returning to Durham in 1934, Cucell secured employment with the Durham Herald and worked there for several years. He latter left this place of employment, and for some time held a responsible position with the Durham Recreation Department.

While here on this visit, Cucell stated that he had been working nights for several years, and wanted to get back on some daytime job. He told us that he was on his way to Charlotte to take up work as linotype operator on The Charlotte News, an afternoon paper.

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Hubert C. Davis, age twenty-three years, one of our former students, visited us last month. He left the School, August 13, 1938. On September 16, 1941 he enlisted in the United States Navy and was discharged, November 10, 1945.

He gave his experiences in the Navy as folows: Basic training at Camp Peary, Virginia; additional training at Jacksonville, Florida. Having attained the rank of first-class seaman he was assigned to duty aboard a destroyer escort.

According to his story, H. C. did considerable traveling while on convoy duty. He made several trips to England, the Hawaiian Islands, and to China.

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OUR COUNTRY

By the sweep of rejoicing rivers
That rush to the mighty sun,
By the waves of our coast that thunder.
By the winds that are wild and free.
By the stars in the heavens above us
By the forest of pine and palm,
By the strength of the hearts that love us,
By the valor serene and calm,
O for young men strong and toiling,
O for old men, wise and brave,
By the glory of days departed,
By many a hero's grave.
Oh, blessed beautiful country
We pledge them our deathless faith.

—Margeret E. Sangster.

"NEWSPAPERS SERVING THE COMMUNITY"

By Peggy Sue Lowder

(Miss Lowder, winner of the Stanly News & Press Essay Contest in December, 1945, was recently named first place winner in the state contest sponsored by the North Carolina Press Association's committee on education. We are publishing this essay as it appeared in the Stanly News & Press, issue of Tuesday, January 29, 1946.)

The best safeguard for democracy is a well informed public, and the primary agency through which the public may be informed is the newspaper.

We could search the world over, and we could not find any news dispensing agent more important than the newspaper. In the average American home some newspaper finds its way; it may be a daily paper, a semi-weekly paper, or a weekly paper. But whatever it is it is important. The first thing most people do in the morning is to go out and get the newspaper, and many people think they have to read it before breakfast. In some homes there are light quarrels over who is going to read the newspaper first.

During the war the newspaper has become more indispensable than ever. More people have subscribed for the daily newspaper than ever before. Many people have subscribed who did not take a paper before. The world of most people is the newspaper world; their moral standards and their ideas come from it. People's ideas of a bleeding China or an out-of-the-way Iran come from news from those places.

The primary purpose of a newspaper, of course, is to report the news. But the press has added so many additional services that the community looks to it for more than news. The average American is able to pick up his daily paper and find there news from all over the world. News agencies, such as the Associated Press, the United Press and International News Service bring news to the most remote farm house from the four corners of the globe. The newspaper tries to show the progressiveness of the people. It serves as day-by-day history of the whole world by distributing the news of the world quickly each day.

A newspaper can be only as progressive as its editor, and through the channels of the editorial page he wields an amazing amount of influence. No other person in a community has the same opportunity for influencing public opinion as the editor of a good newspaper. It can be a progressive influence or a conservative one. If the editor is a far-sighted and broardminded person, he may stir up the interest of the public; but if the editor is narrow-minded, he places a limit on the thinking of the reading public. If he is wide awake and keen, he can promote the worthwhile projects that are beneficial to his community.

Many editors are responsible for the defeat or success of a candidate

in an election. Many campaigns are lost and won through the pen of the editor. Many worthwhile projects, such as the war bond drive and the Red Cross campaign have been successful on account of the influential pen of an interested editor of a newspaper. The editor should be keen; he, too, should keep his finger on the pulse of his community, and at all times he should be willing to take a stand for or against prevailing opinions. He must anticipate the wishes of his public and be sensitive to any changes that are taking place. In short, he must be a good phychologist.

One of the very attractive features of the newspaper is the sports page. The people who are interested in sports are take part in them are very eager to read this page. During the different seasons of the year there is a great variety of sports reported in the newspapers. Since the invention of machinery and since people are working only eight hours a day, they have more leisure time for play and thus are more interested in reading about sports. The sports editors are doing an attractive job of editing the news from the world of sports and through their influence more people are becoming more interested than ever before.

Newspapers serve as a bulletin board of human affairs. Although many things that are reported may seem trival, they are serving the needs and filling the wants of thousands of people. The first news I look for when I get a paper is the society news. I always like to know about the announcements of marriages and engagements and other items regarding the social life of persons in whom I am interested.

Also important are the obituaries. A great many people have picked up the paper and found in the obituary column the name of an acquaintance who has died. The news value of the obituaries is particularly important to the country people, since they may not hear of someone's death until they read the newspaper.

Many never realize how important are the advertisements in a newspaper. They may help a farmer, a dealer, a merchant, or anyone who wants to buy or sell. Newspapers act as a medium of exchange for private goods. By advertisements in the newspapers the stores are selling a great deal more goods. For instance, in the most backwoods part of the United States a paper finds its way, and in this paper people may see something they have wanted for a long time. It is through the newspapers that individuals find markets for their goods. We have been told that the world would beat a path to the door of a man who invented a mouse trap that was better than any which existed before, but now we are forced to believe that the man must come out of the forest, bring his mouse trap, and sell it to the public. The newspaper is his best advertising medium.

The children and also many of the grown-ups say that the newspaper would not be complete without the comics. The children ,especially, think this is the best part of the newspaper. Although the matter of the comics can be overdone. I think the average newspaper strikes a happy medium in its use of them.

A very important service which the newspaper renders is the series

of announcements which are to be found there. Many people look in the newspaper to see when a certain radio program comes on. Another kind of program that could not be left out of the newspaper is the theater program. A number of people go to the newspaper to see what is showing at the theaters.

The announcement in the newspaper of the local market has been a great service to many farmers. Not long ago I stopped at a farm house to buy several dozen eggs. When I started to pay for my purchase, the farmer informed me that he would not know the price of the eggs until his local paper came in on the days mail.

A card of thanks might need to be sent, and the best way of distributing the thanks is by the newspaper. Many times cards of thanks have been sent through the paper by people who might not have been able to express appreciation in any other way.

Another important feature of the newspaper is the listing of church activities. Through this column we are informed of the time and place of these different activities.

During the war the newspapers have rendered new and additional services. They have published the ration calendar. Many times people forgot which stamps were good, so again they consulted their newspaper. The ration calendar helped all people—town or country people. Since the war is over, we also like to know who the returned servicemen are.

As insignificant as many of these services may seem, a newspaper would really not serve the community so completely if any one of them was left out. The modern newspaper has come to be an invaluable servant to its readers. It is the most powerful single institution that we have, and in the future it is distined to exert even greater influence. In 1904 Joseph Pulitzer said that "the power to mold the future of the Republic will be in the hands of the journalism of future generations." If that was true then, it is even truer today.

———:———

Once upon a time a young man attempted to write an advertisement to describe a new kind of soap. Here is what he produced:

"The alkaline element and vegetable fats in this product are blended in such a way as to secure the highest quality of saponification, along with a specific gravity that keeps it on top of the water, relieving the bather of the trouble and annoyance of fishing around for it at the bottom of the tub during his ablutions."

A more experienced writer later said the same thing in two words: "It floats."

"I BELIEVE IN PRAYER"

By Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker in Boston Sunday Advertiser

There are a lot of things about the human mind and soul that we don't know much about. We get glimpses of them when in times of danger or suffering we cross a little way over the line of ordinary thought.

As I roared down the last stretch in an automobile race years ago, I felt I could control that machine with my mind, that I could hold it together with mymind, and that if it finally collapsed I could run it with my mind. It was a feeling of But it was real.

If I had such a thing then, the boys would have called me crazy. Even now I can't explain it. But I believe if you think disaster you will get it. Brood about death and you hasten your demise. Think positively and masterfully, with confidence and faith, and life becomes more secure, more fraught with action, richer in achievement and experience.

Perhaps such things as control of mind over matter and the transmission of thought waves are tied up we haven't grasped it yet. It's part of us and part of the Something that is looking after us. It's one of the things that make me believe in personal protection and life after death. I don't know how to put it into words.

Another strange thing happened to me. Several years ago I was flying to Chicago. It was a Sunday afternoon in the middle of December, and the weather was miserable. There was a lot of ice. We suddenly lost the radio beam. For a long time we cruised back and forth trying to pick it up. Fog was all around us. We were lost, off the beam, and flying blind. Our two-way radio went out and we had lost all commucation with the world. For seven hours we flew —where, we didn't know. Nobody knew where we were; nobody even knew we were lost.

Darkness was coming on. Then, suddenly, we saw a ebrak in the murk. The polit brought the ship down to within 100 feet and we saw lights go flashing by on a four-lane highway.

"It must be going from some place to some place," I said, and we followed it for some distance.

Then we saw a red glow off to the right, headed for it, and saw a river gleaming. We flew up that river, and out of the 6:30 dusk of winter sprang a town—Toledo! I saw the together, part of something so big Toledo-Edison sign flashing as we swept over the bridge tops. Skimming the roofs, we circled and landed at the airport a minute later. We had just enough gas left for eleven minutes of flight.

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We had flown blind, without a beam, but we were on a beam just the same. I like to think it was the "Big Radio" that kept us going—the thing that keeps all of us flying safely through the fog and night, toward some mysterious and important goal. The "Big Radio" is a two way job. You've got to keep tuned with

It, and you have to talk back. I believe in prayer, I learned to pray as a kid on my mother's knee.

One day in France, with only one magneto on my Newport biplane functioning, I was attacked by three German Albatross planes. I came out of a dive so fast the terrific pressure collapsed my right hhand upper wing. No matter what I tried I couldn't come out of that whirl of death.

I often wish I could think as fast under normal conditions as I did during that drop. While I fought the controls and tried to get the engine going I saw all the good and bad things I had ever done, and most of them were bad. Then I began to pray.

"Oh, God," I said, "help me get out of this."

As a last desperate act, I threw my weight to the left side over the cockpit and jammed the controls, then jammed the engine wide open. The thing suddenly sputtered and violently and sailed away on her one good wing for France. I held it that way all the way home.

This escape and others I have had were not the result of any superability or super-knowledge on my part. I wouldn't be alive if I had to depend on that. I realized then, as I headed for France on one wing, there had to be something else. I had seen others die—brighter and more able than I. I knew there was a Power. I believe in calling upon It for help.

I am not such an egolist to believe God has spared me because I am I. I believe there is work for me to do and I am spared to do it, just as you are. If I die tomorrow I do not fear the prospect at all.

On a rainy night in February, 1941, I had the worst accident of my life. As I look back on those agonizing days in the hospital I realize there was a reason behind it all. It was a test and a preperation for what was to follow.

In the four months I lay in that hospital I did more thinking about life and death than I had ever done before. Twenty-one months later I was adrift in an open life boat with seven other starving men, most of so young they needed the strength and understanding of a man hho and understanding of a man who had been down in the valley of the shadow, who had suffered and made sense out of his suffering. To those men I was able to bring the essence of the religion and philosophy I had distilled in the hospital.

Once I almost died from a throat hemorrhage.

"Here," I said, "is death."

It dawned upon me in a flash the easiest thing in the world is to die; the hardest is to live. Dying was a sensuous pleasure; living was a grim task. In that moment I chose to live. I knew from experience that abandonment to death was a sin. I was quitting. I had work to do, others to serve.

Many things came to me. I realized I wasn't afraid to die because I have lived so much in good ways and bad that I no longer feel the youthful pang of not having lived at all. I knew only the sorrow of being unable any more to help other people. And when I finally came around I saw life and death and the meaning

of the Golden Rule more clearly than I had ever known.

I took that clarity with me to the rubber raft in the south Pacific after our plane crashed. I shall not recount that story again. I merely want to tell you the meaning of it.

Of the eight men in those three rafts, I along never lost faith that we would be picked up. Throughout those 21 days of blistering sun and nights of ghastly chill we were adrift for a purpose. I saw life had no meaning except in terms of helping others.

I humbly think man instinctively does not interest himself in others. He does it by an act of will. He sees that "I am my brother's keeper" and do unto others are the essence of all truth.

My experiences and the suffering through which I passed taught me that faith in God is the answer to life.

Recently, in a rehabilitation hospital, I addressed a group of airmen who had been badly wounded or nervously shaken. Many were discouraged, the future looking dark and unpromising. I knew how they felt . . . . I too, had been through a lot, but had found a secret which had brought me through and I urged them to fine the same secret.

I said: "If you have not had an experience of God in your life, my advice is to get busy and get yourself one." For that is the sure way to win victories over inner defeat. It is the way a humble man meets life or death.

———:———

DETERMINATION

The road of life winds on, we know not where.
We cannot see the far-off mystic goal,
But still we follow on, each struggling soul
Striving to reach the clearer higher air.
And there the secret lies, for just to strive
Is in itself the meaning of the way;
The cloudy pillar guiding us by day,
The flame by night, is that deep, inward drive,
Even in dreams the purpose labors on,
So that we wake with strength and hope renewed,
To take the road again till day be done,
Meeting each obstacle with fortitude.
The goal we may not see, but this we know,
That only by our striving will we grow.

—Muriel Brewster.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Murray Ritchey, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord, was the guest speaker at the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson, he read Philippians 4:4-9, and in his message to the boys he stressed the importance of the right kind of thinking.

The speaker began by calling attention to two quotations from the Bible: "Out of the heart are the issues of life" and "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

What is in a person's mind, said Rev. Mr. Richey, determines just the sort of person he really is.

We go to a movie theatre, continued the speaker, and we watch the pictures as they are thrown upon the screen by the projector. As we look at these pictures, we think of them. Our lives and minds are very much like a projector. There are pictures—either good or bad—in our minds, and as we think of them, those are the very things we do.

While all sorts of pictures enter our minds, it is within our power to change them. We can replace the evil ones with good ones or we can refuse to look at the good ones and pay attention only to those which are bad.

In the Scripture Lesson just read, said the speaker, the Apostle Paul was talking about the pictures which come into our hearts. Some of these pictures are ugly. If we permit ourselves to think of such things, we find ourselves doing evil things. The same rule applies to both classes of pictures.

Rev. Mr. Richey then stated that we should always have an abundant supply of good pictures in our minds. When one of the wrong ones come up, we can replace it with a good view. While it is true that we cannot keep the wrong kind of thoughts from our minds, we can push them out and replace them with good ones.

There is always a good stock of the right kind of pictures and thoughts to draw from, continued the speaker. We can get them from the Bible and by associating with the right kind of people. What life contains for us depends largely upon what we are thinking, therefore, we should always see to it that our thoughts are of the best.

Rev. Mr. Richey then told the following story: Many years ago, there was a king who ruled over his people with an iron hand. He was a very cruel man, also extremely ugly in appearance. So far as was known, not a person in the entire country liked him.

The king fell in love with a beautiful woman. Looking into his mirror one day, and seeing the very harsh lines in his face, he realized that no one could ever love him as long as his face had such an evil look.

The king went to a magician and urged him to make a mask that would give his face a kind and noble look. The magician agreed to do so, but he told the king that it would ne necessary for him to shape his face to fit the mask; that he would have to look kindly or the mask would be broken. He warned the king that he could make but one mask, and if it were broken, it could never be replaced.

In due time the mask was made. The king began to let kind thoughts

enter into his mind, and good deeds became a part of his daily life.

The people saw the change that had come over their king, and they began to love him dearly. The king and the beautiful woman were married, but nothing was said to her about the mask, and the magician's skill in making it was so great that neither the queen nor any of the people noticed it.

Years later, the king decided that he had been deceiving his wife and his people long enough. He went to the magician and told him to take off the mask. This was done, and much to his surprise, the king saw that his face no longer showed the former hard and unkind features. Because he had tried during all these years to make his face fit the mask, it had become permanently kind and noble in appearance.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Richey told the boys that if they would allow clean, kindly thoughts to enter their minds, and to have their actions governed by noble deeds, they, like the king in the story, would become permanently noble and kind.

———:———

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 3, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Maynard Chester
Samuel Dill
Dean Harris
James Perkins
Charles Reeves
William Speaks

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
Carl Church
George Cox
Worth Craven
Carl Davis
William Doss
Thomas Everhart
Raymond Harding
Franklin Hensley
David Prevatte
Clay Shew
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Fred Coats
Gerald Johnson
Donald Kirk
Chester Lee
Robert McDuffie
William McVicker
James Norton
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Eugene Bowers
Joseph Case
Thomas Childress
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmage Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn

Samuel Lynn
James Maloney
John McKinney
Lloyd Purdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Benard Webster
Clyde Wright
James Dunn

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Phil Batson
Harrison Dula
John Fine
Jeter Greene
Eugene Hudgins
Robert Hogan
Hobart Keaton
William Medows
Coy McElvin
Lacy Overton
Havey Purdy
Burton Routh
James Smith
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Edward VanHoy

COTTAGE No. 5

George Byrd
Woodrow Davenport
Walter Carver
Connie Hill
James Little
Robert Wilkins
Clyde Ward

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Coy Creekman
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davis
George Jones
Jerry Oakes
Robert Peavy
Louis Sutherland
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
James Walters
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Charlton Cox
Arthur Lawson
Eugene Murphy
Kirk Putnam
Robert Shepherd
Claywood Sparrow

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Albert Allen
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Raymond Cloninger
Charles Francis
Ralph Gibson
David Johnson
Richard Johnson
Clifton Kerns
John Linville
Eugene Peterson
James Stadler
Thomas Stallings
Vernest Turner
Robert Trout
Thomas Wansley
Jack Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 10

Thomas Cottrell
R. C. Combs
Jack Gleason
James Hensley
Benard Hyatt
Thomas Hutchins
Eugene King
William Lane
Charles Lyda
J. C. Michael
William Mitchell
Donald Stultz

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Byrant
Charles Davis
Elmer Heath
Fred Holland
James Holleman
Thomas Hyder
David Isenhour
Lee Lockerby
Arlon McLean
Kenneth McLean
James Phillips
Robert Phillips
J. C. Rhodes

J. C. Taylor
Ralph Tew
Martin Walters

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Andrews
William Black
Charles Gordon
Earl Grant
James Hensley
Curtis House
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14
David Eaton
Howard Holder
Howard Hall
Harold Kernodle
Reeves Lusk
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
James Shook

COTTAGE No. 15
Harold Bates
William Best
George Brown
Alvin Fox
John Green
Robert Holland
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
David Kinley
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
James Peterson
Carl Ransom
James Shepherd
Charles Stephenson
Solomon Shelton

INDIAN COTTAGE
Ray Covington
James Chavis
Thomas Chavis
Allen Hammond
Morrison Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Weldon Lochlear

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
William Brooks
Norman Hentschell

THE END

———:———

The three greatest masterpieces in literature, it is said, are the Lord's Prayer, the Twenty-third Psalm, and Lincoln's Gettysbury address. Incidentally, recall their wording: "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name." "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want." "Fourscore and seven years ago."

Not a three-syllable word in them; hardly any two-syllable words. All the greatest things in human life are one-syllable things—love, joy, hope, home, child, wife, trust, faith, God. All great things are simple.—Selected.

FEB 16 19

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 16, 1946 No. 7

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A LIFE WORTH WHILE

May I live this life in such a way
That after I am dead,
My errors and my triumphs
May show some youth the path ahead.

That his bold but inexperienced feet
Need tread not where I've trod,
But straight and true the path may keep
That leads to peace with God.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor • LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

OUR FRIENDS

Riches come and riches go;
Stocks that rise can tumble low.
Through the fingers fortunes slip;
Storms may wreck the stoutest ship.
Only friendships tried and true
Surely last a lifetime through.

On this old terrestrial ball
Up we climb or down we fall;
By mysterious ways and strange,
Fads and whims and fancies change.
But the faithful friend we make
Clings to us for friendship's sake.

Work for money, work for place;
To do your duty, set your face.
Play the neighbor, play the man,
Brave life's battle the best you can;
But remember, to the end,
He is blessed who has a friend.

Misers clinging to their gold,
Find life's journey bleak and cold;
Men who rise by strength alone,
Soon or late are overthrown;
But when storms and trials sweep,
Friends are all a man can keep.

—Selected.

———:———

THE PRICELESS FORTUNES OF FRIENDS

Throughout the life of every normal person there is a deep yearning for certain possessions, tangible and intangible, which tend to produce contentment and satisfaction and security. Everyone has a desire to feel that there is a certain security which will undergird

his life and give him that assurance that no matter what the fortunes of life may be he can still feel that there is a haven or a refuge to which he can go.

Through legends and true stories, the literature of the ages has told us of how hermits and misers have dwelt in caves where they have secluded themselves and isolated themselves away from companions and have sought to accumulate treasures which they could enjoy to their hearts' content. They have been known to fondle and play with their treasures into the wee hours of the night. To them these treasures became the very idols of their hearts.

But these are more the exceptions than the rule, because, generally speaking, people prefer to have their close associates and friends with whom they may have mutual fellowship.

An adage, as old as the annals of history, tells us that if we would have friends, we must be friendly to others. There is no other currency whereby friendship may be purchased. Friendship is so much the quality of the mind and the soul that there is no artificial or superficial value through which one may purchase friendship. Loyalties may be required and demanded through force and power, but only out of the heart can the sentiments of friendship grow and flourish.

Cyrus the Great, the founder of the Persiam empire, once upon a time wrote these words: "All men have their frailties; and whoever looks for a friend without imperfection will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves, notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, an early American writer, once wrote these significant words: "We take care of our health, we lay up money, we make our roof tight and our clothing sufficient, but who provides wisely that he shall not be wanting in the best property of all—friends?"

Another significant literary production on friendship, coming from the soul of Johann Herder, is found in these words: "Friendship with the evil is like the shadow in the morning, decreasing every hour; but friendship with the good is like the evening shadows, increasing till the sun of life sets."

When one person acquires the friendship of another he tends to

confide in him and to look to him for consolation in any eventuality in life. Generally, friends are developed through mutual interest and through compatable attitudes of life. The world has had many examples, throughout the years, of people who have developed very intimate friendships. Their lives have been so interwoven that there has been no limit to which one would not go to rescue his friends in time of distress. For instance, there is the famous story of Damon and Pythias, of Jonathan and David, and there is even the modern example of the very intimate friendship which existed between the late President Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins. These were men who saw the world with the same viewpoints, and by mutual trust and confidence they built up these intimate friendships over a period of months and years.

Sometimes we have had instances where one person has become a traitor to another, and where one person has taken advantage of his friendship with his comrade, but these, no doubt, are instances in which true friendship was lacking and there was no genuine basis for eternal friendship. Everyone should remember that his most priceless possessions can be found in friendship, and it should be remembered also that there will come a time in life when he will cherish dearly the opportunity to place his hands in the hands of a true friend and walk the pathway of life together.

* * * * * * * *

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of February 17, 1946

February 17—Daniel Johnson, Cottage No. 3, 14th birthday.
February 18—Leroy Wilkins, Cottage No. 6, 13th birthday.
February 20—Donald Stack, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.
February 20—R. V. Hutchinson, Cottage No. 15, 16th birthday.
February 22—Charles Moore, Cottage No. 14, 15th birthday.
February 22—William Brooks, Infirmary, 16th birthday.
February 22—Lloyd Perdue, Cottage No. 3, 13th birthday.
February 23—John Linville, Cottage No. 9, 15th birthday.
February 23—Clyde Hoffman, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported By Boys of the School Department

Radio Program

By Robert Summersett, 8th Grade

On Tuesday of last week the radio program was given by some of the Boy Scouts of the Training School Troop. They talked about how the enemy had tried to stop Scouting and how they failed because as soon as our enemies surrendered, Scouting was started again. Some of the Scouts from other countries wrote to the United States, asking for help. They just wanted to be helped until they could shoulder the load themselves. The answer was in the form of the United Nation's Friendship Fund.

As the program continued, the boys talked about the fine records made by men in the armed forces who had once been Boy Scouts.

The boys taking part in the program were: David Prevatte, James Perkins, Samuel Dill, Jack Green, Robert Summersett and Gray Brown.

Superintendent Hawfield took the part of Scoutmaster.

Picture Show

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

The picture shoy on Thursday was "30 Seconds over Tokyo," starring Van Johnson and Spencer Tracy. It is based on the book by the same name written by Capt. Ted Lawson.

The story starts when General Doolittle asked for volunteers for a dangerous mission. Capt. Lawson was one of the volunteers for the mission.

After their training they took their planes to California where they were put on an aircraft carrier. The carrier was supposed to take them within 400 miles of Japan. Instead they only got 800 miles before they were sighted.

Still the mission was a success. After they crashed in China the Chinese took them through enemy territory.

When they finally got home the captain did not want his wife to know that he had lost his leg because she had been his inspiration all the time.

January Birthday Party

By Arlon McLean and Jerry Ray, 9th Grade

The boys who had birthdays in the month of January had a birthday party in the gymnasium Friday night and seemed to have had a nice time. Ice cream, cake, drinks, candy, and presents were given to the boys. They also had lots of fun playing games such as "Catch a Fish" and "Carrying Potatoes on Spoons" and many other interesting games.

The following boys had birthdays during January: Rodney Mintz, James Warren Jones, Harold Bates, Robert Shepherd, Hobart Keaton, Ralph Gassaway, Franklin Robinson, Hanie Cothrin, David Isenhour, Robert Trout, Benny Payne, Howard Herman, George Brown, Hubert Inman, Raymond Pruitt, Dean Harris,

Thomas Corley, Donald Bowden, Robert Peavy, Jerry Peavy, Robert Phillips, Gray Brown, Martin Walters, Jr., J. B. Hollingsworth, Olin D. Sealey and W. C. McManus, Jr.

Bulletin Board Reports

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

On the bulletin board for this week in the ninth grade room we have the cottage schedule for basketball games. They are as follows:

Monday—Cottage No. 5 vs Cottage No. 13—6:15 to 7:00; Cottage No. 9 vs Cottage No. 10—7:00 to 7:45; Tuesday—Cottage No. 14 vs Cottage No. 11—6:15 to 7:00; Cottage No. 15 vs Cottage No. 4—7:00 to 7:45; Wednesday—Cottage No. 6 vs Cottage No. 7—6:15 to 7:00; Cottage No. 2 vs Cottage No. 1—7:00 to 7:45; Friday—Cottage No. 3 vs Cottage No. 16—6:15 to 7:00; Cottage No. 10 vs Cottage No. 15—7:00 to 7:45; Saturday—Cottage No. 4 vs Cottage No. 9—1:00 to 2:00; Cottage No. 2 vs Cottage No. 1—2:00 to 3:00; Cottage No. 13 vs Cottage No. 14—3:00 to 4:00; Cottage No. 17 vs Cottage No. 3—4:00 to 5:00.

Sports of the Week

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

Last Monday night the boys of Cottage No. 5 played the boys of Cottage No. 13. No. 5 won by the score of 6 to 4.

The boys of Cottage No. 10 then played the boys of Cottage No. 9. The former won by the score of 25 to 15.

On Tuesday night the boys of Cottage No. 11 played the boys of No. 14 cottage. No. 11 was the victor by the score of 12 to 8.

The No. 4 basketball team played the team of No. 15. The No. 15 players lost to No. 4 by the score of 22 to 8.

Last Wednesday night two games were played. The Cottage No. 2 boys played the boys of Cottage No. 1. No. 2 won by the score of 24 to 7.

No. 11 then played Cottage No. 14 a good game of basketball. The boys of Cottage No. 11 won by the score of 12 to 8.

Th games of Friday night were called off because of the birthday party given to the boys who had birthday in January.

Second Grade Program on Lincoln

By James Teague, 8th Grade

Mrs. W. M. Morrison and the boys of the second grade gave a program on the life of Abraham Lincoln in the auditorium on Friday, February 8th. This was an excellent program and it was well presented.

The first number on the program, "The Month of February," was given by John McKinney. Donald Kirk then told about the birthplace of Lincoln. Clyde Hill told about the boyhood of Lincoln. William Doss told of his education. The story of how Abraham Lincoln grew to manhood was given by John McKinney.

The group then sang a Lincoln song, after which John McKinney told us an interesting story about Abraham Lincoln and his dog. Andrew Daw told of Lincoln as a wood-chopper. Lincoln's kindness to animals was told by Robert Porter. Hubert Pritchard recited a poem entitled "Patriotism." Charles Gibson then

gave a reading, "Like Lincoln."

The last part of the program was a little play, "February's Birthday Cake," given by several boys. Each boy told something of the famous men whose birthday occurred in this month and lighted a candle in memory of the one of whom he was speaking.

Lincoln's "Gettysbury Address" was given by Howard Jones, a boy from the sixth grade.

Following the program, Superintendent Hawfield made a very interesting talk on Abraham Lincoln, which was enjoyed very much.

Our Physical Education Program

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

Mr. Walters, our new physical education director has arranged the following schedule of classes for each school day:

A. M.—9:00 to 9:30 (daily) Grades 1 and 2. 9:20 to 9:40 (daily) Grades 3 and 4. 9:40 to 10:00 (daily) Grades 5, 6 and 7. 10:00 to 10:45 (Tuesday and Thursday) 9th Grade.

The ninth grade physical education classes are held in the gymnasium. The other ninth grade period will be book work in "Health and Human Welfare," taught by Mrs. J. C. Baucom. The ninth grade will be able to get a full unit of high school credit for this course.

The remainder of the schedule is as follows:

P. M.—2:00 to 2:20, (daily) Grades 1 and 2. 2:20 to 2:40 (daily) Grades 3 and 4. 2:40 to 3:00 (daily) Grades 5 and 6th special. 3:00 to 3:20, Grades 6, 7 and 8.

All the teachers will cooperate by helping on certain days with this program.

Thomas Alva Edison

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

Thomas A. Edison was born in the village of Milan, Ohio, February 11, 1847. When he was seven years old his people moved to Port Huron, Michigan. He spent about three months of his entire life in the school room and as a boy was considered a dunce. He had little time to play with the other boys. His wise mother understood him, and he gained as much education as possible by following the prompting of his curiosity. He was a good reader, and he read good books, such as "Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and Hume's "History of England," at an early age. At the age of ten years he liked the study of chemistry. One of his early experiments was to try to make a boy fly by giving him a dose of seidlitz powders. He thought that the gases generated would make him light enough to float in the air.

When Edison was twelve years old he started to work for the Grand Trunk Railway as trainboy. This enabled him to earn pocket money, and his two runs a day gave him time to work on his chemical experiments. One day a stick of phosphorus started a fire in the baggage-car where he was working and he was discharged.

About the same time he had an accident, and he was afflicted with deafness all the rest of his life.

He savd the life of a station agent's baby and won a friend who taught

him to be a telegraph operator. He was later placed in charge of an office when he was fifteen years old. One of his first inventions was the telegraph repeater which automatically relayed messages on to the second line.

Edison dressed shabbily and spent all of his money on books and apparatus. For five years he led the life of a tramp operator. He often said, "I owe my success to the fact that I never had a clock in my workroom," and again he said, "Genius is 2 per cent inspiration and 98 per cent perspiration."

On October 21, 1879, Edison introduced the modern age of light. This young man tensely watched a charred cotton thread glow for forty hours inside a glass bulb. He then knew that he had invented the first commercially practical incandescent electric light, after spending $40,000 on experiments. Fifty years later, in October, 1929, American leaders paid tribute to the great inventor on "Light's Golden Jubilee."

Edison outgrew his Menlo Park laboratory in 1886 and moved to an immense plant at Orange, New Jersey. His major inventions were the incandescent light, the phonograph, motion pictures, automatic and multiple telegraphy, the carbon telephone transmitter, a stock ticker, the alkaline storage battery and the microphone.

This great man died on October 18, 1931, at the age of eighty-four and was buried at Orange, New Jersey on the fifty-second anniversary of his invention of the incandescent globe.

Mr. Edison was married twice—in 1863 to Miss Mary G. Stillwell, by whom he had three children, and in 1886 to Miss Mina Miller, by whom he also had three children.

Saint Valentine

By Garvin Thomas, 8th Grade

The celebration of St. Valentine's Day is a very old custom. It started when St. Valentine was a priest in Rome in the days of Claudius II. He was caught while doing these kind deeds and was brought before the Prefect of Rome. He suffered martyrdom on the 14th day of February, about the year 270. In those days it was the custom to celebrate in the month of February the Lupercalia, feast in honor of a heathen god. So it seems that the custom of young men choosing maidens for valentines for the coming year, arose in this wise. On February 14th we still celebrate St. Valentine's Day by sending Valentine cards both comical and serious. Many people send gifts and many other little favors. On this day Dan Cupid's arrows are supposed to fly more than usual.

Distinguished White House Hostesses

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

Elizabeth Kortright Monroe, James Monroe's wife, was born in 1768. She was the daughter of Lawrence Kortright. She married James Monroe in 1786. When James Monroe went as minister to France she went with him and while they were in Paris, Mrs. Monroe saved the life of Marquise De Lafayette. Paris began calling Mrs. Monroe "La Belle Americaine." When Monroe became Pres-

ident their experience at Napoleon's court was reflected in the elegant French furnishings they selected for the mansion. She died in 1830.

Louisa Johnson Adams, wife of John Q. Adams, was born in Europe in the year 1775. She was the daughter of Joshua Johnson. After their marriage her husband traveled to Germany, St. Petersburg and then to Paris. While he was still in Paris she crossed battle torn Europe to join him. Despite her cosmopolitan background she was not all worldly. Her tastes were as literary and artistic as were those of her quiet husband. She died in 1852.

Daniel Boone

By Thomas Cottrell, 9th Grade

Daniel Boone was born on February 11, 1734 in Pennsylvania.

When only a boy he came with his father from their native state of Pennsylvania to their home on the Yadkin, on the frontier of North Carolina. Pioneer life suited Daniel and he early developed a passion for hunting and exploring. As early as 1760 he had begun his explorations and pushed his way as far as Boone's Creek in Eastern Tennessee. Near this stream there still stands a tree bearing this quaint inscription: "D. Boon cilled a bar on (this) tree in the year 1760."

Fired by the growing description of his friend John Finley, who in 1767 had penetrated into the border regions of Kentucky, Boone and five companions set out to explore that country. He was absent from home for two years during which time he was captured by the Indians (his only companion left was killed by them), and he lived for two months alone in the wilderness without bread, sugar, or salt.

When he returned home he was anxious to move his family to Kentucky which to him seemed a second paradise. He had become dissatisfied with life in North Carolina which was becoming too thickly settled to suit his wild nature, while Kentucky was a vast wilderness populated only by the Indians. The fact that it was a dark and bloody ground even to the red men did not worry Boone, for he was entirely unacquainted with fear. He had learned the ways of the Indians, not only from his frontier experiences, but also when he accompanied Braddock on his disastrous expedition in 1755.

Boone's enthusiasm over Kentucky was contagious. Because he had confidence in himself he was able to inspire it in others, and he persuaded five other families besides his own to move West. At Cumberland Gap they were attacked by the Indians, and six of their party were slain. Two years later in 1775, they succeeded in reaching their destination on the Kentucky River and established Boonesborough.

During the Revolutionary War, Boone rendered valuable service to the settlement of Kentucky by his courage in repelling Indian attacks. At one time he was captured and carried to the English post at Detroit where he was adopted into the Shawnee tribe. When he learned that an attack on Booneborough was being planned, he escaped and traveled 160

miles in four days and led the settlers in defeating the Indians.

Boone always had a contempt for law and lawyers, and as a result he neglected to secure the legal right of his land. This led to the loss of all of his possessions when the st of Kentucky was formed. Disgusted with a country which so poorly repaid his service, he crossed the Mississippi River and settled in Spanish territory, 45 miles west of St. Louis in 1795. When this region likewise came into possession of the United States through the Louisiana Purchase, Boone was again dispossessed of vast estates, owing to the fact that he had not taken the trouble to go to New Orleans to get his title confirmed by the representatives of Spain. His land in Missouri was later returned to him by Congress because he had opened the way for millions of his fellow men. There he died in his 87th year, surrounded by his children and their descendants some of them in the fifth generations

Charles Dickens

By T. L. Arnette, 9th Grade

Charles Huffman Dickens was born at Portsea, February 7, 1812. He was reared in poverty. He went to a little school and never went to a college. He got a job at the age of ten. When Dickens was a reporter he wrote sketches that were signed "Bog." Later Dickens threw himself into literature stories. Some of his stories were: "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop," "David Copperfield," "Dicken's Christmas Carol," "Cricket on the Hearth." and many more. He was a lecturer never surpassed by any man except perhaps Mark Twain. Nobody ever relized Dicken's great works and clouds darkened his life. He even separated from his wife. He still continued his books and editing. He worked to the verge of exhaustion. The strain was ruining him. He took a second lecture tour in America. This was in the year of 1867-1868. It was overwhelming in success, but it was terrific in fatigue. He was probably one of the greatest of men. Returning to England he tried to work on. Suddenly one evening, June 8, 1870, he died under a stroke and without speaking. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our whole hearts. We have certain things to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.—John Ruskin.

THE MAN OF THE POTOMAC

(Selected)

The President stood in a towering rage at the head of the table of state. Hamilton, Jefferson, and the other cabinet members sat in awed silence. Washington, looking down on them from his full six-foot-two, thumped the table and gave vent to a wrath as truly regal as though he had not long ago scorned all suggestions that he become a king. It was the recurrence of these very suggestions that had aroused him now—underhanded insinuations that he was angling for a throne. His usually pallid, grayish countenance was flushed with his hot anger; as were the words that tumbled from his lips.

Commonly he was a dignified, benevolent man—this Virginian who had come from a farm on the Potomac to lead a revolutionary army through six onerous years; who had come from it again, though the soil fairly cried for his attention, to launch the ship of state that his army had built. But if he was slow to anger, he was mighty in his wrath.

The ingratitude of men was too much for mortal too bear. Unhesitatingly he had made the sacrifice required of him—the leaving of his home to serve his country. That it was a sacrifice he did not conceive it possible for any sensible man to doubt. On the financial side the fact was obvious; he was losing thousands of dollars every year he stayed away from his land. But there was more to it than that. The soil was his life. Soldiering, statesmanship—these were duties that had to be performed. But no matter where these duties took him his heart remained at Mount Vernon. In a calmer moment he had written: "The Great Searcher of human hearts is my witness, that I have no wish which aspires beyond the humble and happy lot of living and dying a private citizen on my own farm."

But now, in his anger, those calm words were entirely too milkish. He shouted to his cabinet members, "I had rather be in my grave than be President. I had rather be on my farm than be emperor of the world. And yet they charge me with wanting to be king!"

Absurd as the charge seemed to him, it is small wonder that men insisted on thinking of Washington in terms of kingship. If ever a man wsa cut out to be king, it was he. His powerful physique, his courtly bearing, his impressive mannerism, his high quality of mind, all blended into the making of a human being so kingly that Lord Byron ranked him "next to divinity." Yet he was a red-blooded man for all that—a man who could laugh and rage and get a zest out of building barns and watching the seeds that he had planted sprout into green life.

And despite his angry renunciations of all royal trappings, he was, in one very real sense, a king—in the sense that the patriarchs of old were kings, in the sense that the American husbandman who takes his responsibilities seriously and thoughtfully is a king today. The king-

dom of the husbandman was the only one George Washington ever wanted. He was one of the busiest men who ever lived, but he was never too busy to find time for the affairs of his own little kingdom. He got frequent reports from his farm superintendents, and gave them frequent directions in return. He wrote letters of advice and instruction to the numerous young relatives who, though he was childless himself, made up his large family. He remembered the needs and weaknesses of his servants, and saw that each received his just deserts, whether it happened to be a reprimand or a bolt of calico.

And in those few and scattered years when his country allowed him time to be the resident ruler of his domain, he managed to do an incredible amount of experimenting in scientific farming. He built up Mount Vernon from a comparatively small estate to almost eight thousand acres, and made enough money so that he died probably the wealthiest man in America.

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HUMAN NATURE

With much of sorrow, and with little eagerness
I have recorded
Man's awful and inexplicable meagerness
Of logic, and his sordid
And self-defeating selfishness.
And I get no reply
Except such brilliant words as these: "How come
You are so wise, when all the rest are dumb?"
I could apply to that with some severity.
But that would get us nowhere:
And so I make reply in all sincerity,
Thus, "You may go where you will find much wiser men
Than I. What then?
Why should my intellectual superiors
Be voted down by us, their mean inferiors?"
Surely, we small ones know, though we're not wise,
Greatness of spirit;
Surely we're not to dumb to recognize
True wisdom when we hear it.
I have read books that might have saved the world—
I've seen them hurled
Into the trash heap by the high authority
Of a blank-minded, peewee-souled majority.

—Ted Robinson.

THE FAMOUS MILLER

By Arthur C. Bartlett in Country Home

One morning many years ago, the docks at the British West Indian port of Kingston, Jamaica, were piled high with merchandise. Three vessels had arrived that morning from the American Colonies. Boxes and barrels were being weighed, opened, and inspected. If their contents were according to specifications, the official stamp was placed upon them. Otherwise, they were shoved to one side to be disposed of later.

The newly appointed Governor of the island was making a tour of the docks. At length he and his attendants came upon a number of barrels that seemed to be of a sturdier make than the others. An inspector glanced quickly at the markings and, without hesitation, placed his official stamp on the barrels. The Governor was surprised at this apparent dereliction.

"Look here, inspector" he exclaimed. "You have approved these barrels without making the slightest effort to inspect their contents. Why have you passed them by with such scant attention?"

The inspector looked at the Governor in surprise. "Your Excellency has not looked at the marks on them," he declared.

Examining the tops of the barrels closely, the Governor read these words: "George Washington, Mount Vernon."

"Oh, I remember now," he said. "Yes, in England I was told that the flour manufactured by George Washington at Mount Vernon was of such an unvarying high quality that it always has passed in our West Indian ports without inspection."

It is recorded that of the many accomplishments of George Washington, none afforded him greater personal pride than his success as a miller, and the recognition for superior quality everywhere accorded the flour which he ground in his grist mill at Mount Vernon.

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We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it. God is our continual incitement because we are His children. So the ideal life is in our blood and never will be still. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are. Every time we see a man who has attained our ideal a little more fully than we have, it awakens our languid blood and fills us with new longings.—Phillip Brooks.

JEFFERSON'S APPRAISAL OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

(The Chicago Tribune)

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly; and were I called on to delineate his character it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as in Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His intgerity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was in every sense of the words a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendency over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calcuated every man's value and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age and the most graceful that could be seen on horseback.

Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in the conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was

merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a latter day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.

On the whole his character was in its mass perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence, of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example. . . . .

TIMBER SUPPLY IS DWINDLING

The nation's timber supply from private lands is dwindling at a rapid rate.

Chief U. S. Forrester Lyle F. Watts cited these figures in his annual report on the conditions of the country's forests:

Lumber cut in Pennsylvania, once the leading source of supply, has dropped to one per cent of the total for the United States.

The output of lumber in the Lake states which formerly produced 8, 500,000,000 board feet annually, did not get above 1,-250,000,000 feet under wartime pressure.

In Virginia lumber output has declined to one half of the 1910 production.

"Even more revealing," said Watts, "is the mounting evidence of the extent of timber depletion in the West."

There, mills representing 60 per cent of the present sawmill capacity of Washington and Oregon do not have private timber to operate more than fifteen years, he reported, adding:

"Lack of timber will inevitably force the closing of many mills in the next few years . . . New mill installations in Southwestern Oregon, which has only been opened up to a large-scale lumbering in recent years will help sustain total output for the time being. But Southwestern Oregon already has more sawmills than it can permanently support."—Selected.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

J. W. McRorie, who was a member of our printing class about eight years ago, was a recent visitor at The Uplift office.

Prior to enlisting in the United States Navy, June 29, 1943, "Mac" had been employed for about one year by the Jacobs Printing Company, Clinton, South Carolina. His work in that plant was that of linotype operator.

Upon enlisting in the Navy, he was sent to Bainbridge, Maryland, for basic training. He then spent about four months at a gunners' school at Norfolk, Virginia.

Mac's next assigment was as a member of the crew of the "USS Edwin A. Howard," D-E 346. After making several trips up and down the Atlantic coast, his ship became a part of a convoy which made trips to Bermuda and to various European ports.

According to Mac's statement, they left New York again on November 10, 1944 for the Philippine Islands. They then operated from a base on Leyte Island, making numerous trips to the South Pacific.

In September, 1945, Mac's outfit made a trip to Tokyo, Japan. On the way back a brief stop was made at Leyte, after which they set sail for the United States. They arrived at San Francisco, California, November 17, 1945. By this time our young friend had attained the rating of first-class gunner's mate.

We noticed that Mac was wearing the following campaign ribbons: American Theatre of Operations, European and Mediterranean Theatre of Operations, Asiatic and Pacific Theatre of Operations, Philippine Liberation and the Victory Bar.

While on this visit Mac told us that he would spend his thirty-six days' leave with his mother in Monroe and would then report to Raleigh to receive a new assignment.

Mac expressed his appreciation for the copies of The Uplift sent to him while he was overseas. He stated that whenever he would reach a mail distribution port, he generally found several copies of the little magazine waiting for him. He added that they were read with considerable interest by his fellow crew members, and were usually passed around until completely worn out.

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Lee V. Turner, a former member of our printing class, called at The Uplift office a short time ago. Lee entered this institution, December 2, 1942 and was honorably discharged, September 20, 1943, going directly from the campus into the United States Navy.

For about two months, Lee received basic training at Bainbridge, Maryland, after which he was transferred to the Naval Air Station, Melbourne, Florida, where he took a short course in a machine shop. He then went to Mare Island, California, and from that port he was assigned to duty aboard a destroyer, the "USS O'Bannon." He served as a member of the "O'Bannon's" crew for about one year before being transferred to the aircraft carrier, the "USS Card." The "O'Bannon" was later sunk in an engagement with a Japanese task force.

Lee told us that he had participated

in thirteen engagements, as follows: Landing operations at Okinawa, Iwo Jima and the Santiago Straits; naval engagements in Leyte Gulf (Philippines); Magellan Straits; Talagi (Solomon Islands); Mindandao (Philippines); Kyusu Island (off the coast of Japan); and near the entrance to Tokyo Bay.

After considerable questioning we learned from Lee that he had received the following decorations and citations:

The Purple Heart with a gold star, the latter because of having been twice wounded—the first wound, fragment of shrapnel in right knee, received at Okinawa; and five days later, shrapnel wounds in calf of the right leg.

The Presidential Unit Citation was awarded to the entire crew of the "O'Bannon."

A letter of commendation from an admiral was received for the performance of duty in the engine room when the ship was struck by a Jap suicide plane.

Lee was also wearing the following ribbons: European Theatre of Operations, American Theatre of Operations, Asiatic and Pacific Theatre of Operations, the latter with two cilver stars and two bronze stars.

At the time of his visit, Lee held the rank of boilermaker, first-class, and was still attached to the "Card." He said that he returned to San Diego, California, and from that port he made the trip by plane to Fort Bragg.

He had a sixty days' leave of absence, most of which he said he would spend with relatives in Fairmont. He expressed his appreciation for what the Training School had done for him, and said that he hoped to be able to visit us again before reporting back to the Navy for re-assignment.

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Lewis Hanner, a former student at the School, visited us recently. Lewis came to this institution from Greensboro, January 16, 1930 and was permitted to return to his home, February 10, 1936. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group and was employed in the laundry.

By reason of his work experience at the School, he was able, upon returning to Greensboro, to secure employment with Lane's Laundry and Dry-Cleaning Company in that city. He was employed by that firm for about three years. He then went into business for himself in his home city and operated a small dry-cleaning plant for about two years.

A little more than four years ago, Lewis went to Washington, D. C., where he purchased a dry-cleaning business and has since operated that plant quite successfully.

Lee has been married for several years. His wife accompanied him on this visit, and we were delighted to meet her. They were on their way to Florida to visit Mrs. Hanner's sister, who had been seriously ill, suffering from an attack of spinal meningitis. At that time her condition had been reported as being considerably improved.

Lewis, who is now twenty-five years old, made many friends during his stay with us, and they were all very glad to learn that he had been getting along so nicely since leaving the institution.

Arthur Edmondson, one of our old boys, was a visitor here last month. He entered the School, October 3, 1939 and was conditionally released, February 22, 1941.

Upon leaving the institution he returned to his home near Williamston, where he worked on a farm for about eighteen months.

On December 7, 1942, Arthur enlisted in the United States Army, and was sent to Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, for basic training, remaining there for about nine months. He then spent a short time at Camp Forrest, Tennessee, before being transferred to Camp Campbell, Kentucky.

During maneuvers at Camp Campbell, Arthur had the misfortune to sustain a broken arm, to have both legs broken, and to receive a severe head injury. These injuries occurred when a heavy field piece got away from its crew, rolled down a steep embankment, knocking Arthur down and running over him. It was necessary for him to spend nine months in a base hospital.

Shortly after his recovery, Arthur did considerable traveling in various sections of the United States, being stationed at the following places: Camp Davis, located in this state; Camp Haan, California; Camp Carson, Colorado; Camp Gruber, Oklahoma and Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

Arthur informed us that he received an honorary medical discharge on December 17, 1945, and that he was on his way to his home in Williamston. He added that he felt that he just had to stop off at the School as he passed through this section, for a little chat with old friends.

A PREACHER'S PRAYER

I do not ask
That crowds so throng my temple
That standing room be at a price;
I only ask that as I voice the message,
They may see the Christ.

I do not ask
For churchly pomp or pageant,
Or music such as wealth alone can buy;
I only pray that as I voice the message,
He may be nigh.

I do not ask
That men may sound my praises,
Or headlines spread my name abroad;
I only pray that as I voice the message,
Hearts may find God.

—Ralph S. Centiman.

PHOEBE AND ALICE CARY

(Selected)

Phoebe and Alice Cary, sister American poets, were the children of a plain farmer. They were born near Cincinnati, Ohio; Alice, who was tender and sad, on April 26, 1820; Phoebe, quite the opposite, witty and joyful, on September 4, 1824. They received their education in the district school. Because their mother died while they were still young, the girls, who later were destined to become quite famous, were unable to receive as much education as they no doubt desired very much.

Working together at the dull, uninteresting duties of housework did not seem such a drab, prosaic life to live, when they discovered that the poems and articles which they had written proved valuable enough to be accepted and published in various magazines. They must have been greatly inspired, too, when the noted poet, Whittier, gave them such encouragement. No doubt that had something to do with their success in having a volume of their poems published in 1849.

Alice Cary went to New York to make her home in 1850, and, as the sisters were pratically inseparable, she sent for Phoebe a few months later.

Soon they began to climb the ladder to literary success. Their accepted contributions began to pay them very well for their labors of producing them. It was not long until they were able to move into a much nicer home. It was in this pretty little place that the literary people of New York dropped in to spend a very delightful evening, discussing together the thing that was dear to all of them, literary work. The famous Horace Greeley, a staunch friend of the Cary sisters, was a frequent caller there.

Not only in life were Alice and Phoebe linked inseparable together; both sisters passed away in the same year, 1871, Alice first. As their lives were lived together, and their poems published together in a single volume, so were they buried together in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

That one of the Cary sisters at least, if not both, was a Christian is indicated clearly by this lovely poem, "Nearer Home," written by Phoebe:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home today
Than I ever have been before;
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!"

———:———

The test of good manners is being able to put up pleasantly with bad ones.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

(Sunshine Magazine)

In the streets of New York one afternoon a hawker's cries assailed the ears of the pedestrians. The man had a truck filled with paper and envelopes, and in a loud voice he yelled: "Here y'are! Box o' paper an' twenty-five envelopes—only twenty-five cents!"

But suddenly his yells were drowned by louder ones, and another hawker, crowding the first one out of the way, jostling him rudely, shouted as he pushed along a bigger truck, "Twenty cents—only two dimes—box o' paper an' twenty-five envelopes. Good as you c'n buy—on'y twenty cents!"

The trucks came near colliding. The two men glared at each other. The spirit of competition ran high it appeared, and the people, drawn by the shouts, hurried from their doorways.

Finding that the two kinds of paper were identical, the people bought the lower-priced eagerly. It was amazing to see the business the twenty-cent man did. As for the twenty-five cent man, he shouted on lustily, but it seemed that the louder he shouted the more the people bought of his rival's stock.

Finally the efforts of the two ceased, but not until the stock of the twenty-cent man was exhausted. Everybody had bought a liberal supply of the paper, because it was priced lower against competition of no better stock. The twenty-five-cent man departed first, and the twenty-cent man followed when he had sold out a few minutes later.

A close observer followed the two trucks around the corner, and to his amazement, the twenty-five-cent man was waiting for the twenty-cent man. And as he piled a lot of his stock on the other's empty truck, he was heard to chuckle, "It works, Bill, don't it?"

"I would like to propose a Fifth Freedom—freedom from ignorance. Think of all the crime, misery, and unhappiness that is caused by ignorance. People who think, and who are intelligent, feel an obligation toward their fellows and the world, that ignorant people never experience. It is ignorance that causes disputes and crimes. Ignorant people do not create, discover, build, plan, and govern. They are lost in a world that they do not understand."—George Matthew Adams.

YOUTH

(The Mentor)

All though the ages youth have given ample expression to their restlessness and discontent.

They have sought recognition for their talent and a proper place in our society but have revolted when their claims have been scoffed at and derided.

The youngsters of today are no different from those of yesteryear.

They are critical of old standards, old formulae and old concepts.

They look zealously forward to new visas for the release of their constructive energies.

For them life is brimful of new endeavors and unceasing achievements.

The youth problem has always been a most vexing one, pricking us at every turn.

It is inherent in our human composition.

It is the inexorable law of human growth and development.

To help youth we must interest ourselves not superfically but realistically in youth.

Experience teaches us that we can straighten a tree when it is sapping, but not when it is fullgrown.

It is said that leaves of the same tree are similar, yet no two are alike.

And so it is with children.

They may be similar, but they are not identical.

Each child presents an individual problem, requiring encouragement, sympathy and understanding.

The solution lies in large measure wiht the parents themselves.

Jevenile delinquency is not something which has strnck the home like an avalanche overnight.

It is murtured in the household and develops through progressive stages.

Caracter-building and parental responsibility cannot be created by legislative enactments.

They must be encouraged at home, in church and at school, through proper association and wholesome organizations.

The problem can only be solved by effective cooperation of all related elements of the community, civic, educational, recreational and social, public and private.

It is our duty, indeed our scared trust, to help lead our youth towards the goal which make for real citizenship, patriotism and progress in our nation.

Here is a common trait which can be discovered among practically all great men. It has to do with their capacity for sustained work in emergencies. Someone has said that the chief difference between a big man and a little man is that the little man quits when he is tired and sleepy, while that is the very time when the big man presses on harder than ever.

—Samuel Crowther.

TEACHER PAY

(Stanly News and Press)

From the North Carolina Public School Bulletin comes a rather interesting clipping, which we give herewith:

The want ads from an edition of one of the state's leading daily newspapers reveal some interesting facts concerning the payments made to those who erect school buildings as compared with those who are employed to teach in the buildings.

" 'Wanted—25 brick masons for work on Beaufort, N. C., High School. Rate, $1. 75 per hour, time and one half for over time; five months steady work," one ad reads.

" 'Wanted—First and third grade teachers, Pactolus School. Begin work immediately,' another ad reads, with no mention of salary. It is generally understood, however, that the salary, unless otherwise stated, will be in accordance with the state standard salary schedule, which in such instances ranges from $125 to $167 monthly when the teacher holds a Class A certificate, or from $143 to $187 monthly in case the persons hold a graduate certificate.

"In other words, a simple calculation will show that the person who applies for and gets one of the 25 jobs in answer to the first ad will receive $300 per month or $1,500 for five months steady work, whereas the person who takes the position in response to the second ad will receive $1,503 for nine months work, if he is a college graduate with 10 years experience. However, if he should have taken a year of college training beyond college graduation and has had 11 years experience he would receive $1,689 for his nine months' service. If, on the other hand, this teacher worked only five months he would receive $835 or $935, depending on his training and experience."

The American people, as a whole, are rather short-sighted. We want the finest engineers and workmen to construct our buildings, build our automobiles, manufacture our clothing, and prepare our foods, but when it comes to educating and training our children, we are satisfied to employ persons who should not be in the school room or require the good teachers to make an actual life-time sacrifice.

We need to re-adjust our thinking.

According to a compilation of the United States Office of Education, the twelve words most often mispronounced are: On, again, toward, interesting, accept, address, perferable, drowned, perform, automobile, attacked and forehead.

—Selected.

THE LAST LAUGH

(Upward)

Two men were experimenting with an idea for a mechanical device to be used on the farm as a time and labor saving implement. The workability of it had not been proved and there were skeptics of the opinion that it would never be made to work.

"That's a case where two fools met," one critic said, and all of his friends laughed as if he had said something really funny.

It is nice to be able to tell a funny story or make a witty remark that will amuse and entertain people, as humor is an invaluable trait for brightening up the world. A safe guide for humor is to laugh with people but never at them.

All of the comforts of civilization embracing the fields of science, medicine, and invention were once in the experimental stage, and the people who pioneered to give them to the world were at times the victim of the cruel jokes of their less visionary friends.

Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana Cuba, wore the nickname, "the mosquito man " for more than 20 years because he contended that yellow fever was spread by the bite of a mosquito. Nice stubborn old Linlay," his colleagues would laughingly refer to him, and refrained from wasting their time on his silly mosquito theory. In the meantime, thousands of people were swept away by the dread scourge of yellow fever each year.

When the United States Army appointed a commission to locate in Cuba and trace out every clue, it took less than 2 years to prove scientifically that the very mosquito that Dr. Finlay had identified 20 years before was the carrier of the most dreaded dieease known to the western world. A banquet was tendered Dr. Finlay by the famous doctors of his era, who joyously accorded him the place of a belated hero.

When Samuel F. B. Morse went to England to study painting, he was seized with the desire to send his mother news of his safe arrival instantly. This started him upon the invention of his well-known telegraph code. Though he worked 10 years upon his code and the means of transmitting it, when he applied to Congress for funds to run a trail line from Washington to Baltimore, his application was almost jested out of Congress with such sayings as, "Why not start building a railroad to the moon?" Only the most benevolent thought that the inventor should be given a chance.

But Morse did not discourage easily where inventions were concerned. While he was waiting for Congress to do something about his telegraph, he experimented with an underwater cable in New York Harbor, the cable running from the Battery to Governors Island.

This first experience really did prove a failure, and people on shore were highly entertained at Morse and his assistant for "trying to drown a wire."

When his idea was taken up in a

big way by Cyrus W. Field, who set out to lay the Alantic cable, though repeated failures and try-try-again persistence, Field had to undergo indulgent smiles as people referred to his failure and "visionary schemes." At last the two countrys, the United States and England, were connected by cable and greetings were exchanged between President Buchanan and Queen Victoria. On that day, Cyrus W. Field was the most banqueted man in America.

For many years, Alexander Graham Bell's telephone was referred to as "the lectric toy," but he lived long enough to speak from Boston to San Francisco on the "toy," 6,000,000 pounds of wire and 100,000 telephone poles, spanning the distance between the now famous "Dr. Bell" and his young assistant, Watson, to whom Bell had said so jubilantly,"Watson, come here, I want you!" almost 40 years before.

Perhaps no inventor was more ridiculed than Charles Goodyear, who spent his entire life trying to develop rubber into a usuable, serviceable state. After many years of poverty and hardships, he died before the world recognized the merit of his invention. Medals and honors were small compensation for his services, because in his heart he knew that his invention had been received as a "plaything" and not as the serviceable product that he hoped it would be.

There are just a few of the cases where inventors could look back and laugh at a world that once laughed at them for vision schemes, playthings, or silly theories. Handicapped, indeed, we would be if we tried to live without their inventions.

———:———

A NEW LEAF

He came to my desk with a quivering lip—
The lesson was done—
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said;
"I have spoiled this one."
In the place of the leaf so stained and blotted,
I gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done—
"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

SOME ASPECTS OF ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN OUR STATE

By A. J. Maxwell

Recently the North Carolina Department of Tax Research, under the direction of Honorable A. J. Maxwell, has issued a very interesting and enlightening brochure entitled "Some Aspects of Economic Development in North Carolina Since 1900." This publication should prove of much value to the people of North Carolina, and it should find a wide use in the high schools and colleges of the state. Those who prepared this pamphlet are to be congratulated on its merits.

Two interesting sections of this publication deal in general terms with the wealth and population of North Carolina. The information contained in these two sections seems to be of such general importance that we are quoting these two section as follows:

Wealth

North Carolina has always been relatively a poor state. Its early development had lagged behind that of its sister states, and terrific losses of wealth had occurred in the Civil War. In 1900 the estimated value of tangible wealth was $682,000,000, or only $360 per capita. The total amount was only seventy-seven hundredths of 1 per cent of the national total. The total wealth of North Carolina was further only little more than half of that for either Kentucky or Virginia, and about two-thirds as great as that of Georgia or Tennessee. Of the southeastern states only Florida, Mississippi and South Carolina had totals below that of North Carolina, and Mississippi was very little below. The per capita amount was only 31 per cent as great as that for the United States as a whole.

By 1937, the last year for which estimates by states are at hand, the relative position of North Carolina was materially altered. The total in 1937 was nearly seven times as great as in 1900, or $4,641,000,000, and the per capita amount was $1,343, nearly four times as great. The total wealth of North Carolina was materially greater than that of any other southeastern state except Virginia. The per capita amount was exceeded only in Kentucky and Virginia. Futher, in 1937, 1.54 per cent of the total national wealth was in North Carolina, a percentage just twice as great as that for 1900. Instead of being 31 per cent of the national average, the per capita amount was in 1937 58 per cent of the national average.

As may be surmised from the above figures, the rate of increase in North Carolina has been materially greater than that for either the country as a whole or for other states in the region. In fact, in the increase of total wealth from 1900 to 1937 North Carolina led all other states. The percentage increase for North Carolina was 580 per cent, a rate that was not even approached by any other state except Florida. Only four other states had a rate of

increase of as much as 400 per cent or more; thes states were California, Florida, Virginia and Washington. In the period, the rate of increase in per capita wealth in North Carolina was not so grea t as for the total, due to a simultaneous population increase. Per capita wealth increased 273 per cent.

The figures cited show remarkable progress in a period of less than four decades, but lest we become too jubilant or complacent, there are certain other factors that should be kept in mind which show that there is still room for improvement. In spite of the much greater rate of increase, North Carolina in 1937 was seventeenth among the states in total wealth and forty-first in per capita wealth. Also, in 1944 the state was seventeenth in total estimated income and forty-fourth in per capita income, with $689 per capita. The North Carolina per capita amount was 62 per cent of that for the nation, $1117.

Population

Another very satisfactory figure in the development of North Carolina is that for growth in population. From 1900 to 1940 the population of the state increased from 1,893,810 to 3,571,623, an increase of 1,677,813, or 88½ per cent. This rate of increase exceeds that of any other southeastern state except Florida. The rates of increase for the southeastern states other than Florida were well below that of North Carolina, as shown by the following percentages: Alabama, 54.9 per cent; Georgia, 40.9 per cent; Kentucky, 32.5 per cent; Louisiana, 71.1 per cent; Mississippi, 40.8 per cent; Tennessee, 44.3 per cent; and Virginia, 44.4 per cent. In the period, eighteen states had a population growth greater in per cent than North Carolina, but all were western or southwestern states with the exceptions of Florida, Michigan, and New Jersey.

In 1900 North Carolina was fifteenth among the states in population and fourth among the southeastern states. Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee each had a population greater than that of North Carolina, and Alabama and Virginia were only slightly below in amount. In 1940 North Carolina was eleventh among the states in total population, and the largest state in the southeast by an appreciable amount.

The growth of population might be attributed to several factors. In the first place, the birth rate of the state has been high all along, but not higher than some other states in the region. The increase in economic opportunities thus must be given an important place as a cause for growth. Increasing opportunities has reduced the migration from the state and has in numerous instances induced a migration to North Carolina from other states.

In considering the matter of population growth it must be kept in mind that population is both a resource and a liability. If the population of working age is employed it is productive. Otherwise it is a liability. We must thus be concerned in keeping the increase in resource utilization and employment opportunities ahead of the growth of population.

THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP

(We the People)

World famous, the Great Dismal Swamp lies partially in the northern reaches of Pasquotank, Camden, and Currituck counties, and has a good chance of becoming a National Forest, remaining under Federal control which has done much to protect the area and the nearby coastal waters from smoke from the frequent bog fires in that district.

Originally, Great Dismal covered nearly 2,200 square miles of Virginia and North Carolina territory. However, through drainage programs the area has been reduced to approximately 750 square miles lying between Norfolk, Virginia, and Elizabeth City, North Carolina.

Fire has ravaged the swamp area continually. In some of the sections peat deposits have been burned to the depth of ten or more feet. It is reported that in 1923 a section of the swamp was set afire by a bolt of lightning and continued burning until 1926. In the heart of the swamp is located Lake Drummond, named for the first governor of North Carolina, who is supposed to have discovered it. Approximately 100 square miles of the swamp lies within the North Carolina border, now.

Great Dismal was named by William Byrd, whose Dividing Line party passed through that section. The royal surveyor described it as being a "horrible desart," the heart of which "no beast or bird approaches nor so much as an insect or a reptile." This aversion, Byrd laid to "noisome exhaltations that rise from this vast body of dirt and nastiness."

Despite Byrd's eloquent opinion of Great Dismal, the swamp abounds with game, especially in the Cold-water Ditch section, where bear, deer, opossum, and raccoon are numerous. Further inside the swamp, the area provides an extensive haven for birds, and is popular among sport hunters. Dense forests of bald cypress, black gum, and juniper, with an undergrowth of woodbine, and honeysuckle characterize the area. Dismal is the inspiration for many legends, most of them concerning its supposed terrors. It contains vast areas of dangerous quicksands, some of them quite deceptive in appearance.

Currently, it is proposed that the entire swamp area become a National Forest under Federal jurisdiction. Last September the North Carolina Board of Conservation and Development held a meeting, attended by Virginia representatives, and adopted a resolution asking Federal authorities to consider the matter. The representatives of various agencies in Virginia endorsed the project.

It was stated in the resolution that outside boundaries would be determined by the North Carolina Board, and all private property rights would be fully protected under the resolution. It is expected that no definite action will be taken by Federal authorities before next spring.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of the McGill St. Baptist Church in Concord, was the guest preacher at the afternoon services last Sunday. For his Scripture lesson he read the 116th Psalm, and for his text he used the 12th verse, reading as follows: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me?"

Mr. Tarlton explained to the boys that the book of Psalms has always been regarded as one of the most helpful books of the Bible. Through the many chapters of this book people have found inspiration, instruction and spiritual power and strength. It is not always known who wrote the different chapters, but it is always known that they were written by men of God. In this 116th Psalm there is a reminder of how many good things God has done for people and also what their obligations are to Him for His goodness.

It was explained that frequently people are surrounded with sorrow and with grief and that oftentimes even the "pains of hell" are encountered. Sometimes people have the feeling that they have faltered and failed and they become somewhat disgusted with themselves. At such times they are the victims of severe mental pains, and all they can do is come into God's presense with an humble spirit and with a confession of their failures and make a resolution that they will not fail God and that they will not fail their loved ones nor themselves.

In the next place, the preacher explained that every person feels sometimes that the very foundations, spiritually speaking, slip from under them. There are times when everyone feels that he is slipping away from even his better self, and that he has failed to be true to his ideals and to his vows. There are times when he feels that he has even been a traitor to those who believed in him and confided in him. Sometimes people in these situations become so disgusted they stop going to church or they begin to find relief in intoxication. Then these are times when they need to call upon the help of the Lord, as the Psalmist did.

Even though these moments of despair seem to face us, everyone should be reminded of all the good that God has done for him. In return for the blessings which we receive, there is never any limit as to what we should attempt to repay. We are at all times under obligations which we can never repay.

The greatest hope that people who have faltered and failed have is that Jehovah is a gracious God, full of mercy, and through the sacrifices of Jesus on the cross we can have our sins forgiven and we can still come into God's presense. We are assured that God is willing and able to deliver our souls from any fetters or any prisons which may seem to hold us.

In conclusion, Mr. Tarlton reveiwed the three vows which the Psalmist made, as follows:

a. "I will walk always with the Lord."

b. "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord."

c. "I will pay my vows always unto the Lord."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

WeeK Ending February 10, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Dean Harris
Robert Fogle
James Perkins
Charles Reeves
William Speaks
James Teague
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnett
Carl Church
George Cox
Robert Cannady
William Doss
Thomas Everhart
Raymond Harding
Franklin Hensley
Clay Shew
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnett
Robert Furr
Gerald Johnson
Donald Kirk
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
Robert McDuffie
James McMahan
William McVickers
James Norton
Knox Norton
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Eugene Bowers
Joseph Case
Thomas Childress
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Glenn Evans
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
Samuel Lynn
John McKinney
Lloyd Purdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright
James Dunn

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Joseph Bean
Eugene Hudgins
Robert Hogan
Hobart Keaton
William Meadows
W. C. McManus
Lacy Overton
Roy Swink
Edward VanHoy

COTTAGE No. 5

T. L. Arnett
Woodrow Davenport
Connie Hill
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Richard Davidson
Fred Gainey
John Gregory
George Jones
Jerry Oakes
Lewis Sutherland
Charles Sellers
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
James Walters
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Charlton Cox

Glenn Davis
Jerry Peavy
Robert Shepherd

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Ralph Gibson
Defoye Inman
David Johnson
Richard Johnson
Clifton Kerns
Charles Francis
John Linville
James Stadler
Thomas Stallings
Robert Trout
Jack Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 10
Ernest Bullard
Raymond Byrd
R. C. Combs
Thomas Cottrell
Wayne Eldridge
Jack Gleason
Bernard Hyatt
Thomas Hutchins
William Lane
J. C. Michael
Donald Stultz
Garvin Thomas

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Bryant
William Faircloth
Elmer Heath
Fred Holland
Thomas Hyder
David Isenhour
Lee Lockerby
Kenneth McLean
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
Leon Rose
Ralph Tew

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
Robert Bailey
Fred Bostian
William Black
Luther Coble
James Hensley

COTTAGE No. 14
David Eaton
Howard Hall
Reeves Lusk
Thomas Styles
Thomas Wansley

COTTAGE No. 15
William Caldwell
Jack Green
Marcus Heffner
James Peterson
Ralph Stewart
Charles Stephenson

INDIAN COTTAGE
Ray Covington
James Chavis
Thomas Chavis
Morrison Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Weldon Lochlear

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
William Brooks
Paul Wolfe

———:———

Perhaps you have burdens which are crushing, and a load that is heavy to carry. Think of some of the folks you know, whose burdens are even greater, and whose load is even more pressing. Try to remember the man who said:

"I had no shoes, and complained—
Until I saw a man who had no feet."

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 23, 1946 No. 8

HE IS MY BROTHER

God has taught in the Scripture the lesson of a universal brotherhood, and man must not gainsay the teaching. Shivering in the ice-bound or scorching in the tropical regions; in the lap of luxury or in the wild hardihood of the primeval forest; belting the globe in a tried search for rest or quieting through life in the heart of ancestral woods; gathering all the decencies around him like a garment, or battling in fierce raid of crime against a world which has disowned him, there is an inner humanness which binds me to that man by a primitive and indissoluble bond. He is my brother, and I cannot release myself from the obligation to do him good.

—William M. Punshon.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor **LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor**

A CREED

I believe in Human Kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.
I believe in Self-Denial,
And its secret throb of joy;
In the love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.

I believe in dreams of Duty,
Warning us to self-control—
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul.
In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin doth in the sinner leave,
That he may regain his stature
He hath lost,—I do believe.

I believe in love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day;
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection,—I believe.

I believe in Love Eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That beneath the deep infernal
Hath a deep that's deeper still.
In its patience—its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph,—I believe.

—Norman McLeod

SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS FROM THE ANNUAL SUPERINTENDENTS' CONFERENCE

From February 13th through the 15th a group of superintendents of correctional institutions held their annual conference in New York. There were forty-six persons in attendance at this conference, representing twenty-one states and three provinces of Canada, and there was one person from the distant country of India. This is a national organization of superintendents of correctional institutions for the purpose of studying the numerous problems that arise in the operation of training schools. Annual meetings are held for the explicit purpose of discussion and exchange of ideas. In the conferences there is free and frank discussion on an informal basis.

Some of the problems discussed at the meeting were of a general nature, involving general policies, while others were of a more definite and specific nature. In the first place, it might be said that the superintendents were generally reminded again of the very sacred responsibilities that rest upon them, as they attempt to refashion and reclaim the lives of delinquent boys. In this respect, the obligations are so great that there is never any time when an administrator in a correctional institution should reach the point when he would be absolutely satisfied with his program and what he is doing for the boys in his care.

Another general observation was the fact that changes in the operation of correctional schools are always inevitable because of the fact that there are always new studies and experimentations being made in order to determine the very best policies and procedures. Of course, on the other hand it is noted that some of the same problems which have been discussed throughout the years, with reference to the operation of correctional institutions, were recurring and demanding consideration again and again, which indicates that some of the problems will never be completely solved and eliminated.

One of the significant facts which developed from the discussion was the difficultness and delicacy of the problem of dealing with the delinquent child. So often it happens that they are the boys who have had a minimum of parental guidance and who feel a minimum

of security for their future. In fact, there is so much insecurity in their lives that it is possible for almost any disturbance to throw them off balance. These and other such factors have to be considered in dealing with the delinquent boy. Then, too, the delinquent boy has had the ills of improper social influences upon his life over a period of time, so that his thinking has been twisted and disturbed. Generally, the delinquent boy has encountered bad companions, late hours, truancy, petty stealing, general delinquency, and even crime itself. He has been the victim of parental neglect, adult misconduct, poverty, and bad community influences, and these things have made a deep impression upon his mental and spiritual life. Then, too, there is a considerable percentage of boys who suffer from mental deficiencies which tend to cause anti-social adjustments. Together, all these problems indicate very definitely the need for adequate programs in correctional institutions.

With reference to the needs of correctional institutions, there was definite emphasis upon the following factors:

1. The need for adequate financial support. It was pointed out that without adequate support it was impossible to have either efficient and contented staff members or adequate facilities, or the other elements of a successful training school.

2. The need for a comprehensive and intelligent program, enriched with the most modern types of experiences and activities. These must be so designed that the treatment program for the training school boys will be of a broad and well-balanced nature, suitable to the individual needs of all the boys.

3. The need for strengthening and improving the follow-up services of correctional institutions. After boys have been granted their releases there is never any time when anyone operating a training school should feel that the services of the institution cease.

4. The need for cordial public relations through an adequate flow of information between the correctional institutions and the committing agencies. This involves the necessity for comprehensive and periodic progress reports which really give a true picture of the boys' attainments during the time they spend at the school.

5. The need for a well-trained staff of workers, whose salaries

are based upon an intelligent salary schedule or rating system so that the employees may feel a sense of security and a sense of recognition of the fact that their services are both satisfactory and appreciated.

6. The need for full-time services of a chaplain—someone who can counsel with the boys personally and intimately regarding religious and spiritual problems.

7. The need for a national accrediting agency for correctional schools, with recognized and practical standards or criteria for accrediting training schools.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of February 24, 1946

Feb. 24—Charles Bryant, Cottage No. 11, 15th birthday.
Feb. 26—Jesse Black, Cottage No. 10, 14th birthday.
Feb. 28—Roy Glenn Marsh, Cottage No. 14, 14th birthday.
March 1—Marcus Hefner, Cottage No. 15, 14th birthday.
March 1—George Cox, Cottage No. 1, 17th birthday.
March 2—Thomas Everhart, Cottage No. 1, 13th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

New Boys Admitted

By Thomas Cottrell, 9th Grade

Recently the population of the Jackson Training School has been increased by the admission of a group of new boys. The names of these boys and the school grades in which they were placed are as follows:

Judd Lane, third grade; Arthur Ballew, Carl Ballew and Danny Mack Hayes, fourth grade; Roy Marsh and Ray Roberts, fifth grade; Roy Orr, sixth grade; William Epps, eighth grade.

We hope these boys get off to a very fine start at the school.

More Boys Released

By Arlon McLean, 9th Grade

Recently the Training School's board of release permitted some boys who have been at the institution a year or more to go back to their homes. Some of these boys and the places to which they went are as follows:

James Holleman and Ray Shore, Elkin; Sam Dill, Hendersonville; Eugene Bowers, Concord; Raymond Pruitt, Charlotte; and David Prevatte, Norfolk, Virginia.

We hope these boys will have the best of luck as they try to make good in their home towns.

The Picture Show

By Raymond Cloninger, 9th Grade

The picture shown in the auditorium on Thursday night of last week was "The Deerslayer." This movie was based on the novel by James Fenimore Cooper. It is a standard book.

This was a good picture, and the boys enjoyed it very much. We hope to be able to see many more pictures of its kind.

Basketball Games

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

Last Monday night the following basketball teams played: Cottage No. 15 and Cottage No. 2 played first. The No. 15 boys won by the score of 20 to 17. The Cottage No. 3 team then played the Cottage No. 5 team. The Cottage No. 3 team won by the score of 27 to 1.

On Tuesday night of last week the following teams played: Cottage No. 4 defeated Cottage No. 13, by the score of 9 to 7. Then the team of Cottage No. 17 played the boys of Cottage No. 6. The Cottage No. 17 team won by the score of 20 to 5.

Wednesday night the boys of Cottage No. 10 won over the boys of Cottage No. 9 by the score of 43 to 14. Also the boys of Cottage No. 16 played Cottage No. 7. The No. 16 boys won by the score of 53 to 5.

On Friday night, the boys of Cottage No. 11 played the boys from Cottage No. 14. The No. 14 boys were defeated by the score of 23 to 13. Cottage No. 3's first team played a practice game with Cottage No. 15. No. 3 won by the score of 16 to 6. The Cottage No. 3 second team defeated a

team from Cottage No. 13 by the score of 16 to 5.

Our Radio Program

By Robert E. Lee and James Hensley, 9th Grade

Mrs. Morrison and a group of second grade boys went to the WEGO broadcasting station, Concord, on Tuesday, February 12th, and gave a program about Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Hines, the principal of the school, announced the program.

The program began with the group singing "America, the Beautiful." Following the song, the boys made talks about Lincoln as follows: "The Month of February," John McKinney; "The Birth of Lincoln," Donald Kirk; "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," Howard Jones. Then the boys sang "America." John McKinney then recited "Lincoln and His Dog"; Andrew Daw spoke of "Lincoln, the Wood-Chopper"; and Robert Porter told the story, "Lincoln's Kindness to Animals." To close the program the group sand a birthday song.

Our Rock Study

By Tommy Wansley, 9th Grade

Lately the ninth grade boys have been studying rocks. The rock that we are most familiar with is the quartz. This group of rocks, for present purposes, may be limited to a single species, quartz, which is one of the most abundant of minerals. It is remarkable for its rather superior hardness and lack of cleavage. It is the most indestructible of all common rock-making minerals. It has strong crystallizing powers and, when allowed to grow intact, forms those beautiful hexagonal crystals with which all are familiar. Chemically it is an oxide of silicon, that most abundant of all acid radicals, which, when combined with the bases alumina, lime, iron, magnesia, and the alkalies, soda and potash, in different ways, forms that most important of all classes of mineral substances, the silicates.

There are several different colors of quartz rocks. Some of them are: smoky, yellow, rosy, milky, clear, brown, blue, lavender, and the green quartz.

This is a very interesting study. We hope that our study on the rest of the kinds of rocks will prove to be as interesting as this one.

DISTINGUISHED WHITE HOUSE HOSTESSES

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

Rachael Donelson Jackson, wife of Andrew (Old Hickory) Jackson, was born in 1767. She was the daughter of Colonel John Donelson, a Virginia surveyor. In 1783 she married Lewis Robards. She divorced him, and in 1791 she married Andrew Jackson. Although she was handsome and vivacious she had no desire for public life. She was very sympathetic to this fiery leader and a capable helpmeet who handled the Hermitage plantations while her husband was absent on military campaigns. At his election Mrs. Jackson said, "For Mr. Jackson's sake I'm glad; for my own part,

I never wished it." During the Presidential campaign Mrs. Jackson became ill because she could not withstand the slurs, the cartoons, and the ridicule by her husband's opponents. She died of a heart attack before her husband became President of the United States. Mrs. Jackson deserves more credit than any other President's wife for having so much courage against her husband's opponents during his election.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

By Jerry Ray, 9th Grade

James Russell Lowell was born February 22, 1819, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He belonged to the 19th Century group of New England poets.

After graduation in 1838 he was undecided whether to choose business, the ministry, medicine, or law. He turned to law but his heart was not in it. He had written poetry for his college magazine, so he decided to take up poetry. Nevertheless, he never gave up law entirely.

At the age of twenty-two he became engaged to Maria White, a poetess. In 1844 they were married and went to Philadelphia to live. There he became a member of the staff of the "Pennsylvania Freeman," a journal devoted to the cause of anti-slavery.

Other collections of his poems appeared, among them the "Biglow Papers." People were attracted by the simplicity, vigor, and unfailing common sense expressed in his work. About this time he wrote "The Vision of Sir Launfal," the best of his poems.

His wife died in 1853 just as his reputation was becoming established. Two years later he gave a course of lectures in Boston on English poets. As a result he was offered the post of professor of modern languages at Harvard, a position which Longfellow had held before him.

At the age of thirty-eight he married again, and the next month he became the first editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," which had just been established.

In 1877 Lowell was appointed by President Hayes as minister at the Court of Spain. In 1880 he was transferred to the Atlantic legation in London and remained there until 1885.

He died in Cambridge in 1891, and whoever remembers him thinks first of his smile.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born February 27, 1807, at Portland, Maine. He was the son of Stephen Longfellow who was a lawyer and congressman and Zelpah, daughter of General Peleg Longfellow. He was encouraged to read good English poetry and started at an early age to write verses on his own account.

In 1822 he entered Bowdoin College.

He led the same kind of life as he did at home, avoiding rough spots and being as courteous to the women as he was to his own mother. He wrote poetry and some of it was published in "The United States Literary Gazette," of Boston. These writings brought him a tiny sum of money. He also gave thought to his choice of profession. He stood so well in his class of which Nathaniel Hawthorne was a member that the trustees said that he should go to Europe to fit himself to be first incumbent of a chair of modern languages they had determined to establish. He accepted the offer and sailed for Havre and landed June 15, 1826. Although he was young he made friends everywhere, both with natives and fellow Americans. He returned to America in August, 1829, and went about his duties at Bowdoin. He fulfilled these with great success, also acting as librarian. He wrote articles for the North American Review on topics of foreign literature. He made his life a little happier in 1831 when he married Miss Mary Storer Potter, of Portland.

Longfellow and his wife sailed for Germany in April 1835 and spent the summer in Sweden and Denmark studying the Scandinavian literature. They visited Holland, and his young wife died at Rotterdam after a protracted illness. After his third visit to Europe he wrote his "Poems of Slavery," which he published late in the year.

In July, 1843, he married Miss Mary Francis Elizabeth Appleton, of Boston, whom he had met on his second trip to Europe and whom he had portrayed as Mary Ashburton in "Hyperion." The next seventeen years formed a period of quiet work and maturing fame. In the period from 1843 to 1847 he wrote a number of dramas such as "The Spanish Stuckut," which was a failure. "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," "The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems," and "Evangeline."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is generally admitted to be the most popular of American poets. Most of his more important publications have been named but to them should be added "The Seaside and Fireside," which contained the "Building of the Ship," "Flower - de - Luce," "Aftermath," "The Marque of Pandora" and other poems.

Longfellow was a great poet and his poems are loved by Americans today. He died in Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

George Washington was born on February 22, 1732 in Westmoreland county, Virginia. He was the son of Augustine Washington, a well-known planter and owner of a large Virginia plantation.

Young Washington was very bright and obtained a good education.

All during his childhood he was known for his honesty. The story of the cherry tree is a good example of that.

At the age of sixteen he quit school and began as a surveyor for Lord Halifax, an Englishman, who was looking after land that he had inherited.

During his early teens George developed a liking for military tactics.

In 1751 George traveled to the Bermuda Islands with his brother, Lawrence, who was in ill health. When Lawrence died, George was appointed to his place in the Virginia militia and in 1752 Lieutenant Governor Dinwiddie gave the popular young soldier a commission as major and made him commander of one of the four military districts of the state. Hardly had Washington taken command of this post when the French took steps to strengthen their posts along the Mississippi. The English began to answer the movement with the same actions and the war then became imminent.

France sent 15,000 men down from Canada to Lake Erie and from there they were to go down the Alleghany River into Ohio and Virginia to drive out the English who were beginning to push out toward their outpost.

When the governor saw the danger of this move he selected Major Washington to go to the French fort to warn them against taking steps against the English government.

Upon Washington's return, the Virginia Assembly was persuaded to furnish funds for a force to go and meet the invaders.

Washington was placed second in command to Colonel Frye. On the trip Frye died and Washington bore the brunt of the battle. The French outpost at Fort Duquesne was too strongly armed and Washington withdrew his forces back to Virginia. Upon his arrival he was falsely criticised and reduced in rank. At this move he indignantly resigned his post.

England at this time sent a headstrong General Braddock to help the English colonists drive out the invaders. On his arrival in Virginia he made the acquaintance of Washington and immediately gave him a place on his staff. Braddock was unable to drive out the French even with Washington's brilliant help and was soon relieved by General Forbes, who also requested Washington's aid. This attempt was successful and England's hold on the new world was firmly re-established.

Now that England had full possession of the colonies she began to make life hard for them. This was done in the form of heavy taxes. They forced the colonists to pay taxes on every thing that they bought from England. This was hard on the colonists because many of them did not have the money to pay.

The colonists tried in every way they could to get England to reduce the tax but after ten years of unsuccessful trying they relied upon armed warfare.

The first fighting occurred in the Boston area and immediately upon the arrival of the news to Virginia Washington was called upon to lead the Continental Army.

Washington's first words after he took his post were, "I will raise one thousand men at my own expense and march at their head to the relief of Boston."

No general in history ever had such a job recruiting an army and keeping it. His main trouble was lack of powder. He had to bluff the British, but

it worked. He kept them cut off until March, 1776, when by sudden seizure of Dorchester Hieghts he cut them off completely. When the battle was over he hurried to New York because he thought the British fleet would appear there. They did not appear until July 12, 1776.

After the Battle of Long Island, Washington withdrew the remnants of his army with such skill that the British called him "The Old Fox."

In October, 1776, Washington lost the battle of White Plains and was nearly captured by Lord Howe, the British commander.

In January, 1777, Washington fought the second battle of Trenton, and though he lost he advanced on Princeton and took up such a position that he forced the British to retire from the state.

The winter of 1777-78 was spent in suffering at Valley Forge where they lived in tents until they could build huts.

At last France came to his aid and from then on the British were on the defensive.

In 1783, the British marched out of New York and Washington marched in. There he gathered his officers at Frances' Tavern for a farewell address.

He went alone to Philadelphia where he reported to the Continental Congress and asked for his discharge.

The war left the colonists under the Articles of Confederation.

In 1787 the Constitutional Convention met with Washington as one of the delegates from Virgina. Finally a constitution was agreed upon, and two more years were required to get enough states to ratify it.

Washington was unanimously elected President and was inaugurated on April 30, 1789. The nation was at last the United States.

Still there were so many disputes that the eight years of his presidency were almost as stormy as the seven years of war.

Because Washington would allow no friendship to influence him was the one thing that caused him more trouble than anything else.

At the end of his second term he refused to consider a third term and with Hamilton's aid he drew up his "Farewell Address" in which he asked his fellowmen to remain true to the ideals of the nation.

He died on December 14, 1799, after an attack of pneumonia. The news of his death awoke the nation's love for him.

Truly the nation has never had another man who did as much as George Washington, and never will another be as brave and unselfish as he.

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"Love ever gives—forgives—outlives
And ever stands with open hands,
And while it loves it gives.
For this is love's prerogative
To give—and give—and give.

—John Oxenham.

OUR GREATEST NEED

(The State Magazine)

At this particular time, various counties and towns—to say nothing of the state as a whole—are displaying keen interest in post-war plans for development and progress.

These plans are along many lines —the establishment of new industries, more progress in agricultural activities, the erection of new business buildings, city parks, stadiums, extension of street paving, and so on.

But to our way of thinking there is one particular project which is more important than any of these. If we said that it is more important than all of them put together, we would not be guilty of any great exaggeration.

We refer to the improvement of the conditions of the secondary roads in North Carolina. The farm-to market highways as they are sometimes called.

Our state has just been through a protracted spell of bad weather. As a result of this, the majority of schools in our rural areas have been forced to close. Some of them had to remain closed for as long as six weeks.

In traveling over the state last week, we heard some intensely interesting stories about things that people in the rural sections have had to put up with.

In a western country, a man's wife died. It was impossible for a hearse to get to the house. Pallbearers had to carry the coffin for a distance of two miles.

In another county a baby was about to be born. Due to the conditions of the roads no one could get in touch with a doctor in time for him to be there. Fortunately both the mother and child survived.

A man had a stroke of paralysis No doctor.

Farmers were unable to carry their produce to town.

And, as we said before, children have been unable to go to school.

Friends; it's very seldom that we become really stirred up about anything, but this is one time that we are genuinely concerned. Something just naturally has got to be done— and be done quickly— relative to improving the condition of these country roads. It isn't fair to the farmers, nor is it fair to their children. They have a right to expect year-around transportation facilities, and our state government should see to it that these facilities are provided for them.

Governor Morrison was acclaimed as the Good Roads Governor.

Governor Gardner was known as the Live-at-home Governor.

Governor McLean put the various departments of state government on a strictly business basis.

Our present Governor is Gregg Cherry. There is nothing finer he could do to make his administration an outstanding one than to start work immediately in an endeavor to see that present road conditions are improved.

Already the storm of protest over the many miles of utterly impassible highways is beginning to make itself heard. Delegations of citizens

from some section of the state have told him about conditions. These delegations should be supplemented by others. The state administration should be made to feel that the vast majority of people in North Carolina are solidly behind the movement to improve the highways.

It is all right to have a system of fine paved roads extending from one end of the state to the other, but of what good are these to thousands of our citizens out in the country when they can't get to them for several weeks at a time?

Your business men, your tourists, your salesmen and other classes of individuals who use only the main highways are not affected by the poor condition of the dirt roads. But the people who live on those dirt roads merit some consideration, and this consideration should be given them immediately.

So if you are interested in this, write the Governor about it. Tell the men who are coming to the State Legislature that you demand some action be taken. Get your local newspaper behind the project. If all this is done, the condition of the roads will be improved. If the improvement does not take place, it will be largely the fault of those individuals who are most vitally concerned.

Our secondary roads must be improved, even if every other post-war plan of development is forced into second place .

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DOWN THE ROAD TO SUNSET

The roadway of life winds through the hills of the years and drops gently down into the valley of the Twilight.

It is in the nature of man to dread old age, with its many weaknesses and its approach to the Long Shadows. But every age has its compensations, and old age can be one of the richest and best periods of man's life.

People who grow old have a deep yearning for love and friendship and companionship. Happy are those aged people who are surrounded by friends and loved ones who understand and try to brighten their days.

Religion brings the greatest solace to man in his declining years. It banishes his fears, clears his vision, dispels his loneliness. A light that never was on sea or lands brightens his eventide. He walks with God in the strength of an eternal faith.

The mission of the Church is to impart to all men a knowledge of God, and increase their faith in his work and will. The man who lives in harmony with God's infinite plan, and puts his trust in an unfailing Providence, can walk confidently through all the years of his life.—Selected.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

(Selected)

A good citizen is a man or woman who is doing something of service to the community. A good citizen is a workman who needeth not to be ashamed. He may be a farmer or a seamstress; a stenographer or a steamfitter; an artist or a merchant; a dentist or a driver; a school teacher or a banker. He does something and he does it well. He does his part, by being busy in work that he knows how to do and does it well, and he makes that prosperity in which we rejoice to live.

A good citizen must be intelligent. That is the reason we have schools, schools that are open to every child where attendance is not voluntary but compulsory, illiterates do not make good citizens, and that is the reason we say you must attend school.

A good citizen must have an interest in public things, an interest in the wider relations of life, that interest that means good government. It is no accident when we have good government. It is no accident when we have bad government. In a democracy if the people generally do not take an intelligent interest in public affairs, government falls quickly into the hands of incompetent or corrupt men. We need to recognize and sustain the men who are worthy of it. We need to rebuke and be intolerant of selfishness and inefficiency. It is not easy to have such an intelligent interest. It requires time and effort, and oftentimes the sacrifice of private preferences.

The good citizen respects and obeys the laws of his land and community. Men and women who knowing and deliberately break the laws are not good citizens. They become helpers in the undermining of stability and life of the land. They are not only "undesirable citizens," as one former President of the United States labeled them, but are actual menaces to their land and community. The net result of their lives is destructive to community welfare. One of the marks of a good citizen is that he is law-abiding.

In brief, good citizenship is loyalty toward community, state and country. It begins right at home. A citizen who delights in keeping his own premises cleaned up and developed, who cooperates with each worthy cause or development that promises improvement, advancement, or uplifting of his community; who supports his home institutions and enterprises so far as economics permit; who obeys the law, who loves order and peace; who takes pride in helping to develop and maintain these conditions, with a similar spirit and attitude prevailing for state and country, is an example of what constitutes good citizenship.

Each one of us is a trustee for the well-being of the community, the state and the nation. Our trusteeship is not wholly discharged when we cast the ballot, important as that is. It demands of us eternal vigilance that the highest ends of administration may be served and that in our relations with our fellows as well as in

conduct of our personal affairs we should at all times and under all circumstances consider the common good of all. A supine citizenry leads inevitably to the practices that are inimical to the largest interest of the people.

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NAMING THE ANIMALS

When Adam was namin' de beasties en birds,
De insexes, fishes, en snakes,
Dey come along pas' him in droves en herds,
En it took turble thinkin' to think up them words—
Mules, elephants, yethworms, en drakes.

How you reckon he came to say lizzud, en fox
En tarpin, en buzzud, en bee,
En hoss, en bull-sparrow, en cuckroach, en ox,
En possums, en coons, en chickens, en hawks,
En tiger, en catbird, en flea?

He didn't have time den to study en spit;
He had to keep 'long wid de game,
He had to putt up wid de bes' he could git,
Wutuver was passin' he had to name it
Right dar in its tracks wid a name.

Jis' mule don't mean nothin' ner jack daw, ner mink,
Ner moccasin, rabbit, ner dog;
En him en Miss Eve didn't have time to think,
En dey didn't have time to eat er drink
Er even set down on a log.

But dey done purty well. You try it en see
It's hahd to name even a blossom.
Yet wut could you call a bee but a bee?
'N if you see a 'p ossum up in a tree,
You wan't think of nothin' but a 'possum.

—John Charles McNiell.

COURAGE IS THE THING

(Baptist Courier)

It is now twenty years since J. M. Barrie, in his rectorial address at St. Andrews, said: "Courage is the thing. All goes if courage goes."

Courage, like many qualities of the mind, can take various forms. You find one type of it in the heroic defense of Malta, the amazing resistance at Stalingrad, the hazards of Dieppe. This is the courage that is rewarded with decorations. But there is another kind, and it is needed on the Home Front: the courage to plod along from day to day without excitement, or the glamour of spectacular attack; the courage of the wife or mother on the kitchen front, who meets grim days with resolution while her menfolk go far afield; the courage of the harassed business man who, with staff depleted and desk littered with a maze of regulations, strives to keep things together. And it is with this latter class, rather than with the former, that the ministry of our churches mainly has to do.

Take any congregation on any Sunday in the year. Khaki and blue are here and there, but the color scheme of the congregation is mainly of more sober civilian hue. They have come to church, these workers in village, town, or city, doubtless with the hope that something may be wrested from the hour of worship to give them a little help along the uneventful way. They have prayed, as they entered the church portals, that something might happen to translate the shining ideal of courage into terms of the common day. They are in the mood to say:

Let me live with the Vision.
Let me go to my work in the morning
With fire of God in my heart.

It is the glory of the Christian Gospel that none need pray this prayer without an answering word. Yes, even through the simplicity of our witness and from our services, with all their imperfections, there can come to harassed minds a strengthening which is divine. It does not depend upon the eloquence of our message or the elaborate form or ceremony; so long as it is the genuine Gospel message that is heard, and so long as those who bend in lowly reverence are earnest and sincere, the divine fire will fall upon the altar of the heart.

For the only courage worth talking about is that which arises from conviction. And it is conviction which the Gospel offers to all whose minds are eagerly open to receive it.

Test this by war-time experience. Here are things we know to be true of war; each painful truth making inroads upon our spiritual resources. War brings suffering. There is no need to dwell upon this, save to say that, left to itself, suffering is likely to breed the mood of despair or of cynicism, or of both together. But suppose, upon the mind sober and gloomy with life's pains and stresses, there breaks the vision of the Cross, and the realization of God's own re-

demptive purposes achieved through the Cross. Suppose to hearts weary and dispirited there comes the message of the vailant apostle: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Do not such convictions bring power?

It is in times like these that the words of the Gospel become potently alive. They leap across the centuries to succor the weary and the despairing and the broken. They offer the gift of quiet courage, and in the name of God. Thus our faith in God through Jesus Christ our Lord, when we allow it to have undisputed sway within us; becomes the most potent and dynamic thing; giving us courage to live through the night and even the cold grey hours of dawn—which, as Napoleon said, is the rarest courage of all.

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AVERAGE

My gramp, he never judged a man by one
Bad thing he done, nor by one goodly thing—
Like Jim, the time he stopped up Slocum's spring;
Or Nate, the time he saved the widdy's son
"'Tain't average," grampy said, "for either lad.
You got to average up the good and bad."

He never was a hasty man, my gramp.
Slow in his speech and slow to spit and smile,
He'd give his plain opinion, after while,
On whether you was really saint or scamp.
("Can't tell." he'd say. "Aint knowed you very long.
Can't alluz tell a mockbird by his song.")

He'd not look up to any man, nor down,
Gramp wouldn't; just a level eye—to—eye.
Let others shout or whisper, laugh or sigh,
He'd sort o' shrug and then he'd sort o' frown,
And say, "Don't know. Ain't studied 'bout it yet
To see what kind of average I could get."

Well, now he's dead, my gramp. And I'm afeared
There's some that called him stubborn, cautious, slow;
Though others called him wise, but this I know:
Whatever of my gramp Saint Peter's heard,
He'll take it all—like grampy used to do—
And average up, and shrug, and let him through.

—Mary Elizabeth Counselman.

SERVICE

By Trumbull Cheer

We all want a life that satisfies—what are the essentials for such a life? First, I suppose we must operate in keeping with the Ten Commandments, which tell us what not to do. They are regulatory—restraining; we surely need restraint. Without restraint there can be no freedom—if there were no rules to guide and compel the driver, our highways filled with autos would be little better than battlefields.

But obedience to moral law is only a part of what is needed for a life that satisfies.

Remember about the young man who asked Christ "What must I do to be saved?" The Master replied: "Sell thy goods and whatsoever thou hast, give to the poor and come, take up thy cross and follow me."

It is reasonable to suppose that injunction is not to be taken literally but as a challenge of principle.

The young man in the parable was no different from thousands of men and woman today who want the life that satisfies and don't know just what to do or how to get it.

It is said in the story that he came running—he was eager. He knelt at Christ's feet. He was law-abiding, humble, generous and loveable, but he was not satified. He wanted to know what else he could do.

Then came the challenge. He was told to consecrate himself to an unselfish cause—to a principle which taught that one must lose his life to save it—must lose it in Service.

Service is power—it guides—it stabilizes. What is life all about anyway? What are we here for? Is it worth all the while and the effort?

It is worth the while. We want to live; we want to live with satisfaction. Surely, it is a job to live—it is a fight—but we want the job and we are willing to fight for it.

And the biggest job of all is life itself. We want to do our job well and have joy in doing.

We all want a rich life—a life of abundant satisfaction—an active life—a life that knows what it wants—understands what is best and to acquire happiness.

And here comes the challenge of Service. Service to our fellow men as the chief object of life and the source of its chief satisfaction.

Service is satisfaction. Service also is power.

There are two kinds of power: the power from without that regulates; the power from within that inspires, making of duty a pleasure and not just something that should be done.

This world is full of paradoxes. It is a world of beauty. One needs but to look at the hills, the lakes, the gardens, at nature in all its seasons, to witness that fact.

It is a world of achievement; the genius of man attests to that—normally a world of happiness; there is laughter and joy.

But with the beauty is mixed guant ugliness—with the flowers are the slums—there is war—there are hates, fears and jealousies of possessions and positions.

In some respects man has a better control over nature than over his moral self.

Most of the evils that desecrate our lives are caused by selfish seeking—a blacking out of the principle of Service.

Service should be the spirit of the plan and purpose of life.

A feeling of brotherhood should condition and govern our lives.

We find then a life that satisfies.

In the momentous times ahead—in the days that follow victory, service to our country, in the broadest sense, unselfish and undivided, is our hope and our salvation.

———:———

THAT'S SUCCESS!

It's doing your job the best you can
And being just to your fellow man;
It's making money—but holding friends
And true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how and learning why
And looking forward and thinking high
And dreaming a little and doing much.
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being thorough, yet making speed;
It's daring blithely the field of chance
While making labor a brave romance;
It's going onward despite defeat
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet;
It's being clean and it's playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
It's looking upward at the stars above
And drinking deeply of life and love.
It's struggling on with the will to win
But taking loss with a cheerful grin;
It's sharing sorrow and work and mirth
And making better this good old earth;
It's serving, striving through strain and stress;
It's doing your noblest—that's Success!

—Berton Braley

RICHARD'S FRIENDS

Hilda Richmond in S. S. Times

When the baseball club, known as the "Victors," heard that Richard Ebbert was ill, they postponed a very important game of ball to consider how they could help him. Richard was a good boy of thirteen, who peddled papers and helped his mother, who was a widow, while the "Victors" were little lads of six and seven. And the reason they felt so interested was that Richard has been their friend and champion, and when a crowd of rough boys wanted to break up their game and drive them from their little field he always routed the bad boys.

"Mamma says Mrs. Ebbert will have an awful hard time now that Richard is ill," said Claude dolefully. "I wish I hadn't spent all my money for this mask. I'd take him some oranges or something."

"My mamma says Richard always earned enough for the rent," said Joe. "Now, there's nobody to carry his papers."

"Let us carry the papers!" cried Tom eagerly. "We can earn the money and give it to Richard's mother."

"Not one of us could budge that big sack," said Leonard.

"We'll each take a street and it won't be a load for anybody. We can do it," said George.

Like a flash they sped down the street, and very soon they were talking over the plan with Mrs. Ebbert. She helped them divide the patrons so each of the nine boys could take a street or two, without thinking very much about the game they had on hand while they were out delivering the papers.

"A new paper boy?" said an old lady, peering at Tom with her near-sighted eyes. "I don't know about this. I've had Richard for years, and I don't want to change."

"Richard is sick, ma'am, and I am helping till he gets well," said Tom eagerly.

"Is that so? Well, I'm glad Richard has such good friends. You may bring the paper every day and here is the pay in advance. I will send some fruit to Richard this very day. I didn't know he was ill."

Up and down the streets the boys went, explaining and delivering, until the whole village was interested in the sick boy. Flowers and good things to eat and fruits fairly rained down on the little cottage, and Richard said he would have to hurry and get well to see all his kind friends.

"I can never thank the 'Victors' enough," he said as he lay propped up in a big chair out under the old apple tree. 'They did so much for me, and all I ever did for them was to drive away some boys who were mean to them."

"That was a bigger thing than we did," cried all the boys. "You just remember, Richard, that we stand by our friends, and you are the best boy friend we have in this town. Take your time in getting well, and we'll look after the papers. We have twenty new subscribers for you, and there'll be lots more before you're back to work. Most of the boys make

fun of us, but you were always our friend."

"I'll never forget you," said Richard. "I tell you, it pays to have friends like these, doesn't it, mother?"

Mrs. Ebbert put her arms about Richard, and looked gratefully upon the boy. With glistening eyes she quickly said something the boys remembered for a long time.

"Boys, it's the greatest thing in the world. Just fill your life with helpful things done out of love for others whether they can repay it or not; God will mark those deeds down in heaven and they will never be forgotten."—

———:———

I SAW GOD WASH THE WORLD

I saw God wash the world last night
With his sweet showers on high.
And then, when morning came, I saw
Him hang it out to dry.
He washed each tiny blade of grass
And every trembling tree;
He flung his showers against the hill,
And swept the billowy sea.
The white rose is a clearer white,
The red rose is more red
Since God washed every fragrant face
Anl put them all to bed.
There's not a bird, there's not a bee
That wings along the way
But is a cleaner bird and bee
Than it was yesterday.
I saw God wash the world last night
O, would he had washed me
As clean of all my dust and dirt
As that old white birch tree.

—Selected.

IT HAPPENED IN FRANCE

(The Canadian Churchman)

A poverty-stricken woman, dressed in rags, was passing along a street in a French town, holding her little son by the hand. Suddenly she stopped to pick up an object from the ground, tucking it within the folds of her ragged garment.

A policeman standing nearby was attracted by the woman's act, and his suspicions were aroused. He demanded that she produce the object which she had concealed, whereupon, with downcast eyes, she revealed a jagged fragment of broken glass, saying: "I was thinking only of the barefoot children."

A writer in The Rotarian relates this incident, and comments: "Each of us can go a step out of the way to aid in some small way an aged or blind person, or a frightened child wishing to cross a busy intersection. In a word, all of us can go through the streets picking up the bits of glass so they may not injure unsuspecting feet, despite the fact that our own feet may be well shod."

A poor, lame man worked twelve hours daily in a close, hot room as a saddler's apprentice. He had heard a minister say that the humblest work could be performed to one's honor, but he had never understood the meaning of those words.

One day the saddler looked out of his window and saw a runaway horse drawing a small wagon on which sat a pale, frightened woman and her child. A man across the street ran up to the horse and caught it by the bridle, compelling the horse to stop.

The saddler soliloquized: "What if the bridle on that horse had not been well sewed, or poor thread had been used? The bridle might have broken and the mother and child been killed! What if it had been I who sewed that bridle!"

Filled with these thoughts, the saddler ever after performed his work with more faithfulness and satisfaction. He had found the secret of joy in his work.

———:———

SOMETHING WORTH WHILE

There's no skill in easy sailing when the skies are clear and blue.
There's no joy in merely doing things which anyone can do.
But there is some satisfaction that is mighty sweet to take,
When you reach a destination that they said you'd never make.

—Selected.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Paul E. Rhodes, formerly of Cottage No. 15 and a member of the dairy force, was a recent visitor at the School. This young man, now twenty-five years old, entered the institution, May 2, 1934 and remained here until June 3, 1936.

He returned to his home in North Wilkesboro and entered the public schools, continuing his attendance until he completed the eighth grade work. He then left school and became an enrollee in a CCC camp, where he stayed for one year.

In July, 1939, Paul enlisted in the United States Army. He first went to Fort Bragg, where he remained for eighteen months. He was next stationed at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, for about six months, and was then transferred to Camp Shanks, Long Island, New York.

In December, 1942, Paul went overseas as a member of a paratroop infantry unit. He saw service in the following places: North Africa; on the Anzio beachhead in Italy; the invasion of southern France; at Nuremburg, Germany; and in Norway. By this time he had attained the rank of sergeant with the First Special Service Force, American - Canadian Paratroop Infantry. He returned to this country, October 28, 1945.

This young man was wearing the following ribbons: European Theatre of Operations (with five battle stars); the Good Conduct Medal; Pre-Pearl Harbor insignia and the Combat Infantry Badge.

Paul stated that he had re-enlisted, and, after spending a ninety days' furlough at home, he would report back to Fort Bragg for re-assignment. He added that he had asked for overseas duty, and was pretty sure he would get it.

When Paul first came in to see us we noticed that he was in an unsually happy frame of mind, and we soon learned the reason. He very proudly announced that he was married on December 21, 1945, and then presented his wife. He said that he just wanted her to meet a number of his very good friends among the School's staff of workers.

—:—

Braxton Grady, aged twenty-six years, who was a member of the Cottage No. 5 group more than ten years ago, called on us a couple of weeks ago. He entered the School, December 15, 1933 and was allowed to return to his home in Durham, July 31, 1935.

Shortly after going back home Braxton secured a position in a grocery store, and worked there for one and one-half years. He then obtained employment as truck driver for the Long Meadows Dairy, near Durham, holding that position until he enlisted in the United States Army, February 2, 1942.

Braxton was assigned to Fort Bragg for basic training, and was later transferred to Keesler Field, Biloxi, Miss. At the latter post he attended an Army Air Force school, graduating as an airplance mechanic. His next assignment was to Berry Field, Nashville, Tenn.

In April, 1944, Braxton went overseas, landing at Casablanca, North

Africa. His outfit saw considerable service in Italy, and after reaching Rome, they went back to the Gold Coast of North Africa. After the German surrender they returned to Casablanca.

On October 22, 1945, Braxton landed in New York City and a few days later he was back at his home in Durham.

He stated that before leaving Casablanca on October 17, 1945, he re-enlisted, and was given a ninety days' furlough. At the expiration of his leave he will report to Fort Bragg for re-assignment.

Braxton was wearing the following insignia of service: Good Conduct Badge, European Theatre of Operations, African and Middle East Theatre of Operations, Driver's Medal and Sharpshooter.

We noticed that this young man, whom we used to know as a small lad, had changed considerably in appearance. He now tips the scales at close to the 200 mark. It was a pleasure to see him again, and we trust his career as a soldier will continue to be successful.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. Doyce Hill, of Albemarle, were recent visitors at The Uplift office. Doyce, a former student, was admitted to the School, January 17, 1941 and was conditionally released, January 22, 1942. He is now twenty years old.

During his stay with us, Doyce was a member of the Cottage No. 1 group until he was transferred to the infirmary, where he was employed as house boy.

Upon being released he went to Charlotte, and for about four months he was employed in the shoe repairing department of Belk's Department Store. He then went to Albemarle, where he worked in a textile plant.

On February 19, 1943, Doyce was inducted into the United States Army at Camp Croft, S. C., and was sent to Fort Jackson, S. C., for basic training. Other posts of duty for this lad before going overseas were: Camp Lee, Va.; Camp Reynolds, Pa.; and Camp Shanks, Long Island, N. Y.

Doyce went overseas on December 14, 1943, as a truck driver with the transportation corps of the 90th Infantry Division. His outfit landed at La Havre, France, and for some time thereafter received extensive combat training near that port.

He stated that his outfit later became a part of the famous Third Army under the leadership of the late General George S. Patton, Jr. While with this outfit he took part in two campaigns in the Third Army's brilliant dash across France and into three German cities—Berlin, Hamburg and Hanover—and was in two major engagements. He is entitled to wear the following campaign ribbons: European Theatre of Operations, with stars for two major battles; the Good Conduct Badge and the Victory Ribbon.

This young couple has been married three and one-half years and they have a daughter a little more than two years old.

—:—

Charles McGowan, formerly a member of the group at Cottage No. 2, visited friends at the School recently. He came to this institution, January 16, 1940 and was conditionally released, January 2, 1941. He returned to his home near Lenoir. While attend-

ing the public school there he did part-time work on his uncle's farm. He completed the eleventh grade work.

Charlie was inducted into the United States Army, October 26, 1942, and became a member of the 737th Tank Battalion, then located at Fort Lewis, Washington. He was later transferred to Fort Knox, Kentucky, where he was assigned to 37th Tank Battalion, Fourth Armored Division.

On November 12, 1942, he went overseas and was given invasion training at a military post in England.

Charlie told us that his outfit participated in the invasion of France, landing on Omaha Beach, on the French coast, June 21, 1943. On July 25, 1943, he was with the Fourth Armored Division of the Third Army at the St. Lo breakthrough. From that point he continued with General Patton in the dash through France, taking part in the breakthrough at Bastognne. He was at Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, at the time of the German surrender, and for quite some time was a member of the occupational force in Bavaria.

We learned from Charlie that in April, 1945, he was given a field promotion as first lieutenant at Munich, Germany. He also stated that he had received the following citations and service ribbons: Presidential Unit Citation, Good Conduct Medal, American Theatre of Operations, European Theatre of Operations (with five battle stars, representing five major engagements), the Bronze Star for meritorious service, the Silver Star for gallantry in action and the Purple Heart with cluster.

After a pretty rough voyage, Charles stated that he arrived in New York on January 7, 1946, and two days later he was given an honorable medical discharge.

—:—

Carl Moose, formerly of Cottage No. 13, called at The Uplift office a short itme ago. He entered the School, June 1, 1938 and remained here until July 7, 1942, when he was conditionally released to return to his home in Newton. He entered the Newton public schools and attended regularly until completing the eighth grade work.

On September 19, 1943, Carl was inducted into the United States Army at Camp Croft, S. C., where he received basic training. He then spent some time at Fort Meade, Md., and on February 17, 1944, he went overseas.

Arriving at La Havre, France, as a member of the 36th Infantry Division, he received combat training near there for several weeks. Carl stated that his outfit took part in the great drive across France, and on into Germany.

After serving for a while with the occupational forces in Germany, he returned to the United States, December 15, 1945.

Carl was wearing the following ribbons on his uniform: American Theatre of Operations; European Theatre of Operations (with two battle stars); the Good Conduct Medal Presidental Unit Citation; French Unit (colonial) Citation; and Army of Occupation.

In our conversation with this young man we learned that he had re-enlisted, and was scheduled to report at Fort Bragg for re-assignment on February 17, 1946. He stated that

at the itme he re-enlisted he was assured that he would be sent back to Germany as a member of the First Army.

—:—

Edward and William Guffey, former students at this institution, visited us about two weeks ago. These boys entered the School, August 3, 1942 and they were conditionally released, May 25, 1945. Edward is now eighteen years old and his brother is sixteen. During their stay here, Edward was in Cottage No. 9 and William was in Cottage No. 11. Both boys worked in the laundry, where they made very good records.

These two boys were placed on farms near Jonesville. They both stated that they liked their employers very much and were getting along nicely. They also told us that they have been attending church services and Sunday school regularly ever since leaving the School.

One could easily see by the appearance of these lads that they are trying their best to develop into good citizens. They were neatly dressed and both showed a very fine attitude toward the School as they went about the campus greeting old friends.

—:—

Leonard Robinson, who was a house boy at the Administration Building a little more than two years ago, visited the School recently. Leonard was admitted to the institution, May 16, 1940 and was conditionally released, February 11, 1944. He returned to his home in Newton, and for about three months he was employed in a textile plant.

Leonard enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, November 4, 1944. He was first stationed at Parris Island, South Carolina; and then spent some time at Quantico, Virginia and at Camp Pendleton, San Diego, California.

According to Leonard's story of events, he went overseas with a Marine unit, arriving at the Philippine Islands, August 29, 1945. During an engagement at Iwo Jima, he received shrapnel wounds in the knee and back, which made it necessary for him to spend about six weeks in a naval hospital at Okinawa.

On December 19, 1945, Leonard returned to the United States, and shorty thereafter he received a medical discharge from further service. He then returned to his home in Newton.

Leonard told us that he received the following campaign ribbons: American Theatre of Operations; the Purple Heart; Battle of Suribachi; Battle of Iwo Jima (one star).

According to Leonard's statement, he expects to attend an army training college in Chicago, under the G. I. Bill of Rights. He will take an electrical course, which will require eighteen weeks.

———:———

"It is not by regretting what is irreparable that work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are . .Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes."—F. W. Robertson.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Philippians 2:1-13. As the text for his message to the boys he selected the fifth verse: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

The speaker began by stating that one of the great questions in the history of Christianity is: "What was Christ's conception of himself?" or "What did the Master see as his relation to God and to humanity?"

Many books have been written on this subject, continued the speaker, with the result that we have many different ideas of Christ's mission in the world. These answers have been made regardless of creed or denomination.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then pointed out several things about Christ's ideas of himself, as follows:

(1) Jesus looked upon himself as being obligated to do the will of God. We read that as a boy he sat in the temple among learned doctors and lawyers, asking and answering questions. His parents, thinking he was lost, sought him, sorrowing. When his mother asked why he had caused them this period of sadness, Jesus answered: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" This was a most unusual answer, coming from a 12-year-old lad.

On another occasion, as he restored a blind man's sight, he said: "I must work the work of Him that sent me."

When Jesus knew that he must suffer the agonies of the cross, he said: "I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do."

In the Garden of Gethsemane, Jesus uttered these immortal words: "Not my will, but Thine be done."

Thus we see that Jesus always had in mind the will of God, said the speaker. He was willing to do as God wished, rather than to do what he, himself would like to do.

The greatest trouble with the people of the world today is that they are thinking only of their own selfish desires, not caring whether or not they are doing God's will. We should always try to see what God would have us do. We are entirely too selfish in our way of living. It is our Christian duty to seek divine guidance.

(2) Jesus looked upon himself as being obligated to do a certain work. He felt that there was something which he must do—not to leave it for someone else. The Master realized a personal responsibility.

When we of today realize the urgency of our task, life will then assume its true aspects. Life will then reveal a meaning that we have never felt before. There are individual tasks in life for each of us to do. The performance of these tasks cannot be assigned to someone else. We must realize that they can be done only by ourselves.

We call ourselves Christians, but have we tried to find out what our tasks in life really are? Christ has

challenged us to do his will. As God's people, we know there are certain things He expects of us. As we study His word these duties are plainly pointed out to us.

We must realize that sooner or later we shall be called upon to tell what we have done with the lives which God has given us.

(3) Jesus knew that he must still do his work here upon earth, regardless of how others felt about him. When people gathered around the foot of the cross on Calvary, many of them scornfully mocked him. When he was reviled, he reviled not. He prayed for them, saying: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

It is our duty to go on with our appointed tasks, even in the face of the lack of appreciation of those around us. To do so is the mark of real Christian manhood.

(4) Jesus did his work gladly and joyfully. Even when faced with the prospect of a cruel death, he possessed something that gave him the strength to endure. It was the glad acceptance of the work which God had given him to do.

The people of today need to practice such loyalty. We need to have a mind to do those things God would have us do. Our tasks should be accepted in the spirit of gladness. These are the things which make life worthwhile.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that as we render service to God and to our fellowmen, it should be done unselfishly. Our work must not be done simply for what we may get out of it, but for the joy of knowing that we have served well.

———:———

THE VALUE OF TIME

One of the most important lessons to be learned by every man who would get on in his calling is the art of economizing his time. A celebrated Italian was want to call his time his estate; and it is as true of this as of other estates of which the young come into possession, that it is rarely prized till it is nearly squandered; and then, when life is fast waning, they begin to think of spending the hours wisely, and even of husbanding the moments. Unfortunately, habits of indolence, once firmly fixed, cannot be suddenly thrown off, and the man who has wasted the precious hours of life's seedtime finds that he cannot reap a harvest in life's autumn. It is a truism which cannot be too often repeated, that lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone forever.—Matthews.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 17, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Frank Andrews
Claude Bridges
George Bridges
Maynard Chester
James Perkins
William Speaks

COTTAGE No. 1
Lyndon Barnett
William Britt
Carl Church
Horace Collins
George Cox
Carl Davis
William Doss
Thomas Everhart
Raymond Harding
Clay Shew
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3
Eugene Bowers
Joseph Case
Thomas Childress
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmage Duncan
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lloyd Purdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
[redacted] Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4
William Arrington
Clyde Brown
Herman Hughes
Hobart Keaton
William Medows
W. C. McManus
Lacey Overton
Harvey Purdy
James Smith
Roy Swink

COTTAGE No. 5
T. L. Arnett
George Byrd
Curtis Butcher
Woodrow Davenport
Connie Hill
James Little
Danny Mack Hayes
George Swink
Edward Stone
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6
Donald Branch
Coy Creekman
Richard Davidson
Fred Ganey
John Gregory
Jerry Oakes
Robert Porter
Robert Peavey
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
Leroy Wilkins
James Walters
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7
Paul Allen
Hubert Pritchard

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
J. C. Alley
Albert Allen
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Kenneth Dillard
Ralph Gibson
D. B. Jones
David Johnson

Richard Johnson
Clifton Kerns
John Linville
James Stadler
Robert Trout
Vernest Turner

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11
Donald Bowden
Charles Byrant
Charles Davis
William Faircloth
Elmer Heath
Thomas Hyder
David Isenhour
Lee Lockerby
Kenneth McLean
Edward Morgan
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
Leon Rose
Ralph Tew

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14
Carl Ballew
Elbert Gentry
Carl Marsh
Eugene Martin
Lawrence Owens
John Roberts
James Shook
Thomas Wansley
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15
(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE
Ray Covington
James Chavis
Thomas Chavis
Allen Hammond
Morrison Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Weldon Lochlear

INFIRMARY
Paul Wolfe

OUR ASPIRATION

To be strong enough to gain some mastery over ourselves;
To be humble enough to be willing to learn from others;
To be brave enough to choose the right roads;
To be patient enough to keep on in spite of obstacles;
To be wise enough to know our own shortcomings;
To be honest enough to admit the excellencies of others;
To be proud enough to hold the respect of strong men;
To be gentle enough to hold the love of little children;
To be careful enough to protect the goods of others;
To be courageous enough to share our goods with others—
This is our aspiration for today.

—George G. Davis.

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MAR 2 '46

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 2, 1946 No. 9

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FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a mighty ship
That whethers many gales,
And leaves a blessing to the world
In every place it sails.
It helps the dreary, cheers the sad,
And drives dark clouds away;
It gives a helping hand to those

Who've fallen by the way.
Friendship is a blessed ship
That's full of peace and love,
And carries sunshine everywhere,
From God's own bless'd above,
And makes the world a better place—
E'en more like heaven sweet—
And helps to smooth the pathway out
For weary pilgrims' feet.

—Walter E. Isenhour.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE YOUNG DEAD SOLDIERS

The young dead soldiers do not speak
Nevertheless they are heard in the still houses.
(Who has not heard them?)

They have a silence that speaks for them at night
And when the clock counts.

They say,
We were young. We have died. Remember us.

They say,
We have done what we could
But until it is finished it is not done.

They say,
We have given our lives
But until it is finished no one can know what our lives gave.

They say,
Our deaths are not ours,
They are yours,
They will mean what you make them.

They say,
Whether our lives and our deaths were for peace and a new hope
Or for nothing
We cannot say.
It is you who must say this.

They say,
We leave you our deaths,
Give them their meaning,
Give them and end to the war and a true peace,
Give them a victory that ends the war and a peace afterwards,
Give them their meaning.

We were young, they say,
We have died.
Remember us.

—Archibald MacLeish.

MEMORIAL SUGGESTED FOR THOSE WHOSE GRAVES ARE UNKNOWN

One of the saddest tragedies of the recent World War is the fact that many of the fine young boys who perished in the conflict lost their lives out on the vast expanses of the seas or in the impenetrable jungles of the tropics. Consequently, the last resting places of their bodies will forever remain a mystery. In fairness to this group of heroes it seems most appropriate that some plan should be made to erect a suitable memorial, probably in the nation's capital, and dedicate it to those who gave their lives in this manner.

Every person has a feeling that he wants to be remembered and that he does not want to be forgotten. Those who shouldered the responsibilities of war and went out to face the enemy certainly had within their souls the feeling that they would like to know that the world realized and appreciated their potential sacrifices. It is known that some of these young men had hopes that even in local cemeteries there would be placed some sort of appropriate markers, if they should lose their lives in the conflict, to perpetuate in stone the fact that they lived on the earth and that they gave their lives. They would like for the world to understand that what they did was for the sake of those who lived on after they perished.

Today the flags of freedom and liberty are unfurled again throughout the world, and our hearts are stirred by the drum beats of the victorious armies as they march on their homeward way, but there is an unforgettable touch of sadness because some did not return, and those who perished in the conflict and whose mortal remains lie in unknown graves truly laid their lives upon the altar of their country as the last full measure of their devotion, and certainly their epic deeds should not be forgotten. We should erect an appropriate memorial that will show to the world that we dedicate our most reverential thoughts and sentiments to those who did not return.

After all, these courageous young men, when they went out to do battle, knew themselves that many would not come back. As they departed on the perilous journey they took with them all their hopes and their dreams for high attainments and noble careers.

young men, had built their air castles and dreamed
en they would stand on the highest pinnacle of suc-
to say, they were cut down in the prime of life, and
re thwarted in their high purposes. Yea, these were the young men who, when they gave their lives, with their own blood underlined the word FREEDOM in American literature, to give it a deeper meaning than it has ever had before.

Some of these young men whose graves are unmarked and unknown perished in the vast expanses of the mighty ocean. Some fell into the dense places of the impenetrable jungles, far removed from the help of rescue crews, and some perished in the trackless marshes and swamps, with no hope of escape. How fine it would be if these young men could know today that their sacrifices were appreciated to the fullest and that they would be held in eternal remembrance in the hearts of those who live today and are the benefactors of their heroism.

In American history eloquent tributes have been paid to soldiers who gave their lives in freedom's cause and perished in such notable battles as Yorktown, Lexington, Bunker Hill. Their memorable deeds have been commemorated in stone, and these memorials will be long-lasting shrines where people will bow their heads and with humble hearts give thanks for the sacrifices which were made then and there. Now it should be suggested that we erect our finest memorial to the soldier boys who gave their lives in unknown and unrecorded conflicts, either with a deadly enemy or with the ill fortunes of unfavorable weather, and whose graves today are unknown. This memorial could be a momument to the Heroes of Unknown Graves.

"A chosen corps—they are marching on
In a higher sphere than ours;
Those bright battalions still fulfill
The plan of the heavenly powers;
And high, brave thoughts float down to us,
The echoes of that far fight
Like the flash of a distant picket's guns,
Through the shades of the searing night.
No fear for them! In our lower field,
Let us toil with hands unstained,
So that we be deemed worthy with them to stand
On the shining heights they have gained."

THE CORRECTIONAL INST
USED AS PLACES OF AS

In North Carolina, as well as in the other s
there is a rather strong tendency among juvenile judg
welfare workers to use the correctional institutions of the state as places of last resort for the juvenile offenders. A statement to this effect is not something new and different, but it is a fact that has been known, and yet at the same time there have been presented very favorable and even convincing arguments that correctional institutions should not be used as last resorts in dealing with juvenile problems.

Those of us who work in the correctional institutions have a pretty strong conviction that too often the correctional institutions are utilized as a last resort. In fact, the statement is frequently heard among the welfare workers of the state that when it has been decided that a boy should go to a correctional institution, one may be sure that every other available resource has been tried and exhausted.

No doubt, it is a rather serious responsibility which these officials face as they attempt to deal with their youthful offenders of the law. They find it necessary to choose between permitting the delinquent boy to remain in his home on probation, or placing him in a foster home, or sending him to a correctional institution. Always, whether it is pleasant or not, there is a deep feeling that there is considerable stigma when a boy has to be placed in a correctional institution.

When a boy has become a juvenile problem it is something that develops gradually rather than something that is an event of the day. What happens is that the boy's family and home, because they have failed themselves, have failed him, and consequently the home has nothing constructive to offer the boy. Sometimes it occurs that a boy is so aggressive and even incorrigible that his antisocial habits and attitudes demand that something be done. Then the question arises as to whether a placement in a foster home or an institution is to be preferred. Sometimes the parents of adolescent children simply fail to comprehend and understand the disturbed processes of thinking which take place during this period.

They, like other [illegible] tension and friction and tension that of those days wh[illegible] taken. cess, but, sad [illegible] attempt to deal with such problems they will they we[illegible] the following question, "What does the training school or correctional institution have to offer?"

In answering this question for themselves, one person may have a considerable amount of enthusiasm for the work of correctional institutions; another may have a somewhat passive attitude that institutions are about as good as foster homes; and another may have a hostile attitude or strong aversion for training schools. Then their decisions are made in the light of their respective attitudes. However, it should be strongly emphasized that correctional institutions should by no means be used as last resorts.

In North Carolina the people prefer that the correctional institutions not become penal establishments designed to mete out strict and sometimes brutal punishment, but the people of the state prefer that these institutions be regarded as educational institutions capable of an invaluable service to those who need their help. If the tendency to use institutions as last resorts is followed too generally and too regularly, it simply means that it becomes less and less possible to operate the training schools on an open basis, where boys and girls are permitted to develop self-confidence and self-esteem in normal situations. In other words, if commitments to correctional institutions are unreasonably delayed then it means that the correctional institutions must become places of strict discipline and regimentation, because then they will be dealing with youthful offenders who are steeped in the evils of youthful crimes.

All this simply means that there is, on the other hand, a great responsibility resting on the correctional institutions. If they are to merit and deserve the proper recognition, they must be able to offer to the wards of the state unusual opportunities and facilities where boys and girls may be re-claimed and re-trained and re-directed into ways of wholesome living. It means that the institutions must offer good educational opportunities, desirable religious opportunities, favorable group situations in cottage life and elsewhere, and considerable opportunities in trade training or work experiences. It means, too, that they must have facilities for strengthening and

improving the health of the boys and girls in their care.

Those who are familiar with the improvements in the programs of the institutions of the state are now more convinced than ever that we have much to offer to those who are placed in our care, and we wish to stand up in defense of the work that we are doing. We have seen with our own eyes cases where many boys have had their lives completely transformed, and where they have gone back out into their homes and their home communities completely changed and with their hearts dedicated to the highest purposes of desirable social living and community relationships.

May it not ever be said that North Carolina is going to use the correctional institutions of the state as a last resort.

* * * * * * * *

SCHOOL AUDITORIUM RECONDITIONED

During the last three weeks Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys have been repairing and reconditioning the auditorium in the school building. The general appearance of the auditorium has been greatly improved, and the interior of the building now seems so much cleaner and neater.

The color used on the side walls is a light blue, which makes for a neat and cheerful appearance. The woodwork overhead was painted with white enamel, and it blends in nicely with the light colored celotex ceiling. The wainscoting, window frames and other woodwork have been done over with a varnish stain. The entire floor has been mopped and given two coats of regular floor varnish. The window panes and electric fixtures have been washed and polished.

Recently a new cyclorama and overhead borders were purchased for the stage, and when these are installed much beauty and refinement will have been added to the entire auditorium.

The next improvement project in the auditorium will be to improve the acoustics in order to improve the reception for the motion pictures that are presented each week.

* * * * * * * *

BOY SCOUT CAMPAIGN VERY SUCCESSFUL

Mr. Frank Liske has had charge of the campaign for raising

funds for the Boy Scouts of America at the Jackson Training School, and in the nearby community. Under Mr. Liske's efficient leadership we were able to raise a total of $72.50, which represents the most successful campaign in the history of Scouting locally. Those who participated in this campaign and have given their support to this organization deserve the commendation and the thanks of all the people who are interested in the work of this great organization.

The Boy Scouts of America organization is generally recognized as one of the very finest organizations of the land for the character training of the youth. Again we express our thanks to all who had a part in this financial campaign for the Boy Scouts.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 3, 1946

March 3—Austin Lee Bradshaw, Cottage No. 11, 14th birthday.
March 4—Woodrow Davenport, Cottage No. 5, 15th birthday.
March 4—William Correll, Cottage No. 15, 16th birthday.
March 5—Thomas Ware, Cottage No. 10, 15th birthday.
March 5—Edward Guinn, Cottage No. 7, 12th birthday.
March 6—Herman Hentschell, Infirmary, 14th birthday.
March 7—Ralph Tew, Cottage No. 11, 16th birthday.
March 9—David Eaton, Cottage No. 14, 16th birthday.
March 9—Jerry Ray, Cottage No. 13, 15th birthday.
March 9—Harold Kernodle, Cottage No. 14, 14th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Refinishing the Auditorium

By Arlon McLean, 9th Grade

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been working on our school auditorium. The walls were painted light blue and the ceiling was painted a cream color. The floors and woodwork have been cleaned and varnished.

Mr. Hawfield, our superintendent, is planning to add a cyclorama to the stage. He is also planning to install a new motion picture screen with new sound effect equipment. This will greatly add to the amusement for the boys here at the school, and they appreciate it deeply.

Fifth Grade Chapel Program

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

The program on Friday morning of last week was given by Mrs. Dotson's fifth grade boys. The theme of this program was George Washington's birthday.

The boys repeated the First Psalm, and Mr. Hines led in prayer. This was followed by a salute to the flag.

The first poem, "The 22nd of February," was given by William Ussery. The class then sang a number entitled "A Song of February." Bobby Shepherd recited a poem entitled "In Washington's Time."

Next on the program were two poems about Washington, given by Coy Creakman and Claywood Sparrow.

After the class sang four songs, the boys gave poems on four parts of Washington's life. They told of Washington as a boy; at the age of twenty-one; at Valley Forge; and at his life's close.

Mrs. Baucom then read a poem entitled "Leetla Georgia Washeenton."

Next on the program was a short skit about George Washington and his little hatchet. The characters were Jerry Oakes and Robert Driggers.

A group of boys from the special sixth then sang a song, "Father of the Land We Love."

The fifth grade boys then gave a play showing how we can be like Washington in being brave, honest and truthful.

Then the class sang a song entitled "God of Our Fathers."

After the play was over Mr. Hawfield gave a talk on his trip to New York and told how he saw Washington's home at Mount Vernon on the way home. Everyone enjoyed it very much.

Radio Program

By Harvey Leonard and Gray Brown, 9th Grade

The radio program last week was under the direction of Mr. J. W. Hines, our school, principal, and Mr. S. G. Hawfield, our superintendent. The first number on the program was a song, "Father of the Land We Love," by the special sixth grade boys. This song was written by George M.

Cohan. The second part of this program consisted of a group of short talks. They were as follows: Introduction by Gerald Johnson; "Birth of Washington" by James Shook; "Boyhood of Washington" by Howard Jones; and "Important Things about Washington's Life" by Gerald Johnson. This fourth talk was broken into two parts and separated by a song, "There Are Many Flags in Many Lands." The last number on the program was a song, "Washington for Bravery," by the sixth grade boys.

Basketball Leagues

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

After a week of practice the basketball leagues have gotten into full swing, under the direction of Mr. Walters, our athletic director. The various cottages have been divided into two leagues. At the end of the first two weeks of participation, we find Cottage No. 10 leading the teams in the No. 1 League, having won 3 games while going undefeated. Cottage No. 4 is still in the running with two wins out of two games. Garvin Thomas is high scorer for Cottage No. 10.

In league No. 2, Cottage No. 3 is on top with a perfect record of having won four out of four games. Their high scoring man is Robert Lee. Cottage No. 11 is holding second place with three out of four games.

A lot of enthusiasium is being shown by the different cottages. While there is a lot of competition between the teams, one can hardly help but notice the good sportsmanship shown at these games. They hoot and yell, but during the tries for foul shots, you can almost hear a pin drop. That is one of the things stressed by Mr. Walters, fair play and good sportsmanship.

The Picture Show

By Charles Gordon, 8th Grade

The picture show last week was "The Singing Sheriff" starring "Bob" Crosby and "Fuzzy" Knight. This story was about a man who became sheriff, but he did not know how to shoot and ride. All he could do was sing. There was also a comedy entitled "Skis for Two." All the boys enjoyed this picture very much.

Mr. Hawfield Attended Conference

By Kenneth Staley and Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

Last week our superintendent attended the annual conference of superintendents, which is held in New York City every year, in the Pennsylvania Hotel. There were superintendents attending from twenty-one different states, plus those from three provinces in Canada.

This conference is strictly for superintendents, and no one else is allowed to attend the meetings. These meetings are held for both white and negro races, and they include both Federal and state training schools. The superintendents from the different schools have enrollments varying from 150 to 1,000 pupils.

In this conference all problems of institutions were discussed during the day sessions, and at night recreation was provided for those attending. Mr. Frank Penn, an ex-su-

perintendent, was president of the conference.

While in New York City, Mr. Hawfield attended a meeting of the New York Rotary Club, which is held in the Commodore Hotel. This hotel is near the Grand Central Station.

"Although we think we have a good institution, there are many improvements to be made," said Mr. Hawfield after attending this fine conference.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Ralph Gibson, 8th Grade and Samuel Lynn, 6th Grade

We started the program in the auditorium by singing "Jesus Paid It All" and "Trust and Obey." Then Mr. Puckett led us in prayer. He told us about George Westinghouse and what he invented. Then we went to our classes. The first part was given by William Brooks. It was entitled "Medical Mission." The second part was given by Clyde Wright. It was entitled "Christian Mission." The third part was given by Samuel Lynn. It was entitled "Medical Missions—Early Beginnings." The fourth and fifth parts were given by Thomas Childress. They were entitled "A Tropical Experience" and "Medical Mission."

SAM HOUSTON

By James Teague, 8th Grade

Sam Houston was born in 1793 near Lexington, Virginia, but his family later moved to Tennessee which was then a frontier territory. Young Sam went to school there and later clerked in a trading post, but he longed for adventure and ran off to live with the Cherokee Indians. After three years, he returned to civilization and taught in a country school. A short time later, he enlisted in the United States Army and fought under Andrew Jackson against the Creeks. He was twice elected to Congress from Tennessee, and in 1827 he was made governor of the state. In 1832 he was asked to lead the Texan colonists in their struggle against Mexico, and when the war broke out he was made commander-in-chief of the Texans. In 1836, at the head of a small company of untrained volunteers, he defeated the Mexican general, Santa Anna, at San Jacinto. He was elected president of the Republic of Texas in the fall of 1836 and again in 1841. It was chiefly through his influence that in 1845 Texas was finally admitted to the union. Once more a citizen of the United States, Houston represented Texas in the senate from 1846 to 1859. He became governor of the state in 1859 and held office until the outbreak of the war between the states. He was then deposed because he refused to take the oath to support the Confederacy and retired to private life. The city of Houston, Texas is named after him.

DE WITT CLINTON

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

De Witt Clinton was born March 2, 1769 in Orange County, New York. He received his education at Kingston, N. Y., and he graduated from Columbia in 1786. He immediately began his study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1788.

His ambition to reach the top of his profession soon sparked his interest in poltics, and he became a partner with George Clinton of distant kin They were soon the leading Republicans in the state. The question of the Federal constitution prompted him to write a series of letters signed "A Country Man" in reply to some notes against the constitution. He entered the state legislature in 1801. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1804 and resigned in 1805 to become mayor of New York City and governor of New York. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency in 1812. In 1815 he presented a memorial to the legislature in behalf of the construction of the Erie Canal and in 1817 a bill was passed authorizing the work. He was re-elected governor in 1826, dying while in office.

SAINT-GAUDENS

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

Saint-Gaudens, the artist and sculptor, was born March 1, 1848 in Dublin, the home of his Irish mother. Saint-Gaudens was a regular boy. When Saint-Gaudens was thirteen years old he went to work helping a cameo cutter and attended the art school of Cooper Union and classes at the Academy of Design. He was always sketching and modelling clay. When he was 19 he had only $100 saved up, but he went to Europe to study sculpturing in Paris and Rome. After studying for six years, he returned to New York and opened a studio of his own as a cameo cutter. His earliest work was a bronze bust of his father. In 1880 the young sculptor won fame. In this period was exhibited some of his monuments. They were as follows: Admiral Farragut, at the Paris Salon, the figure of Governor Randall, the Puritan, the Garfield and the Logan statues.

Saint-Gaudens was a friend of Robert Lewis Stevenson and was commissioned by the United States government to furnish the designs for ten and twenty dollar gold pieces.

Saint-Gaudens was brought to America when he was but six months old. He died in the year 1907, but his monuments he left to us for memories. He was a real American, and his bronze statues reflected the spirit of the Nation.

Doubt whom you will, but never yourself.—Bovee.

STATE CORRECTIONAL SCHOOLS NEEDS CITED

By Samuel E. Leonard Commissioner of Correction

North Carolina's training schools for delinquent children exist for two reasons — to give the youthful offender a chance to develop in a new and carefully controled environment, and to give an opportunity for working with the children's families during their absense in order to provide better home conditions to which they may return.

The schools exist both as a protection to the public and as an answer to special unmet needs of certain children, some of which needs they seek to supply. They are not, and should not be, used as a last resort in the control of a difficult problem. Correctional institutions should be so equipped and staffed that they will be in a position to render necessary services for children with behavior problems, and commitment, when necessary, should be made immediately whether for the first, second, or third offense.

The schools are not schools for the feeble - minded, and feeble - minded children, although delinquent, are not eligible for admission, according to the statutes. North Carolina is greatly in need of a school for the defective delinquent to fill the gap between the training schools for delinquents and the institution for the feeble-minded.

Despite the length of time a child remains in a training school, he still requires skillful help when he returns to his own home. In North Carolina the local agency that works with the family in preparing it to assume responsibility for helping the child make a good adjustment is the county department of public welfare, and it must follow up the program of training received at the school.

Such efforts require the closest of co-operation and integration between the training schools and the county departments of public welfare, since the work of the former in redirecting the child must dovetail with the work of the latter in improving home conditions and supervising the child on his return. The State Department of Public Welfare through its field social work survey assists materially in this co-operative program.

North Carolina's present capacity for retraining 1,365 youthful delinquents is not in any need of expansion except at Morrison Training school for Negro boys. The war years, during which it has been impossible to conduct the necessary repair operations to plants and buildings, have, however, brought the state face to face with the need for spending an estimated $840,000 in replacing outmoded or condemned buildings and equipment.

In view of the report of the inspection of Samarcand by the State fire marshal, the Board of Correction and Training is faced with the building of a new institution for white girls. The buildings are of wooden construction, two-story, and are condemned as to occupancy because of fire hazards. They are temporary buildings; they are old; the upkeep is

prohibitive; they were illegally built; and they do not come up to the minimum legal safety requirements.

To the replacement estimate must be added $320,000 considered necessary to erect the Negro girls' training school which has been established by the General Assembly but which has had to operate during the war in temporary quarters. An outlay of approximately $1,100,000 for modernization and replacement will put the state's juvenile training schools in first-class physical condition.

A conservative estimate of North Carolina's capital investment in the physical facilities of the schools is $2,698,000, to which could be added the $6,000 valuation of equipment at the temporary Negro girls' school.

The physical plant is only the shell, however, within which the program of retraining youthful delinquents is developed. The quality of the work of each institution is determined primarily by the staff. All the institutions are understaffed in terms of regular personnel and there is a great need of such specialists as caseworkers teachers without other responsibilities, and a psychologist. Moreover, increased attention needs to be devoted to bringing all the schools maintained by the correctional institutions up to State educational standards and to develop facilities for correcting all remedial physical defects of the boys and girls before they are released.

At the present time the schools must call on the counties to assist in financing major surgical operations and other health programs that call for unusual expenditures.

The State Board of Correction and Training, under which the institutions have made rapid progress, believes that increasing funds for the training program are even more essential than are funds for buildings if the institutions are to carry out their responsibilities for redirecting delinquent boys and girls. It must be remembered that they are schools and should be staffed and operated as such. Each and every activity must be conducted on an educational - retraining treatment basis.

Most of these children have been misfits in the public schools. They need specially prepared teachers whose salaries are necessarily higher than the regular teachers. They need more personal attention, hence must be in smaller classes. The schools have a wonderful opportunity for a well balanced training program. They have the academic, the vocational, a sort of theory-apprentice system and since the schools are custodial, the 24-hour program can be adapted to the training needs of the children. The need is the required number of qualified workers.

The student capacities are as follows: Stonewall Jackson Training school, Concord, 500 white boys; Eastern Carolina Training school, Rocky Mount, 180 white boys; Morrison Training school, Hoffman, 250 Negro boys; State Home and Industrial Training school for Girls (Samarcand Manor), Eagle Springs, 300 white girls; Dobbs farms, Kinston, 75 older white girls and State Training school for Negro girls, 60 girls in temporary quarters at Rocky Mount.

The State's facilities for re-direction of youthful delinquents require both more adequate personnel and physical improvement What is needed just as much is a thorough under-

standing by the people of each community that a term at a training school is not alone sufficient for a delinquent youth. There must also be work in the community and with the family to alleviate the causes that led originally to the child's maladjustment and antisocial behavior. The child must be accepted back in the community, not as an ex-delinquent but as a future citizen. He must be given work and must be trusted. Juvenile delinquents result when communities do not make adequate provision for meeting the needs of children and youth. The level of any community can be determined by social adjustment of its children.

———:———

CREED FOR THIS DAY

I would learn one new thing this day,
Whether I glean it from thought or speech
Or from some formula that textbooks teach;
For there are lessons to study along the way
As the earth swings low in the path of the sun,
Lord, I would be wiser when day is done.

I would gain wisdom to hold and keep,
See precept and promise in everything,
The clear, bold logic poised in a wing,
The sonorus lore in the long hill's sweep.
Lord, I would be taught by the smallest stone.
For I would be wiser when day is done.

Each fellow being who catches my nod
Has depths to share that are faultless and new
And the whole world of goodness is ripe for review.
Then see that I learn it and know it, dear God;
For joy springs from wisdom that is challenged and won.
Lord, make me wiser when day is done.

Oh, winds, instruct me by masterful rote.
Oh, stars, lean out of infinite space
To tell me of wonderment, whisper of grace.
Oh, every bird, by your passionate throat
Keep proving this hour is the ultimate one;
Lord, make me wiser when day is done.

—Elizabeth Barr Haas.

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BELK ASSOCIATES GIVE QUEENS COLLEGE CHAPEL

(Selected)

A $150,000 chapel, in honor of W. Henry Belk and the late Dr. John M. Belk, of Monroe, co-founder of the Belk Stores, will be presented to Queens College in Charlotte by associates of the noted merchants, it was announced in the college auditorium Tuesday aeftrnoon.

The presentation was made at a special cenemony attended by students and faculty of the college and members of the board of trustees.

George W. Dowdy, general manager of the Belk Bros. store in Charlotte, told of the plans of the business associates who manage the Belk stores to provide the gift of a Chapel bearing the Belk name for Queens college.

"In making this gift, we, the associates of the Belk brothers, honor two real friends who have been our counsellors and aides in business," Mr. Dowdy said. "We pay tribute to their integrity and understanding and fineness. We wish their influence perpetuated across the year in this chapel where young women will gather to worship God and to receive lofty visions of duty and service.

"We believe it is fitting to make this gift to Queens college, which is situated in Charlotte, which has for half a century been the center of the Belk organization and where its president, W. H. Belk, has lived since 1895."

Actual presentation of the chapel was made by Mr. Belk. The gift was received by Miss Rebecca Nickels of Charleston, S. C., president of the student body. Miss Nickels said that it had long been the dream of Queens students that some day they might have a chapel of their own.

"You and your associates are making this possible and the daughters of Queens college will bless your name throughout all the coming years," Miss Nickels declared.

McAlister Carson, chairman of the board of trustees, described presentation of the chapel as a historic occasion for the college. He declared that the hopes and plans of many through long years were finding fulfillment and that Queens college is destined to fill a place of ever widening influence in this section of the country.

The gift of the chapel was termed as "one of the finest incentives we could possibly have to aid in reaching our objective in the development program" by Harry D. Dalton, chairman of the college's development program. He expressed the hope that other individuals and business firms will realize the importance of providing expanded educational facilities at the college and will make every effort to match "the generosity of Mr. Belk and his bussiness associates."

In speaking for the faculty, employes and students of Queens, Dr. Hunter B. Blakely, president of the college, told Mr. Belk that the "love and appreciation of your associates must thrill your heart. I rejoice with you in this tribute of love." He said the gift of the chapel will have

lasting effect on Queens College, that "it means much to every one of us and it will mean much to the future generations of girls who attend college at Queens."

He paid tribute to the mother of the Belk brothers, the late Mrs. Sarah Walkup Simpson of Monroe, who was left a widow at the end of the Civil War.

"Looking back," he said, "I see a widowed mother with a family of small children left fatherless by a terrible war. I see across those intervening years motherhood at its best, courageous, industrious, gentle, sympathetic, and believing. From that humble Christian home there came two of the great merchant princes of our generation who helped their fellowman by bringing the merchandise of the world to the cities of our Southland.

"The thoughts of many men this afternoon are centered with us here in Charlotte where a munificent gift to education is made to honor two men who not only found success in business but in the art of living," Dr. Blakely declared.

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THE HOLE IN THE DOUGHNUT

If you are like most other Americans, you have often wondered who put the hole in the doughnut.

There is no definite record to indicate who should have the credit for inventing the hole in the doughnut, but there is evidence that a certain Captain Gregory, a seaman from Maine, probably started the idea.

In early America, fried cakes were quiet a popular delicacy, but these "cakes" were usually squares of dough fried in hot fat, and the center was often soggy because the fat did not reach it to cook it. In this soggy center there was usually to be found a raisin or a nut, and for this reason the cakes were called "doughnuts."

Captain Gregory did not like the doughy center of the doughnut, so he had a tinsmith make a cutter "just like a fine preserver," circular, with a small hole in the center. Thus, the old-fashioned doughnut—a square fried cake with a soggy center containing a nut—was converted into the doughnut as we know it—round with a hole in the center.

Although the nut disappeared with the appearance of the hole in the doughnut, the name has persisted, and we still eat doughnut—fried dough, with a hole in the place of the nut.

—The Friend.

A PARTIAL DESCRIPTION OF A BOY

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

After a male baby has grown out of long clothes and triangles and has acquired pants, freckles and so much dirt that relatives do not dare kiss it between meals it becomes a Boy... A boy is nature's answer to that false belief that there is no such things as perpetual motion. A boy can run like a deer, swim like a fish, climb like a squirrel, balk like a mule, bellow like a bull, eat like a pig or act like a jackass according to climatic conditions.

The world is so full of boys that it is impossible to touch off a fire cracker, strike up a band, pitch a ball game without collecting about a thousand of them. Boys are not ornamental; they are useful. If it were not for boys, the newspapers would go undelivered and unread, and a thousand picture shows would bankrupt. . . Boys are useful in running errands with the aid of five or six adults. The zest with which a boy does an errand is equalled only by the speed of a turtle on a July day.

The boy is a natural spectator. He watches parades, fires, fights, ball games, automobiles, boats and airplanes with equal fervor. He will not watch the clock. The man who invents a clock that will stand on its head and sing a song when it strikes will win the undying gratitude of millions of families whose boys are forever coming home to dinner about supper. A boy is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite. He eats only when awake.

Boys faithfully imitate their dads in spite of all efforts to teach them good manners . . . . Boys are not popular except with their parents, but they do have many fine qualities. You can absolutely rely on a boy if you know what to rely on. . . Boys are very durable. A boy, if not washed too often and if kept in a cool, quiet place after each accident, will survive broken bones. hornets, swimming holes, fights and nine helpings of pie.

Boys love to trade things. He will trade frogs, fish hooks, marbles, broken knives and snakes for anything that is priceless or worthless. When he grows up he will trade puppy love, energy, warts, bashfulness and a cast iron stomach for a bay window, pride, ambition, pretense and a bald head and will immediately begin to say that boys are not what they were in the good old days.

———:———

If we would have anything of benefit, we must earn it, and earning it become shrewd, inventive, ingenious, active, enterprising.—H. H. Beecher.

YOU ARE THE RED CROSS

(Selected)

The annual Red Cross appeal for funds starts on March 1st. This year Burke County is asked to contribute considerably less than during war years—only $11,500—but it is hoped that the general response will be generous. The need still exists. In our contributions the following conditions should be considered:

The Red Cross is the heart of the people . . .the emblem of humanity . . .the hand stretched out in comfort to the homeless and the hungry, the lonely and the troubled all over the world today.

Here come the children, without shoes, who are hungry. Here come the destitute, the people without shelter. Here come the lonely and the cold without comfort. Here come the men and women who are troubled.

If you would seek them, look about you. Hear them speak.

It's lonely here in Germany. It's very cold. We worry here in Germany about how it is at home. . . the wives who may be ill, the child we haven't seen, the sweetheart who could be remembering—maybe not. But there's a man here with us who can get in touch, straighten out the worry, a kind of trouble-shooting guy who wears a small red cross in his cap. That man is you.

In the hospital the days take a very long time to go. The hours are all the same. But there's a girl who comes through the wards with magazines and books and cigerettes and stops to talk. She'll write a letter for you when your hands are hurt. She'll read a book or play a game. There's a small red cross pinned on her collar. That girl is you.

I came home from Tarawa, Saipan, the islands where we fought. I was discharged. And I was lonely and discouraged, bewildered, and without funds. But there was someone here to talk to, who loaned me money, told me where to go for help. On his desk a small cross stood. That man was you.

The wind swept through our town one night, leveling the buildings. It destroyed our homes. That night was very cold, full of the cries of the homeless and the hurt. But among us moved men and women providing shelter, food and warmth. On their uniforms a small red cross shone. They were you.

We are the lonely and the anxious, and the lost. We are the cold and hungry people, the children who have no shoes, the people without shelter.

But everywhere among us is the sign of hope . . .stamped on a sack of flour, a crate of medicine or milk, worn on a uniform, painted on a building fresh and red. It is the emblem of comfort. It is the sign of hope. It is you.

———:———

Shadow owes its birth to light.—Gray.

ARMY DOCTOR IS DOING WONDERS IN MAKING MEN WALK

(Selected)

A doctor whose vocabulary does not seem to include the word impossible is working wonders at the Army's Thomas M. England General Hospital these days. He's getting men who normally never would walk again back on their feet. And the biggest factor in his cure is the doctor's ability to convince his patients that they can do something about it, if only they will try.

The doctor is thirty-four-years-old Captain Kuhn, Jr., of Highland Park, New Jersey. And his patients are veterans who stopped a bullet or a piece of shrapnel with their spinal cords. With their spinal cords wholly or partially severed, they are without muscular control from the waist down. General George Patton was stricken in this manner in an automobile accident in Germany. But the former Third Army commander died of pneumonia before he could battle his way back to health.

To get back to the Army hospital in Atlantic City, New Jersey. Captain Kuhn's crippled patients went to the deserted basement of the hospital at night, and there the veterans learned to walk on legs which most persons considered useless.

The men learned to use the muscles of their chest and arms to make up for the loss of muscular control in the hips and legs. They regain their sense of balance, and then they walk by raising and swinging forward first one side of their bodies, then the other.

Here is an idea of what Captain Kuhn has accomplished. One year ago, not a single patient stricken in this manner was on his feet. Only two could use a wheelchair. Today, all of the 93 men—comprising the largest ward of its kind in the country—are walking. Even if they must use crutches, they can get around. Some are driving automobils, or wheeling themselves up and down in Atlantic City.

Captain Kuhn says that one year ago the morale of these men was so low that it did not exist at all. The mortality rate was high. The men paralyzed in this manner knew that of their counterparts of World War One, only one per cent survive today.

But, says the captain, "Our goal for the 1,400 so afflicted in World War Two is at least ninety per cent survival. We'll make it."

———:———

Every school boy and girl who has arrived at the edge of reflection ought to know something about the history of the art of printing.—Horace Mann.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Ivan A. Morrozoff, a former member of our printing class, called on us a short time ago. He came to this institution from Fayetteville, September 1, 1933 and was permitted to leave September 28, 1940. During his stay with us he developed into one of the best young linotype operators ever to receive training in this shop. He was a member of the Cottage No. 4 group.

At the time of his admission to the School, Ivan was a very little fellow, but he had a very large smile which soon won for him many friends among both the boys and th emembers of the official family. It was on the first Christmas Eve he spent with us that the entertainment in the auditorium was Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Ivan was given the part of " Tiny Tim," which he played to perfection. By reason of his part in that performance he was nicknamed "Tiny," and that name has stuck to him to this day.

Tiny returned to his home in Fayetteville when he left the School. After a brief visit with his mother and other relatives, he secured employment in Mooresville. For almost two years he was a linotype operator on the staff of The Tribune, a weekly newspaper published in that city.

On December 9, 1942, Tiny enlisted in the United States Army, and for a short time he was stationed at Fort Bragg. He was transferred to Keesler Field, Biloxi, Miss., where he received training as an airplane mechanic.

For quite some time Tiny was shifted about, making brief stops at the following military posts: Camp Lee, Va.; Hammer Field, Calif.; Army Air Base, Portland, Ore,; McCord Field, Wash.; March Field, Calif.; and Camp Patrick Henry, Va.

Tiny finally received an overseas assignment, leaving the United States on December 14, 1943, as a member of the 1875th Aviation Engineers.

This outfit arrived at Oran, North Africa, on January 3, 1944, and in a short time our friend, Tiny, started traveling again. The way he explained it to us was that the nature of the duties of an aviation engineer corps consisted largely of building air strips or landing fields, and that when one was completed there was nothing to do but to move on to the next site.

From Oran he went to Algeria, North Africa, and then to the following places: Bombay, India; Dudkundia, India; Ledo, India; Tinkok, Burma; Nalong, Burma; and Bahamo, Burma.

While overseas Tiny was one of our most consistent correspondents. His letters would usually start something like this: "Well, old Tiny is on the move again. Note the change of my A. P. O. number."

Leaving India, December 11, 1945, he returned to the United States on the troopship, the "General S. S. Ballou," which arrived in New York on Christmas Day.

He attained the rank of Technician, Fifth-Grade, and he is the possessor of the following campaign ribbons: American Defense; Good Conduct Medal (two years;) European Theatre of Operations; African Theatre of Operations; China-Burma-India Theatre of Operations; Asiatic and Pacific Theatre of Operations; and the Meritorious Allotment Award.

With reference to the building of air strips in the jungles of India and Burma, Tiny stated that he helped build the base at Dudkundia, India, from which point the first B-29's bombed Japan.

Tiny had a small camera with him part of the time. Knowing our weakness for collecting snap-shots, he enclosed pictures in most of his letters. On his recent visit he brought quite a number of fine pictures, which he said he had carried all the way from Burma for the express purpose of having them added to our collection. We are most grateful to our young friend for his kindness.

When Tiny alighted from a taxi, just outside our office, the first thing we noticed was the same old friendly grin, and by the time he entered the shop is seemed that his smile was at least a mile wide. We were really delighted to see him, and he seemed equally pleased to be back among old friends. He said that coming to the School was just like coming back home.

Tiny stated that since he was entitled to some sort of schooling under the G. I. Bill of Rights, he was going to try to attend the Mergenthaler Linotype School, Brooklyn, N. Y., with the hope of becoming a first-class operator-machinist. We trust that he may be successful in attaining this goal.

We recently received a very nice letter from John T. Capps, a former member of our printing class. Johnnie, who is now twenty-four years old, came to the School from Wilmington, March 15, 1935, and he was conditionally released, April 24, 1939.

While with us he developed into a very good linotype operator. He was an excellent worker, and was the speediest operator sent out from this shop in many years.

Upon being released, John secured employment with The Kannapolis Independent, and worked in that plant for about two years. During that time we received word from his employers that he was one of the very best boys ever to work in that shop. John then went to Brevard, where he followed the same line of work for The Transylvanis Times until his induction into the United States Army.

We do not have the exact date when Johnnie went overseas, but we recall that he wrote us from England early in 1944, at which time he had been there for several months.

John was a member of an army postal unit, and he attained the rank of Technician, Fifth-Grade. He was stationed in England for about one year, and then took part in the invasion of France and the drive through that country on into German territory. He wrote us quite regularly from various European countries. He is quite a camera enthusiast and was able to take many pictures while overseas. Most of his letters contained several fine pictures of interesting events and places of interest.

In June, 1944, while stationed in England, John was married to Miss Leslie Clark, of Braintree, Essex. They are now the parents of a fine baby boy.

Johnnie is now back at his old home, and is employed as linotype operator in Wilmington. His letter reads as follows:

" Dear Mr. Godown: I suppose you have been thinking that I had forgotten you, but that's not the reason I

haven't written since coming back to the States in December. I have really been busy. Was sure I'd get up to to see you before Christmas but was unable to do so.

"I went to work here in Wilmington with the Star-News. This company publishes a morning and an afternoon paper. According to the agreement when I started working here, I was to receive one dollar an hour until they could see what I could do on the machine. Remember, I was in the army for three years and had not operated a machine during all that time.

"Well, after I had been at the Linotype for about an hour, I knew that I was as good as ever. It seemed that I had only been away from the machine for a couple of weeks. The boss must have thought I was OK, for after watching me a little while he told me that I would be put on at full-scale wages. The scale in this shop, working in day time, is $46.50 for a forty-hour week; night work pays $48.90. I have been working in the daytime since coming here but last week they put me on the night shift.

"This week I made some overtime, and my two weeks' pay-check will be $110.00 for 88 hours. The work here is nice and everybody seems to be OK. The foreman is certainly a swell guy. So you can see that I'm getting along all right.

"Leslie and the baby are supposed to come over from England about the last of February or early in March. Boy, will I be glad to see them. They are both betting along just fine. I'm enclosing a snap-shot of the baby which I took last June. Took it in Kodacolor. Hope you will like it.

"I hope that you and all the rest of my old friends up there at the old School are getting along well these days. It sure will be great to see you again. I have lots of things to tell you. Hope it won't be too long until we can get together. I want to bring Leslie and the boy up there just as soon as possible.

"Please write soon and tell me all the latest news of the Training School. Your old pal, Johnnie."

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from Hubert T. Smith, formerly of the Cottage No. 14 group. Hubert, who is now eighteen years old, entered the School, June 15, 1937 and was conditionally released, May 4, 1945, at which time he returned to Wilmington to live with his parents. This young man is now in the United States Army and is stationed at Keesler Field, Miss. His letter, dated February 21st, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: I hope you are feeling fine these days. I am now taking training in the A. A. F, and I'm real glad I was able to get in this outfit. You told me that if either my brother or I ever got into the army to write and tell you about it, so I'm taking time out now to write. I have just been thinking about the school and what you said to me at different times. Would like to get a copy of The Uplift once in a while, so please see if you can send it to me. I wish you would write and let me know how things are getting along up there at the school. Tell all the officers 'hello' for me. I haven't much more time to write so I'll just say that I wish you and everybody

up there good luck, and please don't forget that I'd like to hear from you. Your friend, Hubert."

—:—

Peter Chavis, one of our former students, recently wrote Superintendent Hawfield from Camp Lee, Virginia, where he is now stationed as a member of the United States Army. Peter entered this institution, November 11, 1942 and was conditionally released, April 24, 1945. He returned to his home at Pembroke. During his stay with us he was a member of the Indian Cottage group, and was employed on the farm. He became very efficient at handling the tractors and other farming machinery. In addition to being a very dependable worker, Peter made a fine record in other departments and was a favorite with both the boys and the officers. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: I thought I'd drop you a line or two to let you know that I am doing OK. I guess you will be surprised to know that I'm in the Army, but I figured that it would be a good idea for me to enlist before the draft got me.

"I hope all the boys at the school are getting along fine. There is one thing that I can say—the Jackson Training School certainly did help me a lot. Of course, when I was on the way up there I said that I would get even with the one who sent me, but that idea back-fired. I did go to the man but it was in a different way. I shook hands with him and thanked him for sending me to the school. That is one place I shall never forget. What the school did for me it can do for other boys if they will only try to do the right thing while they are there. At the school I tried to do my best all of the time, and after coming home I did my best and got along just fine.

"At the school I got along with everybody and most everybody got along with me and helped me. I'll admit that I did some things while up there that were wrong, and there will never be a boy there who will not make some mistakes. If they will do as they are told, they will also get along all right.

"Will close now. Please remember me to everybody at the school. I hope to hear from you real soon. Yours truly, Peter Chavis."

———:———

THINGS YOU WILL REGRET

Trying to have the last word. Getting the best of an argument which may cost you a friend. Squandering your time foolishly. Resenting fancied insults. Doing the lower when the higher is possible. Passing the buck; putting the blame, the burden on the other fellow. Trying to get pleasure out of that which lessens your self-respect and makes you feel mean the next day. Getting recreation, play, or fun which does not leave you a little more fit for life's duties.—Selected.

ALL HELPED TO MAKE AMERICA

(The Sun Dial)

Many of the racial and religious animosities which exist in our country would disappear with a better knowledge of American history.

Anti-Catholicism would not thrive on a diet of pamphlets describing the laws guaranteeing freedom of religion established in old Maryland, under the leadership of Lord Baltimore, a devout Catholic.

We would hear less about "Polacks" if Americans knew more of their debt to Thaddeus Kosciuszko, for his help to our Revolutionary armies.

Italians like Columbus and Cabot played a large part in opening up the New World; and another Italian, Amerigo Vespucci, gave our hemisphere his name.

Every schoolboy has heard of Lafayette, but how many give credit to a German, Baron Von Steuben, for making an army out of a rabble?

Scots like John Paul Jones, Irishmen like General John Sullivan, and, of course, people of English descent like George Washington, all pitched in and worked for the common cause.

Little known and appreciated is the role played by a Jew in keeping the Continental army in the field. An occasional student knows of the heroic efforts of Robert Morris to raise money for that purpose, but who ever heard of the equally patriotic work of Haym Solomon? For a task which broke his health and fortune, Haym Solomon got two rewards—the knowledge that he had helped mightily to create a great new nation, and burial in a pauper's grave.

They all wanted to help—white and black, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, native and foreign born. And they all did!

———:———

THE SUCCESS FAMILY

The father of Success is Work. The mother of Success is Ambition. The oldest son is Common Sense, and some of the boys are Stability, Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm and Cooperation. The oldest daughter is Character. Some of the sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Care, Courtesy, Economy, Sincerity and Harmony. The baby is Opportunity. Get acquainted with the "old man," and you will be able to get along pretty well with all the rest of the family.—League Echoes.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The visiting minister at the Training School last Sunday was Rev. C. G. McClure, pastor of the Caldwell Memorial Presbyterian Church in Charlotte. Mr. McClure had visited the school before, and we were delighted to have him return. He brought a very interesting and profitable message to the boys.

Mr. McClure read several verses from the 27th chapter of the book of Acts, beginning with the 9th verse and continuing through the story of the shipwreck of the Apostle Paul and his companions.

In his discussion and explanation of this lesson from the Bible, Mr. McClure explained that the story had within it three very interesting characters, and they are interesting not because they lived many years ago but more because of the fact that they are typical of different types of people today.

Of these three individuals, Paul himself was the outstanding person. At that time he was a Roman prisoner who was on his way to Rome to stand trial because he had been charged with stirring up the people through the doctrines that he was preaching then. His strange messages had led to his arrest, and also to his being placed in chains. Paul, along with the others, was on his way to Rome to stand trial before the Roman courts. As he traveled across the Mediterranean Sea he still remained steadfast to his divine mission, and there was nothing that could disturb his main goal in life. As he traveled he was bound in chains and endured the hardships of a prison; he felt all the limitations and restraints of a person who is under arrest. Yet his maxim of happiness was to remain true to his convictions and steadfast to his ideals.

Another interesting character on the ship with Paul was the captain of the ship. The captain was described as a possessive, conceited person who would listen to no one. He was a person who thought he knew more than others and that he could do just as he wanted to.

The third interesting character on the ship was the centurion who was described as the real commander, with final authority to make decisions, even above the captain. The Apostle Paul had advised the captain and his crew to remain in the harbor until after the dangerous seasons were past. Then the centurion found himself between the advice of Paul on the one hand and the conceited opinion of the captain on the other. Paul in the picture was described as the man of God who received his instructions from the angels of God. In the end the centurion heeded the advice of the captain rather than that of the Apostle Paul.

Mr. McClure emphasized the fact that most people in the world today are like the centurion. They find themselves with the power and the privilege to choose what they will do in life, and people either listen to the ministers and those who work in the church, or else they listen to the misleading voices of others.

After the decision was made to launch the boat out into the Pacific, during the first few hours of the trip the boat moved along under the power of a soft south wind. At first everything was favorable, because of the favorable winds. Then it was that the captain, no doubt, reminded Paul and the centurion of the fact that he had made a wise decision. Later on, however, the north winds blew and the storm became violent—so much so that the ship was broken to pieces against the rocky beaches of an island.

The minister reminded the boys of the fact that in most instances the allurements of sin appear to be pleasant and delightful at first. For instance, when Adam and Eve sinned in the garden of Eden, at first they thought they knew more than even God Himself, and they seemed to enjoy a new sense of freedom. Later on, however, when they heard the footsteps of God they were sorely afraid and ran to hide themselves.

As another illustration, the minister reminded the boys of the fact that the book of Proverbs warns that wine and other drinks look attractive, but in the end they bite like an adder. At the beginning, such temptations promise great things to those who may be willing to break the laws of God, but in the end there is grief and sorrow and desperation. Mr. McClure emphasized the fact that the danger of strong drink represents one of the greatest dangers in the world today. Oftentimes, a person who does not, at first, intend to do so, finds himself caught in the grasp of the temptations of strong drink, and in the end he finds himself in the gutter. Generally, those who yield to the temptations of intoxicating beverages find themselves committing other harmful sins, such as robbery, murder, and immoral deeds.

It was explained that at first the allurements of the devil seem very attractive and innocent, but in the end they tend to drive a person on the downward road, and in the end take a heavy toll. The devil was described as the hardest taskmaster that is known. Through his power all the good qualities of life are squeezed out of the soul, and a person becomes a wreck on the shores of time.

In illustrating this point, Mr. McClure reminded the boys how Judas betrayed Christ for thirty pieces of silver, but after he had meditated upon his wicked deed he went out and tossed the money at the feet of those who had given it to him, and hanged himself.

Thus it is that the devil is never the true friend of anyone. The primary question for everyone, then, is, "What shall I do in making my decisions in life? Shall I listen to the voice of the boastful captain, or shall I listen to the voice of the man of God, Whom Paul represented?"

The preacher cautioned all the boys to be very careful in making their decisions.

In conclusion, the preacher told of an interesting incident in which a man visiting an art gallery found himself in the presence of a very interesting painting. On the one side of this painting the artist had placed the clean and wholesome things of life, such as honesty, kindness, purity, service. In the middle of the picture there was the figure of a boy, and on the other side were the temptations represented in the various devices of the devil. The man, as he stood in rapture be-

fore the picture, failed to realize that the time had arrived for the art museum to be closed, and when he was reminded that it was time to leave he explained that he wanted to stay by the painting long enough to see what the young man would do about making his choices.

NEW TESTAMENT REVISED

Eminent Bible scholars of North America, after working for sixteen years, will issue a revised standard version of the New Testament next month.

The committee for revision of the translation of the scriptures was formed in 1930, being authorized to undertake the work by forty Protestant denominations composing the International Council of Religious Education.

The committee has worked long and arduously in an effort to prepare a version which would eliminate the archaic language and the "inaccuracies" of King James version, but without surrendering its simple, classic style.

News accounts indicate that the volume will be the first standard Protestant revision of the New Testament published since 1881, although the American Standard Version appeared in 1901. Authorities say that a new grammar of the New Testament Greek has been evolved since these publications, which followed the grammar of classical Greek which anticipated the New Testament days by about three hundred years.

The idea of a revised translation of the New Testament will strike some devout Christians with amazement. They have been taught to believe, and many of them have accepted, the exact wording of the Bible as statements whose correctness had the guarantee of the Creator himself.

We doubt if the revision will make any sensational changes, but every individual, interested in the New Testament, should realize that what we possess is a translation which, like all translations, requires revision in the light of a better understanding of the reading of original texts. Moerover, the meaning of words in our language changes through the years and some corrections may be necessary to propeerly express the original thought.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Maynard Chester
Robert Fogle
James Perkins
Charles Reeves

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnett
William Britt
Paul Church
Horace Collins
George Cox
Carl Davis
William Doss
Thomas Everhart
Raymond Harding
Jack Lambert
Franklin Robinson
Clay Shew
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Furr
Gerald Johnson
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
James McMahan
William McVickers
James Norton
Knox Norton
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsey Elder
Glenn Evans
Jesse Hamlin
Samuel Lynn
James Maloney
Donald Redwine
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Clyde Brown
Joseph Bean
Herman Hughes
Hobart Keaton
William Meadows
W. C. McManus
James Smith
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Edward VanHoy

COTTAGE No. 5

Woodrow Davenport
Connie Hill
Edward Stone
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Richard Davidson
Lester Ingle
George Jones
Jerry Oakes
Robert Peavy

COTTAGE No. 7

Charldon Cox
Glenn Davis
Hubert Pritchard
Kirk Putnam

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

J. C. Alley
Albert Allen
Gray Brown
Charles Francis
Ralph Gibson
Richard Johnson
Clifton Kerns
Robert Trout

COTTAGE No. 10

Jesse Black
Ernest Bullard
Jack Gleason
James Hensley
Bernard Hyatt

Thomas Hutchins
Charles Lyda
William Lane
J. C. Michael
Thomas Ware

COTTAGE No. 11

Donald Bowden
Charles Bryant
Robert Elders
William Faircloth
Fred Holland
Thomas Hyder
David Isenhour
Lee Lockerby
Arlon McLean
Kenneth McLean
Robert Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
Leon Rose
Ralph Tew

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Earl Allen
William Black
Luther Coble
Charles Gordon
Earl Grant
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

Harold Bates
William Best
George Brown
William Caldwell
William Correll
Alvin Fox
Jack Green
John Green
Robert Holland
Howard Herman
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
David Kinley
Marshall Lamb
Zeb Presson
James Peterson
Carl Ransom
James Shepherd
Ralph Stewart
Charles Stephenson
Solomon Shelton
Coy Wilcox
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Ray Covington
James Chavis
Thomas Chavis
Allen Hammond
Harvey Jacobs
Morrison Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Weldon Lochlear

INFIRMARY

William Brooks

———:———

Train your mouth to smile when the day is dark; your tongue to speak for the advancement of humanity; your nose not to sniff at those beneath you; your ears to hear nothing but good of others; your eyes to see the needs of your fellow men; your hands to supply those needs, and your feet to walk always on the upward path.—Gerald Gray.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 9, 1946 No. 10

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University of North Carolina

LOCK THE GATE

Many have eyes, but some never see
The friends they should value most tenderly.

Many have ears, but some never hear
The music of friendships that sing the most cheer.

Many can speak, but wait till too late;
The friends in their garden have gone out the gate.

—Mary O'Connor.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THAT BOY!

Is the house turned topsy-turvy?
Does it ring from street to roof?
Will the racket still continue.
In spite of all your mild reproof?
Are you often in a flutter?
Are you sometimes thrilled with joy?
Then I have my grave suspicions
That you have at home—a Boy.

Are your walls and tables hammered?
Are your nerves and ink upset?
Have two eyes so bright and roguish
Made you every care forget?
Have your garden beds a prowler
Who delights but to destroy?
These are well-known indications
That you have at home—a Boy.

Have you seen him playing circus
With his head upon the mat.
And his heels in mid-air, twinkling—
To his audience, the cat?
Do you ever stop to listen
When his merry pranks annoy—
Listen to a voice that whispers.
You were once just like—that boy?

Have you heard of broken windows.
And with nobody to blame?
Have you seen a trousered urchin
Quite unconscious of the same?
Do you love a teasing mixture
Of perplexity and joy?
You may have a dozen daughters.
But I know you've got—a Boy.

—Selected.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

"The Red Cross has done a 100 per cent job in this theatre. Mathematical limitations alone prevent my saying the Red Cross services here have been more than 100 per cent."

—General Douglas MacArthur.

March 3rd to 9th has been designated as National Red Cross Week. During this time the people of Cabarrus County, the State and the Nation will be given an opportunity to make voluntary contributions to the work of this organization.

Throughout its entire history, and particularly during the war period, the Red Cross has done a magnificent job. It has ministered to the needs of the boys in service in a most helpful manner, and it has fulfilled every obligation or call for service in times of disaster or distress in the homeland.

The American Red Cross, upon the basis of its excellent record, deserves the hearty and generous support of all our people.

A large portion of the work of this organization is done by volunteer workers who donate generously of their time and of their special talents. There are people who also give generous financial support and their examples should be an inspiration to every loyal citizen.

We are presenting below very excellent editorials from two of our exchanges, complimenting the work of the American Red Cross:

THE BOY NEXT DOOR

The boy next door has come home. He's whistling up the street again. He's wearing gaudy neckties and romping with his dog. He's getting a civilian job and his uniform is in moth balls. He's through with war. It's all over. He's home.

But some of the boys next door aren't home, never will come home. Some will spent the rest of their lives in hospitals or return with their youthful vigor spent.

For the boys who did come home, those who can whistle and play with the dog, the nation rejoices. Nor should we ever forget our responsibility to all other young Americans who have sacrificed their strength to the common cause.

We are reminded of these responsibilities by the American Red Cross, which will launch the 1946 Fund Campaign in March. As a great peacetime organization which went to war when other peace-loving American civilians did, the American

Red Cross pledges itself to follow through toward the peace of victory and devote itself greatly to the welfare of hospitalized and home-coming veterans; it will continue to offer services to the men and women still in uniform. It will concentrate now on acts of peacetime mercy, on relief for war-caused suffering the world over.

It is your Red Cross, your opportunity to welcome home the boy next door, the boy in your own home, by buying a share in the broad responsibilities of this post-war work in the world we all have sought through bloody years of battle.

When the Fund Campaign gets under way in your community, don't hesitate or neglect. Give!

—Dare County Times.

STILL A JOB TO DO

The annual fund-raising campaign of the American Red Cross will again be with us in March, and this year our community will be faced with a smaller quota.

These quotas are nearly as great as the quotas set while the war was in progress and naturally the question arises as to why the Red Cross, with the return of peace, is in need of continued heavy contributions.

The answer is simple. To thousands of hospitalized soldiers and sailors who were wounded in battle the war is not "over." And to thousands of occupation forces who must remain far away from home in foreign lands, the war still goes on in a way. So while we at home are enjoying the fruits of victory and are joyously awaiting a return to peacetime living that will arrive upon the scene when civilian production gets into full swing, hundreds of thousands of other Americans are in need of the services the Red Cross provides.

When one considers these services to occupational troops and hospitalized men, and adds the many services to returning veterans, it is easy to realize why large funds are necessary, and the generous support of every citizen of this community is a really great need.

But while we think of the Red Cross as a war related agency, let us also remember that this great humanitarian agency is also always on the spot when tragedy or disaster strikes at home. In times of flood, of fires or any type of disaster in which numerous people are affected, you can depend upon the Red Cross to be first on hand with quick aid, generously given.

When the drive gets under way here, let's all remember the great work this organization has done in the past, is now doing, and will do in the future. And let us remember, too, that the contributions sought now are for use during the year to come

and will be used largely for the boys overseas, or in hospitals, who so badly need the services we can make it possible for the Red Cross to give.

We have always subscribed our Red Cross quota during the war years. Let's keep our record unbroken.

—The Mecklenburg Times.

* * * * * * * *

RELIEF SCHEDULES FOR OFFICERS IN CUSTODIAL CARE

There has been a general feeling that the officers or male employees at the Jackson Training School have been required to spend too many hours in custodial care in addition to their duties in connection with supervising work activities. In many instances these men have been expected to be on duty as much as approximately eighty-five hours a week. Generally these men have assumed these responsibilities without complaining or uttering a word of dissatisfaction. However, everyone has known that this was unfair, both to the men themselves and to the boys in their care. Whatever has been saved or gained in a financial way has probably been lost indirectly in the services that have been provided for the boys.

In order to alleviate this situation somewhat, a schedule of substitute cottage duty has been arranged whereby the regular officers in charge of the cottages are given the privilege to be off one Saturday afternoon and one Sunday each month, and they have the privilege to be free from cottage duty two nights of each month. In addition, they still have the privilege to be off from work one entire afternoon of each week. This does not provide all the relief that should be provided, by any means, but it is a step in the right direction.

In order to put this schedule into effect, the following suggestions have been formulated:

1. Saturday afternoon schedules for substitute officers are are to begin at 1 P. M. and extend until 8 P. M. The boys must not be put to bed before 8 P. M. in order for the officer to attend some social or fraternal occasion. This has been done entirely too much, and to the detirment of the boys.
2. The Sunday schedules for the substitute officers are to be-

gin after the Sunday School hour—that is, at 10:30 A. M., and the regular officer should not rush off before that time. The Sunday schedules for substitute officers will extend until 8 P. M.

3. The regular officers are expected to be at the School on each Saturday and Sunday night at a reasonable hour in order to sleep at their own cottages.

4. The regular officers are expected to get their own cottage boys up on Sunday mornings and be at the School to help with the Sunday School services. This means that it will be impossible for them to make long weed-end trips away from the School. These responsibilities cannot be shifted to other shoulders nor conscientiously neglected.

5. This does not affect nor change the schedules for cottage matrons who already have from three to four hours off each day.

6. It would be very helpful if the officer who is scheduled to be off duty and plans to leave the grounds would check with Mr. Fisher or the office before going in order to see if he is needed at the School. Sometimes another officer is ill, or boys have escaped, or there are other emergencies to demand attention.

7. The substitute officers are not on for more than twelve days in any month, and their hours are much shorter than those of the regular officers. There are times when it will be necessary for the substitute officers to be used in other substitute capacities, and they should make themselves available for emergency calls. It is unfair for some officers to have all the privileges while others struggle with unreasonable responsibilities.

8. This schedule will be given a trial for a period of time, and if changes seem to be desirable they will be made. Your suggestions and your cooperation are cordially solicited. We want, most of all, to provide some relief for the officers who have served the School faithfully for a number of years, and also for long hours. It is hoped that no one will abuse the new privileges.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Boys Released

By Garmon Hubbard, 9th Grade

Eight boys were released last week. The names of these boys and the places to which they went are as follows: Luther Coble, High Point; Paul Wolfe, Winston-Salem; William Meadows, Concord; Charles Gordon, Shelby; John Linville, Clinton; Fred Holland, Statesville; James Stadler, Reidsville; T. L. Arnette, Charlotte.

Some of these boys made good records while at the school, and we hope they will continue to do so.

The Picture Show

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

Because the auditorium floor and other woodwork had been repainted and were not thoroughly dry, the regular weekly picture show, which was to have been held on Thursday night, was postponed until Friday night.

The picture was a musical hit entitled "Higher and Higher," starring Frank Sinatra and Leon Erroll. The girl in the picture had always wanted to go to a society ball. Leon had just about lost his home and wanted this girl to marry the count in order to get the money to save it. The count wanted to marry the girl for her money. The funny part of the story was that neither of them had any money. But all is well that ends well. The picture showed this fellow and the girl dancing upon clouds as Frankie was singing.

Happy News

By Hugh Cornwell, 9th Grade

I will take time to show how happy I was last Wednesday to get a letter saying my mother was received into the Riverside Baptist Church on Sunday morning, February 24th, and was baptized that afternoon at 3 o'clock. That was the fourth happiest time of my life: (1) When I was saved; (2) When I was baptized; (3) When I was called to preach the word of God; (4) When my mother was baptized into my church which is the Baptist church. My next happy time will be when my father comes into my church.

Grade News

By Kenneth Staley, 9th Grade

Lately the school rooms have been changing their winter scenes to scenes of spring. The boys of the first and fifth grades have completed murals of spring.

Recently the second grade boys have been studying art. The two pictures they have studied are: "The Mill Pond," by Harold Innes, and "The Pastry Eaters," by Estaban Murillo. The second grade boys have also written booklets about these artists.

Radio Program

By Gray Brown, 9th Grade

The radio program last week was given by Mrs. Dotson's fifth grade boys. They sang two songs, "God of Our Fathers" and "Faith of Our Fa-

thers." Then Superintendent Hawfield talked on the release of boys from the Training School. He told how the boys' names come up before the Board of Release and how they are discussed by the members of the board. Mr. Hawfield also told how long a boy would have to stay at the school before his name was automatically brought before the board. He pointed out, too, just how much was expected of a boy when he went back home, and that if he failed to make good, he would be brought back to the Training School.

I think everyone enjoyed this program very much.

New Boys

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

The following new boys were recently admitted to the Training School, and were placed in the school grades as follows: James Smith, of Reidsville, second grade; James Wiles, of Walnut and Fairly McGee, of Laurinburg, third grade; Cecil Clark, of Kinston, fourth grade, Hoyt Mathis, of Brevard, fifth grade; and William Smith, of Fayetteville, ninth grade. Luther Hull, of Greensboro, has not yet been placed in a school grade. Luther Hull and William Smith are former E. M. I. cadets.

We hope these boys will make good records during their stay here.

AIEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

Alexander Graham Bell was born March 3, 1847 in Edinburgh, Scotland. He was the son of Alexander Melville Bell, the inventor of invisible speech for the deaf and dumb. He moved to Canada in 1870 with his father and the rest of the family.

Alexander Bell's father and grandfather devoted their lives to the invisible speech for the deaf and dumb, and this also became Alexander's profession.

About 1874-75 Alexander began his work on the problem of the telephone, and on March 10, 1876, he received his first words from his assistant, who was speaking from the Boston Hotel. He filed the patent for his invention on February 14, 1876, just two hours before Elisha Gray filed one on an invention which worked on the same principle as that of Bell's. He demonstrated his telephone at the Centennial Exposition of 1876, held in Philadephia, and it was a sensation. The same year he erected the first telephone line in Brantford, Canada, where his father lived.

In later years Mr. Bell resided in Washington, D. C., and rendered public service and made other inventions. His fame will always rest on the telephone, by which we can speak to people many miles away, with or without wires.

MICHELANGELO

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

Michelangelo, born May 6, 1475, was an artistic child and spent most of his childhood making miniature statues and painting pictures. After the death of Lorenzo, his foster father, he was destined to become the world's leading sculptor.

His first great work was the

"Pieta." It is a statue showing the Madonna mourning over the dead body of Jesus. Later he was given a block of marble out of which he carved a statue of David and Goliath.

In 1505, Pope Julius II summoned him to execute a monumental tomb and later to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

Michelangelo's most famous statue was that of Moses.

He died in 1564 and was buried in Florence, Italy.

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MY DOG

When times were hard and I was broke,
And old chums passed me by,
You just gazed up with sympathy
A-shin' in your eye.
You never seemed to blame me, pal,
Because I had no dough,
Instead you kissed my empty hands,
You somehow seemed to know.

When the icy winds of winter sent
Their shivers down my spine,
You stood by me, and shivered, too,
You dear old pal of mine.
You shared with me my every woe,
Your love was put to test,
No heart beat half so true as yours
Within the human breast.

The sands of time have shifted down,
Dame fortune smiles once more,
The beaten track of old-time friends,
Again lead to my door.
From all the crowd I choose but one,
A loyal friend and true,
Who stood by me in calm and storm,
Old Pal, that friend is you.

—Selected.

WHO WALKS WITH BEAUTY

From World Horizons, Reprinted From Sunshine Magazine

Behind all great poetry there is a warm, human background. A proper understanding of this background will lend interest to the winged words that some rare spirit has bequeathed us. One of America's greatest poets tells how he came to write "Who Walks With Beauty," which the editor has chosen as the favorite poem this month.

WHO WALKS WITH BEAUTY

Who walks with Beauty has no need of fear:
The sun and moon and stars keep pace with him;
Invisible hands restore the ruined year,
And time itself grows beautifully dim.
One hill will keep the footprints of the moon
That came and went a hushed and secret hour;
One star at dusk will yield the lasting boon:
Remembered Beauty's white, imrortal flower.

Who takes of Beauty wine and daily bread,
Will know no lack when bitter years are lean.
The brimming cup is by, the feast is spread:
The sun and moon and stars his eyes have seen,
Are for his hunger and the thirst he slakes:
The wine of Beauty and the bread he breaks.

—David Morton.

"And how did you come to write 'Who Walks With Beauty'?" It was the editor speaking. And David Morton was carried back fifteen years or more to a spring morning in a sunny street in Morristown, New Jersey. That was a very different kind of weather from the rainy night of the conversation. The editor and the poet were seated in easy chairs in a New England inn, both of them aware of the storm. But in the room, all was comfort.

It seemed a simple enough question, at first blush. A poet sees a certain light on a field, the way a flower shines in the cool and lucid dusk—and he makes his poem about it. It seems as simple as that. But there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy, and a poem has in it a little of both heaven and earth.

"First, there is that sunlit street shining through the spring morning in Morristown," began the poet, "because that was the moment when the first line of the poem had come, quite uninvited, into my mind. But there was more than that—and I began to remember the years before that morning. Those years had brought things into my mind that I did not know were there, until they came into the poem. They had been years when things had not gone well with me—so badly, in fact, that I had begun to fear the future. Was there such a thing as security in the world? Was it ever possible to be sure of sustenance for body and soul? Where was one to turn, when all things seemed to be failing?

"Such desperate questions as these had been filling my mind for a year or two before that spring morning on the sunny street in Morristown. They had been filling my mind, and I had been groping for answers.

"On this morning," continued the poet, "I had been to the public library

on an errand, and was returning to my quarters. It was a warm morning and I had chosen the shady side of the street. Across the way the sunlight was bright on the pavement and the buildings—with the special radiance that spring sunlight has. Suddenly I became aware that this light was constantly there, accompanying me, as it were. It was as though the light was keeping pace with me—a beautiful companion. And from somewhere in the deeper recesses of my mind the words rose up and arranged themselves in order: 'Who walks with beauty has no need of fear'.

"That is the way poems happen. Some slight and trivial incident stirs the mind, and when the mind is stirred, other more remote and long buried things rise to the surface. The feeling of fear which had been troubling me rose now to the forefront, and the answer to the question rose with it. And all brought about by so small a thing as sunlight on a pavement in the street."

Then the poet explained how a man's experiences with life—the many things that happen to him, the things he sees and hears and thinks and forgets—are not really forgotten at all, but sink down into these mysterious chambers, and live out their full lives there — and return into active consciousness when something serves to call them up.

"If you will look at the poem line by line," confided the poet, "you will see that those earlier years, back of that spring morning, really wrote the poem. It was that half-unconscious seeking for security — for something in which man might find rest and peace and refreshment — that wrote the poem. The spring sunlight on the street merely called it forth.

"It has remained a true poem to me," concluded the poet, "through all these years. The seeking after beautiful things, and the storing of them in the mind, is a habit that will be found to be served as well 'when bitter years are lean'."

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 10, 1946

March 10—Rufus Driggers, Cottage No. 6, 13th birthday.
March 12—Donald Branch, Cottage No. 6, 11th birthday
March 13—Carlton Wilcox, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.

WAYS OF OBTAINING PEACE

(Alabama Baptist)

The Roman Empire obtained peace only after its famous legions had fought their way through the armies of all other nations of that day. Rome got peace simply because there was not left an army anywhere in the civilized world that could withstand its might.

After Munich Mr. Roosevelt knew that this country would necessarily become involved in the European war. Meantime as a bare possibility of averting war he sent Mr. Summer Wells to Europe as his personal representative to confer with the head of state to persuade them, if possible not to precipitate a world war. Mr. Welles told the story in the book entitled "Time For Decision" of how he conferred with the state in London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome.

He did not see Hitler but in talking to certain high Nazis they said in reply to Mr. Welles' plea for peace "Why, of course, Germany wants peace and even if the German armies fight their way to peace it will be peace after all, we want a peace on our own terms." Thus Germany and the other Axis powers wished to do in our time just what the Roman armies actually accomplished in their day, namely, fight their way through to peace.

Instead of that, however, the Allied armies actually fought their way through peace. But what kind of peace is it? It is far better that the Allies won, for had they lost, all the decenices and freedoms of the world would have departed. But the peace they gained left Europe and Asia utterly prostrate, while America was thrown into another kind of war—a war between labor and capital and bloc against bloc.

Meantime, the UNO came into being and is now sitting in London. It is man's noblest attempt to have peace on earth without armies ever again having to fight their way to peace, which means that they lose in one sense even if they win in another.

We have said it before a thing probably not realized and yet it is the truth itself, namely that UNO is but a revitalized echo in our day of the song of the angels when they hovered over Bethlehem and cried "Peace on earth, goodwill among men," Moreover, the Social and Ecomonic Commission of UNO has made it possible for all of the oppressed peoples of the world to redress their grievances. It is the first time in history of mankind when it has been possible for the persecuted and prescribed and those who suffer for conscience to be heard in the councils of great nations. The thoughtful and devout will pray that UNO succeeds and that peace shall be obtained at last without armies ever again having to fight their way to peace which becomes ruinous both to victor and vanpuished.

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Wonder is involuntary praise.—Young.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

(Beasley's Farm and Home Weekly)

It was a happy occasion which brought the two distinguished visitors, Mr. Josephus Daniels and Mr. B. M. Baruch, together in Charlotte last week. Both are remarkable men in their own right, and both enjoy a wealth of the affection and admiration of a great many people. Both are endowed as few men are with the waters that flow from the mythical fountain of youth. At eighty-three Mr. Daniels is alert and active and no doubt does as much work in the course of a day as two men. Coming 76 in August, Mr. Baruch is seasoned youthfulness. Mr. Daniels is the first citizen of North Carolina and among the first of the nation. Not so identified with a locality, Mr. Baruch occupies a high place among the nation's elder statesmen and public service philosophers. Both are now probably the last of the first order of men who were closely identified with the two great administrations since the Civil War, those of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Both men worked side by side with the two great presidents, were their friends as well as their trusted official co-laborers upon whom each President leaned.

The past week was "Brotherhood Week." Mr. Daniels was invited to Charlotte to receive a token of esteem from the Carolina Israelite, a monthly publication here, and Mr. Baruch was invited to share in the bestowal of the award upon his friend, Mr. Daniels. In his talk appropriate to the occasion Mr. Daniels referred to many of his experiences in life which Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Methodist, worked together and never thought of "brotherhood." We are often compelled to create a slogan when we can't do any better. Great minds and great hearts engaged in great causes have no time to think of lesser things. They live in the full atmosphere of brotherhood, being members by birth, and not by election, and the brotherhood in which they live is the brotherhood of the Golden Rule. There is no greater height to which men may climb; there is no lower plane upon which they can live and justly claim citizenship in the sublimest of all the orders, the Brotherhood of Man.

Somehow we think that this matter of brotherhood is something that cannot be forced very much by outside pressure. We talk much of discriminating against Barney Baruch because he is a Jew, or discriminating against, say the late Chief Justice White, because he was a Catholic. Or Governor Leaman, because he is a Jew, when they elected him Governor of New York, or when he is engaged as at present, in managing the relief and rehabilitations funds in Europe. There is no such thing as discrimination against a Jew in this country. You can't discriminate against an equal, and the Jews in America, whether as citizens, as patriots, as individuals, are wholly equal to any other like number of people. It is a colossal mistake to classify Jews in America among the underprivileged. Most of the complaint is that all Jews are too smart. Among men and wom-

en capable of moving in an atmosphere of brotherhood, no rules, nor weeks, nor laws are necessary. Among men not so capable, all such are useless. If a Gentile dislikes a Jew, or a Jew dislikes a Gentile, no law is going to make them love each other, and as said above, neither one is capable of "discriminating" against the other though neither will even invite the other to his table. Only the man with limited powers will undertake to judge a whole race or a great number of individuals merely from what he has observed, by contact with an invididual or even a small number of individuals. This is what made worthless the so-called polls of opinion on this or that subject, including how our soldiers like or dislike one nation or another.

One thing that we need to remember in America is that diversification is the thing that has made us great. America is large enough for dissimilarities, and it is the contact of the dissimilar which produces progress. Goose stepping conformity may be an ideal for many, but it is not an American ideal. All the American asks is a fair field and an open fight and equal protection of the law. He doesn't ask to be told whom to eat with, whom to go to church with, or whom to work for or against. All these are matters within the realm of personal preferences and private rights which the law should protect, not dictate. All practical minded Jews know this and don't care a whoop about anything else, and so it is with most men other than the always growing number who feel that their mission in life is to reform somebody else.

If there is any discrimination against Catholics in this country it arises from their own exclusiveness and ungenerous attitude towards other religious sects.

When it comes to the matter of color, the trouble in America is bound to be difficult. Slogans and laws cannot change some things. Here is a large mass of people, say ten per cent of the population, that is so physically different from the ninety per cent of the population that the two can never coalesce. Certainly the leaders of the colored people claim, as do the white people, that the two races must remain two races. The colored people are confronted with a hard fact of nature which nobody can change. It is true that America has been and is the melting pot of nationalities. But the original nationalities of the white people of all nations become lost in the melting pot which finally produces the American without distinction. But this final submergence is not open to colored people, and therein lies a difference that cannot be wiped out.

But no rightminded white man would be willing to deny the colored man his equal rights under the laws, nor should any law be made that in any way discriminates against the colored man for any reason. Wise white people have long understood that peace and harmony and the welfare of both races depends upon the constant improvement and advancement of the colored people as American citizens with equal rights under the law. In the South for the most part, and particularly in North Carolina, there is a constant and persistent effort to frankly and honestly promote this policy. We must also frankly admit that there are still discriminations against the Negro as

such, which arise from history and conditions which cannot be reached by law. No people in the history of the world has ever risen in a short time from a condition of slavery and wholly escaped the handicaps which they have inherited from their former position. The fact of difference in race and color has put an additional hardship on the Negro race. You may call this prejudice or whatever you will, but it is a fact that no law can change and only time eradicate. A generous minded white man is bound to feel a sympathy for the Negro in this respect and do what he can in the direction of curing the handicap. It is this sentiment and friendship among the white people that is jeopardized and antagonized by the radical elements in both races. The colored newspapers are filled with scurilous attacks upon noble and sympathetic white leaders who will not espouse every cause put forth by the radical and reckless men who are making a racket out of "no discrimination on account of race, creed or color."

The position of the Negro must remain as a race separation and apart from the white race, but as one having the same rights, the same avenues of advancement, the same protection and encouragement of the laws as other American citizens. In that position, which is constantly being improved, the Negro has a future in America far brighter than his race now has or ever has had elsewhere in the world. White people who think of the matter know that it is best for both races that the Negroes should be prosperous and enjoy all the benefits of life which they can earn. It is said that one man's dollar is worth as much as any other man's dollar, and this economic force is all the time operating to better the condition of the colored people. But it is utterly foolish and mischievous to assume that there are not barriers between the races that cannot be bridged. It is also foolish and mischievous to try to force such changes by law. There is room in America for both the colored and the white races, and while the two cannot be made one, there is also room for both in that other realm in which high-minded men in all races like to dwell—the Brotherhood of Man.

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We defend religion too much. Vital religion, like good music, needs no defense but rendition. A wrangling controversy in support of religion is precisely as if the members of an orchestra should beat folks over the heads with their violins to prove that music is beautiful. But such procedure is no way to prove that music is beautiful. Play it!—Harry E. Fosdick.

THE PROFIT IN BUSINESS

(Sunshine Magazine)

The desire to "get even," and punish those who do us an injury, is imbedded in most of us. It seems almost second nature, unless we become sufficiently enlightened to root it out of our mind. Taking vengeance in our own hands is what leads to feuds, and bitterness, and ultimately to wars. It is now acknowledged even by military authorities that wars are never won. Even though one side is victorious, the losses to humanity are greater than the gains. Here is a homely little story from real life that illustrates the point. It is adapted from a dissertation by Susan Scott in in "Good Business" of Kansas City, Missouri. The names are fictitious.

Ray Milford was an ambitious man, impatient and zealous of progress. He had held a subordinate position for one year in a business establishment at an ordinary salary, while learning the details of the business. One day a new man was brought in and given a position that Ray thought he himself deserved. The new man was a son of a woman who owned an interest in the establishment.

Ray was furious. He wanted to quit on the spot, without notice or formalities. He railed against the new man, against the firm and its manager. If ever anyone had been given a raw deal, he was convinced, this was it. How a business with such a policy could succeed was beyond his comprehension.

Ray took his troubles home. His mother insisted that he endure the situation, and put his undivided attention to his work.

"With a concern like that?" Ray ranted; "not on your life! I expect decent treatment. No man can do that to me! What would there ever be in it for me? Just slaving. And for what? Just a starving wage! I'm through!"

"Ray," said his mother softly, "remember you are just learning the business. If you were to learn it in a trade school, you would pay tuition, and other costs. Here you have an opportunity to learn the trade in a practical way—and getting paid for it. It would take years to get through school—you have been with this firm only one year. Better think twice before you do anything you might regret. Besides," his mother concluded, "you should learn to take hard knocks, for you may have plenty of them later in life—all of us do. Remember, Ray, no man-made set of conditions can keep opportunity from coming to those who merit it."

His mother's calm admonition served to cool Ray's temperature. He agreed to go back to his work, and at his mother's suggestion promised that he would not let his disappointment reflect in his work. On the contrary, as he practiced his mother's theory, he found a source of strength and pride in putting greater effort than ever into his work. He even looked for chances to do little extras, and made a point of lending a hand wherever he found work getting into a jam.

One day the superintendent sent for him. He looked upon the curt order with misgivings. Possibly, recalling the former incident, he might

be displaced by some more favored newcomer.

"Ray," began the superintendent, "I called you at the suggestion of our manager. He says he has looked upon you from the beginning with a great deal of expectation that you would qualify for a responsible position. What may have seemed to you to have been an unfair deal when young James was placed in a job you wanted, was intended as a test for you—to see if you could take hard knocks, which is important in business training. The manager says you proved to be a good sport, and that you have done even better work since." The superintendent paused to await the reaction of the young man. But Ray was unable to speak; his eyes were moist.. The superintendent continued, "Now, Ray, our manager wants you to step up as assistant superintendent — next to the best job in the place. What do you say?"

Ray was a pathetic picture. He finally managed to say, "Mr. Jones—do you think I can do it "

"A man who can rise above temporary set backs," said the superintendent, "has the qualities for success. Only by actual experience can this be learned. You can move in my office in the morning, if you wish. Your salary will be doubled."

Ray left the superintendent's office, walking on air. He was in a daze—a happy dream that could not be true. His first thought was that of his mother. Somehow, he must make her understand how great she was. He felt in his pocket, and found two dollars there. He rushed to the telephone. "Mother! Mother!" he called excitedly. What could he say! "Meet me downtown for dinner, Mother—I must see you!"

"What in the world is the matter, Ray?" she asked.

"The millennium, Mother! The millennium! It's happened!" And the receiver dropped from his hand.

At the noon hour, as he passed young James' desk, Ray felt infinitely sympathetic toward him. James was trying to force his own success—a short cut— the easy way, by the wrong path. And a thought, taught him as a boy by his mother, came back to him: "He who is faithful in a few things will be made ruler over many."

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Forget the present and think only of the future for the present is merely an illusion which is being encompassed by us all to gain posterity. Flavor these dreams of the future with a little spice of the past so that they will register more happily in your thoughts, then try to make them come true for what aim is there in life than to attempt the fulfillment of dreams.

—Bruce Stephen Guston.

MY CHILD'S BIBLE

(Charity and Children)

My child likes the Bible. He likes owning his own copy. When he was two and a half years old, he asked for a Bible as one of the long list of desired Christmas gifts. He likes carrying his Bible to Sunday school. He likes to have the Bible read to him. He likes to "read" the Bible himself, although he cannot read a word actually. These things I shall enlarge on in the course of this article.

Because my child does like these things pertaining to the Bible, my aiding in the development of his interest in and his relation to the Bible is simplified. A liking for a thing stimulates one's interest in that thing.

The feeling which he has for the Bible may be due in part to several factors. One of these is that having had good books about the Bible read to him, he has come to want to hear the stories from the Bible itself.

He has a keen sense of the relationship of the two, saying often of the stories in the books, "That's just like it is in the Bible"; or again of the Bible stories, "That's just like it is in the books." The interest in the stories have developed the interest in the Bible.

I hardly think he would have enjoyed any reading of the Bible with its hard words and phrases without having been introduced to it in a simple form at first. Surely he would not have done so at the early age of three.

Some of the books which he has and which are read to him are: "A Child's Book of Prayers," "A Child's Story of the Nativity," "Tell Me About God," "Tell Me About Jesus," "Standard Bible Story Readers," Book I and II. I am glad, therefore, that as my child shows a love for books, he is showing a love for the Book of books.

A second contributing factor to my child's liking for the Bible is owning his own copy. The copy is ideal for a child—beautifully designed and filled with pictures that have warmth and life to them. This leads to my previous statement that he "reads" the Bible himself.

Often he plays Sunday school and church and tells the story or "preaches" from the Bible according to the illustration. I am happy that he can play Sunday school and church as unself-consciously as he plays at other activities.

I do not mean to picture a little boy with a halo about his head. He does these things. He does also things less laudable. He comes in occasionall crying from a boyish fight; he plays Indian, cop, and soldier (using an imaginary machine gun very efficently.). But as a parent I am conscious that we have a perfect pattern for fourfold growth in the life of Jesus: his growth "in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man" (Luke 2:52.) My earnest desire is that my child's spiritual growth will be commensurate with his physical, mental, and social growth.

We are all acquainted with the claim of one of the churches to this

effect: "Give us a child until he is seven." They have something in that claim. So do we. My personal opinion is that we as parents and teachers are guilty of underestimating the child's capacity for understanding and appreciation. We err more by waiting until he is too old rather than by starting with his spiritual knowledge when he is young. We have the Biblical admonition to "Train up a child in the way he should go" (Prov. 22:6,) and "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth" (Eccl. 12:1).

Even though a child may not come anywhere near to understanding all that is read to him of the Bible (do we adults?), he grows up at least partially familiar with it; and his understanding deepens as his intellect increases.

I can remember quite well using many phrases from the Bible as a child and learning the meaning some years later. I have heard that the stately beauty and pristine clearness of Pearl S. Buck's writing could be attributed, in part, to her having been "reared" on the King James Version of the Bible by missionary parents.

We read poems and books, sing songs, and hear sermons attesting to the fact that one never forgets the influence of sitting at Mother's feet and hearing the precious Book read. This we know in our own heart to be true, but for some reason we always visualize Mother as a dear, silver-haired, aged lady. We need a newer concept. Why do we not picture a young modern mother reading the Bible to her child? There are thousands of young mothers — modern young women—who keep abreast of the times. Can we afford not to be informed and inform our young children of the most vital topics of our time and of all times—the Bible.

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ALL ARE BUT PARTS

All are put parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, is yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in the soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects and equals all.

—Alexander Pope.

FAITH AND MORE FAITH

(The Orphans' Friend)

With science having attained to dizzy heights and human nature in the status quo of the Year One, whenever that was, a powerful lot of thinking is indicated for mankind if it is not to blow itself up by its own petard. The power and mysterious efficiency of the newly born atomic bomb, radar, and numerous other power-packed agencies and long-range eyes, open a pathway to the Kingdom of Heaven and another to destruction. Before mankind lies visions (that are by no means visionary) of culture undreamed of—or, shall it be said, nightmares of evil.

Somebody is always saying that man is at the crossroad of something or other. But he has not been at any such crossroad as he now finds himself. Never have the crossroads been so heavily mined as they are in this good year of 1946.

It now begins to dawn on the man in the street—and elsewhere—that brains can invent almost any kind of machine for performance hitherto deemed impossible. Mechanical, chemical, electrical, power unlimited are almost at one's elbow.

But even few yet seem to realize on a working basis that there is another source of power no less wonderful or powerful than the mechanical ones developed by science. This is thought. People can not concentrate for long at a time. Destructive thinking is easily set in motion, while the construction needs greater impetus than it usually gets.

Many adults are the victims of childish impressions; the fixed ideas. Society is the victiom of elemental thinking, which is the parent of greed, selfishness, short-sightedness.

These powerful new things that men have brought within their ken cannot be handled in a wrong attitude of mind. The mind must be reoriented. The spiritual must catch up with the material.

To say that we are at the crossroads really means something—and everybody knows it. That is the saving grace.

The optimist is right. His side will win but, all the same, he had better keep himself from foolish excursion in his flights of thought. These be serious times, yet most promising ones. The pessimist, well, he was never much worse than the blind optimist whose belief is not founded on the solid basis of fact and faith.

Man was not designed for failure. The divine in him will see him through.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.—Seneca.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Following the hysteria of war we should be able to take a dispassionate view. Even some preachers suffered a temporary loss of both mind and heart. The true type of conscientious objector was anything but a coward. He was not afraid of being killed. His conscience protested against killing. In the first World War, we have the true incident of Howard Moore. At the very time he was manacled like a wild beast in a solitary cell he was awarded the Carnegie medal for bravery in rescuing a woman from drowning at the risk of his own life. A harshness and cruelty out of all harmony with both Christianity and democracy has been inflicted.

It is refreshing to see the declaration of the Veterans League of America, men who served in World War II:

"As veterans, we are grateful to the many CO's who voluntarily served as human guinea pigs and thereby helped control war-time epidemics, such as typhus, jaundice and malaria. We are aware of the unselfish aid they gave to hundreds of thousands of patients in mental hospitals throughout the country.

"As veterans, we recognize the importance of the improvements in the standards of mental care which resulted from their efforts. They served bravely and unselfishly on numerous battle fronts throughout the world, driving ambulances and giving medical assistance.

"Further we realize that they served in the most hazardous capacities voluntarily, without compensation of any kind and with great profit to the government and directly to the nation. Now that the war is over, the Veterans League is convinced that these men have earned the right to discharge from the service. . ."

Attorney General Stone while dean of the Columbia Law School with Judge Julian Mack made an official investigation of conscientious objectors for the Wilson administration. He wrote: "Both sound morals and sound policy require that the state should not violate the conscience of the individual. All history gives confirmation to the view that liberty of conscience has a social and moral value which makes it worthy of preservation at the hands of the state. When one realizes the seriousness of their purpose and the power of their influence, he can have no illusion that the mere application of force to the conscientious objectors will bring any solution to the problem. Most of them, at least of the religious objectors were neither physical nor moral cowards."

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"Oh Lord, that we may not despise our rulers; and grant, Oh Lord, that they may not act so we can't help it.'

—Dr. Lyman Beecher.

A DAGGER IN OTHER HAND

(The Montgomery Herald)

American young men coming back from the war in Germany today are making the same mistake as was made by their fathers after the end of World War I. They are praising the German populace to the highest heavens; calling them the finest, most cooperative people of all Europe. That they are honest in their opinions of the people of that wretched nation, we do not doubt; that they are mistaken in their assumption, we sincerely believe.

To prove their point, our boys cite instances of the excellent hospitality accorded them in the German homeland and the many "real friends" they found there—after the fighting was over. It was the same story after the other war, and all of us would do well to remember the lesson learned then.

To use the word "friendly" to describe the feeling of the average German toward an American is a desecration of the word itself. Those people are cunning schemers. They have played the game once and suffered only a slight set-back in their plans toward world conquest. Another battle has been lost to them in World War II, but their hope is based on a quick winning of the confidence of the allied nations that the Germans are ready to behave themselves in a manner to be expected of any civilized country and in an early forgiveness for the atrocious errors which they have committed during the past several years. They know the worthlessness of sporadic, small-time resistance. They are biding their time; waiting until they have regained sufficient strength to start another war —in twenty years or so, unless we take proper steps to prevent such an occurrence.

On the world's stage the German continually has played the role of the aggressor. He is playing it now, but in such a skillful manner that his true intent is difficult to discern. He is disguising his true character beneath a mask of false frendliness and hospitality. He is attempting to lull his audience—the Allied nations—into a dreamy state of false security from which they cannot see clearly the play of the actor nor determine accurately the goal toward which he is striving.

It has not been so many months ago that the German citizens, supposedly non-combantants, were stoning, beating and booing our boys who had become prisoners. In many instances our men were slain by these so-called civilians before they could be taken into custody by the military. Has true indication of their feelings toward us been forgotten so soon? Do we believe that the sentiment of these people has taken a complete about face in so short a time?

As Winston Churchill so aptly put it, "the German people are either at your feet or at your throats." They are grovelling now—bowing and smiling and shaking hands and waiting for the day when they will be able to pounce at our throats again.

No wonder the Germans are being so nice to our boys over there. There is no other course for them to follow. They are smart people, admittedly, and extremely proud; too proud to

take quitely such a severe shellacking as has been handed them at the hands of our armies. They have plans for the future; plans for another battle in their long-range war toward world conquest .

The German people will be nice for a while. They will do all in their power to make us trust and love them until we shake hands and call them "friend." But while we are shaking one hand we had better keep an eye on the other. It holds a dagger.

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THINGS I WISH I HAD KNOWN BEFORE I WAS TWENTY-ONE

1. What I was going to do for a living, and what my life work would be.
2. That my health after thirty depended in a large degree on what I put in my stomach before I was twenty-one.
3. How to take care of money.
4. The commercial asset of being neatly and sensibly dressed.
5. That a man's habits are mighty hard to change after he is twenty-one.
6. That a harvest depends upon seeds sown.
7. That you can't get something for nothing.
8. That the world would give me just about what I deserved.
9. That the sweat of my brow would earn my bread.
10. That a thorough education not only pays better wages than hard labor, but it brings the best of everything else.
11. That honesty is the best policy, not only in dealing with my neighbors but also in dealing with myself and with God.
12. The value of absolute truthfulness in everything.
13. The folly of not taking older people's advice.
14. That everything my mother wanted me to do was right.
15. That "dad" wasn't an old fogy after all.
16. What it really meant to father and mother to rear their son.
17. More of the helpful and inspiring parts of the Bible, particularly the four books dealing with the life of Christ.
18. The greatness of the opportunity and joy of serving a fellow man.—Selected.

FRINGED-TOP SURREY

(New York Times)

A generation and more ago, a fringed-top surrey was a mark of distinction. It was not every farm family that had one. The humble and uesful two-seated democrat would not only carry a family of six comfortably; with the rear seat removed there was space for a barrel of apples or a few bags of potatoes for village customers. Boxes of pound prints of homechurned butter and buckets of eggs fitted under the democrat's seates when the family went to trade at the general store.

But the fringed-top surrey was a different matter. As Webster says: It was a four - wheeled, two - seated pleasure carriage. And anything dedicated to pleasure was in a category by itself. The surrey was a lightweight wagon; instead of a plain box body it had stylish cut-outs before each seat. Instead of wooden frame seats it had open grille work. The dashboard was lower and had a rakish, stylish air.

Th glory of the surrey, however, was its fringed top. The canopy set it apart from everyday practical living. Supported on four steel rods, it gave a family protection from the sun. It should go without saying that a man did not use this surrey if it looked like rain. However, many of the surreys had rain curtains that were carried in a box beneath the rear seat. They could, in emergencies, be buttoned inside the fringe at the top and to knobs along the outside of the body.

There were certain occasions when the surrey was used. On pleasant Sundays, it took the family to church. On Fourth of July, at outdoor political rallies, on Old Home Day, and at the Wednesday evening band concerts one saw the surreys. A lad somehow was glad to wash and dust the surrey. The black body, with its narrow red trim line, the black, rimmed wheeles, and the red spokes had a style that appealed. The black top with its fringe of red was Art with a capital A. The surrey has gone, along with buckboards, top buggies, and democrats. But it was a symbol of a good life on the farm.

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The most lovable quality that any human being can possess is tolerance. It is the vision that enables one to see things from another's viewpoint. It is the generosity that concedes to others the right to their own opinions and their own peculiarities. It is the bigness that enables us to let people be happy in their own way instead of our way.—Rotary Bulletin.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Just a few days ago we received a letter from Jay Lambert, a former student, who left the School in 1925. For the past fifteen years Jay has been in the United States Maritime Service. At the time of his last visit here, about two years ago, he had attained the rating of chief petty officer.

In his various trips around the world during the past fifteen years, Jay has frequently written old friends at the School. He never fails to visit us when in this section of the country. His letter, written in New York City, and dated February, 28th reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a line to let you know that I am still around and am well. I am now out of the Merchant Service, and have got myself lined up with one of the large shipping companies here in New York. I am in the central offices on downtown Broadway.

"It certainly will be good to see you again and I am looking forward to it when I come down this summer. Are there any of the officers at good old J. T. S. whom I still know? I don't believe there are many, although I may be wrong.

"I met a fellow last year in far away Iraq, Persia, who said he was at the Training School in 1918. I believe he told me his name was Thomas Wrenn. I have it written down somewhere in some of by books, but at the moment I can't locate any of them. He was a very nice fellow, and was an employee of the Arabian Oil Company. It is a strange world and a rather small one at times.

"It is my intention to return to the good state of North Carolina and settle down for life. My days of globe-trotting and adventure are over, but I must say it was a happy period of my life.

"Please send me a note when you have time. Best regards to you and to everyone I know down there. Sincerely yours, Jay Lambert."

We recently received another letter from Clyde E. Adams, a former student at the school, who was better known around here by the nickname of "Jack Dempsey." During his stay with us, Clyde was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group and worked in the bakery. By reason of his friendly disposition and ever-present smile, he made many friends at the School.

This young man has been in the United States Navy for several years. At the time the "USS North Carolina" was launched, he became a member of her crew, and for about three years he saw considerable action while aboard that vessel, one of Uncle Sam's best "battle-wagons." Clyde has earned the rating of baker, second-class.

After spending a sixty days' leave at his home in Kannapolis, Clyde reported for duty at a California naval base shortly after Christmas, and was assigned to duty aboard the "USS Iowa," another one of our newest and greatest battleships. He is now on duty in a Japanese port. We quote, as follows: from two of Clyde's most recent letters, the first having been written at sea, enroute to Japan.

"I'm on my way to Yokosuka, Japan, a Jap naval base. We are to relieve the 'USS New Jersey' so she

can come back to the States. It is reported that about two-thirds of her crew have been suffering from dysentery. The reason given is that practically all sources of water supply near there are comtaminated. We have orders that when we go ashore on liberty not to drink any water or any other kind of native drinks. We will have to do all our eating and drinking aboard ship. You can see from this that the Japs are really filthy people.

"Here is one for the book: My birthday is the 22nd of January. Yesterday was the 21st, and, since we have crossed the International Date Line, today is the 23rd. According to the way the scientists have it figured out, there just 'ain't no January 22nd'. Now you tell me, am I 22 years old or am I still 21 years old?

"We are to be the flagship of the Fifth Fleet while in these waters. We expect to be relieved by the 'USS Indiana' in March or April, so we can get a little duty back near the States.

"Please give my regards to Mr. and Mrs. Liske, and don't forget that I shall be looking for a letter from you. Your friend, Jack."

Just a few days after receiving the above letter, along came another from our friend, Jack, dated February 13, 1946. It reads in part as follows:

"This is not going to be much of a letter, but just a note to cut you in on some straight dope. We are leaving next Sunday for Pearl Harbor, and then back to the States for a complete overhaul job. Hope to be in the States about the middle of the next month.

"On the ship here, we get a radio press news every morning. Am enclosing part of one concerning our troops fraternizing with the Japs. If you were to walk down the streets of Toyko you would agree that it is the truth, too.

"About a hundred yards from my ship lie the Jap cruiser, "Sakawa" and one of the battleships, the "Negota." I'm not sure that I have the names spelled correctly, but anyway, we have a skeleton crew on each of them. They are to be used in the atomic bomb tests. I'm sure glad they didn't send me aboard one of those ships.

"We had another little snow here the other day. I'll settle for that California sunshine any day. That's about all the news for this time. Your old friend, Jack."

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"I'm but a cog in life's vast wheel,
That daily makes the same old trip,
Yet what a joy it is to feel
That but for me the world might slip.
'Tis something after all to jog
Along and be a first-class cog."

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

At the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday, Rev. A. J. Cox, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, was the guest speaker. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 23:1-8. The subject of his message to the boys was "Trifling With Life." He selected as his text Matthew 23:3—"All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do you not after their works; for they say, and do not."

Rev. Mr. Cox began by telling the boys that the entire chapter, a part of which he had just read, deals with Jesus' denunciation of the Pharisees. He told the people that it would be all right for them to follow the good doctrine preached by those men, but that it would not do to follow their evil examples. The Pharisees, said the speaker, were the recognized religious leaders of their day, but that they had become drunk with power. Theirs was a religion of making a great show. They were simply using religion as a cloak to hide their hypocrisy.

There are many of the same kind of people in the world today, continued Rev. Mr. Cox, but they are not accomplishing anything. They are merely trifling with life. Theirs is a life of pretense.

The speaker then pointed out that we always begin to trifle with life when we do not have some serious purpose; when we fail to connect our lives with the purpose of Jesus. When we stand alone in the world we stand for very little. A man who does not take a part in the interests of his community, he certainly cannot be classed as a good citizen. But let him enter into the various community activities, he at one begins to take on a new importance. He has connected himself with a fine purpose.

Life, said Rev. Mr. Cox, is constantly asking what we are going to do with our energy. Are we going to throw our lives away or are we going to exert all our powers in something worthwhile? Some people are finding life boresome. The reason is that they have not put themselves wholeheartedly into doing something that really works for good in the world.

The speaker then stated that when we fail to develop the courage to live the kind of lives we know, we are trifling with life. Every sane person knows what is right and what is wrong. Our greatest troubles usually develop when we become unwilling to live according to the highest ideals. By way of illustration he told this story of President Cleveland: Profiteers and war-minded persons were calling for war with Spain because of conditions that prevailed in Cuba. A number of Senators and Congressmen called on the President one afternoon. They told him they were going to declare war upon Spain. After listening to their heated statements, Cleveland informed them that he knew that it was in their power to declare war, but he also told them that as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, he would most certainly refuse to mobilize troops to

carry on the war. "War would cost billions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of lives," said Cleveland, "but I know that Cuba can be bought for $100,000, hence there is no need for fighting." This statement proved that the was definitely a man of great courage.

Rev. Mr. Cox then told his listeners that we all know that proper nourishment is necessary if we are to have well developed bodies. So it is with our souls. As long as we continue to disregard God's will, there is no chance for our souls to develop into what God intended them to be. People use many excuses for not attending church or otherwise trying to live according to the will of God. When a man becomes so interested in his business that he has no time to devote to his friends, no time to learn about God, he becomes very much lop-sided in his development. Any occupation, from the humblest to the highest, can be used for the purpose of doing God's work. All could be used to the glory of God. We should treat all people as we would think God would have us treat them.

Some of us, said the speaker, have a way of postponing our religion. We put it off, especially when we are young. It seems so easy to get the idea that so far as religion is concerned, it will be better to wait until we grow older. Quite often we hear of an old person dying after having lived a worthless life. It may be that that person really had good intentions, but put off doing God's work until it was too late.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Cox stated that the business of finding God is not only a matter of searching for Him, but of giving Him an opportunity to find us. He urged the boys not to be trifling in this matter of living the right kind of lives. He warned them of the danger of becoming like the Pharisees, of whom Jesus said: "They talk much, but they do not act."

LUCK

A young farmer named Bill came to town to seek his fortune. Being without funds, he took the first job offered, as assistant janitor in a wholesale drug house. Ten hours a day, six days a week, he swept floors, cleaned cuspidors, and straightened up the shelves laden with drugs.

The labels interested Bill, and as he was able he learned what they meant. In two years he had risen to head janitor. Then he heard an assistant was needed in the shipping room. Bill applied for the job, and, after considerable difficulty in convincing the boss he could handle it, was given a chance.

Five years later finds Bill the head shipping clerk, still working ten hours a day, six days a week. Then a promotion to assistant, with some stock in the company.

Now, when Bill drives his rather-large car into the garage of his rather-nice home, the people across the street say: "There goes Bill—he's a lucky guy—gets all the breaks."—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 3, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
William Britt
Paul Church
George Cox
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Carl Davis
William Doss
Thomas Everhart
Raymond Harding
Jack Lambert
Franklin Robinson
Clay Shew
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnett
Louie Ashe
Fred Coats
Gerald Johnson
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
James McMahan
William McVickers
James Norton
Knox Norton
William Phillips
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Joseph Case
Thomas Childress
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Joseph Duncan
Talmage Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Robert Jarvis
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Lloyd Perdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Thomas Staley
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Lee Bean
Robert Hogan
Hobart Keaton
W. C. McManus
Lacy Overton
Harry Purdy
Ray Swink
Ernest Turner
Wesley Turner
Edward VanHoy
James Wigginton

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
George Byrd
Woodrow Davenport
Charles Gibson
Connie Hill
Robert Kerr
James Little
Rodney Mintz
Edward Stone
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Curtis Butcher

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Coy Creakman
Fred Ganey
Richard Davidson
Clyde Hoffman
George Jones
Robert Peavy
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
James Walters
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7
Glenn Davis

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
J. C. Alley
Albert Allen
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Charles Francis
Ralph Gibson
Hubert Inman
D. B. Jones
Richard Johnson
Clifton Kerns
Thomas Stallings
Vernest Turner
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE No. 10
Ernest Bullard
Authur Ballew
Jack Gleason
James Hensley
Bernard Hyatt
Thomas Hutchins
William Lane
Donald Stultz
Garvin Thomas
Thomas Ware
George Hill

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Byrant
Wade Cook
Arlon McLean
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
Leon Rose
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Black
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14
Carl Ballew
Howard Hall
Harold Kernodle
Eugene Martin
Lawrence Owens
Leon Poston
John Roberts
James Smith
Thomas Styles
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15
George Brown
William Correll
William Caldwell
Jack Crump
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Jack Green
Marcus Hefner
Howard Herman
Marshall Lamb
Harvey Leonard
Zeb Presson
James Shepherd
Ralph Stewart
Charles Stephenson
Robert Summersett
Solomon Shelton
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Ray Covington
Thomas Chavis
Allen Hammond
Morrison Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Weldon Lochlear

INFIRMARY
William Brooks
David Brooks
Dwight Murphy

———:———

Let our schools teach the nobility of labor and the beauty of human service, but the superstitions of ages past never.

—Peter Cooper.

C36f

MAR 18 '46

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 16, 1946 No. 11

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KEEP PUSHING

Keep pushing; 'tis wiser than sitting aside,
And dreaming, and sighing, and waiting the tide.
In life's sorest battle, they only prevail
Who daily march onward, and never say fail.

With an eye ever open, a tougue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never to sorrow succumb—
You'll battle and conquer, though thousands assail.
How strong and how mighty, who never say fail!

—Selected.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor **LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor**

IF I WERE A VOICE

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

To save them from despair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er a crowded town,
And drop like the happy sunlight down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again.
If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of the air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind;
And wherever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, spite or scorn,
Or hatred of any kind,
I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
Then, with their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the earth around;
And wherever man to his idols bowed
I'd publish in notes both long and loud
The gospel's joyful sound.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way,
Bidding the saddened heart rejoice,
These things I'd do, if I were a voice.

—Selected

IMPROVEMENTS AS SEEN BY OFFICERS

Recently some of the boys in the ninth grade here at the school interviewed several of the officers to obtain from them their reactions regarding some of the changes being made in the school's progress in order to improve the school in terms of modern conceptions. Some of the officers who were interviewed have been at the school a number of years and have been some of the most faithful and dependable staff members. The boys themselves had some grand experiences in making these interviews.

To the boys who talked to Mr. Fisher, among other things he made the following comment: "I think the boys show a greater spirit of happiness, and the morale is higher than at any time. There has been a big improvement in the general attitudes of the boys. Most of the boys seem content with their work, and they seem to be cheerful out on the campus. They have fine attitudes in work, in play, in school and everywhere."

Another officer made the following significant statement: "I think that the boys respond much more readily than they did and are a lot more cooperative than they were when we tried to drive them so much." This officer explained that there was more of a tendency among the officers to counsel with their boys and to give them more opportunities for wholesome play and recreation at the proper times. He explained, too, that more is now being done for the happinesss and welfare of the boys.

Another one of the officers whose services have been most valuable to the school expressed a delight with the different attitudes of the officers. It was explained that now the officers are not nearly so harsh and abrupt, and this tends to cause the boys to have much more regard for the officers. The boys, even now, have a feeling that they can discuss some of their personal problems with the officers without feeling that they would be humiliated or reprimanded. It was explained that the officers are becoming more approachable and more friendly and that, along with this, there seems to be a general feeling among the boys that the officers have more understanding and take more interest in their welfare. With the increased opportunities for recreation, Scouting, and such activities, the boys have much more to look forward to now than they did.

Another officer made the following comment: "I think, as a

whole, the behavior and attitude of the boys is better than I have ever seen it. There are now fewer runaways than at any period since I have been at the school. Some of this, I am sure, is due to the fact that the boys are provided with more recreation and better school facilities."

Still another officer made these comments: "I think my boys have improved a lot because there has not been so much bad influence among the boys as there was in the past. I think, however, that the benefits of the improved program will depend mostly on the boys themselves and their determination to use in the right way what they have." This officer explained his attitude this way: "When you feed a mule two ears of corn instead of one he will just as likely kick you as he would before."

Mr. Walters, the new director of physical education, presented the following interesting statements:

"The word 'play' is the 'go' signal for every boy here at Jackson Training School. As a whole, the physical education program is progressing as well as could be expected in its early stages. Every boy likes to play, and he should. The old saying, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' can be used here as well as everywhere else."

"It is with great pleasure that I note an improvement in the playing ability of each boy. The play periods seem to be aiding some of the boys in their coordination. Instead of being awkward, they have more skill at moving around. A few of the boys still lack the meaning of teamwork, but, as a whole, the boys are learning to play together. This type of playing has a tendency to make better leaders. Thus, better leaders make better men."

* * * * * * * *

FORMER OFFICER RETURNS TO THE SCHOOL

Mr. James Lardner Query, a former officer at the Jackson Training School, after having spent three years and nine months in the United States Army, has returned to the School and resumed his position on our staff of workers. His many friends here are delighted to welcome him back.

Mr. Query was a popular and efficent officer for approximately

four years prior to his induction into the armed forces. He is now serving as farm helper in charge of part of the tractor force, and as cottage officer at the Indian Cottage.

While in service Mr. Query attained the rank of staff sergeant in the Airborne Medical Division. He received his basic training at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, and was stationed at several other camps in this country before going overseas. He was sent overseas to England in September, 1943, where he received further combat training. His outfit took part in the Normandy invasion on D-Day, and later saw considerable service in France, Belgium and Holland. In all, he was in the European Theatre of Operations for a period of twenty months.

In December, 1943, during the notable "Battle of the Bulge" in the Belgian area, he became a prisoner of the Nazi forces, and for four months he was held in various camps. Mr. Query states that while being held as prisoner of war he received no especially brutal treatment, but that the food supply was far indequate for reasonable needs. On April 16, 1945, he had the happy privilege of being released from his German captors by the British Second Army.

Immediately after his liberation, Mr. Query was transferred back to England for medical care and treatment. After a period of rest and recuperation he was transferred to a London distribution center, and from that point he made the voyage back to the United States. On January 30, 1946, he received an honorable discharge from further military service.

As a soldier, Mr. Query made an enviable record, and the services of this fine young man will mean much to the work of the Training School.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Radio Program

By Gray Brown, 9th Grade

On Tuesday of last week the radio program was given by a group of Mr. Hines' special sixth grade boys. They sang three songs, which were as follows: "Have Thine Own Way, Lord," "This Is My Father's World" and "My Precious Savior Died for Me." The words of the latter hymn were composed by Mr. Hines, our school principal.

Following the songs, Mr. Hawfield talked on the subject, "The Training School Should Not Be Used as a Last Resort."

The following boys made the trip to the radio station: Jack Lambert, Robert Kerr, Clifford Martin, Kirk Putnam, James Shook, Donald Bowden, Harold Kernodle, Eugene Martin, Clyde Wright, Lawrence Littlejohn, Coy Wilcox and Howard Herman.

New Books in the Library

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

Recently the school library received a new shipment of books. They are very nice books and we are proud of them.

Among these books are the following: "The Seventh Cross," by Anna Segliers; "A Bell for Adona," by John Hersey; "We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing," by Lieut. James C. Whitaker and "Born to Command," by Helen Wicalay. The last named book is a biography of General Dwight D. Eisenhour.

There are also a number of books on sports, some of which are: "World Series," "The Kid from Tomkinsville" and "Yea, Wildcats." All of these are by John R. Tunis.

Picture Show

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

The name of the show last week was "The Fighting Lady." The picture was about an aircraft carrier that went to sea in 1943. The story was narrated instead of having each character speaking. There were no leading players. As the various scenes were shown the narrator told how this carrier went into battle. The picture showed how the carrier sent up her fighters, torpedo planes and bombers to intercept and attack the enemy. We could see how many of them returned to the ship in a very badly damaged condition. It showed how in one day the attack was made on the enemy and how 369 Jap planes were shot down.

Everyone enjoyed this picture very much.

Basketball at the School

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

On Wednesday night, March 13th, the winning basketball team in League Number One will play the winner in League Number Two for the championship of the School. At the present time, Cottage No. 3 is leading the Number Two league and Cottage No. 10 is the leader in League Number One. Each team is undefeated in its league, but as both groups have a

game to play before completing the schedule, anything can happen.

Mr. Frank Liske is coach of the No. 10 boys and Mr. J. W. Hines coaches the boys of Cottage No. 3. Both men should be complimented on the fine showing of their teams. One can see the hard work and practice that are required in putting winning teams on the court.

Birthday Party

By Arlon McLean, 9th Grade

On Friday night of last week, the boys who had birthdays during the month of February were given a party in the gymnasium. They enjoyed cakes candy, ice cream and soft drinks. At the end of the party each boy held a lighted candle and make a circle and sang "Happy Birthday."

The following boys attended the party: Maynard Chester, Gerald Johnson, James Dunn, Robert Hogan, William Arrington, Robert Porter, Elzo Fulk, Wesley Turner, Clifton Rhodes, Ralph Stewart, Robert Elder, George Swink, Jack Phillips, Hugh Cornwell, Charles Todd, Daniel Johnson, Leroy Wilkins, Donald Stack, R. V. Hutchinson, Charles Moore, William Brooks, Lloyd Perdue, Clyde Hoffman, Charles Bryant, Jesse Black, Roy Marsh, Kenneth Staley, Leroy Shedd and Thomas Corley.

Chapel Program

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

On Friday morning of last week, the regular chapel program was postponed so that Mr. Godown could help the boys learn some new songs. Mrs. Frank Liske played the piano. This is done so that the boys may be kept up to par in their group singing.

The songs the boys have been singing are really good, but they do not know enough of them. It is just like wearing the same suit of clothes all through the week and then having to put it on again when you want to dress up for Sunday. You cannot do this and still look neat. The same rule applies to singing. To sing the same songs over and over again becomes tiresome. It is much better to learn some new ones occasionally.

The boys seemed to get along fine in learning these new songs. They really like the idea. We wish to thank Mrs. Liske and Mr. Godown for their kindness in helping the boys with the new songs.

Our Science Class

By Kenneth Staley, 9th Grade

For the last week our ninth grade general science class has been studying a unit on chemistry. We have been studying about elements and compounds. Last Saturday we studied only two elements, magnesium and pure sodium metal. First, we burned some magnesium. After that the fun started. Our science teacher, Mrs. Baucom, told us that when she put some sodium metal, which is very light, into water, it would run all around and "cut up" in the water. We got a half glass of water. The teacher then put a little piece of sodium metal into the water. It began running around but did not explode. The boys began saying, "Put in a larger piece." But the teacher, who was far wiser than we, told us that it might explode. But the boys kept on saying,

"Put in a larger piece; put in a larger piece." Mrs. Baucom then said, "Back up," and dropped a larger piece of the sodium metal into the water. Suddenly it began running around in the water, and it caught afire before we knew what was happening. Then followed an explosion, and pieces of glass flew in all directions. The boys seemed to get a big "kick" out of the performance. We now have a new name for our classroom. It is "Atom, Jr."

JAMES MADISON

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

James Madison was born at Port Conway, King George County, Virginia, March 16, 1751. His father was a landowner and a man of some local reputation. His father owned the large estate of Montpelier. When young James was eighteen years old he entered Princeton University and graduated in 1771. He continued his reading in history and constitutional law. He was preparing himself for public life. At the age of twenty-three he accepted his first political appointment, a member of the safety group in his county. For forty years after he was continuously in public office. During this time he was a member of the Virginia Assembly of the Continental Congress and of the House of Representatives under the new Constitution. He was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of 1776 and a member of the Constitutional Convention, in Philadelphia, in 1787, which framed the Constitution of the United States.

In 1801, Madison became Secretary of State in President Jefferson's Cabinet, and his wife, Dolly Madison, whom he married in 1794, went to Washington to act as White House hostess because of the death of Mrs. Jefferson.

The many friends she won, together with Madison, caused her husband to be elected the fourth President of the United States in 1808, by an electoral vote of 122 to 47, defeating the Federalist candidate, Charles C. Pinckney. George Clinton, who served as Vice-President with Jefferson, was re-elected to the same office with Madison. Madison was the first President to hold office during war.

Madison was re-elected in 1812 over De Witt Clinton by 128 electoral votes to 89. Madison's administration of the war was far from efficient.

In 1817, Madison returned to his estate at Montpelier, where his efforts as a planter were more successful than those of his friends, Jefferson and Monroe. He was interested in education and served with Jefferson and Monroe as regents of the University of Virginia, to which he left his library after his death in 1836.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—Cato.

THE URGES OF A BOY

(Selected)

1. Urge for free expression. Whoever invented that expression, "Children should be seen and not heard," knew nothing of boy psychology. Scouting is learning by doing. The boy cannot adequately express himself until he has plenty of practice. Therefore, we must let him have his flashes of brilliance even though in our hearts we'd pray for him to give us brilliant flashes of silence. We must guide him in what we want him to say, not repress him.

2. Urge for sensory contact. The five senses are the means by which we get in contact with the world. Yet fine furniture with no finger prints is better than perfectly normal boys to some folks. In this day of crowded living and small apartments a boy has a hard time getting this sensory contact. I heard recently that they were building apartments in Chicago so small that the dogs learned to wag their tails up and down.

Observe people going along a bargain-counter and see the sensory contact urge working. A boy comes in with a new jack-knife and when the other boys see it, they cry in unison, "Let me see it," and they reach for it to feel it. Watch your boys on a hike pursue this urge. A Scoutmaster was on a nature hike sometime ago. The boys were listing trees. After explaining, tagging, and learning about a beautiful beech tree, one boy was observed going back to the tree and feeling it. He knew it better after he got his hands on it.

By the way, in passing, let me say "my hat's off to the mother who realizes this urge in her boy and smiles patiently when he feels and examines and mars beautiful things in the home to satisfy this urge."

3. The urge for muscular control. The boy hero worships muscular perfection. This represents to the boy the satisfaction of his own desires. This is why boys hero-worship outstanding athletes. This is why a boy likes to walk up, contract his muscle and proudly say, "Feel."

4. The urge for manipulation. The boy wants to see what the insides of an article are like. That's why you go home and see the Big Ben taken apart, or your gun or your watch or most anything else that's handy. We should give him guidance in putting things together. That's why we have him take a bicycle apart and put it back together again—the merit badge in cycling.

5. The urge for the out-of-doors. For hundreds of thousands of years, human nature lived out of doors. Now it is restrained to congested areas. In Scouting we get the boy out into the open spaces so he won't get warped. We must see that this urge for the out-of-doors is not warped. To do so is tragic and can't be overcome later like the warp of words that boys make as a basis for some funny stories, like the little boy who was asked what a cynic was. He replied "A cynic is what you wash dishes in," and like the other boy who was asked what a stoic was. He replied, "stoic is what brings the baby."

The recognition of this out-of-door urge is why we emphasize so much

the summer camp. May it never be said of Scout camps, as has been said of some summer camps — sum-mer camps and sum-mer not.

I don't think I've ever seen or been in a troop business meeting that some Scout hasn't jumped up and said with fervor, "When are we going on a hike?" We must satisfy this out-of-door urge in our Scouts by at least a monthly hike if we are to have real Scout troops.

6. The urge to struggle or fight. Some say this should be taken out of boys. Father says, "Ah and so on and so on" and proceeds to satisfy his own fight urge in the wood shed, making such idiotic expressions as "This hurts me more than it does you, son." So it is that often when we are young we get knocked out of us the very urge we need when we grow up. Scouting promotes this urge in games and contests.

7. The urge to escape from the commonplace. Let us analyze the commonplace lives we live. Can't you feel a tragic response of that boy the poet made to say, "We sit and sit and do not play at nothing." The boy lives in an imaginative world. We ought to encourage him. This imaginative urge to escape from the commonplace provides good business for the manufacturing firms in making cowboy suits, Indian suits, policemen, firemen, soldier uniforms. Who among us as boys hasn't in our imaginations run wild and killed wild Indians 'n everything—adventure, the call of the wild — to mount his stick with a string for a bridle, to fire his cap pistol. Thank God for the opportunities in Scouting for the boy to escape from the commonplace.

8. The urge to barter and trade. "I'll give you my barlow and three marbles for your cap pistol." Sound familiar? "I'll trade you this for that." Business acumen has its basis in the urge of the man to barter and trade when he was a boy.

9. The urge for collection. Take a blanket, spread it on the ground, empty a boy's pockets on it and catalogue the articles. This collection urge in boys influences juvenile crimes of stealing. This urge causes even you and me to be bawled out by our wives for carrying so many things in our pockets even as dignified men. This urge prompts boys to collect stamps and other like collections. It is natural, it is wholesome. May the day have already come when no more mothers will sew up a boy's pockets so he can't collect things, for with all these things he expects to build something someday.

10. The urge for comradeship. The boy is a social animal. He wants to be with animals like he is. He wants to be with his gang. Give him one. That's why we see boy groups all over the city streets. That's why we seek to capitalize the gang instinct or urge in Scouting. The boy wishes to advertise the fact that he's a man, that he belongs to the courser half of humanity. He will go to no small pains to appear as rough as possible, often in speech or deportment, for no other reason than to advertise the fact that he belongs to the male half of the human family. Another reason for this comradeship or gang urge is —safety first, for the natural state of mankind is one of warfare. In this urge for companionship he likes to appear as grown-up as possible.

A friend of mine met a little chap one day by a stream and began asking

him that long line of fool questions that most people ask boys, winding up with, "How old are you?" And the boy said, "I ain't but 12, but my pants are marked 16."

11. The urge for rhythm. Watch us all pat our feet to music, sway when when we sing, clap our hands when we clog dance. A rhythm starved world is perhaps responsible for our modern jazz.

12. The urge for achievement. To make things with our hands. Schools recognize this urge in their shop work. "Look, daddy, see what I made." One of our Scouting's greatest appeals to a boy is its many opportunities to satisfy the achievement urge of the boy.

Father came home one night from his work and with a good cigar, bathrobe and bedroom slippers, settled down to his paper in the library. His young son was nearby laying the tracks for his toy railroad. Then he got his engine, tender and cars on the track and got them going round and round. Proudly he straightened up an looked to his dad for approbation but daddy's nose was deep in the newspaper. Finally he ran to his dad, tugged his sleeve, pointed to his train and cried, "Look, daddy! Why don't you say it's fine?" That's our rank privilege as Scout leaders to encourage the achievement urge in boys and say, "Gee, pal, that's fine!"

13. The urge of curiosity. The basis of educational development is closely connected with curiosity. The little child points and says "Mamma, why?" or "What is it?" in order to know. Learning nature lore, trees, rocks, birds, satisfies this kind of curiosity.

14. The urge of caution. Watch it work when you meet a group of boys for the first time as their Scoutmaster. Observe how they weigh us, try us out. We cannot rush them. They will come a long way with cauti[illegible] but won't move an inch with battery and assault.

15. The urge of code. All groups have an oath new members must take —blood and thunder and otherwise. Think back to your code and mine that perhaps said it was wrong to steal money but all right to steal watermelons. Ah, how seriously the real Scout takes the Scout Code of the Oath and Law.

16. The urge of love of water. This does not mean small quantities mixed with soap but in a large natural state. How the boy yearns for the old swimming hole as he gazes out the school window—finally he gets there, to the old swimming hole—where the first commerce began, to the old stamping ground. Well, he gets there and there are two standard thing to do. Swimming! If he is not an expert swimmer it's dangerous and that's satisfying. Then there is the other thing—fishing. Remember those old fishing days with a simple outfit and a baited hook. You let it down into the water where you don't see a thing and just hope—a nibble!—a bite! a 3-jointed bite and you pull it up alive and kicking and it's something for nothing. There is only one legitimate form of gambling left and that is fishing.

17. The use of fire. Village boy, country boy, city boy, all are susceptible to the charm of fire. We have seen them on city lots when they built fires and that purple dark would settle around them so mesmeric and imaginative. We have seen them build fires on white sands when the sun

overhead was blistering hot. That miracle of fire man always sets up where he worshipped or had an altar. So the candles burn on altars still and people go to their homes on a dreary day and build a fire. To a boy it is a ritual. Fortunately fire is included in any camping plan for boys. It inspires decent intimacies between men and boys.

So these are some of the boy urges psychologists show us. May we always remember them as we deal with boys. They'll teach us to speak kindly. You know some folks never say "well done" unless they are ordering steak.

Practically all of the schools of a generation ago had "Friday afternoon exercises." From one week to the next preparations were made for these special performances. Nearly all the poems I ever memorized were for recitation at school on Friday afternoons. One of the first I can recall learning was "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." I was about eight years old, I think, and I can still remember how scared I was and how much prompting I had to have to get through it.

I ran across the complete poem a few days ago and as I read the verses there came to my mind a picture of Mrs. Marbut's school—where the Owen Connellys now live—and I could see myself standing up in front of a room-full of children and hear the sing-songy tones as I hurried through the lines:

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

"When the blazing sun is set
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

"Then the traveller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

"In the dark sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

"As your bright and shiny spark,
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

—Morganton News Herald.

CAROLINA NAMED SHIPS PROMINENT IN THE WAR

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

Led by a hard-hitting, modern battleship, 41 naval vessels represented the state of North Carolina with honor in World War II.

The group of ships—all named for North Carolina landmarks—was composed of a battleship, three escort carriers, and 37 transports, gunboats, tankers, and miscellaneous vessels.

Most famous of the lot was a powful battleship North Carolina launched in 1941 before the war began.

Th aircraft carriers were the Bouge, Core and Croatan, named for sounds which finger into the Atlantic from North Carolina's shores. All of these vessels have long and illustrious war careers. They were among the first of the "escort" carriers, and as such were instrumental in succumbing the menace of Nazi submarines in the Atlantic, at a time when the U-boats were sinking a tremendous shipping tonnage and causing grave concern to the Navy. Later they fought in the Pacific.

The transports, named for counties of the state, served long and anonymously. They hauled troops, munitions, food, and supplies all over the vast Pacific as American troops leap-frogged from island to island, finally overhauling the Japanese empire itself.

In this transport group were the Chatham, Stokes, Caswell, New Hanover, Lenoir, Alamance, Tyrrell, Duplin, Yancey, Union, Clay, Warren, Wayne, Bladen, Carteret, Guilford, Edgecombe, Granville, Hyde, Pitt, Rockingham, Mecklenburg, Harnett, and Iredell.

Three sea plane tenders took their names from North Carolina sounds and bays: the Albemarle, Currituck, and Onslow. Another aviation supply ship, the veteran Kitty Hawk, was christened for the site of the Wright brothers successful flight in 1903.

Four other ships were in the tanker fleet, members of Service Squadron 10, the so-called "secret" weapon which fueled and replenished the fleet at sea permitting it to remain in battle for protracted periods of time. Named for North Carolina rivers, the tanker group was composed of the Nantahala, Pasquotank, Watauga, and Niwassee.

The Colington, a Navy harbor craft was named for an island in Albemarle sound.

But the ship best known is the big North Carolina, sometimes dubbed the "Showboat" of the fleet. She participated in almost 50 naval engagements, from the beginning of the war until the end.

The North Carolina was commissioned in April 1941. She received her baptism of fire in support of American landings at Guadalcanal and Tulagi. During that operation the Japs advanced with a large air attack. The "Showboat" opened up with all her anti-aircraft batteries, and the sight was so awesome that a neighboring carrier inquired by radio, "Are you on fire?"

While patrolling in the solomons area, a Jap submarine fired a torpedo into the North Craolina's bow. It was serious damage, but the flooded compartments were sealed off and she made port safely. Seven men died in the explosion.

Another tragedy struck in April, 1945, during the Okinawa operation, when Jap suicide planes were wreaking vast damage. A five-inch shell from one American ship which was under attack hit the North Carolina, killing three men and wounding 44 others.

During three years in the Pacific, the "Showboat" bombarded enemy territory nine times. The heaviest of these was the bombardment of Iwo-Jima, when a total of 855 16-inch shells were poured into the bastion over a four-day period. In addition, 2,735 five-inch shells were fired during the same period.

The North Carolina's other bombardments were conducted at Mauru, Roi, Namur, Ponape, Siapan, twice at Okinawa, and Hitachi.

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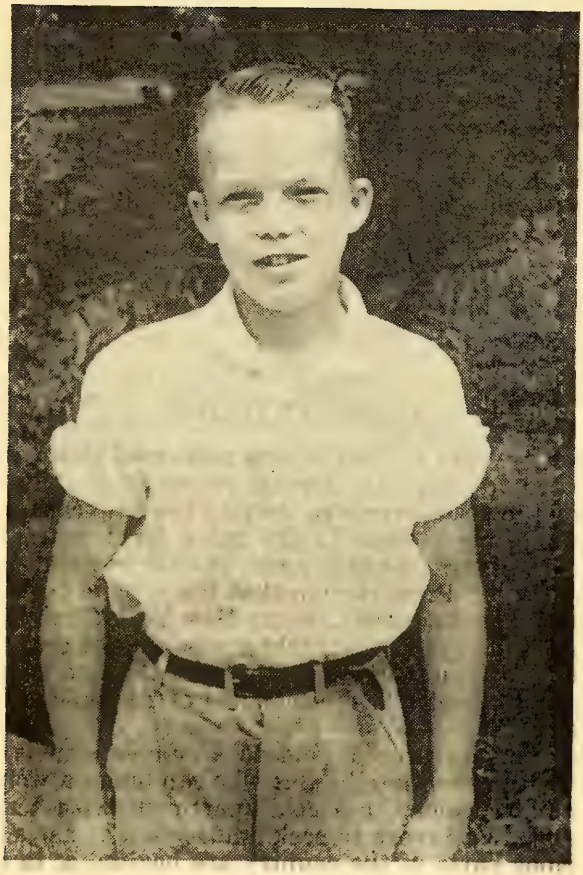
PARENT TRAINING

The low crime rate in the Chinese section of those American cities where there is a considerable colony of that nationality is well known to social workers, despite the hair-raising stories revived from time to time in the more lurid journals about opium dens of several decades ago. A case in point is the report by the United Presbyterian that there have been but two cases of juvenile delinquency among New York City children of Chinese parentage in the past eight years. Much credit for the low record was given to the fact that the Chinese keep sacred the Confucian precept, "The misconduct of the child is the fault of the parent."

Christians have a precept, indeed a commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother." But who can honor a woman who locks her children alone in a cold apartment with scant food, while she goes to a tavern to seek amusement? Legal authorities in various parts of the country are beginning to act upon the idea of holding parents responsible for the actions of their offspring. There is hopes for results where such action has resulted in schools at which parents are given instruction in child training.—Union Signal.



ONE OF OUR FINE BOYS

WHAT IS A BOY?

He is the little fellow lying on the grass in the shade, by the side of his dog fast asleep.

He is the boy who when he awakes and rubs his eyes will go to his father and ask to be allowed to help in what his father is doing.

He will turn tomorrow morning toward his father and watch closely everything his father is doing and then do his best to imitate everything he sees.

He will follow in the path blazed by his father, without waiting to ask where the trail leads. All he wants to know is "did my father pass this way"?

The boy now playing quarterback on the village high school team, will, about forty years from now, be President of the United States.

The little dirty-faced boy you see out there playing town ball in the back alley will be Governor of North Carolina about forty years from today.

A boy now playing marbles in your back yard will be sitting in the Senate of The United States about forty years from now.

A boy is the fellow who is going to be president of your colleges and universities in a few years.

He is going to be the judge presiding over your courts.

As Mayor, he is to take over the affairs of your city and the boy on the other side of the street is to play a large part in the government of your country.

He is to be the father of all future generations.

The young boy of today is the dynamo for the mighty man power of tomorrow.

Let the State train well the boy—he is the hope of tomorrow's world!

—Tomorrow.

SELF AND THE OTHER FELLOW

(The Orphans' Friend)

Last Sunday in his sermon—a very fine one, by the way—the Oxford Pastor used as an illustration of wrong ideals, Dives, the man of the Bible whose soul was required of him because he felt that he had amassed great riches and could thenceforth take his ease and, to put the matter in common parlance, let the world go hang.

The philosophy of Dives is by no means extinct. It lives lustily and greedily as you may see any day by reading the headlines of your daily paper. Back of the "unrest," so-called, one may read between the lines a general desire to corner more than one's share of the good things of life at the expense of those others who will have to look out for themselves —"or else."

The Nazis and the Japs have been thoroughly whipped. Their greats of a few years ago are no longer greats, but very smalls. Men whose word then carried with it the lives of great hosts of lesser ones, now have not even the say-so of their own lives. Some of them have already passed out via the firing squad and the gallows. They came to their end because of the selfishness and cruelty expressed by them. Selfishness and arrogance tell the gruesome story.

The leaders of the conquered nations in their hey-dey loudly proclaimed patriotic motives; but post-mortem analyses prove that their pseudo patriotism led to the betrayal of their fatherland.

The plans for reconversion of industry to the peace basis has been delayed three months, so many say, by the conflict of aims. When any group through selfish reason, throws monkey wrenches into the machinery of industry, does it not resemble the Nazi spirit? It matters not whether one is in the captalist or the labor fold, or carries on with little reference to either, every activity that aims at undue advantage is a blow at society or the public which in the final analysis is the country.

Smartness is a fine thing when it leads to useful service, but smartness is a scoundrel when it expects pay for it minus the service. No one owes another for being smart, or learned, or imposing without those qualifications producing quid pro quo in practical transactions. The people whose purpose in life seems to be one-pointed on the idea to be deferred to, to be admired and to collect on the same without other qualfication are as Nazi in spirit as any found in the late Hitler entourage. The Nazi is bad medicine, wherever he is.

It would horrify many if made to realize that they are in a mild way practicing Naziism. This land of democracy could never be converted to that false philosophy. The great masses abominate and will not stand for it, yet sometimes the emotions and sense of not being treated fairly makes many do things that they would hate in foreigners.

The golden role of the platform of democracy has never been beaten. It has taken hard blows from hostile philosophies, but it has never been given the count. It will be here do-

ing business at the old stand when systems of false ideals take the count.

We have the greatest country in the world. We have the greatest breaks. Why not act on that basis and stop being scared! Why not each one buckle down on his job, keep calm and do his duty pro bono publico!

That's the way to make peace, prosperity and happiness and discourage any wolf from trying to break down the door.

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CHRIST JUST SUITS EVERYBODY

To the . . . .

Artist He is Altogether Lovely,
Astronnomer He is the Bright and Morning Star,
Architect He is the Chief Corner Stone,
Baker He is the Bread of Life,
Builder He is the Sure Foundation,
Banker He is the Pearl of Great Price,
Biologist He is the Life,
Carpenter He is the Door,
Editor He is the Good News,
Educator He is is the Teacher,
Engineer He is the New and Living Way,
Farmer He is the Sower and Lord of Harvest,
Florist He is the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley,
Geologist He is the Rock of Ages,
Horticulturist, the True Vine,
Judge He is the Righteous Judge,
Juror He is the Faithful Witness,
Lawyer He is the Counsellor, Lawgiver and Advocate,
Philanthrophist, the Unspeakable Gift,
Philosopher He is the Wisdom of God,
Preacher He is the Word of God,
Sculptor, the Living Stone,
Servant, the Good Master,
Statesman, the Desire of Nations,
Student, He is the Truth,
Theologian, the Author and Finisher of Faith,
Toiler, the Rest,
Sinner, He is the Lamb of God,
Christian, He is All in All.

—Selected.

A WRINKLE IS THE TRADEMARK OF EXPERIENCE

(Reprinted from The Dare County Times of February 19, 1937)

The Old Sea Captain was sitting on the store porch filling his pipe, when the Drummer drove up. He usually saw the Drummer every time he came to the Cape. In fact, a great friendship had developed between them. The Old Sea Captain had been living on the Cape a good many years. His neighbors said he had some money saved up during the years he went to sea. He had lived well since he had been back to his old home. He was a sharp trader and made some good deals now and then. He was ready always to trade horses, land, hogs or houses. Sometimes he used to get letters from a Bank up north, but if he received money, "Miss Nora," the postmistress, never told anyone about it.

The Old Captain was quite secretive about his own business, but seemed to know much about everybody else's. His curiosity was not offensive; he picked up things in an uncanny way. He had a habit of being slightly deaf, but maybe this was to stall for time by asking over, and giving himself a chance to think. At any rate, he never failed to clearly understand any remarks not intended for himself.

The Old Captain prayed in public, quoted much Scripture, and drank his grog quite frequently. He had confided to one or two of his old cronies about the Cape, that now and then he went on a little party with the fair sex. "But I mind my own business, and you have never seen me drunk and you never will," he said.

On this morning he greeted the Drummer with a cheery welcome and invited him to come with him to the open grove at the rear of the store. The Old Captain carried a pint of brandy in the inside pocket of his great coat, and he was anxious for someone to join him for a drink. Few men were out, for the day was more raw than usual, and younger men than himself were confortable by the fire.

But the Drummer declined with the excuse that he never drank while on the job. He had learned before that the Captain's dram was not always chosen for its quality of taste.

"I'm laying off liquor for a while anyway," he told the Captain. "Liquor causes too many heartaches and wrinkles."

The last remark touched a spot in the Old Sea Captain, whose own neck and face looked as if time had traced every fish net about the Cape upon it. The criss-crossed lines looked much like a net indeed.

"You talk like a woman of thirty," snorted the Capain. "If you knew anything yourself, you would want a few wrinkles. Wrinkles, my boy, are a trademark of experience. They are essential to a man's continued success in life. Nothing recommends a man more than a few wrinkles. Nothing reveals his character better.

"When I went to sea, my lad, I al-

ways picked my mates and men by their wrinkles. I am sure a bank president or the boss of a great factory, or the head of a big expedition, or the general of an army takes wrinkles into consideration without even knowing it.

"My boy, you will learn that wrinkles mean experience, just as your letter of recommendation or a college diploma tells of your accomplishments. When I picked my men, I chose no smooth-faced boys. I wanted men who could take it; mates who could stand the gaff.

"If you will make a study of wrinkles from now on, you will find them interesting. Wrinkles tell you if a man has met rough seas in life; they tell you how he took the good with the bad; some lines slant up and others down, some are pinched and selfish, others are curved and generous. Some show ill health has been fought and beaten; others reveal years of toil, of planning and thinking.

"I could not tell you so much about a man who had no wrinkles. For a man worth while has been through the mill. Hardships develop character and make wrinkles."

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WHAT TEACHING MEANS TO ME

What does teaching mean to me?
Missionary work without crossing the sea,
A chance to love and lead the way
Of some mother's son who has gone astray.

What does teaching mean to me?
A very great responsibility
That I dare not shirk or turn aside
Lest guilty conscience with me abide.

What does teaching mean to me?
A most wonderful opportunity
To work, to watch and to carefully plan
The things that make a worthwhile man.

What does teaching mean to me?
A blessed privilege just to be
The trusted guide to supply the wings
That may lift him up to higher things.

All this it means to me and more,
It means a widely opened door
Where I may reap as well as sow,
Where I may work, and live and grow.

—Selected.

MOTTOES OF SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE

(The United Presbyterian)

Webster defines a motto as "an expressive word or pithy sentence enunciating some guiding principle or rule of conduct." No exercise could be more helpful, especially to the young, than collecting and studying the mottoes which successful people have adopted as the guiding principles of their lives. They reveal the secret of their success.

The motto of Alexander the Great, through the practice of which he conquered the world before he was twenty-eight years of age, was, "Defer not." He never deferred until tomorrow what he could do today. The last emperor of Brazil said that the difference between the United States and Brazil was that the people of the United States never deferred until tomorrow what they could do today and those of Brazil never did today what they could put off until tomorrow. Promptness is an essential element of success in every field of effort.

Frances Willard's motto was, "I have a vow." In her girlhood she consecrated herself to the service of God and the uplift of the world in whatever field she might be led. That vow made her one of the most successful women in history. It called out her splendid powers in ceaseless battle against the drink traffic.

"Be careful of your quotations," was the motto of one whose name has slipped from the writer's memory. The thought was "Never misrepresent others." What a different world this would be if that principle were practiced. What heartaches would be prevented.

The motto of the Chautauqa class of 1893 was, Study to be what you wish to seem." An ideal is useless unless we try to realize it. Hypocrisy is a common sin.

The motto of the House of Orange was, "I will always maintain." The particular application was left to circumstances. When the illustrious Prince of Orange, later William III of England, launched his campaign to save the Protestant cause in Great Britain, this motto floated from the masthead of his flagship. It was his promise to defend the Protestant cause in that country. The Protestants were nicknamed "The Hold Fasts," from this motto. To hold fast the truth is a duty at all times, but it has a special significance at the present time when so many are surrendering their religious beliefs.

An Italian philosopher's motto was, "Time is my inheritance." It emphasized the value of the flying minutes. A great philosopher once sadly moaned, "I have lost a day." General Mitchell, the scientist, uttered a sentiment worthy of immortality, when he said to the other members of his staff, "Gentlemen, astromony has taught me to place much value on the millionth part of a second." An ancient philosopher asked himself each night, "Hast thou wasted any time today?" Horace Mann advertised: "Lost, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered because they are gone forever." The epitaph on the tomb of

Henry Martyn was, "He was never known to waste an hour."

David Livingstone's motto was, "Anywhere, provided it be forward." It was this that led him on and on in his great work through darkest Africa. When death was creeping on him, he asked his faithful guards to carry him forward on their backs. Our eyes are both in the frount of our heads. We have none behind. We were never meant to go backward. The goal of life is a fleeting one. The Apostle Paul said, "Forgetting the things that are behind, I press forward." The motto of Charles Wesley was, "At it; all at it; always at it." He not only practiced it, but he inspired his converts with the same spirit. The result is the mighty Methodist Church. Too many churches resemble a Pullman train—a few do the work and the rest loll on cushioned seats and while the hours away. Hannibal of Carthage and Napoleon had the same motto: "I will." Both accomplished great things. Too many people become discouraged and give up, when they should remember the motto, "I will." We should never surrender. We should hold on as long as possible, and then hold on a little longer. Another great motto is, "Perseverance conquers all." Before it every difficulty melts away. It is not the quick, nervous bounds of the young colt you are "breaking," but the steady pull of the old wheel-horse that moves the load.

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MAN'S FAULT

They say if you go to church you are a hypocrite
If you don't you are a sinner
If you re wealthy you got it dishonestly.
If you are poor you are a squanderer
If you are good looking they call you sissy
If you are ugly they call you homely
If you are fat they call you fatty
If you are thin they call you skinny
If you are short they call you shorty
If you are tall they call you slim
If you strive for development they call you haughty
If you act a fool they call you dumb
If you travel a lot they call you a bum
If you stay at home you are domesticated
If you are married they call you henpecked
If you are not they call you a bachelor
If you have been married they call you a grass-widower
So, I am wondering if your kids will be called "Grasshoppers"

—Selected.

CHANGES IN FARMS AND FARM ACREAGE, 1940-45

By S. H. H., Jr., in U. N. C. News-Letter

It will be observed that the trend in the number of farms, farm acreage and size of farms in North Carolina is just opposite the trend for the United States as a whole. There was a decrease of 1.4 percent in farms for the Uuited States and an increase of 4.6 percent in North Carolina. Total farm acreage increased 7.7 percent for the United States but only seven-tenths of one percent in North Carolina. The acreage per farm for the nation as a whole increased from 174 to 190, while the average size of farms in North Carolina decreased from 67.7 acres to 65.1 acres per farm. Only one state, Massachusetts, now has smaller average size farms than North Carolina. In this connection it should be remembered tha tthe true size of the farm for all practical purposes is the land under cultivation. In North Carolina approximately one-third of the total farm acreage is actually under cultivation while two-thirds of the land is in forests, or is idle, or otherwise not actually used for agricultural production.

The trend for the United States is towards larger farms employing more equipment. The trend in North Carolina and in the South Alantic States, generally, except Florida, is toward smaller farms whose very size virtually prohibits the use of such labor-saving, profit producing equipment. Such equipment is found on the larger farms of the South, where equipment is practical but obviously very little equipment can be used on farms that have twenty acres or less of land under cultivation.

Approximately two-thirds of all the farmers in North Carolina actually cultivate less than twenty acres of land and these farmers are forced to make out with the barest of labor-saving equipment. Even farms with from twenty to thirty or forty acres of land under cultivation cannot afford much in the way of modern farm equipment. As a result, southern, and particularly North Carolina agriculture is conducted mainly by the use of human labor and one horse or one mule equipment, while the rest of the natio nreinforces its human labor with horse power, largely tractor power. The average American farm today has about thirty horse power of energy reinforcing the human power. The average for farms outside of the South is close to fifty horse power per farm; the average inside the South is not likely more than ten horse power per farm counting animals and other power. The net result of this is that the South with more than half of the entire farm population of the United States produces approximately one-fourth of the farm income of the United States. The same situation is found in North Carolina. We have six percent of the Nation's agricultural population but we cultivate less than two percent of the land under cultivation in the United States. Our chief crop, tobacco, requires only a

small acreage but a tremendous amount of human labor. Tobacco ranks at or near the top in the per acre use of human labor. So far very little progress has been made in mechanizing the production of this crop. Tobacco is an important factor in the small size of North Carolina farms but the chief factor is the second largest farm population in the United States,—6 percent of the total, cultivating less than 2 percent of the farm land under cultivation. There may be differences of opinion as to whether farms should be smaller or larger but there can be no agrument over the possibility of employing much equipment on farms as small as the typical North Carolina farm of twenty cultivated acres. And, as noted above, two-thirds of our farms are actually smaller than the state average.

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SET AN EXAMPLE!

I'd rather see a sermon
Than to hear one any day;
I'd rather one should walk with me
Than merely show the way.
The eye's a better pupil,
And more willing than the ear;
Fine counsel is confusing,
But example's always clear.
And best of all the preachers
Are the men who live their creeds;
For to see good put in action
Is what everybody needs.

I soon can learn to do it,
If you'll let me see it done;
I can see your hands in action,
But your tongue too fast may run,
And the lecture you deliver
May be very fine and true,
But I'd rather get my lesson
By observing what you do.
For I may misunderstand you
And the high advice you give,
But there's no misunderstanding
How you act and how you live!

—Selected.

ALONG THE BORDER

(Business Leaders)

America takes pride in its century-long friendship with Canada. The man who was responsibile for the happy neighbor on the north was Richard Rush. Probably must of us have not even heard of him.

The War of 1812 between England and America was over. There were still many angry feelings everywhere. There was talk of a "Maginot Line." Two men, one from Canada, Mr. Bagot, and one from America, Mr. Rush, met to find the best way to be good neighbors.

Mr. Bagot said: "We'll build a row of forts all along the border. And where the countries are separated by the Great Lakes we'll have gunboats everywhere. Then we'll be sure that the war really stops."

Mr. Rush, our assistant secretary of state, replied: "I think you are wrong. If your country puts soldiers and forts and gunboats along the border, my country will do the same thing. Having soldiers so near each other will surely lead to fighting, especially now, when everyone is still angry and when there's so much hate in people's hearts"

"But what else can we do?" asked Mr. Bagot.

"Suppose instead we were to take away every single soldier," suggested Mr. Rush. "Suppose we had no forts and no gunboats at all."

"But I never heard of such an idea!" exclaimed Mr. Bagot. "An unarmed border! Nobody ever tried that before. Would your country be willing to do it?"

"I don't know," admitted Mr. Rush. "But isn't it worth trying?"

So Rush and Bagot got to work. The army and navy officials were opposed to the plan. There were many meetings secret and open. They explained the plan to their peoples. To the peoples of both countries it sounded good. At last both nations agreed to try it.

And it did work. This all happened over a hundred years ago. The longest border in the world between two former enemies was without a fort, soldier, or gunboat; they have lived together as friendly neighbors, though they have had their share of disagreements and misunderstandings. The whole story of how Richard Rush worked toward this end against high opposition, and of his final success, is one of the great stories in American diplomacy and statesmanship.

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There must be not a balance of power, but a community of power; not organized rivalries, but an organized common peace.

—Woodrow Wilson.

TAKING WORLD'S ORCHID MARKET FROM ENGLAND

(Selected)

Orchids to American orchid growers! If they keep up the good work, England will soon be disposed as the king of the world orchid market. For eighty years, England has led the world. But according to Clint McDade of Tennessee, England is fast being de-throned.

McDade is in London to close a one-hundred thousand dollar transaction for the purchase and shipment of the famous Armstrong - Brown Orchid plant collection at Tunbridge Wells. He said America has already outstripped England in the production of blooms for cut flower purposes, and in growing plants on a quantity basis. During the war, ships that carried guns and other war materials to Britain returned to other world ports with thousands of dollars worth of orchids in their holds.

Of those going to America, 35 per cent went to McDade's 13 gigantic greenhouses on Signal Mountain, in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

McDade started with one little greenhouse full of so-called "hobby" orchids. He turned this into a business that annually takes in one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the sale of plants and cut flowers. He ships plants to nurseries and florists throughout the United States, Hawaii, Columbia, Venezuela, Cuba, and Costa Rica. And has orders on hand from Australia to be filled as soon as the ban is lifted there.

The Armstrong-Brown collection is generally of cypripedium plants in the world. Maybe you aren't up on your orchid terminology—and neither are we—but the term indicates the collection is pretty rare and wonderful. And as that old question as to whether orchids are good with sugar and cream, Clint McDade answers: "Absolutely—if you wait for it to turn into a seed pod, extract the contents, and the sugar and the cream and freeze the mixture." That, of course, gives you vanilla ice cream.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 17, 1946

March 17—Louie Ashe, Cottage No. 2, 15th birthday.
March 20—George Thomas Byrd, Cottage No. 5, 14th birthday.
March 20—Knox Norton, Cottage No. 2, 17th birthday.
March 21—Frank Westmoreland, Cottage No. 9, 16th birthday.
March 21—John W. Roberts, Cottage No. 14, 14th birthday.
March 23—James Dedrick Hensley, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Numbers 21:4-9, and in his message to the boys he pointed out the deadly effects of sin upon the people of the world.

In the lesson just read, said Rev. Mr. Summers, we learn much about the children of Israel. They had been led out of bondage by Moses, the leader whom God appointed for the task. They were in the wilderness. Many of them had forgotten about the hardships they had been forced to endure while in slavery in Egypt. For a time they seemed thankful for the deliverance. But as they continued their journey through the wilderness they began to express their feelings against Moses and against God. They grumbled about the manna which God had provided for them as food. In other words, they forgot God and His kindness toward them and began to live sinful lives.

The time came when it was necessary for God to show these Hebrew people the error of their ways. As a means of punishment, He sent great numbers of poisonous snakes, or serpents, into the wilderness. Many people died because of having been bitten by these reptiles.

Rev. Mr. Summers then told the boys that sin is frequently referred to as a serpent. Like a poisonous snake, sin is deadly. It has poison in it and it is dangerous for any man to expose himself to its deadly fangs.

Of course, continued the speaker, all snakes or serpents are not very poisonous, but at the very best, any kind of snake is a loathsome creature. In this respect sin is quite like a serpent. We may call it by some other name but it is still poisonous to mankind. You may not think a snake is going to bite you but if it does the results are most harmful if prompt medical aid is not available.

Many people talk about sin, the speaker told his listeners, and often call it by some other name. They call it fate, lack of opportunity, etc., but the fact is that it is still sin. A chemist might take a quantity of the most deadly poison and put it into a beautiful flask, and it might look pretty. Its attractive appearance, however, would not alter the fact that the contents of the flask were still capable of causing instant death.

Many people like to take chances with sin, said Rev. Mr. Summers. A small child might be attracted by the color of a snake and want to play with it, but to do so would be to invite intense suffering and even death. Alcohol is meant to be used externally if good results are to be obtained, but some people think they must drink it, and thus ruin their lives.

The speaker then pointed out that sin, like a serpent, is sometimes very attractive. By reason of its appearance it often appeals to people. If a person is not very careful sin will get a strangle-hold on him before he realizes it. Then comes the trouble in trying to get ri dof it. When sin strikes at the heart of a person it is very dangerous. In trying to fight against it we need greater strength than ours. We need God.

While sin is dangerous, said the speaker, there is a source of great power which we may call to our assistance. The power of Christ kills sin. One who sincerely believes in the Master has the strength necessary to overcome the powers of evil.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys that if we are to live the right kind of lives we must let Jesus Christ come into our hearts. There is no other way. The cleansing blood of Christ is the only remedy for the poisonous effects of sin.

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MORE MEN TEACHERS

A recent survey made by a trustee of the East Carolina Teachers college reveals that North Carolina badly needs more men in the profession of teaching. A questionaire which was answered by 80 school superintendents in the state revealed that they are anxious to employ trained men as principals, teachers, and coaches.

One superintendent said that "we need more men in our schools so that they may be trained to be principals."

Another school official said that "more men are urgently needed to teach science, mathematics, industrial arts and physical education."

This survey only brings to light a need which has been felt in the schools for a number of years, but it is a need which will be met only when it is possible for the schools to make teaching positions more attractive financially to men.

The only men in teaching positions are those who love the work so much that they are willing to make a sacrifice themselves in the matter of remuneration.

We are a short-sighted people. We pay well for every service rendered our children, except that of training their minds. When it comes to that, we expect to have it done by men and women who are making a real sacrifice, or by those who are not qualified to do the job.—Stanly News-Herald.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 3, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
William Britt
Paul Church
George Cox
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Carl Davis
William Doss
Thomas Everhart
Jack Lambert
Franklin Robinson
Clay Shew
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Louie Ashe
Fred Coats
Gerald Johnson
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
James McMahan
William McVickers
James Norton
Knox Norton
William Phillips
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Joseph Case
Thomas Childress
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Robert Jarvis
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Lloyd Perdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Thomas Staley
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
James Bean
Robert Hogan
Hobart Keaton
W. C. McManus
Lacy Overton
Robert Purdy
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Wesley Turner
James Wigginton
Edward Vanhoy

COTTAGE No. 5

Allen Hicks
George Byrd
Woodrow Davenport
Walter Carver
Charles Gibson
Connie Hill
Robert Kerr
James Little
George Swink
Edward Stone
Robert Wilkins
Curtis Butcher

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Coy Creakman
Fred Ganey
Richard Davidson
Clyde Hoffman
George Jones
Robert Peavy
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
J. C. Alley
Albert Allen
Gray Brown
Conrad Cox
Thomas Corley
Charles Francis
Ralph Gibson
Hubert Inman
D. B. Jones
Richard Johnson
Clifton Kerns
Thomas Stallings
Vernest Turner
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE No. 10
Ernest Bullard
Jack Gleason
Arthur Ballew
James Hensley
Thomas Hutchins
William Lane
Donald Stultz
Garvin Thomas
Thomas Ware
George Hill

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Byrant
Wade Cook
Arlon McLean
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
Leon Rose
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Black
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14
Carl Ballew
Howard Hall
Harold Kernodle
Eugene Martin
Lawrence Owens
Leon Poston
John Roberts
James Smith
Thomas Styles
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15
George Brown
William Correll
William Caldwell
Jack Crump
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Howard Herman
Marcus Hefner
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Zeb Presson
James Shepherd
Ralph Stewart
Charles Stephenson
Robert Summersett
Solomon Shelton
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Ray Covington
Thomas Chavis
Allen Hammond
Morrison Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Weldon Lochlear

INFIRMARY
William Brooks
David Brooks
Dwight Murphy

———:———

Men and women of riper years and larger lessons ought to ripen into health and immortality, instead of lapsing into darkness and gloom.—Mary Baker Eddy.

MAR 23 46

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 23, 1946 No. 12

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IF I WERE YOU

'Tis easy to say the quick, sharp word
That will injure through and through
The friend you have always held so dear;
But I wouldn't, if I were you.

'Tis easy to spread an idle tale
That perhaps may not be true,
And give it wings like thistledown,
But I wouldn't, if I were you.

The words once spoken, if harsh, unkind,
You must ever bid adieu—
Though you may speak them if you will—
Yet I wouldn't, if I were you.

—F. Jones Hadley.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

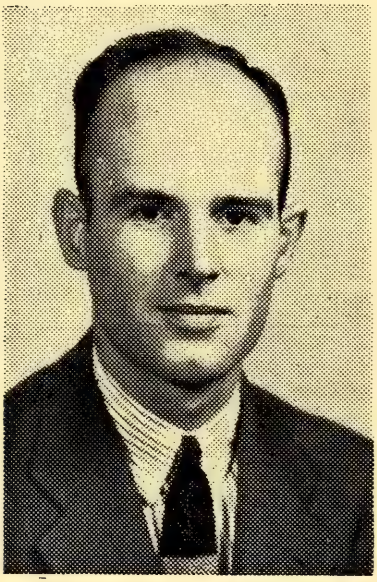
A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor



LIEUTENANT CHARLES A. CANNON, Jr.

Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Cannon, of Concord, from the United States War Department that their son, Lieutenant Charles A. Cannon, Jr., has been declared dead. This confirmation of his death followed a notification on March 10, 1945 that he was missing in action during a flight from Myitkyina, Burma, to Chengtu, China, while on duty with the Second Weather Reconnaissance Group.

With him on his last mission in Burma were six crewmen, also presumed lost, according to the War Department message. Lieutenant Cannon's squadron, a second weather reconnaissance group, left the United States in September, 1944, after having been organized and trained for duty in the China-Burma-India theatre, and arrived at Karachi, India, October 2, 1944, near Calcutta. The fatal mission was from the home base. The landing at Myitkyina occurred about noon but no further contact with the plane was established after its take-off there.

In "The Concord Daily Tribune," issue of March 17, 1946, there were these additional facts about Lieutenant Cannon:

> Lt. Cannon, an alumnus of Concord High School and Fishburne Military Academy, also attended Duke University. He volunteered as an Army Aviation Cadet in September, 1942. He reported to San Antonio, Texas, an aviation cadet classification center, March 8, 1943, trained in San Antonio and at Uvalde and received his wings and commission as a lieutenant in January, 1944. He was subsequently stationed at Austin, Texas; Columbia, S. C.; and at Meridian, Miss., at which last station the second squadron was organized.
>
> Members of Lt. Cannon's family, in addition to his father and his wife, who was before marriage Miss Mildred White, are his two-year-old son, Charles Albert Cannon, III, his mother, Mrs. Charles A. Cannon, Sr., of this city, the former Miss Ruth Louise Coltrane; a brother, William C. Cannon, also of Concord; and two sisters, Mrs. Robert G. Hayes, of Concord, and Mrs. Richard P. Spencer, of Durham.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Cannon extend to them and to the entire family their deepest sympathy in this very great bereavement that has come to them. All their friends share with them to the the fullest in their sorrow. Lieutenant Cannon was one of the finest men in the armed forces from Cabarrus County. He was full of energy and had an abundance of the spirit of courage and adventure. He, like many other young men, had an unquenchable passion of patriotism for defending the liberty and freedom of his native land, and, no doubt, he was eager to do battle against the enemy in any arena of combat. When he gave his life upon the altar of his country, with his own blood he underlined the word FREEDOM in American literature to give it a deeper meaning than it had ever had before.

No doubt the motto or the refrain of his life might well be expressed in these words from a great writer: "My country claims my all, claims every hope and passion; her liberty henceforth be all my thought; for her, my life, I'd willingly resign, and say with transport that the gain is mine."

When this fine young man went into the army he was standing at the threshold of an eventful career. The potentialities of his life were unlimited, and in his death there was a great loss, not only to his immediate family, but to Cabarrus County and to North Carolina. Gallantly he played his part in the terrible conflict through which the world was passing. He fulfilled the highest standards of a good soldier, and he deserves the highest commendation from everyone.

* * * * * * * * *

SPRINGTIME IS HERE AGAIN

Again the joyous season of springtime is here, and there are evidences on every hand of the resurging experiences of this glorious season. Out on the grounds and out across the fields there are many manifestations of the on-coming of this happy season when the flowers and crops burst forth in their new growth. On the campus there are pansies, tulips, yellow bells, and other gay flowers which bespeak the happy occasion of spring. Out in the fields the garden seeds are being planted and the grain crops are extending their blades up into the warm sunshine.

Most important of all, however, the boys on the grounds rejoice in the grand opportunities for outdoor play and also for the happy work experiences out in the open. It gives to the boy his chance to throw away some of the heavy clothing that has hampered his body during the colder seasons, and once again he has the opportunity to fling himself to the limit in all his daily exercises. It is possible on these nice spring days to get much work done and the rewards of efforts are so much greater that there is more happiness and more satisfaction for everyone. We welcome the return of springtime with all its joys and pleasures.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Friday Morning Chapel Program

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

On Friday morning of last week, instead of having the usual chapel program, we practiced three songs. They were as follows: "Faith of Our Fathers," "Beneath the Banner of the Cross" and "Jesus Calls Us." Mrs. Liske played the piano, and Mrs. Dotson led the singing.

The Picture Show

By William Smith, 9th Grade

The boys enjoyed another picture show in the auditorium on Thursday night of last week. The picture was about boxing. The title was "The Great John L." The story was based on the life of John L. Sullivan, a well-known fighter of the 1890's. He was a great boxer until he took up the bad habit of drinking, which ruined him. This habit made a bad boxer of him. Finally, he met his match in James J. Corbett, who knocked him out in the 21st round. After this defeat, Sullivan quit boxing and finally quit drinking. The boys enjoyed this picture.

We think the school is doing a fine thing in bringing us a picture show once each week, and we appreciate it very much.

Items of Interest

By Gray Brown, 9th Grade

Mrs. Dotson's fifth grade boys have a new set of reading books, and they are enjoying reading them very much.

At present the Training School boys are interested in flying kites. They have a chance to fly their kites when they go out to play after dinner and after supper. Many of the boys make their own kites, but they can order them from the boys' canteen if they wish. All of the boys enjoy flying kites.

The boys in the ninth grade are learning how to prepare talks and to get up in front of the class and make them. This is becoming very popular with all of the boys in this grade.

Last week, Dr. Dudley, a member of the staff of dentists with the State Board of Health, came to the school and examined the boys' teeth. If a boy's teeth needed any kind of treatment, Dr. Dudley attended to them. This dental clinic is held twice each year. The boys appreciate what the dentist is doing for them.

The ninth grade class is planning to give a play soon. The name of it is "The Great Chicken Stealing Case." It is about a Negro named "Mr. Bones," who is on trial for stealing chickens. This is a very good play, and we feel sure the boys will enjoy it.

New Boys Enter the School

By James D. Hensley, 9th Grade

Recently, several boys entered the Training School. Their names, the places from which they came, and the school grades into which they were placed are as follows: Eddie Medlin, Concord, first grade; Joseph Currie,

Charlotte, second grade, Howell Willis, Granite Falls, fourth grade; Donald Moose, Mooresville, and William Harding, Asheville, sixth grade; William Baynes, Winston-Salem, special sixth grade; Leroy Cowan, Gastonia, and Carl Hull, Greensboro, seventh grade; Douglas Mangum, Greensboro, ninth grade.

We hope these boys will do their best in every way.

Boys Released

By Raymond Cloninger, 9th Grade

Last week, a number of boys were released from the Training School. Their names, grades, and the places to which they went are listed below:

Arlon McLean, ninth grade, Blowing Rock; Harold Bates, seventh grade, Asheville; James Chavis, second grade, Pembroke; Robert Summersett, eighth grade, Gastonia.

We hope these boys make good at home, and we wish them the best of luck.

Basketball Champions Crowned

By Robert Fogle and Robert Lee, 9th Grade

On Wednesday night, March 13th, Cottage No. 10 won the basketball championship of Jackson Training School by defeating the Cottage No. 3 boys by the score of 29 to 21. It was a hard fought game all the way..

Robert Lee, one of the Cottage No. 3 players, led the scoring for both teams with 14 points to his credit. His efforts were in vain, however, as the Cottage No. 10 team, led by Thomas and Gleason, scoring 9 and 8 points, respectively, pulled away in the final minutes of play.

This game had the appearance and the spirit of a college contest. The teams wore uniforms and looked very good as they ran up and down the floor.

There were many matrons, teachers and visitors among the spectators.

The line-up and score were as follows:

No. 10 (29)	No.3 (21)
Bullard 3	Lee 14
Thomas 9	K. Staley 6
Gleason 8	T. Staley 0
Byrd 5	Case 0
Lane 4	Redwine 0
	Rhodes 1
	King 0

Basketball Champs See Tournament

By Robert Fogle and Robert Lee, 9th Grade

On Friday, March 15th, the two top basketball teams at the Training School saw a basketball tournament held at Kannapolis.

In the afternoon, the Cottage No. 10 boys saw several very interesting games.

On Friday night, the Cottage No. 3 boys saw two good basketball games.

The boys enjoyed these games very much, and they wish to thank those who made the trip possible.

Why I Like the Training School

By Douglas Mangum, 9th Grade

The Training School helps one in many ways. There are nine grades in school. Some of the reasons why I like the Training School are as follows:

1. The officers help the boys in many ways.

2. Practically all the boys are very friendly.

3. We have two baseball diamonds, two football fields, several basketball courts, a fine gymnasium and an excellent swimming pool.

4. We also go to church on Sundays, where we can learn more about Christ.

5. There are different trades being taught here, such as printing, carpentery, laundering and many others.

My Best Subject

By Garmon Hubbard, 9th Grade

The subject I like best in school is science. Science teaches us all about things in the living and the non-living world. I like to experiment with different things, and, most of all, I enjoy learning the formula of each.

The main purpose of using formulas is to shorten the write-up of the experiment.

ROSA BONHEUR

By Raymond Byrd, 9th Grade

There have been few painters of animals as famous as Rosa Marie Bonheur. The most notable picture she ever painted was "The Horse Fair." This picture is world-famous. It created a sensation in 1853, and it was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt for $50,000.00, a very, very huge price at that time.

Rosa was born in Bordeaux, France, March 22, 1822. Her father was an artist of merit. He did not know that his daughter had talent until she refused to become a dressmaker, and asked to be allowed to work in the studio with him. Her first picture was "Rabbits Eating Carrots," which was accepted by the Paris Salon, and her work was thereafter shown there yearly. In 1894, she received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. She was the first woman to receive this high honor. Among her paintings are: "Haymaking in the Aruvergne," "A Stampede," "Plowing in the Nivernais," "Horses and Cattle," "Horse for Sale," and "Horses at Water."

Rosa Marie Bonheur will long be remembered as one of the world's most famous women painters.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

By Raymond Cloninger, 9th Grade

David Livingstone was born in Blantyre, Scotland, March 19, 1813, and was reared in extreme poverty. He had to work in a cotton mill from the time he was ten years old. He attended school at night.

At the age of twenty-three he entered college, and received the degree of doctor of medicine when he was twenty-seven.

He arrived at Capetown, South Africa, in 1841, as a missionary for the London Missionary Society. Sixteen years passed before he went back to England. Two years later he returned as British Consul. His last trip was made under the sponsorship of the Royal Geographic Society. It was on this trip that he remained missing so long that James Gordon

Bennett, editor of "The New York Herald," sent Henry M. Stanley to find him.

Dr. Livingstone died at Bangweolo in 1873. Five of his faithful servants carried his body to Zanzibar, from whence it was taken to England and buried in Westminster Abbey.

———:———

SPRING

I axed de chillun fer de joke
Dat made 'em laugh en run.
"It ain't no joke," dey says; "we's jis'
Er-natchly havin' fun."

I axed a rooster mockin'bird,
When I had cotch his eye,
"Why does you sing all day en night?"
Says he, "I dunno why."

I axed a yearlin' why he pawed
De dust up in de lane.
He bellered out his sass. "Boo-boo!
I feels like rainin' cain!"

En den de chillun, bird, en kef
Axed why I felt so good.
S's I, "Don't ax me. Kerwhoop!" says I.
"It's supp'n in my blood!"

—John Charles McNeill.

THE SPIRIT OF WORLD BROTHERHOOD

(Our Paper)

Chaplain Robert Walker addressed the General Service congregation last Sunday morning, speaking, in part, as follows:

"I remember seeing a group of very small boys playing as soldiers; one was the captain, there were two drummers making martial music on tin pans, one was carrying an American Flag three times bigger than he was; the rest formed the ranks. Presently there was a commotion. The captain overtook the color bearer and seized the Flag, giving it to another boy in the ranks. I asked him, "Why did you take the Flag away from that boy and give it to another?" The reply was, "Because he let it touch the ground, and my teacher told me we should never let the Flag touch the ground."

I wondered what depths of loyalty would be in that little captain's heart when he grew to manhood. I wondered if in peace time he would still have the love and admiration and sense of duty to that same Flag as he was displaying now, and would he think of it as a symbol of Brotherhood and would he put into his citizenship the same loyalty and enthusiasm he showed me that day.

As far as history goes, patriotism has always been identified with war, it seems to live that kind of society. It would seem the Flag had no symbol except to incite war-like passions. That spirit somehow lingers today. Much Russian patriotism is raised only when the Bear growls; much English patriotism is raised only when the Lion roars; much American patriotism is raised only when the Eagle screams. Militaristic patriotism has its place when the invader comes in to plunder or overthrow the government.

But a look at the world today shows us that the Brotherhood of man is not yet in the minds of all the countries—some are still harboring desire for other lands to defeat and other people to subjugate. Propaganda, formerly a sacred word, has been turned into something with which to spread stories which will cause damage to the other man. It is being used to destroy the results thus far gained in World War II.

There is yet no peace; militarism still is the objective of many countries. The American people should rally around our Flag as a symbol, not of war, but of Brotherhood and Freedom. We need to keep our spirit of optimism high.

When Noah built the ark there were no windows in the sides through which he could look out and see the rains covering everything, but there was a skylight in the roof through which he could look up to the heavens. Had there been windows in the side he might have lost hope of ever seeing sunshine and dry land again. He showed great skill and wisdom by putting the window in the roof, where he could look up for the first sign of clearing skies.

All over the world today we see seeds of breeding warfare. In Argen-

tina the people are in the grip of many strives; they are voting today with bullets as well as ballots. In Indonesia the British and Dutch are having difficulties. In Manchuria the Soviet government is carrying away machinery which China claims belongs to her. Turkey is standing on tiptoes waiting for trouble. In Asia what looks like a great upheaval is already begun. Even in our own country there is strife between labor and management.

We cannot help but realize that things are not what they should be. Nevertheless we can still look up. We have not yet come to the time when we can believe that war shall be no more. Implements of destruction are still being made; vast armaments and battleships cannot be scrapped.

Optimism still pervades the American heart that eventually World Brotherhood will be recognized and good neighbor policies accepted throughout the world. The spirit of today calls for men who will put into their country's life high resolves, loyalty, and patriotism. Our Flag stimulate in every citizen continued love for progress, education, religious objectives, and peace on earth, good will to men of every race, color and creed.

God has been good to men,
He gave His only Son their souls to save;
And then He made a second gift
Which from their dreary lives should lift
The tryant's yoke and set them free
From all who'd throttle liberty.
He gave America to men,
Fashioned this land we love, and then
Deep in her forests sowed the seed
Which mark some man's earthly need.

America, the land we love!
God's second gift from Heaven above;
Building and fashioned out of truth,
Sinewed by Him with splendid youth
For the glad day when shall be furled
All tyrant flags throughout this world.
For then our banner holds the sky,
That liberty should never die;
For this, America began—
To make a brotherhood of man!"

———:———

Now it is easy to criticize and a great majority of people who go about criticizing what people do, never put over anything of a constructive character themselves. The people who try to do things in this world are being continually harassed by a certain group who can't do anything themselves and don't want anybody else to do anything.—Delmar D. Darrah.

YOUTH MOVES GET NEW LIFT

(The Morganton News-Herald)

With one major city setting the pace by dedicating an entire school building for the site of "the best night club in town," the nation's youth this week was receiving further encouragement on the road away from delinquency towards publicly sponsored forms of release and expression.

News reel films were spotlighting the sweep of "child crime," but in Milwaukee a current plan of guidance gaining headway in the nation received further impetus from official steps to give youth more liberal outlets.

These centered in selection of an entire three-story brick school building as the city's new downtown youth center and night club for "teen agers."

Presented as a "valentine" for the city's juvenile population, the new center was linked with a public subscription fund of $50,000, much of which, sponsors reported, has already been collected and made available.

Immediate plans call for a clean-up of the building, unused for two years, and for installation of the center in the upper stories—embracing 11,000 square feet of floor space. Two rooms will be of ballroom size and will be used for a theater and a ballroom with a soft drink bar. Smaller rooms will be devoted to activities to be selected.

But, the city has emphasized, the "kids" will do their own planning. To encourage a free hand in operation of the club, the sponsors will let the juvenile population supervise the program on the promise that: "You can't make the kids come here. It's to be a place where they want to co

A liberal note indicated by B. B. Heinemann, president of Ju Clubs of Milwaukee, Inc., sponsors, is possibility that the club may be kept open late on Saturday nights "if that seems to be the best way of helping the kids stay away from taverns. . ."

Meanwhile, the growing canteen plan of giving youths an outlet along more modern lines had brought favorable reports from a project in Independence, Mo. A survey for this week showed that the Teen-Town Canteen for junior and high school students had more than carried out its aim.

City officials said that junior and high school students pay 50 cents and $1.50 annually membership fees, respectively, and that the Canteen has held interest through Saturday night and Friday afternoon socials.

Philadelphia is another city which has made substantial progress towards a constructive youth program with a chain of successful junior canteens.

Elsewhere this week growing sentiment for retention of the USO plan beyond its expiration date was being expressed as another step towards keeping young interest directed toward decent and constructive channels.

Indiana was considering use of abandoned Army camps for vocational training schools for wayward boys. A weapon against delinquency, this was seen as aiding in the present drive by taking away the stigma of "correctional" schools.

ENCOURAGING SIGN

(The Stanly News & Press)

Perhaps the most encouraging sign that this country has witnessed in many years came this week in a statement made by the Federal Council of Churches in Christ, an organization which has been studying the attitude of returned service men towards the church.

A commission from the Council, charged with making the study, reported last week that "there will be many veterans who will not return to the local church. They say that they could not take the unreality and drabness and abstraction of the church with much more grace before they went through the experiences of war than they can take them now."

The commission says that the church must answer this challenge by helping the veteran find assistance in living his life and in solving his problems; by getting away from "our bondage to an hour a week and to the ministry of a church between four walls"; and by discovering and training a new leadership .

"We must face up to the realities of our national situation," continues this report. "We have the largest church membership in history and yet we have the worst record of delinquency, insanity, divorce, gambling, drinking and social disoredr in our history."

The fact that the Federal Council is advocating the facing of the realities of the situation is an encouraging sign, for it means that sooner or later the leadership in the churches must change. If there is one charge which can be sustained against the leaders of most of the churches in the land, it is that of conservation—a conservatism which demands that we shall have Sunday school at 9:45 o'clock, and preaching at 11 o'clock; that a preacher who has spent an hour or less on his sermon shall feel bound to talk for 30 minutes; that the church school and the preaching service shall be considered two separate and distinct services, with even rivalry and jealousy between the two; that the church school literature shall pay little attention to the Bible; and that the preacher shall give a lecture rather than a sermon at the Sunday morning service.

There is no chance for survival unless that conservatism is banished from the church, but we should perhaps take hope because the Federal Council has at least shown the courage to face up the facts.

———:———

Human wisdom is the aggregate of all human experience, constantly accumulating, selecting, and reorganizing its own materials.—Story.

NO ONE LIVES FOR HIMSELF ALONE

(Selected)

Nature has surrounded us with myriads of revelations of beauty. She speaks to us in a thousand ways from land and sea and sky. No lesson, however, is repeated so frequently as "Help one another."

The flower that sweetens the air; the bird that warbles from the trees; the breeze that cools the weary traveler; the bee that flutters from flower to flower; the dew drop that refreshes the blade of grass; the star that guides the mariner, no less than the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures; all teach the lesson, "Live not to yourself alone."

The means of sustenance and comfort are distributed and diversified throughout the world. There is not a mood of the body, from the wantonness of health to the languor of the death-bed, for which the alchemy of Nature does not proffer some luxury to stimulate our pleasures or her pharmancy some panacea to assuage our pains. What texture of clothing, from the gossamer thread which the silk worm weaves to the silk-like fur which the winds from the polar regions cannot penetrate. As materials from which to construct our dwellings, what Quincy's and New Hampshire's granite and what forests belt the continents! What coal fields to supply the warmth of the receding sun!

To the ocean we owe those beneficent rains which refresh and vivify all nature; those springs which quench our thirst; those streams and rivers which fertilize our valleys and plains and serve as highways for the commerce of nations; those lakes which spread so many charms over the continent encompassing their borders. We scarcely dream that if the ocean ceased to send to the continents the supply of water necessary to their daily life, the parched and arid earth would soon see all organized beings that live upon its surface perish in pain and anguish.

The highest ideal of human life that this world has ever known was that presented by the Man of Galilee, but it was an ideal within the comprehension of the fishermen of His day, and the Bible says of Him that "He went about doing good." Man was made to be happy, especially through his activities. Goethe says:

"Life's no resting, but a moving;
Let thy life be deed on deed."

Every person, man or woman, should recognize the obligation to contribute to helpfulness. Whatever adds in even the smallest way to the world's brightness and cheer is worth while. One who plants a flower in a bare place where only bleakness was before, is a benefactor. One who says an encouraging word to a disheartened neighbor, gives a look of love to a lonely one, or speaks a sentence which may become strength, guidance or comfort to another, does something worth while. We never know how small a thing may become a benediction to a human life.

"Only a thought, but the work is wrought
Could never by pen or tongue be

taught;
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,
And the life bore fruit a hundredfold."

Every singer who has sung a pure, joyous song has given something to earth to make it better. Every artist who has painted a worthy and noble picture or made the smallest thing of beauty which will stay in the world, has added something to the enriching of our human life. Every lowly Christian who has lived a true courageous life amid trials and temptations has made it a little easier for others to live aright. Every one who has let fall into the stream of life wholesome words, good deeds, divine lessons, has put into the current of humanity a handful of spikes to sweeten a little the bitter waters. It is always worth while to live noble, victoriously, struggling to do right, showing the world even the smallest fragments of divine beauty. Few are called to do great acts in life, but

"He who does the best his circumstances allows,
Does well, acts nobly — angels could do no more."

Our happiness, strength and ability to rise above our trials, and conditions that surround us depend upon our own being in harmony with the Divine. Without the union of the human and the Divine, no man can understand his place and work in the world. He may be as rich as Rockefeller, as great as Alexander, and as wise as Solomon, but without this harmony in character, he will ultimately be a failure. He must bring out the best possible of body and spirit, of mind, conscience, heart and soul. This is the end; all else ought to be regarded as the means.

It is not only true that man should not live for himself alone, but the same is true of nations. The interest of a people do not end at the boundary lines of the country in which they live. The speed and ease of communication and transportation is drawing the various countries of the world together, and each feels the prosperity or the disaster of all the others.

He who said, "Peace on earth; good will toward men," did not intend that a country should become an arsenal and await an opportunity to assault a weaker country, to rob it of its goods and enslave its people.

Accordingly, that is not the most successful life in which a man gets most pleasure, the most money, the most power of place, honor or fame, but that in which a man is most serviceable to the race and honorable to his Maker. His sphere may be humble and his deeds unsung, but He whose great roll of honor bears no unworthy names and leaves no true life unrecorded, will recognize and reward such a life. For such a career a crown is preparing, wrought by no human hand but set round with gems that shine with a lustre as fadeless as the stars.

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Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.—Garrick.

WHY A LITTLE LIGHT?

(The Watchman-Examiner)

The battle for a strong evangelical faith goes forward relentlessly. Bob Shuler, editor of the Methodist Challenge, writes in the January number an editorial entitled "Candles Will Not Do!" He refers to a Methodist bishop who made a statement: "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.

Challenging the tactical worth of the bishop's method, Shuler says:

"Cursing darkness is not a cure, I grant, but the prophets, while they were not blasphemers, hurled a curse in the face of the darkness of their times. I can remember when every Methodist pulpit cursed in holy fashion the infamous liquor traffic. But not now. We are content to light a candle. I can remember when the curse of the church was aimed at worldlikeness. This number of the Challenge carries the story of the announcement of a formal ball in a Methodist church in the opening up of the autumn youth activities. Candle stuff! Preachers were once prophets who hurled a curse at sin from every Methodist pulpit. We now meet the tragic blackness of sin with a candle gospel."

The bane of so much church life is contentment with a candle. Christian militancy has been dimmed to candle proportions. The danger facing evangelism is that it may be but a candle light. Time was when great preaching and challenging Christian witnessing turned on a great illumination in cities, towns, and communities. Time was when national conventions, religious associations, and large church gatherings stirred communities because of the powerful light that was shed abroad by them.

Now, great efforts are attempted, mighty gatherings are called, and — all too frequently—we light a candle! The candle of the world's politics, economics, social aspiration, psychology and mental science, all are puny, a little lights compared to the rising Son of Righteousness who comes "with healing in his wings." Let the church shine as the light of the world; let preacher preach to the cursing of satanic darkness and show forth the reflection of the eternal light of God; and let every church become a lighthouse on the shores of time, rebuking denizens of darkness in the radiant light of the Spirit of God.

The world is too far gone for small measures. Candle lights are pitiful yellow gleams when the field of darkness is immense. When Israel was at the darkest hour, the prophet Isaiah came heralding to the people: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall rise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

What this darkened world in which we live needs is not flickering candles of humanistic modernism, with its futile doctrine that man can save himself, nor the little flame of electric liberalism which sees salvation in all

man-made religions, but the Shekinah Glory of the Self-revealing God who came in Jesus Christ our Lord to declare to men the counsels of the Eternal One. When will it come to pass again, as it happened before in the record of time, that men shall be so filled with divinity that the world about them is transformed at their presence?

THE RETURN OF SPRING

Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry;
In new-made suit they merry look;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

—Charles D'Orleans.

BELIEVING IN PEOPLE

By D. Morris-Jones

Elevate the suspicious eyebrow, if you must, at men and their motives. But do not blame anyone else if you come to the end of the game with a short stack of chips to cash in. Which is not to intimate that all men and all proportions level off at the one hundred per cent mark. But we are convinced that in the long run the man who believes in people and their good intentions gets along a great deal better and further on the average than the man who always has a reservation in his mind as to the "up - and - uppance" of the other fellow.

We have to live with and around other people. There is no getting away from that. Even the bitterest misanthrope who ever drew breath cannoot make the grade all by himself. Somewhere along the line, sometime, he must believe in others. Even if it is belief and confidence grudgingly bestowed.

Men who know their way around the corner discover early enough that there is not always a footpad lying in wait to crack them down the minute they appear. Most times there is no one there other than a chap pretty much like themselves trying to get somewhere, even as they. Such men realize that while you cannot expect everyone who comes within the sphere of your life to devote themselves to making your way easier and smoother, you can safely assume that they are not plotting and planning to hold you back or get you down. One of the pathetic spectacles of life is the poor misguided chap, who is firmly convinced that every man's hand is raised against him, while, if the truth were known, he is doing more by reason of his own limited vision and pettiness to hold himself back than all the rest of the world put together.

It is profitable business to believe in people. What if there is a spotted cull to be discovered now and then among the apples in the basket? That does not prevent you from enjoying the good MacIntoshes and Baldwins and Russets. You can toss the cull over your sholder and forget about it. The same with people. Out of any given "bushel" of folks you meet up with, you will find that they rate pretty high on the average. And it is well not to forget that if you are looking for soundness in others, they are just as much interested in discovering soundness in you. You get out of people just about what you give them.

If you have not really gotten down to the job of making yourself available to others then you are having only a fraction of the fun to be had in life. Getting people to believe in you is just as important as believing in them. Because there never has been a structure reared that was worth anything that did not represent the thinking and cooperation of many minds and many hands. Only a dummy will affect to believe that he can tackle and complete the job alone.

Belief in people is one of the most glamorous things in life. Your belief in something usually will have a most remarkable effect in creating a spirit of helpfulness on the part of that someone; and that is something that you can cash in on in a big way.

THE JUST REWARDS

(Selected)

It was midnight when the editor of a great New York newspaper slumped into his chair for a little relaxation after putting the morning paper "to bed" on the big presses that roared out their endless string of paper. This edition was carrying a big story, for the city's foremost citizen was dead. All day long the wires had been kept hot with incidents of this man's unselfish life, and the news staff of the paper had been taxed to its capacity to produce a fitting tribute to a noble life.

This man was esteemed by the rich and poor alike. Flags were at half-mast, and business men walked softly in their places of business. He had given largely to charities and benevolences, and when other industrialists sought refuge from enraged workers, this man went about freely, unprotected and unmolested.

It was now two o'clock in the morning, and the night editor had fallen asleep, for the sound of the great presses was music to his ears. But there was a pull at his sleeve, and the man awakened. The copy boy stood before him with a piece of course paper in his hand.

"What's this?" exclaimed the editor, rubbing his eyes.

"A black-bearded man came to the door and gave it to me," replied the boy; "he said it was for the editor."

The editor glanced at the title, and then at the signature. It was Joaquin Miller, the famous poet of the Far West. The editor rushed to the door and ran out to the street, but the eccentris genius had disppeared into the night.

Returning to his desk, the editor read the poem scribbled on a piece of wrapping paper. It was dedicated to the great man who had just passed on. Two lines — two burning lines which have since adorned the private domains of nearly every great philanthropist—riveted the attention of the editor, and these two lines caused him to stop the great presses and emblazon them upon the pages of the great newspaper. These were the woords:

"For all you can hold in your cold,
cold hand
Is what you have given away."

It was a thought that revolutionized the thinking of the editor, and it revolutionized the thinking of thousands of others. The poet was saying that a man is rich according to what he gives instead of what he gets. It enables us to know how rich we are. It tells us that we can take with us only what we give away. All the remaining of life's accumulations is left behind. We live only as we give of ourselves to others.

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When love and skill work together expect a masterpiece.
—John Ruskin.

THE SLAUGHTER INCREASES

(The Smithfield Herald)

To read the announcement, you would think it was coming from the War Department: "Death toll—731."

But the first paragraph tells the story: These persons were killed on the streets and highways of North Carolina last year, according to an announcement made on Monday by T. Bodie Ward, State Motor Vehicle Commissioner. And the deaths mounted over the previous year, 1944, when 686 lives were tragically and, contends Mr. Ward, for the most part, needlessly, snuffed out.

Again and again, Mr. Ward has pleaded eloquently and authoritatively with the people of North Carolina to halt the highway slaughter. And again and again the statistics of death are flung back into his and all our faces. An element resembling the horror of Frankenstein and his monster has entered into the situation. To many of us, but most of all to Mr. Ward, who lives with the stark figures at his fingertips and increasing accounts of sudden death pouring into his office, it most seem that the monster—the collective monster of automobiles crashing, grinding and shattering—is running wild, out of control.

The phrasing of Mr. Ward's statement on Monday, accompanying the casualty figures, reflects the efforts of a man calling on the utmost resources of language to express to the public his plea to help curb murder on the roads.

Some of these words are: "Nothing short of sheer tragedy . . . these astounding accidents and fatalities . . . innocent people are being killed and maimed . . . this appalling loss of life and destruction of property . . . staggering economic loss. . .

Mr. Ward again expressed his belief that "uncontrolable speed continues to be the main factor in accidents that result in fatalities," and he referred again to five proposals, some of which will require legislative action, which he believes will lessen the pace at which death strikes on the highways. These proposals include driver education in schools; mandatory regular inspection of all motor vehicles; reissuance of drivers' licenses; increase of personnel of highway patrol; and more cooperation between law enforcement officers and the courts.

As we have said before, the lowering of highway fatality rates depends in the end on a sense of responsibility in each individual driver. If we remember that we are all potentially homicidal when we put a car in gear and step on the gas, we are helping to save lives—including our own.

It seems as if people would be interested in staying alive more than in any other concern of the moment, but the awful figures just released show that this interest must be cultivated among drivers of automobiles. It is time for drivers to wake up to what's going on, before it's too late to make a decision about the matter.

BRITISH TROUBLES

(The Stanly News and Press)

When Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin told the House of Commons last week that he could not conceive circumstances in which Russia and Britain would go to war, he took a common-sense, practical view of the situation, a view that is held by millions of people throughout the world who suffer most when there is armed conflict. These millions do not create the situations which result in wars, but they are led into them by leaders who are selfish and without vision.

Mr. Bevin's statement came as a result of troubles between Canada and Russia over the spying of Russian agents in Ottwa which resulted in some secret information being obtained by the agents. Russia does not deny that she obtained information, but said that it was available both in Canada and the United States to those who wanted it, but she takes the position that Canada's Prime Minister King gave unwarranted importance to the incident in order to take pressure off Mr. Bevin at the United Nations meeting, pressure which was being applied by Russia to get British troops out of Greece and Indonesia.

While the dispute between Russia, Britain and Canada may finally blow over, the riots and mutinies in Egypt and India against British rule is of more serious consequence because this trouble is only a symptom of a deeper-seated malignancy.

In this age when so much has been said about freedom of man, any situation which has the appearance of foreign rule is a source of irration. Egypt is further advanced than India, but history will reveal that British leaders in generations past have not given the consideration to the real problem of those countries, being satisfied to allow the British tradesmen to take from those countries and put little back into them.

The interests of Britain and the United States are the same, and we cannot afford to take a hostile attitude towards Russia. It seems to us that, as friends of Britain, we should apply sufficient pressure of the right sort to their leaders to force them to approach all the problems which have been created by a disaffection as the result of British influence in such a manner as to clear them up in a reasonable length of time.

It makes no difference where the sore spots in the world may be, each and every one of them is a potential cause of war. As a nation, we must insist that our allies and friends take steps to eradicate these sore spots.

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"I am defeated and I know it, if I meet any human being from whom I find myself unable to learn anything."

—George Herbert Palmer.

THE COWBOY AND THE BABY

Harold Dye, in Baptist New Mexican

He was no drugstore cowboy.

His ten gallon hat was sweatstained and the inside of his boots showed hard contact with saddle leather. His blue jeans conformed to legs just as straight as any modern cowpuncher's who gets the right diet.

But what interested me the most, as I sat in my parked car drawn up to the curb, was his hands. For those hands were engaged in a strange occupation. They were trying clumsily, to weave together again, the braid on a little girl's blonde head. She was about three years old and her head was bent obediently as the tall range-rider worked in her golden tresses.

"Ouch, daddy!" cried Goldilocks "that hurts," and she kicked the cowboy's well protected shins. He kept right on at his work. His fingers seemed all thumbs. He was oblivious to the amused glances of the passers-by. I imagine that he could probably have roped and tied a calf in a score of seconds, but he spent ten minutes, while I watched, trying to corral some recalcitrant hairs on his little daughter's head.

Finally, it was done. The lanky puncher swung his tiny girl up to his shoulder and she promptly rewarded him with a great big sticky kiss.

As the sunbrowned cowboy strode jauntily down the sidewalk with Goldilocks proudly riding his shoulder, I thought: It is the strong man, the big man, who is tender, and kind, and sweet. He can with everybody, as Gentleman Jim Corbet used to say, "afford to be polite because I have the punch to back it up."

Tenderness always has been and always will be, the attribute of strength, even as cruelty, callousness, cynicism, and sarcasm are the products of weakness.

DARKEST BEFORE DAWN

James A. Rouch, young Chicago man, would have been the first to subscribe to the old saying, "It is always darkest before dawn," had he held on a little while longer. He is the fellow who was "just plain broke and couldn't face it," clubbed his wife and two children to death, then ended his own life with a pistol shot.

When police went to investigate the triple slaying and suicde, they found a letter for Roach in the mail box downstairs. It was from his father and contained a check for $250.

THE COBBLER'S MARK

(Reprinted from the Sunshine Magazine—Author Unknown)

Ross hastened home, and handed the shoes to his mother. "The cobbler had them fixed, so I brought them home. I told him you would pay him later."

"That was all right," his mother said, giving the shoes close inspection as she passed upon the cobbler's work. "Those are particularly marked heels, but they seem to be good work. You can put these on now, and save your better ones."

The telephone rang loud and long Ross changed his shoes while his mother answered the phone. "Mrs. Brown wants me to help her for an hour," she said as she hung up the receiver. "You stay here at the house and play until I come back."

"Can I go down to the creek?"

"Not this morning," she replied.

Five minutes after his mother had gone, Ross was invited to go for a swim by one of his chums. "Mother said I couldn't go," Ross declared. "But she won't be back for an hour. I can take a plunge and be back home in that time. You won't tell on me, will you, Jimmy?"

"Of course not," replied Jimmy. "Hurry up!"

Although his conscience troubled him somewhat, Ross hastened along with the other lads. Into the creek they plunged, swam around for a few minutes, and then hurried back home.

When mother returned from Mrs. Brown's home,, she cut across the field, and came in the back door by way of the path which led to the creek. Ross was sitting in a rocking chair, busily engaged in reading a book.

"Did you have a good time at the creek?" she asked him. "Was the water warm?"

"What?" Ross asked in surprise, his face growing crimson. Knowing that he could not conceal the truth from his mother, he decided to admit his guilt at once, but determined also to find the identity of her informer.

"Did Jake tell you?"

"Not a person has told me a single word," said mother.

"How do you know I have been there?" asked Ross, seeing a faint hope of escape.

"A silent witness told me," mother replied. "Come with me, and I'll let that same witness tell you the truth. First, we will look at the heels on your shoes. Do you see those peculiar marks in the rubber? Follow me me now and we will see where those marks lead us."

Wherever Ross had stepped in a dusty place, he had left that peculiar mark which told the story, and he no longer made any attempt to deny his act of disobodience.

"You can't cover up sin," said his mother. "It will always reveal itself."

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In an active life is sown the seed of wisdom; but he who reflects not, never reaps.—Edward Young.

FAVORITES

(The Southern Churchman)

Anton Dvorak, the great composer of hauntingly beautiful Czech music, loved the chirping of feathered friends so well that he made bird sounds the main theme of his first movement in his attractive composition, the G major quartet.

But of all birds, pigeons were Dvorak's special favorites. He gave more time to them than to any other interest outside of his music and his family

In his garden, the great musician raised pigeons. His care of them was his favorite topic of conversation Whoever enjoyed hearing about his pigeons endeared himself to the great composer immediately. If he were entertained at dinner where the host unwittingly served pigeons at the meal, Dvorak would at once leave the dining room. He was known to have done this on more than one occasion.

When the composer visited the United States, he enjoyed nothing so much as a walk through Central Park and a visit with the pigeons there. It helped to alleviate his spells of homesickness. He frequently had chats with them just as one would have with a person.

In 1896, in Vysoka, Dvorak composed music to the words of Erben's poem "Woodpigeon," which resulted in an ambitious symphonic offering, another gem of musical charm, as were so many of this Czech composer's works. And it gave him the opportunity of actually immortalizing his feeling for his beloved pets.

In the "Woodpigeon," Dvorak imitated perfectly in musical effects the language of his favorites, both tame and wild. Only an intimate friend of pigeons could have made so matchless a translation of their feelings.

Needles to stress the humane aspects of Anton Dvorak's character. Kindness toward one type of pet bespeaks understanding of the needs of all dumb creatures.

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BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 24, 1946

March 25—Jack Gleason, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.
March 26—Gilbert Wise, Cottage No. 13, 15th birthday.
March 26—J. C. Alley, Cottage No. 9, 15th birthday.
March 27—George Marr, Cottage No. 5, 12th birthday.
March 30—Defoye Inman, Cottage No. 9, 16th birthday.
March 30—Garmon Hubbard, Cottage No. 13, 16th birthday.

MENTAL ENGINEERING

(The Folsom Observer)

Fear, worry, doubt, and all the unhappy brood of negative emotions, can best be dessolved by action. They flourish in idleness, but cannot live in the presence of constructive thought and action.

Negative emotions are not much affected by psitive affirmation unless the affirmations are backed by constructive action in keeping the thoughts turned into positive patterns, but the effect is multiplied if one can at the same time do something to dissolve the situation which is causing the trouble.

We should realize that in trying to redirect our thinking, and thereby solve our problems we are dealing with tremendous forces which profoundly affect our physical, as well as mental well-being. It has been demonstrated that under the influence of fear the chemical forces generated in the body cause physical reactions which change the action of certain glands and make for disintegration. Worry may cause stomach ulcers, effect the kidneys adversely and lead to other physical results of harmful nature. In the case of a man whose esophagus was injured by drinking a hot liquid, when he was nine years old, to such an extent that he thereafter had to be fed through a surgical hole leading into his stomach, it was possible to observe the immediate physical effects of changing emotion, upon the stomach. Fear of losing his job caused a pallor of the mucous lining of the stomach and a fall in the supply of digestive fluids. Once the cause of fear was removed, the membrane regained its normal color almost instantly. A business frustration caused the digestive juices to be inhibited from normal action.

From all of this we may see how essential it is to keep going in the desired direction. When obstacles confront us, when frustration lead to disappointment, we need to make a definite plan of action to alleviate the situation and then follow it out. If we are earnest and hopeful in doing this, we shall often find that results will be better than if we realized our original desire or plan. The tide of life rises when victory over our problems is achieved, and a new life is released into all our activities! But this happy result could not be unless we had kept going when tempted to despair.

How can we keep going in the face of discouragement, when hope seems dead and life empty? Psychologists say that it is possible for us to become interested in whatever activities we may choose, IF we are willing to give our attention to the objective and devote ourselves to the needed activity. But it must be a most complete absorption of ourselves in the work we are doing, to the extent that we forget our troubles, for the time being and think of what we want to accomplish.

If we prefer to hug our own troubles and "enjoy" them rather than engage in useful and productive work, that is our privilege. What we choose, what we deeply desire, that we shall do if within reason.

Once we have started on a constructive course of action, the subconscious forces will come to our aid. Earnest purpose and desires unlock the power of the subconscious. When we are in earnest about some constructive purpose the emotions are steadied, the inhibitive forces of doubt and despair are neutralized, to some extent, and the subconscious energies come to our aid to build up and strenthen our purpose and show us how it can be realized.

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RECIPE FOR A SPRING DAY

Take half a dozen robins
And put them in a tree;
Then add a single bluebird
Fattened on jubilee.

Pour very slowly over
Enough of April rain
To moisten well the feathers;
Then briskly stir and strain.

Let simmer through a sunny
Morning and afternoon.
Then cool in evening shadows
And season well with moon.

—From "Poems for Josephine."

REMEMBRANCE

There is a lovely garden where
The flowers of recollection bloom,
And blushing rose and lily fair
Devoutly blend their sweet perfume;
And one may ramble there at ease,
'Mid flowery vales, in reverie,
Or rest, in fancy, 'neath the trees,
Beside the brook of Memory,
Where sparkling waters ever flow
Beneath the most delightful skies,
And memories of long ago
Seem like a dream of paradise.
And oftentimes I wander there
And ramble through those dreamy bowers,
And breathe the fragrance in the air,
Or gaze upon those lovely flowers,
Or quaff a most refreshing drink
Where memory's crystal fountain flows,
Or stoop to gather, at its brink,
A lily, violet, or rose,
And fondly place it on my heart
Where memory's dearest hopes are laid,
That its sweet fragrance may impart
Some loving trait, ere it shall fade;
And then, in clusters here and there,
I gather,—ere the vision ends,—
Bouquets of rose and lilies fair
For some dear, unforgotten friend,
In fond remembrance of the hours
I spent within this hallowed spot,
And in each little bunch of flowers
I place a sweet forget-me-not.

—C. A. Snodgrass.

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SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. E. J. Harbison was the guest minister at the school services last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Harbison always has a cordial welcome among the boys, and his messages are always to the point and full of interest.

Mr. Harbison read a selection from the second chapter of Luke for a Scripture lesson, beginning at the 41st verse and reading through the the 52nd verse. This is an account of the event in the life of Jesus when, as a boy 12 years old, He remaind in the temple among the learned men and was missed by His parents. The minister used as his topic for the discussion with the boys, Christ the Golden Boy. He told the story how once upon a time a king decided he would improvise a golden boy, and he had a lad brought into his palace. He had sheets made of gold and with these sheets he clothed the boy in gold. However, the arrangement was so foreign to the nature of the boy that he became ill and died. Mr. Harbison explained to the boys that it is not the gold which may be found on the outside that counts, but that one must have a golden heart on the inside

It was explained to the boys that, unfortunately, all people fall short of possibities and make their mistakes in life; though if a boy does make mistakes there is always the chance that he can start out again and redeem himself by making a good record. It was explained that the only two classes of man who never make any mistakes are dead men or mud men, but on the other hand these classes never are able to make any progress or advancement, either.

It was explaind to the boys that one of the things that is always necessary for a boy to build a good reputation is for him to take personal pride in self. Every person who aims to amount to much in life has to take good care of himself. This means he must keep himself neat and clean and wholesome. The boy who thus keeps himself clean on the outside tends to think clean thoughts on the inside, too.

It was explained to the boys that when other people see that a boy takes pride in himself it causes them to believe in the boy, too, and it always counts for much in the life of a boy when somebody believes in him and expects big things from him.

The preacher then reminded the boys of the fact that a golden hearted boy loves his mother and considers that she is worth more to him than her own weight in gold, and he told the boys that everyone should seek to honor his mother by making a golden record of good conduct. A boy can make his record good by having golden thoughts, doing golden deeds by being at the right place at the right time, and in having a golding heart within himself. While every boy may have some bad in him, there is always too much good for him to decide that he should continue in evil ways.

The boys were reminded that one of the opportunities that is always available to every boy is the chance to go to Sunday School and preaching. In all the churches in the land there are open doors, and the boy who has good health and a good mind can improve his oppertunity by attending the church services. There he will

always find the minister and the Sunday School teacher who will be glad to show him the right way. Every boy was advised to make use of these privileges and oppertunities in his life, for in doing this he can travel on the way towards becoming a golden hearted boy.

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MARCH

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping—anon—anon;
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

—William Wordsworth.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 17, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Maynard Chester
James Perkins
Charles Reeves

COTTAGE No. 1
Horace Collins
William Doss

COTTAGE No. 2
Harvey Arnette
Louie Ashe
Ray Burns
Haney Cothrin
Gerald Johnson
Donald Kirk
Jud Lane
Chester Lee
William McVickers
Edward Medlin
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3
James Arrowood
Joseph Duncan
Talmage Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
James Maloney
Benjamin Wilson

COTTAGE No. 4
William Arrington
John Fine
Jeter Green
Robert Hogan
Herman Hughes
Hobart Keaton
W. C. McManus
Lacy Overton
Burton Routh
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Wesley Turner
Edward VanHoy

COTTAGE No. 5
Allen Hicks
Woodrow Davenport
Connie Hill
Edward Stone
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6
Coy Creakman
Richard Davidson
Fred Gainey
Lester Ingle
George James
Robert Mason
Lewis Sutherland
Charles Sellers
Leroy Wilkins
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 7
Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Hubert Pritchard
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
J. C. Alley
Thomas Corley
Ralph Gibson
David Johnson
Richard Johnson
Clifton Kerns
Vernest Turner
Jack Wilkins
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11
Donald Bowden
Charles Bryant
Joseph Curry
William Faircloth
Thomas Hyder
David Isenhour

Lee Lockerby
Kenneth McLean
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
Leon Rose
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
Earl Allen
William Black
Donald Carter
James Hensley
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14
Carl Ballew
Howard Holder
Howard Hall
Carl Marsh
Clifford Martin
Thomas Wansley
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15
William Best
Elzo Fulk
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Zeb Presson
Ralph Stewart

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Ray Covington
Robert Elder
Morrison Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Samuel Lynn
Douglas Mangum
Robert Phillips

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
William Brooks
Dwight Murphy

FROM THE FRONT

Apropos of the current discussion concerning peacetime military conscription, the following comment from a chaplain with two years overseas is not to be ignored. "As a chaplain I am interested in the moral and spiritual angle of the situation. Most chaplains of my acquaintance agree that military life is detrimental to both moral and spiritual growth. The withdrawing of great numbers of young men from the normal relations of life, from the encouraging and restraining influences of home and church, leads to moral and spiritual deterioration in most of them. We chaplains feel that our work has been useful, and we all can cite cases of ususual moral and spiritual faithfulness on the part of men in the service; but generally our work has been that of trying to hold back a great flood of evil, with work about as effective as that of most pebbles in holding back a flood."—Christian Advocate.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 30, 1946 No. 13

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HOPE

'Tis better to hope, though clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still uplifted;
The sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are lifted.

There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

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ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS— J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Raymond Byrd, Thomas Cottrell, Gerald Johnson, Harvey Leonard, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

SPORTS WRITER—Raymond Byrd.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—James Hensley.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Charles Francis, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

HOPE

Never go gloomy, man with a mind,
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what you take with a tear.
All will be right; look to the light;
Morning was ever the daughter of night.
All that was black will be all that is bright,
Cheerily, cheerily, then cheer up.

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
Many a trouble a blessing most true,
Helping the heart to be happy and wise,
With love ever precious and joys ever new.
Stand in the van, strike like a man!
This is the bravest and cleverest plan;
Trusting in God while you do what you can.
Cheerily, cheerily, then cheer up.

—Anonymous.

———:———

HOPE ESSENTIAL TO LIFE

The minds of all men are constantly subject to the agitations and the effects of numerous emotions. In various and sundry ways these are at all times playing upon the minds of men, thereby tending to determine the prevailing moods or feelings of life.

Generally these emotions, to a large degree, grow out of or originate from exterior circumstances or conditions prevalent in individual lives, and even in entire nations. But in another sense they are

far more the creatures of our own subjective natures, deliberately fostered and promoted from within.

For instance, there are the familiar emotions of fear, hate, joy, sorrow, suspicion and distrust, humility, arrogance, brotherly love, kindness, cruelty and severity, congeniality, controversion, ad infitum. All of these, consciously or unconsciously, play their part in fashioning the lives of individuals to the end that people are forever different, and no two people are ever alike.

The vivid and spectacular experiences of World War II produced numberless occasions or events in which the minds of soldier boys and civilians were frequently stirred or moved by the ordeals of the spirit and the flesh. There were moments of suspense and suffering that seemed at the time to be unendurable. To the prisoners of war there, of course, were moments of intense suffering and misery, when they were face to face with death itself. There were those bitter trials when, as they languished in their spirits, with only a fleeting and flickering dim ray of hope standing between life on the one hand and death on the other, hope was their only possession, and because there was a lingering ray of hope they anticipated the glorious day of their rescue and restoration to health, to home and to loved ones. Hope was the great dynamic power in their hearts that buoyed their souls to the heights of unbelievable endurance.

It is told that following V-J Day when a group of emaciated Allied prisoners were rescued in Japan, they declared that great waves of gratitude swept over their souls. It is also told that a certain American soldier, a victim of the tortures of prison life conceived in paganism and ignorance, was so moved by a sense of pity and brotherly love that he resolved to become a missionary to the Orient. Of course, others who endured the same bitter experiences, were moved to make other vows and other resolutions.

In the mental and spiritual realm there is nothing that is more essential to the fulfillment of eternal life than Hope, and it should be forever remembered that each and every individual can do much to keep the doors of hope open for himself.

> Hope is the most beneficial of all the affections, (emotions), and doth much to the prolongation of life, if it be not too often

frustrated; but entertaineth the fancy with an expectation of good.—Francis Bacon.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.—S. Smiles.

Hope is the best possession. None are completely wretched but those who are without hope, and few are reduced so low as that.—Hazlitt.

My country owes me nothing. It gave me, as it gives every boy and girl, a chance. It gave me schooling, independence of action, opportunity for service and honor. In no other land could a boy from a country village, without inheritance or influential friends, look forward with unbounded hope.

—Herbert Hoover.

"Those who foster and promote hope in their hearts are forever fortified against despair. Blessed is that man who has formed the habit of looking on the bright side of things. Hope ever urges on and tells us that tomorrow will be better."

Below is a recent editorial captioned "Closing the Door of Hope," which appeared in the Morganton News-Herald:

There are two sides to the question of closing the door of hope on desperate criminals who have been caught in the meshes of law. An attorney general once arranged to send these flagrant offenders to Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay where all possibility of escape would appear to be removed, as the island is one of nature's fortifications set in a roaring sea, but the effect of such improvement on the minds of men convicted of crime is bound to be one of poignant depression and abandonment of all hope.

Does a man, no matter how steeped in vicious ways, ever become irredeemable? We are unable to answer. Many governments act on the principle that they do. Punishment should be swift and sure where the legal safeguards which society has erected for its own protection are ruthlessly trampled upon, but on the other hand, clemency in an effort to reclaim the most depraved miscreants, has at times proven efficacious.

All prisons should be regarded as correctional institutions, in the opinion of many criminologists, but on the contrary the dangers of escape should always be looked after. Recent jailbreaking throughout the country has become almost a public

scandal. Sending our worst characters to Alcatraz Island may be the right treatment for a bad man, but on the other hand, it would seem to be a sound principle of guidance to treat all law-breakers, even the most fallen and depraved, as being susceptible of reclamation and restoration to decent citizenship.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 31, 1946

March 31—Leroy Shedd, Cottage No. 3, 11th birthday.
April 2—Bernard Hiatt, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.
3—Robert Lee Ham, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.
April 3—Gerald Oaks, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
April 3—Kenneth McLean, Cottage No. 11, 16th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Trip to See Volley Ball Games

By Robert Lee, 9th Grade

On Saturday, March 23rd, the ninth grade boys and some from Cottages Nos. 4 and 15 went to Kannapolis to see the volley ball tournament. Different outstanding teams took part in the games.

Mr. Earl Walters, our athletic director, and his brother, Luke, had the pleasure of taking the boys.

The boys wish to thank all who made this trip possible.

The Radio Program

By Hugh Cornwell, 9th Grade

A group of boys of the eighth grade under the supervision of Mrs. J. C. Baucom, gave the radio program at station WEGO on Tuesday morning of last week. It was based on North Carolina history. They sang "Ho for Carolina," "The Old North State" and "There's a Long, Long Trail Winding." Mrs. Liske played the piano and Mr. Godown helped with the singing.

Sixth Grade Play

By Raymond Cloninger, 9th Grade

The special sixth grade boys are going to give a play entitled "Uncle Josh and Aunt Jerusha Visit the School." These boys have been practicing for some time and are doing well.

It is a very interesting play about two people who go to the school to see what they can learn about the teacher. They made a will, leaving everything to their nephew, who was in love with the school teacher. They wanted to know who was going to spend their money after they were dead. This couple find that the teacher was one whom they knew as a little girl.

Items of Interest

By Kenneth Staley, 9th Grade

Recently, some of the boys have been sowing grass seed in front of the cottages. We are sure that the lawns will look much better when the grass begins to grow.

Along with sowing grass, Mr. Horne and some of the boys have been cleaning up in front of the school building, and trimming the hedges.

Recently the first grade boys have been drawing their spring posters. Their posters show spring work and spring play. I'm sure it will be very nice when it is finished.

Some of the matrons and boys have been beautifying their cottage yards by planting flowers. This will make the campus look much better.

Boys Were Guests of Rotary Club

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

On Tuesday, March 19th, four boys from the ninth grade were guests of the Kannapolis Rotary Club. The meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. These boys were the guests of Mr. Hawfield, our superintendent. We had a fine dinner, and then Mr. Haw-

field gave a short talk. The program was then turned over to the boys. It was as follows:

(1) "Cottage Life at the School," Gerald Johnson; (2) "Educational and Religious Opportunities at the School," Harvey Leonard; (3) "The Recreational Program at the School," Kenneth Staley; (4) "The Different Kinds of Work at the School," Thomas Wansley. These boys appreciated the opportunity to be at this meeting.

The Show

By Garmon Hubbard, 9th Grade

The picture show on Thursday night of last week was a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production entitled "The Desert Song," featuring Dennis Morgan and Bruce Cabot. This was a story of life in Morocco. The picture had quite a bit of action in it, and all the boys enjoyed it very much.

Ninth Grade Play Practice

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

For the past week the ninth grade boys have been preparing a play. We intend to give this play in chapel next Friday. It is a comedy. Mr. Hines, the principal of our school, is in charge of the play. It is entitled "The Great Chicken Stealing Case of Ebenezer County." It is about a negro, James Calhoun Emerson Bones, who was accused of stealing a chicken from the plaintiff, Matilda Cunningham Jones. The play takes place in the courtroom. The characters are as follows:

Jeremiah Jehosophat Wiseman, the judge, Harvey Leonard; Julius Caesar Longfellow Johnson, the attorney for the plaintiff, Gerald Johnson; Abraham Augustus Cicero Smith, attorney for the defendant, William Smith; Jonathan Brown, clerk of the court, James Hensley; William Harrison Henry Tubbs, the sheriff, Garmon Hubbard; James Calhoun Emerson Bones, the defendant, Kenneth Staley; Matilda Cunningham Jones, the plaintiff, Gray Brown; Martha Washington Eliza Bones, the defendant's wife, Thomas Wansley; Rev. Ebenezer Sideburns, a negro minister, Hugh Cornwell; and Sylvester Jones, husband of the plaintiff, Robert Lee.

There will be six boys as jurors in this trial. This is a good play to give in connection with our work in civics.

The play will take place in the auditorium next Friday, March 29th. So we say, "Everyone is invited. Come one, and come all!" We hope everyone will enjoy this play very much.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Hugh Cornwell, 9th Grade

The boys all met in the auditorium and sang three songs. They were as follows: "In My Heart There Rings a Melody," "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder" and "He Keeps Me Singing." Mr. Puckett then told how the people of Israel got the name of Israelites.

We then went to our classroom. We were led in prayer by Kenneth Staley. The subject studied was "The Belief of the Baptists." It was a very interesting topic.

B. T. U.—Junior Group

By Hugh Cornwell, 9th Grade

The first thing on the program was

a prayer by all, and then the parts for next week were given out. Mr. Puckett told a story about a little crippled girl who lived by the railroad tracks. As the trains went roaring by, she would wave at the people on the trains. Some of the passengers bought a wheel chair for her, and many of them sent her boxes of candy. The little girl continued to wave at the trainmen and the passengers. A group of those good people made arrangements for the little girl to go to a famous hospital for crippled children. One day, one of the company's finest trains stopped right in front of the little girl's house, and she was taken to the hospital in the grandest style.

Our program was then closed by a prayer by Donald Redwine.

Friday Afternoon Chapel Program

By Gray Brown, 9th Grade

Mrs. Baucom's eighth grade boys gave the chapel program last Friday afternoon. First, they repeated the 121st Psalm, and then they repeated the 10th verse of the 51st Psalm as a prayer. The boys then sang two songs. They were "Ho for Carolina" and "The Old North State." Charles Moore then talked about the North Carolina flag, motto and seal. Robert Hogan read a toast to North Carolina. D. B. Jones told about the North Carolina state bird and flower. This was followed by James Teague's talk on manufacturing in North Carolina.

Robert Hogan told where and how North Carolinians spend their spare time. Frank Andrews told how North Carolina was blessed with the beauty of nature in her trees, birds and flowers. Ralph Gibson discussed the transportation system of our state.

Closing the program, they sang two songs, "Carolina Moon" and "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding." All the boys enjoyed this program.

Volley Ball Games

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

During the past week, all the cottages of the school have participated in a volley ball tournament, under the direction of Mr. Walters, our athletic director.

In the first set, Cottage No.2 defeated Cottages Nos. 1 and 16. Cottage No. 4 defeated Cottages Nos. 5 and 13. Cottage No. 5 defeated Cottage Nos. 6 and 14. Cottage No.9 defeated Cottage No.7. Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottages Nos. 11 and 17. Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 9.

In the semi-final set, Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 10 and Cottage No. 4 defeated Cottage No. 2.

The championship game, between Cottages Nos 4 and 15, will be played very soon.

These sets consist of three games. The winner of a set must win two of the games. Volley ball is new to many of the boys, but there has been a fine spirit of cooperation in these contests.

Friday Morning Chapel Program

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

The ninth grade class gave a science program on Friday, March 22nd. This program was under the direction of Mrs. J. C. Baucom, our school librarian, and teacher of Health, Sci-

ence and English.

William Smith conducted our devotional. He read the Ten Commandments. J. C. Rhodes led the prayer.

The first part of the program was an experiment with oxygen. This is a colorless, tasteless and odorless gas. This experiment was done by Gerald Johnson and Gray Brown. This is a gas that will make a burn. The second experiment was making hydrogen which is a gas that will burn. This experiment was done by Robert Lee and Robert Fogle. The third was making carbon dioxide, a gas that will put out a fire. This experiment was done by Kenneth Staley and Thomas Wansley. The last part of the program was given by Douglas Mangum, James Hensley and Harvey Leonard. They explained acids and bases. An acid will turn blue litmus paper pink and a base will turn pink litmus paper blue. All acids are bitter and have a sour taste. All bases are slick and slimy.

We hope the boys enjoyed this program.

Cub Scout Hike

By James Hensley, 9th Grade

The Cubs enjoyed a hike last Saturday afternoon. The group left the cottages about one o'clock and stayed until four o'clock. All the Cubs of each den and the den mothers, Mrs. Liske, Mrs. Tomkinson and Mrs. Dotson, went on the hike.

The afternoon was spent in kite-flying, playing games, also eating hot dogs and drinking lemonade. The boys roasted the weiners over a bed of coals, thus helping themselves to enjoy the afternoon more.

The boys going on the hike were as follows: Clay Shew, Jerry Oakes, Joe Duncan, Thomas Childress, Richard Davidson, Robert Mason, Donald Branch, Robert Driggers, Coy Creakman, Hubert Pritchard, Ralph Seagle, Paul Denton, Bernard Webster, Olin Sealey, John McKinney, Jimmy Tomkinson, Leroy Shedd, Ray Burns, W. C. Mills and Harvey Arnette.

More Boys Are Released

By James Hensley, 9th Grade

Recently, several boys were conditionally released from the School. The names of these boys and their home towns are as follows:

Ernest Bullard, Winston-Salem; William Lane, Bryson City; Raymond Byrd, Fayetteville; Joseph Case, Hot Springs; and William Mitchell, Reidsville. The first three boys have enlisted in the navy, and Joe Case will live in Albemarle. We hope that these boys will make good.

Church Membership Campaign

By William Smith, 9th Grade

Many of the boys here at the Training School seem interested in joining the church. Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Churer, Concord, has done a great deal of good in helping some of the boys who want to join the church. He has invited some of the boys to talk with a guest minister who is to conduct a revival meeting at the First Baptist Church this week. He is Rev. Mr. Blackburn, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Conberton. Rev. Mr. Summers will bring him to the school so all the boys may

have the privilege of hearing him preach.

Other ministers from Concord have done much and lasting good in helping the boys here at the school to decide to live right and to join the church. Rev. E. J. Harbison, pastor of the Rocky Ridge Methodist Ccurch, has been very helpful to some of the boys.

———:———

RULES FOR GRAMMAR

Three little words you often see
Are articles a, an, and the.
A noun's the name of anything,
As school, or garden, hoop or swing.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white, or brown.
Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—
Her head, his face, your arms, my hand.
Verbs tell of something to be done—
To read, count, sing, laugh, jump or run.
How things are done, the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill, or well.
Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind or weather.
The preposition stands before
A noun, as in or through a door.
The interjection shows surprise,
As O! how pretty! O! how wise.
The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

—Selected.

THE ESSENTIALS OF A BALANCED COMMUNITY PROGRAM

By S. G. Hawfield

In almost every issue of our daily newspapers there is some comment about the sad fact that crime is on the increase in the state and nation. According to most recent data issued by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, sent out from Washington, "Crime in the nation increased 12.4 per cent in 1945 over 1944, with the teen-agers responsible for a substantial portion of it."

The upsurge of crime, according to the report, was the biggest since 1930.

Recently J. Edgar Hoover, in charge of the FBI, declared that in the month of last January the criminal population of the nation totaled 6,000,000. These are rather startling figures which should cause the general public to become awakened. It seems only reasonable to suppose that these extraordinary facts should arouse our interest in this great national problem. Every community has its own peculiar problem, and there is no point to anyone closing his eyes, or sticking his head in the sand as the ostrich, and claiming that there are no local problems of crime, on either the adult or the juvenile level.

During the year 1945, one major offense was committed on the average of every 20.1 seconds. A rape, felonious assault, or killing occurred every 6.4 minutes.

Every day, on the average, 149 persons were robbed, 662 automobiles were stolen, 881 places burglarized, and 2,371 other types of theft were committed.

An estimated 1,565,541 major crimes were committed in 1945, an increase of 171,886 over 1944. In addition, several million lesser offenses were committed.

Age seventeen stood out as the predominating age among the persons arrested last year, and age eighteen was second. Persons under twenty-one committed 30.1 per cent of the rapes, 33.5 per cent of the larcenies, 35.2 per cent of the robberies, 49.9 per cent of the burglaries, and 61.1 per cent of the auto thefts.

Reflecting on the situation, the FBI explained the value of the loot in the average robbery rose 29.2 per cent—from $113 in 1944 to $146 in 1945.

About two couples out of every one thousand persons in the United States are divorced each year, according to figures listed in the World Almanac and compiled from a reliable statistical source.

This should indicate that Cabarrus County, with a population of roughly 60,000, would have a yearly rate of 240 men and women going to the courts to have their marital contracts dissolved.

So far in 1946, the Superior Court in this county has already granted 123 divorces, involving 246 men and women. Assuming that one-fourth of the year has elapsed and that the same rate continues through December, 1946, the figures will put the divorce rate about four times higher

than that of the nation's average. The records show that for the same period of time this year there have been 120 marriages in this county. Therefore, with the present divorce rate, one would be justified in saying that there are 1.1 divorces for every one marriage in good old Cabarrus County.

J. Edgar Hoover declares that juvenile crimes in some categories have increased as much as 350 per cent since Pearl Harbor. Other records indicate that 70 per cent of the adult criminals have been delinquent in their youth.

Let us look at the situation a little further. Recently changed social conditions tending to undermine and disrupt the homes of the land have caused children to suffer grievously. Hasty marriages, paternal unrest and debauchery have left children in a frightful state. Children coming from broken homes and other disturbed domestic conditions, having lived in the midst of distrust and infidelity, and driven into a perpetual state of nervous tension, are always in perilous danger of losing their way, and at all times they require very careful and sympathetic guidance in community activities.

Every alert and wide-awake person in every community, as a good citizen, will seek to discover the causes of so much unrest, the causes of so much crime, especially among the youth, and he will attempt to find ways of preventing crimes as far as possible.

In this connection it should be explained first of all that there is no one cure or panacea that will cure all of the community ills or stop all violations of the laws. The problem is such that it will of necessity have to be approached from different angles. Some of the approaches must be of a direct nature while others must be of indirect and intangible nature.

For instance, every community must have its police department, its law enforcement agency, and this one agency deserves the whole-hearted support of the general public.

Every community or county must have its system of courts for the trial and punishment of the offenders of the law. These should be adequate and efficient.

Every community must have adequate street lighting that will prevent wanton destruction of property, or other crimes in the dark.

These are some of the direct approaches to this problem.

However, there are other indirect approaches, such as:

1. Adequate recreational facilities and recreational programs.

2. The promotion of programs, including housing facilities, for stabilizing the homes of the land.

3. The promotion of an adequate and modern school, or educational program. Good buildings, and an enriched and practical program of instruction in the classrooms, the shops and the laboratories.

4. The promotion of a strong and vital program of religious activities.

5. The promotion of character-building organizations, such as Scouting, Cubbing, etc.

Happily, much can be done to improve the deplorable conditions. Recreational work among boys and girls is one of the greatest known agencies of crime prevention. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined," is and old adage that applies effect-

ively to all considerations of this problem.

Old-timers may argue that there is no need for recreational programs, because they had none years ago. Records show that about 90 per cent of the people today did not in their youth have the benefits and the privileges of directed and supervised recreational programs. This means, of course, that their play life has never been properly developed, and as a result they have suffered great losses.

Today, boys and girls, men and women, have on their hands much more idle time than ever before, and communities have not always provided ways to off-set or match this condition. In many instances, even the young people of the communities have been forced to look out for themselves, when moderate expenditures would have provided wholesome recreation and represented good community investments.

———:———

LAGGING PARTNER

Education and science continue as the most important factors in our lives. They should go hand in hand, but, unfortunately science has far outstripped education, with the result that a gap exists that must be bridged before we arrive at our individual and collective conception of a world.

As an example: With time, more and more labor-saving machines will be developed. This means that industry, becoming stream-lined, will require fewer working hours per man.

In turn, this poses the problem of how free time should be used. Education points out that time must be used to help man understand and appreciate living, but, because of the present gap, it is unable itself to make a proper demonstration.

Some people might use the opportunity just to sit around and do nothing, while a few would recognize the value of leisure time and take advantage of it. Time must be used. Our minds are so constructed that they do not stand still but are either advancing through work, study, and creative observation, or are sliding backward.

In order to arrive at the most appropriate state for all men, education must bridge the gap between it and science and teach all of us the true sense of values—to insure gainful use of time in pursuit of our ideas.—The News-Herald.

STRENGTHEN THE HOME

(The Watchman-Examiner)

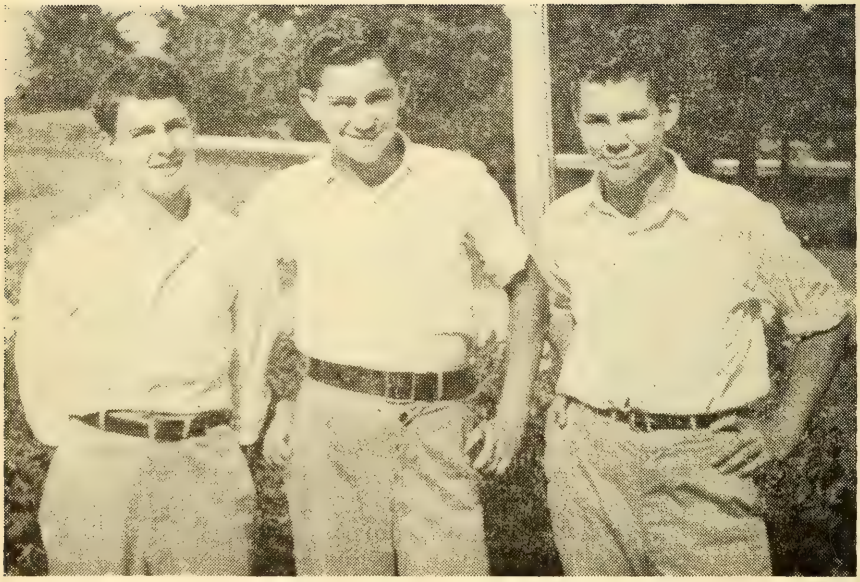
Home life has greatly suffered during the war. Not only have parents been employed full time and over time, but even junior members of the family have been at work. Had the emergency lasted only a short while, the family could easily have been reintergrated. But the war's duration extended over years, and the boy of twelve at its beginning is now approaching seventeen. The child has become a man and, in a great many instances, has been earning higher wages than his father earned in 1930. Adolescent self-sufficiency does not lead itself to the promotion of family unity. Nor when the wife works, as well as the husband, is it possible to have a home life which is edifying to the entire family. The highest concept of the American home is based upon Christian teaching. Pastors, Sunday school teachers, and church workers have a great responsibility to restore now the American home to its high standard of unity, harmony, and godliness. We must somehow get more family altars into our homes. Reading the Bible and prayer together should be held up as a family responsibility. Let us have a nation-wide campaign on behalf of the Christian home and do all we possibly can to achieve its accomplishment.

———:———

STOP!

Stop wailing of mistakes you've made,
Stop saying gloom endures;
Stop envying your rival's luck,
Stop now lamenting yours;
Stop springing ancient alibis,
Stop thinking them at all;
Stop crying to each friend you meet,
Stop backing toward the wall;
Stop eating only of the husks,
Stop throwing up your guard;
Stop wearing undertaker's looks,
Stop saying times are hard;
Stop worrying about your tires,
Stop driving 'round on low;
Stop saving on the peppy gas—
Stop all that stuff—and go!

—Selected.



A Group of Our Fine Boys

WHAT IS A BOY?

After a male baby has grown out of long clothes and triangles and has acquired pants, freckles, and so much dirt that relatives do not dare kiss it between meals, it becomes a **boy.** A boy is Nature's answer to that false belief that there is no such thing as perpetual motion. A boy can swim like a fish, run like a deer, climb like a squirrel, balk like a mule, bellow like a bull, eat like a pig, or act like a jackass, according to climatic conditions.

He is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite. A noise, covered with smudges. He is called a tornado because he comes at the most unexpected times, hits the most unexpected places, and leaves everything a wreck behind him. He is a growing animal of superlative promise, to be fed, watered, and kept warm, a joy forever, a periodic nuisance, the problem of our times, the hope of a nation. Every boy born is evidence that God is not yet discouraged of man.

Were it not for boys, the newspapers would go unread and a thousand picture shows would go bankrupt.

Boys are useful in running errands. A boy can easily do the family errands with the aid of five or six adults. The zest with which a boy does an errand is equaled only by the speed of a turtle on a July day. The boy is a natural spectator. He watches parades, fires, fights, ball games, automobiles, boats and airplanes with equal fervor, but will not watch the clock. The man who invents a clock that will stand on its head and sing a song when it strikes will win the undying gratitude of millions of families whose boys are forever coming to dinner about supper time.

Boys faithfully imitate their dads in spite of all efforts to teach them good manners. A boy, if not washed too often and if kept in a cool, quiet place after each accident, will survive broken bones, hornets, swimming holes, fights, and nine helpings of pie.—The Rotarian.

TURNING HOBBIES INTO BIG BUSINESS

By Bill Sharpe in We the People

Bessie was just a cow, but she was a useful, placid, and affectionate beast, and Granny Donaldsen dearly loved her.

Now, Marble, N. C., a hamlet in the shadow of the Great Smokies, is a far, far piece from Italy, and it is not quite clear how Granny Donaldsen learned of a fiesta in which the Italians honor their cows, and deck them out with colorful robes.

There possibly has never been an Italian in Marble, N. C., but the fiesta made a lot of sense to Granny, who is a realistic and appreciative woman. Bessie might not march in a festival procession, but she should have a blanket

And so Granny Donaldsen made the first cow-blanket. It was of home-spun wool, and was decorated with gay crocheted figures, all of them familiar to Granny's environment. Placed across Bessie's broad, patient and slightly swaying back, it probably did not contribute mightly to her comfort, but it indubitably made her the most spectacular cow in the Smokies.

A passerby saw Bessie's quaint blanket and wanted one to—of all outlandish things!—hang up in her house.

And just like that, Granny Donaldsen got into the cow blanket business. Now her blankets are in exclusive city shops and are eagerly sought by decorators and collectors, but a shortage of home-made blankets has curtailed production

That experience is a tolerable good introduction to the handicraft business, a cottage industry which is growing steadily and seems to be limited only by similar accidents, ingenuity, and production problems. Within 100 miles of Asheville, N. C., thousands of men, women and children, many of them working in humble homes like Granny's, turn out an amazing volume and variety of things useful, ornamental, or, at least, momentarily intriguing. While scarcely recognized as a prime source of livelihood, it collectively brings an enormous amount of cash into pockets, many of which have no other source of cash income.

Most of the producers take up handicrafts as a sideline—many of them as a hobby—and the income often is a secondary consideration. such as Mrs. Chanie Harden of Boone who got into the millinery business soley through grandmotherly affection. Seventy-eight years old, Mrs. Harden heard one of her grandchildren remark about a smart straw visor she had seen on a tourister's head at Blowing Rock. Mrs. Harden remembered that her own pioneering mother had made such hats out of corn shucks. She made one for her granddaughter. That started another little personal cottage industry.

There are good reasons why the making of things with hands so casually become a business in this area. Southern Appalachian has been called "the land of do without.". Lacking readily convertible crops, or cash-returning industries, pioneer families had to improvise the things their more eastern neighbors bought in

stores. Their log cabins reflected the arboreal setting; they fashioned the logs with simple tools, chinked spaces with clay, roofed it with hand-riven shingles (and still do). Sturdy sleds substituted for iron-wheeled wagons. The plants furnished dyes for their slothes; wooden pegs served for nails; furniture was not by Chippendale, but by Pa. From chestnut bark they derived acid with which to cure leather and make shoes. From the fields came their brooms, from honeysuckle vines their baskets, and from clay pits their utensils.

Even today in many a family it is a question of do it yourself or do without, and so improvisation is second nature to many mountaineers, and when this is channelled into merchantable production, a cottage industry often results. These little industries make no federal reports; they do not show up in the census, and so it is difficult to estimate their scope. However, perhaps 6,000 families within a hundred miles of Asheville derive part or all their cash income in this way.

Dan'l Boone the 7th is a blacksmith at Burnsville, N. C., When his son marched off to war, he couldn't help but worry about the boy's killing equipment. So Dan'l sot him down and turned out a beautiful, hollow-ground, wicked, man-cutting knife and sent it to his boy. Some buddy saw the knife and wanted one. Some marine saw his knife—and so, Dan'l went into the knife-making business—a craft which bids to overshadow his blacksmithing.

While handicrafting usually is as uncalculated as that, and exception might be the Jugtown of the busbees. Jaques Busbee, an artist, and his wife, sold their library and dedicated themselves to re-establishing the ancient pottery industry in Moore County. It was established in colonial times by skilled potters from England, but the craft had suffered from machine competition, the potters drifted into other work, and the old designs had been all but forgotten. The Busbees moved in, revived the industry and have done pretty well with the old American pottery in the past 20 years.

Another exception would be Stuart Nye of Asheville who tinkered with silversmithing, and discovered—he knows not how—that the simple dogwood blossom design has a peculiar fascination for females. Emerging from a veteran's hospital, Nye grossed only $500 per year at his silvesmithing until he began producing the dogwood bracelets, brooches, ear-rings, etc. They skyrocketed his business and today he has a payroll of over $40,000 per year.

These spontaneous discoveries often are supersimple. Such as that of Roby Buchanan, the miller of Hawk, who cut up pretty native gems and shined them for his neighbors, using the power from his waterwheel, and saw the sideline develop into a nation-wide lapidarist business.

Mrs. Bessie Blauvelt of Asheville created and holds supreme a unique field—the "painting" of plaques with seeds, burrs, weeds, stems, pine cones and other materials. With the humble fruits of winter's garden, she fashions many best-sellers.

Whole communities sometimes are affected by this type of enterprise. Some 3,000 families in the four counties surrounding Asheville currently are engaged in making hooked rugs,

and family incomes from the rugs range from $100 to over $3,000 per year. This disparity in income is characteristic of the handicraft "business." Most of it is sandwiched in with farm or other duties, or it is the product of a seasonal enthusiasm. A considerable portion of the products are sold through the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild, a nonprofit organization which has rigid control over the authenticity of handmade articles it sells. A committee of three must pass on the artistic merit of all crafts offered to it.

Typical, perhaps, are the Brasstown whittlers, who whimsically got into the business because Mrs. John C. Campbell, of the Folk School, was tired of seeing the loafers around Shooting Creek aimlessly whittling around the stores each weekend. She induced them to attend wood-carving classes at the school, and now the farming families in the vicinity have turned their bench-cutting into a cash crop. Demand for their artistic and quaint pieces far exceeds supply.

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SPORTSMANSHIP

Are you a good sport? Here are ten rules from the University of Illinois Code of Sportsmanship, so take an inventory of yourself and see how many of these you live up to.

A True Sportsman:

1. Will consider all athletic opponents as guests and treat them with all the courtesy due friends and guests.
2. Will accept all decisions of officials without question.
3. Will never hiss or boo a player or official.
4. Will never utter abusive or irritating remarks from the sidelines.
5. Will applaud opponents who make good plays or show good sportsmanship.
6. Will never attempt to rattle an opposing player such as a player attempting to make a free throw.
7. Will seek to win by fair and lawful means according to the rules of the game.
8. Will love the game for its own sake and not for what winning will bring him.
9. Will "Do unto others as he will have them do unto him."
10. Will "Win without boasting and lose without excuse."

—Selected.

NOAH,S ARK IS FOUND ON MOUNT ARARAT IN RUSSIA

(Stanly News & Press)

(The following article was furnished the News and Press by Judge O. J. Sikes. It has been printed in a number of religious magazines, and was written by A. J. Smith, who is listed as its author in "The Penecostal Herald" and "Way of Faith"):

For years there has been a lot of speculation among Bible scholars as to what became of Noah's Ark. The report is that a huge wooden structure has been seen by some Russian aviators who flew over Mount Ararat, the place according to the Bible account, where the ark rested when the water subsided. The article in the form of a question and the editor's answer:

Dear Sir: "Have any remains of Noah's Ark ever been found?" Answer: "According to Genesis 8:4 the Ark of Noah rested after the flood upon mountains of Ararat. Now I am going to give you something very startling: Here it is: An article entitled, 'Noah's Ark Found, says Viadimor Roskovitsky.'

"It was in the days just before the Russian revolution that this story really began. A group of us Russian aviators were stationed in a lonely temporary air outpost about 25 miles northwest of Mt. Ararat. The day was dry and terribly hot, as August days so often are in this semi-desert land. Even the lizards were flattend out under the shady side of rocks and twigs, their mouths open and tongues lashing out as if each panting breath would be their last. Only occasionally would a tiny wisp of air rattle the parched vegetation and stir up a choking cloudlet of dust. Far up on the side of the mountain we could see a thunder shower, while still farther up we could see the white snowcaps of Mt. Ararat, which has snow all the year because of its very great heigh. How we longed for some of that snow.

"Then the miracle happened. The captain walked in and announced that plane number 7 had its new supercharger installed and was ready for high altitude tests, and ordered my buddy and me to take the test. At last we could escape the heat. Needless to say, we wasted no time in getting on our parachutes, strapping on our oxygen cans and doing the half dozen things that have to be done before going up. Then a climb into the cockpits, safety belts fastened, a mechanic gives the prop a flip and yells 'contact' and in less time than it takes to tell it, we were in the air. No use wasting time warming up the engine when the sun had it nearly red hot. We circled the field several times until we hit the 14,000-foot mark and then stopped climbing for a few minutes to get used to the altitude.

"I looked over the right at that beautiful snow-capped peak, now just a little above us and for some reason I can't explain, turned and headed the plane straight toward it. My buddy turned around and looked at

me with a question mark in his eyes, but there was too much noise for him to ask questions. After all, 25 miles doesn't seem much at a hundred miles an hour.

"As I looked down at the great stone battlements surrounding the lower part of this mountain I remembered having heard that it had never been climbed since the year 700 before Christ, when some pilgrims were supposed to have gone up there to scrape tar off an old ship wrecked to make good luck emblems to wear around their necks to prevent their crops being destroyed by excessive rainfall. The legend said they had left in haste after a bolt of lighting struct near them and they had never returned. Silly ancients. Who ever heard of looking for a shipwreck on a mountain top?

"A couple of circles around the snow-capped dome and then a long swift glide and we reached a perfect little gem of a lake—blue as an emerald but still frozen on the shady side. We circled around and returned for another look at it. Suddenly my companion whirled around and yelled something, and excitedly pointed down at the over-flow end of the lake. I looked and nearly fainted!

"A submarine. No, it wasn't for it had stubby masts, but the top was rounded over with only a flat catwalk about five feet across down the length of it. What a strange craft, built as though the designer had expected the waves to roll over the top most of the time, and engineered it to wallow in the sea lie a log, with those stubby masts carring only enough sail to keep it facing the waves. (Years later in the Great Lakes I saw the famous 'whaleback' ore carriers with this same kind of rounded deck.)

"We flew down as close as safety permitted and took several circles around it. We were surprised when we got close to it at the immense size of the thing, for it was as long as a city block and would compare favorably in size to the modern battleship of today. It was grounded on the shore of the lake and was about one-forth under water.

"It had been partly dismantled on one side near the front, and on the other side there was a great doorway nearly 20 feet square, but with the other door gone. This seemed quite out of proportion, as even today ships seldom have doors even half that large.

"After seeing all we could from the air, we broke all speed records back down to the airport. When we related our find, the laughter was loud and long. Some accused us of getting drunk on too much oxygen, and there were many other remarks too numerous to relate. The captain, however, was serious. He asked several questions and ended up saying, 'Take me up there—I want to look at it.'

"What do you make of it I asked," as we climbed out of the plane. Astoundingly, he said. "Do you know what this ship is?" 'Of course not, sir.' 'Ever hear of Noah's Ark?" 'Yes, sir, but I don't understand what a legend of Noah's Ark has to do with our finding this strange thing 14,000 feet up on a mountain top.'

" 'This strange craft,' explained the captain, 'is Noah's Ark. It has been sitting up there for nearly 5,000 years. Being frozen up for nine or ten months of the year, it could not

rot, and has been on cold storage, as it were, all this time. You have made the most amazing discovery of the age.

"When the captain sent this report to the Russian government it aroused considerable interest, and the Czar sent two special companies of soldiers to climb the mountain. One group of 50 men attacked the big mountain from the other side.

"Two weeks of hard work were required to chop out a trail along the cliffs of the lower part of the mountain, and it was nearly a month before the ark was reached. Complete measurements were taken and plans drawn of it as well as many photographs, all of which were sent to the Czar of Russia.

"The ark was found to contain hundreds of small rooms, rooms very large with high ceilings. The large rooms usually had a fence of great timber across them, some of which were two feet thick, as though designed to hold beasts 10 times as large as elephants. Other rooms also were lined with tiers of cages somewhat like one sees today at a poultry show, only instead of chicken wire they had rows of tiny wrought iron bars along the fronts. Everything was heavily painted with a wax-like paint resembling shellac, and the workmanship of the craft showed all the signs of a high type of civilization. The wood used throughout was oleander, which belongs to the cypress family, and never rots—which, of course, coupled with the fact of it being painted and it being frozen most of the time, accounted for its perfect preservation.

"The expedition found on the peak of the mountain above the ship, the burned remains of timbers which were missing out of one side of the ship. It seems that these timbers had been hauld up to the top of the peak and used to build a tiny one-room shrine, inside of which was a rough stone hearth like the alters the Hebrews use for sacrifices, and it had either caught fire from the alter or been struck by lightning as the timbers were considerably burned and charred over and the roof was completely burned off.

"A few days after this expedition sent its report to the Czar, the government was overthrown and godless Bolshevism took over, so that the records were never made public and probably were destroyed in the zeal of the Bolshevicks to the truth of the Bible.

"We White Russians of the air fleet escaped through Armenia, and four of us came to America, where we could be free to live according to the 'Good Old Book,' which we had seen for ourselves to be absolutely true, even to as fantastic a sounding thing as a world flood."

(This article, "Noah's Ark Found," by Vladimir Roskovitsky, is taken from "The New Eden," special edition, pp 3-7. The article as reproduced here starts on page 6 of this manuscript.

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The reason a lot of people cannot find opportunity is it goes about disguised as hard work.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

(The Baptist New Mexican)

The current juke box craze, "Tomorrow Never Comes" was not spoken of the soul of the judgment nor of spiritual tomorrows.

In the tomorrows of earth, anticipation is the greatest worth and joy of the event. One may enjoy the glory of graduation day throughout all the days of his undergraduate study, but the joy of graduation day itself is compressed into a few confused, and often disappointing, moments.

A bride is thrilled for weeks, or months, or years that such and such a date is to her wedding day. The date has tremendous significance. It is a time for rejoicing, but when it arrives, she cries. The joy was in the looking forward to, the planning, the anticipation.

A soldier endures the privation, indignities, the "unbearable" suffering imposed by inhuman imprisonment, in anticipation—in conquering faith—of tomorrow. He longs for home, he plans for the greeting, he designs the day on into the year beyond that happy return. But the greatest joy of the return is not the meeting with loved ones, rather, the anticipation, the dreaming of, and the advanced-living in that tomorrow of his life.

In the letter to the church at Ephesus, revealing the mystery of God's grace unto salvation, the Apostle Paul notes the anticipation of the redeemed for the permanent home in heaven, the "tomorrow" of the splritual personality. He says salvation is an earnest of our inheritance.

The joy of salvation, the seal of the Holy Spirit wherein the conviction of eternal salvation doth reside in our hearts, then, is but a tiny foretaste, a down payment, and a guarantee with God's seal, of the final victory at the pinnacle of glory in Divine Presence at the Throne of eternal spiritual triumph.

Since close proximity to God alway thrills, lifts, satisfies, proves His grace more meritorious and glorious than promised, that tomorrow with God shall be greater than the highest hopes of the anticipation.

And, that tomorrow comes, definitely. It is as certain as IS the I AM.

Each day nearer the meeting at the Throne dissipates doubt in the definiteness of that meeting. Each day nearer the Throne makes more real the song "Every Day With Jesus is Sweeter Than the Day Before." Each day of anticipation enchances the rapture of tomorrow.

God's tomorrows are swallowed up in the eternal now.

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We cannot eat the fruit while the tree is in blossom.
—Benjamin Disraeli.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Hiram Boughman and Willard Kirby, who were once students at the School, called at The Uplift office recently.

Hiram was admitted to the institution, February 4, 1930, and was permitted to return to his home in Lenoir in August, 1931. While with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group, and was employed in the store room and in the poultry yards. He is now twenty-nine years old.

We recall that Hiram was troubled with arthritis and that during his stay with us he was quite lame part of the time. He told us that after going back home his condition became worse, making it necessary for him to go to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for treatment. He stayed in that institution about two years.

According to Hiram's statement, after leaving the hospital, he secured employment with the Union Publishing Company, and worked for that firm for about five years. For the past two years he has been working for the Capper Publishing Company, Topeka, Kansas, soliciting subscriptions for books, magazines and other publications. At the present time he is district manager in a territory consisting of the entire state of North Carolina and part of Tennessee. He stated at the time of his visit that his best seller was a complete history of World War II. He makes his home in Lenoir.

We also learned from Hiram that he has been married for more than five years, and has two daughters, aged three years and one year, respectively.

We were very glad to learn that Hiram had been getting along so well in his business, and it was especially pleasing to note his physical improvement. There are practically no signs of his former lameness.

Willard Kirby came to the School from Lenoir, February 4, 1930 and remained here until August 29, 1931. He returned to his home, where he attended the public schools until he completed the eighth grade work. He is now twenty-nine years old.

After leaving school, Bill went to work for the Bernhardt Furniture Company, in that city, and continued in the employ of that firm for about five years. For the next two years he was employed by the Seven-Up Bottling Company.

On July 24, 1941, Bill was inducted into the United States Army. He received basic training at Eglin Field, Florida, and later attended an aviation mechanics' school at Chanute Field, Illinois. He was next transferred to Camp Luna, New Mexico, a replacement center, from which place he was sent to the Fairfield Army Air Base, California.

Going overseas as a member of a ground crew in the A. A. F., Bill was sent to the South Pacific. He spent the greater part of the time at Hickham Field, Honolulu. He returned to the United States, August 21, 1945, and was honorably discharged from further military service, December 16, 1945.

Bill told us that while in the service he was awarded the American Theatre of Operations and the Victory campaign ribbons, but he was ex-

tremely proud of the fact that he had been given the Good Conduct Medal for three years.

At the time of his recent visit Bill had just become associated with his old boyhood chum, Hiram Boughman, in working for the Capper Publishing Company. He is now living in Lenoir.

David Eugene Stubbs, one of our former students, called on friends at the School a short time ago. He entered this institution, March 3, 1942, and was conditionally released, February 18, 1944. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group, and was employed as office boy. He was also a member of the Training School band, which was functioning at that time, and he became quite proficient in playing the clarinet.

Upon being released, David went to Winston-Salem, and for about one year he was employed in a textile plant in that city. He then went to Charlotte, where for several months he worked for a tent and awning company and in a machine shop.

Having reached the age of eighteen years, David was inducted into the United States Army last year. He was sent to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, for basic training. He was later transferred to Fort Bragg, and for a short time he was a member of afield artillery unit. He is now stationed at Pope Field, Fort Bragg, as a member of an Army Air Corps unit, working with a ground crew part of the time and at other times acting as driver of trucks and staff cars.

David told us that he liked army life very much, and added that he thought the training received here had been largely responsible for his getting along so well in the army in such a short time.

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Vernon Green, formerly of Cottage No. 8, visited the School recently. He came to us from Forest City, February 1, 1942 and was conditionally released, February 2, 1943. Upon returning to Forest City he secured employment in a service station, working there a little more than a year.

In August, 1944, Vernon enlisted in the United States Navy. After receiving his basic training at Norfolk, Virginia, he was sent to the Hawaiian Islands, making the trip on the "SS Queen Elizabeth." After staying in Honolulu for about three months he returned to the United States. He received a medical discharge in December, 1944.

After being discharged from service, Vernon and his brother purchased a service station at Sweetwater, Tennessee, which they still operate.

Vernon told us that he had been married about two and one-half years and that he had a daughter aged one year and two months.

He further stated that he had just come down to Charlotte to try to purchase some supplies for the service station, and since he was not so far away from the School he decided to drop in for a brief chat with old friends before going back home.

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John B. Baker, one of our former students, called on us a little more than a week ago. This young man, who is now twenty years old, was admitted to the School, December 16, 1938, and remained here until he was conditionally released, August 28,

1942. Shortly after leaving this institution he went to the Alexander School, Union Mills, N. C., where he stayed until he enlisted in the United States Navy.

John enlisted in the Navy, March 26, 1943, and was first sent to Jacksonville, Florida, where he received basic training for approximately six months. He then went to Shoemaker, California, where he was assigned to duty on the "USS Wyman," D-38, a destroyer escort. Then followed a lengthy period of convoy duty. He stated that his ship made trips to the following places: Saipan, Pearl Harbor, Guam, Okinawa, Iwo Jima and the Philippine Islands.

Returning to San Francisco, in December, 1945, John received twenty days' leave. On January 26, 1946 he went to Norfolk, Virginia, and reenlisted. He then received an additional thirty days' leave.

John told us that he had been spending the greater part of his shore leave with relatives in Wadesboro and Kannapolis. At the expiration of his leave he will report to Norfolk for reassignment.

In our conversation with this young man we questioned him about the campaign medals and ribbons he was wearing, and learned that they had been awarded for service as follows: The American Theatre of Operations; the Asiatic and Pacific Theatre of Operations (with four stars); the Philippine Liberation (with one silver star). In the Asiatic and Pacific area, the stars were awarded thus—two bronze stars for two major engagements and the other two as unit citations to the entire crew of the "Wyman" for destroying two Jap submarines within four miles of each other, off the Island of Guam. The Philippine silver star was given to John for rescuing a shipmate and bringing him back to the ship during an engagement with the Japs near Leyte.

John seemed delighted to be back among old friends at the School, and we were equally glad to see him and to learn of the fine record he has made since leaving us. He stated that he was especially pleased to note the many changes and improvements made here since he left the School.

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J. B. Hargrave, who was a student at the School twenty years ago, visited us about a week ago. He entered this institution, August 15, 1924 and remained here until January 28, 1927. He was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group and his work experiences while here consisted of various duties in the storeroom and in the poultry yards. He is now thirty-six years old.

When he left the School, J. B. returned to his home in Sampson County and went to work on a farm. He informed us that he has continued farming since that time. He now owns his own farm, has a nice home, is married and has three children.

On this visit J. B. was accompanied by three gentlemen from Clinton. In the course of a brief conversation with these men we soon learned that it was their opinion that our frend, J. B. had developed into a fine citizen. They said that he owned a very good farm, was a fine worker, and that he was getting along very nicely.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

ited the School last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, vis-
He was accompanied by Rev. James A. Jones, pastor of Myers Park Presbyterian Church, who was the guest speaker at our regular afternoon service.

An additional feature of this service was the rendition of several numbers by a male quartet, member of the men's choir of the Myers Park church. This quartet consisted of the following members: A. R. Markle, first tenor; Hollis Cobb, second tenor; C. A. McArthur, first bass; and A. T. Allison, second bass.

Following the singing of the opening hymn and the responsive reading of the Scripture Lesson, Superintendent Hawfield led us in prayer. He then presented Mr. Cobb, who introduced the other members of the quartet. They then sang "The Old Rugged Cross."

After the boys had sung another of their favorite hymns, Mr. Hawfield introduced Rev. Mr. Jones, who brought a most helpful and inspiring message.

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker told the boys that he first wanted to congratulate them on their fine group singing. He then said that instead of preaching a sermon, he was going to tell them of a simple experience from which he thought many valuable lessons could be learned. In calling attention to the parables of Jesus, he told his listeners that one of the most interesting things about the Master was that he saw a sermon in many things that other people could not see.
subject about which he wanted to talk

Rev. Mr. Jones then announced the —"How. in Flying an Airplane, Man Can Learn Some Principles on How to Live." He listed four important steps as follows:

(1) Picture a plane on the ground, motor running, all ready to start the flight. The first thing to do while maneuvering for a position on the runway is to be sure not to run into somebody else. On the runway, one rule is to be followed in mist instances — that of taking off against the wind. If the wind is with the plane, it will have a tendency to stick to the ground. When the wind is against the plane, it is easier to climb.

The same rule applies to our every day living. Many people are not doing so well in life because they are just going along with the wind. They have no initiative. They simply drift along with the crowd. On the other hand, the man who fights against the crowd for what he knows is right, will get off to a good start.

(2) The next thing of importance in flying a plane is to learn to fly level after getting up into the air. This is a difficult lesson to learn. The pilot must not look at the nose of the plane. He must look afar off into the distant horizon. If this is done he will hold true to the course.

So it is in life. The only way to keep our lives level is to look a long way off. We should not live just for today or tomorrow, but look to the future. The way for us to live is not to be content with what we are doing now, but to look toward future improvement.

(3) Another important step in pi-

loting a plane is to learn how to get out of flying troubles. There are frequently many difficulties for the pilot to overcome. The engine may fail, a wing can drop, or many other things can throw the ship into a spin. That is the time for the good pilot to remember his lessons and pull the plane out of the spin before really getting into serious trouble and perhaps crashing to the ground.

From this illustration we get another rule for right living. We are so made that we must deliberately go against the rules before going into a spin. If, when we find ourselves about to fall, we suddenly remember what God wants us to do, and then do it, we can pull out before it is too late. We cannot blame anyone else when we are overcome by evil. We fly ourselves into a spin, and it is by looking only to God that we can get out safely.

(4) Next comes the di..cult job of landing a plane. A flyer has to know just where the ground is. In other words, he must be a good judge of distance. The secret of landing a plane is to know the proper distance from the ground in order to level offat the right time, and make a perfect landing.

One of the greatest principles of life is to learn where the ground, or foundation, is and to build upon that foundation as best we know how. A true Christian knows that the only safe foundation is God.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Jones told the boys that Jesus is man's greatest friend. He wants us to fly the straight course with great courage and with glad hearts.

The quartet then sang "In the Garden," in a very impressive manner. At the request of our visitors, the boys sang two more of the hymns which they love so well. Rev. Mr. Jones dismissed us with the benediction.

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JOHN 3:16

God—the greatest lover.
So loved—the greatest degree.
The world—the greatest company.
That He gave—the greatest act.
His only begotten Son—the greatest gift.
That whosoever—the greatest opportunity.
Believeth—the greatest simplicity.
In Him—the greatest attraction.
Should not perish—the greatest promise.
But—the greatest difference.
Have—the greatest certainty.
Eternal life—the greatest possession.

—The Christian Digest.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 24, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Frank Andrews
Claude Bridges
George Bridges
Maynard Chester
William Epps
Dean Harris
James Perkins
Charles Reeves
William Speaks
James Teague

COTTAGE No. 1
Lyndon Barnett
William Britt
Horace Collins
William Doss
James Jones
Clay Shew

COTTAGE No. 2
Harvey Arnette
Louie Ashe
Ray Burns
Fred Coats
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Robert McDuffie
James McMahan
Edward Medlin
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle

COTTAGE No. 3
James Arrowood
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Joseph Duncan
Talmage Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Jesse Hamlin
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
James Maloney
John McKinney
Lloyd Purdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4
William Arrington
Joseph Bean
Robert Hogan
Hobart Keaton
W. C. McManus
Lacy Overton
Harvey Purdy
James Smith
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Edward VanHoy

COTTAGE No. 5
Edward Stone
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6
Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Coy Creakman
Clyde Hoffman
Earl Holleman
George Jones
Robert Mason
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
Charles Sellers
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 7
Hubert Pritchard
James Wiles

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
Albert Allen
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Raymond Cloninger
Ralph Gibson
Charles Francis
D. B. Jones

David Johnson
Richard Johnson
Clifton Kerns
Vernest Turner
Robert Trout

COTTAGE No. 10

Arthur Ballew
Jack Gleason
James Hensley
George Hill
Bernard Hiatt
Thomas Hutchins
Howard Jones
Donald Stultz
Garvin Thomas
Thomas Ware

COTTAGE No. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Black
James Hinson
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Carl Ballew
David Eaton
Howard Hall
Eugene Martin
James Smith
Thomas Wansley

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
William Correll
Jack Crump
Elzo Fulk
Jack Green
R. V. Hutchinson
Harvey Leonard
Zeb Presson

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Ray Covington
Thomas Chavis
Robert Elder
William Harding
Harvey Jacobs
Morrison Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Samuel Lynn
Donald Moose
Robert Phillips

INFIRMARY

William Brooks
David Brooks

TEAM WORK

One of the debts to others which many of us fail to pay is the debt of "team work." Very little is accomplished by any individual working alone. Sir John Lubbock, a great student of ants, one day noticed that all ants were in a certain hill, except one. The lone forager was some six feet from the nest. Sir John attached a bluebottle fly to a piece of cork, and deposited it right in front of the ant. Instantly, she seized it, and attempted to carry it off; but her efforts were in vain. Then she went straight home, entered the nest, and returned in less than half a minute with twelve helpers. Working together, they tore up the food and carried it away to their nest in triumph.

—Church of Christ Advocate.

APR 6 '46

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 6, 1946 No. 14

TAKE TIME

There is always time to find
Ways of being sweet and kind;
There is always time to share
Smiles and goodness everywhere.

Time to send the frowns away,
Time a gentle word to say,
Time for happiness and prayer,
Time for kindness everywhere.

Time to give a little flower,
Time for friendship any hour;
But there is no time to spare
For unkindness anywhere.

—Religious Press.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

A MODERN VERSION OF CITIZENSHIP

This is a new era in the history of the world, and it is a time when there is need for a new interpretation of the meaning of citizenship in this new age. There have been many events since Pearl Harbor which have tended to cause people everywhere to determine their national and international relationships with an interpretation based upon the startling experiences of the global war through which mankind has advanced.

The inhabitants of Germany in the days prior to the beginning of the war in Europe had advanced through a period when there was a new appraisal of their rights and privileges as citizens of the German nation. There was an inner feeling on their part that the German nation had been treated unfairly under the terms of the Versailles peace treaty. There was an intense campaign to arouse the animosities, particularly of the Nazis, towards the other nations of the world. Basically, it was a campaign of sowing the seed of hatred towards the other nations and other races. It was a campaign that was conceived in economic and racial prejudices and jealousies.

The following quotation from a contemporary publication expresses the following sentiments:

> Germany under Hitler was a great nation poised on a single leg. That leg was a single man, Adolf Hitler. The mind and body of Germany's single support weakened and failed. "I am Germany and Germany is I," said Hitler. The "I", never good, grew swiftly weaker: "therefore Germany is lost." The one

leg of dictatorship runs swiftly for a while. The centipede democracy, often slower, always better balanced, outlasts it in the end

Likewise, during the same period, the people of Japan, following a mythical or false idea of the divine attributes of their ruler, Hirohito, played upon illiteracy and ignorance and were able to sow the seeds of hatred and animosity towards other nations, to the end that the Japanese people aggressively attacked the most powerful nation on earth. The citizenship of the Japanese inhabitants was predicated upon the philosophy that one race of people or nation was superior to another, and that because of this superiority it was entitled to certain privileges and advantages which should not be extended to others.

Here in America we came through the war period with the full recognition of the fact that our nation was fighting against the foes of liberty and freedom. Our armies were called upon to fight in a great idealistic crusade, and at the beginning this nation of ours would never have provoked other nations to war if it had been possible to live in peace. This nation is a peace loving country, and we would greatly have preferred to continue on our way of peace and good will toward other nations. Following the era of World War I, this nation engaged in a mighty program of disarmament. Many of our ships were destroyed in order that we might set an example for the other nations of the world. Later on, however, we found to our great sorrow, that other nations were following a different policy, and that they were taking advantage of the high ideals of this great country. If there is one thing the American people have to be most boastful about, it is that this nation is not a warlike nation, and, basically, we are committed to the ways of peace and good will.

Following the victories that came to our armies less than a year ago, in Europe and in the East, we have now come into a time when the citizenship of this nation faces a new test. We have entered upon an era when problems of the world are supposed to be adjusted by a United Nations Organization. We have come into a time when it is hoped there can be sympathetic cooperation among the different races and nationalities of the world. It will not be possible for us in this era to undertake any vast program of disarmament unless

we find it possible for the United Nations Organization, through its Security Council and other divisions, to function in the affairs of the world. No doubt, many people in America will have their basic prejudices against attempting to unite in this great organization. For a long time we have been selfishly biased in our citizenship on an international basis. We have had deep-seated prejudices towards some other nations and some other races, and it is highly important now that every person approach the implications of the situation in this new era with an open mind, with a Christian heart and without prejudices. It does not mean that this nation is to be an easy-going, generous dispenser of charity, meeting the cries for help from every source, and at all times, but it does mean we should face the responsibilities of the time in Christ-like spirit. There is now no argument whatever in this nation looking backward or even thinking of the obsolete relationships that prevailed in the early history of the country. Modern communication and transportation have served to move all the nations of the world into close proximity where anything that happens within any country on a certain date begins to affect the welfare of the people in all the countries of the world immediately.

In this atomic age, we are being told that it will be impossible for this nation to have a monopoly on the secrets of the atomic bomb, that our best hope lies in coming to a free understanding with all the other nations of the world as to the secrets of the atomic bomb and its use in the world. We are now at a time that will test whether or not through religion and education we shall be able spiritually and morally to match the scientfic achievements of the experts who have wrought so skillfully in the laboratories.

We are living now in a time when the dominant thought is that the peace of the world can, to a large extent, be safeguarded if those nations which are able to do so shall be willing to share their food and other supplies with suffering humanity throughout all the world. It is a time when the seeds of distrust and hatred and dissension can very easily be sown in the hearts of vast segments of poverty-stricken inhabitants throughout the world. Unless the citizens of America shall be generous and gracious enough to share their abundance with other nations, then they can have no claim later on for any regard or affection from those who suffer and die.

Because this is true, every citizen in the nation should willingly do all he can, with his heart and with his hand, to the end that production may be at top speed and the needs of the world may be met by the vast stream of production that shall flow from our industries. This is no time when any person should be a slacker or a sluggard in his work, but as a citizen of the world he should give of the best that he has for the sake of others.

An editorial in a recent issue of "The Monroe Enquirer" outlines the prevailing world condition, as follows:

> The United States, through official proclamations and public utterances, has told the world about its belief in the brotherhood of man and the freedoms that belong to civilization. Such talk is worse than useless unless it is bolstered by appropriate action to meet an emergency. Certainly, when more than 500,000,000 people face starvation, the world is confronted with an emergency. Those who believe in brotherhood, even of a sensible and practical expression and lay claim to the espousal of religious principles, should not hesitate to feed hungry men, women and children. It can be done without cost to the "sacrificial" individual who is only asked to adjust his diet to meet the food supply available.

A great writer has written a simple prayer which expresses these sentiments, as follows:

> Yet most of all grant us brotherhood, not only for this day but for all our years—a brotherhood not of words but acts and deeds. We are all of us children of earth—grant us that simple knowledge. If our brothers are oppressed, then we are oppressed. If they hunger, we hunger. If their freedom is taken away, our freedom is not secure. Grant us a common faith that man shall know bread and peace, that he shall know justice and righteousness, freedom and security, an equal chance to do his best, not only in our own lands, but throughout the world. And in that faith let us march toward the clean world our hands can make. Amen.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

News Items

By Joseph Duncan, 3rd Grade and Thomas Childress, 6th Grade

The Cub Scouts have organized a baseball team. It was organized last Wednesday evening. We had our first practice at that time. The den mothers helped us get organized. The ones who are on the team are as follows: Clay Shew, shortstop; Richard Davidson, right field; Robert Driggers, center field; Jerry Oakes, left field; Olin Sealey, first base; Coy Creakman, second base; Jimmy Tompkinson, third base; Thomas Childress, catcher; and Robert Joseph Duncan, pitcher.

Mrs. Baucom attended the sessions of the North Carolina Education Association in Asheville last week. She left last Thursday. She went as the representative of the Stonewall Jackson Training School faculty.

The boys of Cottage No. 3 have organized a quintet of singers. We are learning to sing some new songs, as well as singing the ones we already know. Mr. Hines, our school principal and cottage officer, is helping us learn one song that we especially like. It is "Spring Is Here." The boys who are in this quintet are as follows: Robert Joseph Duncan, Talmadge Duncan, Clyde Wright, James Arrowood, and Jesse Hamlin.

The boys at the Training School have been busy lately helping the matrons make flower beds and plant flowers. The kinds we have planted are pansies, violets, iris, snapdragons, and others. We have enjoyed helping with the flowers.

The boys in Cottage No. 3 are now spending some of their spare time studying about the countries of South America. We felt a need for a course of this kind, and our cottage officer who is also the principal of our school, agreed to teach us this course. The course is optional, but ten boys are taking it. They are getting a lot of good out of it. The boys are eager to learn all that they can about South America. The boys taking this course are as follows: Kenneth Staley, Hugh Cornwell, Robert Lee, Clyde Wright, Talmadge Duncan, Clifton Rhodes, Lawrence Littlejohn, Robert Jarvis, Billy Baynes, and Thomas Childress.

Friday's Chapel Program

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

Mr. Hines, the principal of our school, was in charge of the program last Friday in the morning and again in the afternoon. The program began with a song, "America." The special sixth grade boys gave the devotional which consisted of the first Psalm and the Lord's Prayer, as well as two special songs, "I Remember" and "My Precious Savior Died for Me." The salute to the flag was then given. Howard Jones then gave the American's Creed." After this, everyone stood and sang "America the Beautiful" and "God Bless America." Then the special 6th grade boys gave a play. The name of it was "Aunt Jerusha and Uncle Josh Visit the School." This was a comedy which

caused plenty of laughter. This was a very good play. The main characters were as follows: Aunt Jerusha, Billy Baynes; Uncle Josh, Lawrence Littlejohn; the teacher, Bobby Jarvis; and the "dunce", Harold Kernodle. This play ended with all the characters singing three cowboy songs which they like very much. They were "The Old Chisholm Trail," "I Ride an Old Paint," and "Woopee Ti Yi Yo, Git Along, Little Dogies."

After this play was over, the ninth grade boys gave a negro play. The name of it was "The Great Chicken-Stealing Case of Ebenezer County." It was about a negro, James Calhoun Bones, who was "on trial for stealing one fowl, udderwise known as chicken." When the trial had ended, the jury found the defendant innocent. When he heard the verdict, he grabbed the chicken, ran off the stage, and said, "Then you mean I can keep the fowl I done stole from Mrs. Jones over dere?" This ended our play, and everyone enjoyed it very much.

As a surprise, after the play, Mr. Walters, our physical education director, and two boys, Robert Lee and Kenneth Staley, gave a play. Mr. Walters was dressed as the negro minister who preached a sermon. He also told jokes and played some funny games. This was an enjoyable part of the program, also.

Improving the Ball Field

By Robert Lee, 9th Grade

Mr. Hawfield, Mr. Walters, Mr. Cruse, Mr. Carriker, Mr. Kiser, and the boys on the tractor force are busy improving the ball field. They are leveling it and putting a fence around it. They plan to have a softball field at one end and a baseball diamond at the other end of the field. In that way, that will really be making two fields out of one. The boys wish to thank them for improving it. We will start playing baseball and softball April 6th.

My Collections

By Hugh Cornwell, 9th Grade

I want to tell you a little about my collections. They are stamp collection and airplane collection. I started about two years ago with my stamp collection, and now I have stamps of about eighteen or nineteen countries of the world. I have some very old stamps and some of the newest. I hope that before long I will have one from every country of the world. I have over two thousand stamps from different countries of the world. There are some of them alike, I regret to say.

As I said, I have an airplane collection, too. I have not been on it as long as I have my stamp collection. Therefore, I have not worked as hard on it, and I don't have as many different pictures of airplanes as I have stamps. However, I have a great big book of them that different people have given me. I have about every type of plane that there is, I think. I have one of the newest planes we have and a lot from different countries such as Germany, England, Japan, and Russia.

Springtime at the Training School

By William Smith, 9th Grade

The barn force and the work line,

along with the tractor force, are preparing the land for spring planting. They are putting fertilizer on the fields. Already, they have planted potatoes, peas, and onions. The progress on the farm seems to be very fast. We are expecting some nice crops this season.

The boys of the workline have been cleaning the campus. They have been trimming the hedges and cutting grass. Several of the boys have been cleaning up the trash-pile.

The different boys have been doing work around the cottages such as cutting grass, removing weeds, fixing flowers and flower gardens, and preparing small vegetable gardens. In some cases, boys have fixed their own little gardens.

Work has also been done in the orchards. Spraying the trees, cutting the rotten limbs that would kill the trees, and other work there indicates that spring is here. The peach trees are very pretty now since they are in full bloom.

I am sure that as the flowers bloom, the leaves appear, and the birds sing, the boys all seem to catch the spirit of springtime and enjoy doing their work.

Our Work in Dramatics

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

The students of the special sixth and ninth grades have been doing a lot in dramatics recently. They have been learning how to fix their stage properties in the shortest length of time. They are learning how to perform so that the audience may hear every word. Being boys, some have to play the part of girls and women which makes the program even funnier than it would be if we really did have girls. They have been learning how to prepare costumes that will be suitable for the program. They are learning to put on make-up for colored characters in programs so that it will not look smeared, but most of all, they learn to act like colored people when they take a colored person's part. The boys enjoy their work in dramatics and are trying to develop their talents.

The Show

By Garmon Hubbard, 9th Grade

"Bathing Beauty" was the picture shown in the auditorium last Thursday night. The main characters were Red Skeleton, Esther Williams, and Harry James. Red, who used to be a song writer, was about to be married when a strange woman with three children broke up the wedding. Red's girl friend left him and went to college. He followed her there trying to explain that he didn't know the strange woman. All's well that ends well, and at the end Red had won back Esther's love.

The comedy was "Tee for Two." All the boys enjoyed it very much.

Radio Program

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

Last Tuesday the radio program was given by the 7th Grade. They sang three songs which were "I'll Live for Him," "The Touch of His Hand on Mine," and "Help Somebody Today." Then Mr. Walters talked about the physical educational program at the school. The boys all enjoyed go-

ing to WEGO radio station. Mrs. Frank Liske accompanied the boys at the piano.

Officers Defeat All-Stars

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

Last Tuesday night the officers defeated the boys' all-star team in an interesting game to close the basketball season. The score was 34 to 20.

The thing that stood out in the game was the clean sportsmanship on the floor. There was only one foul called against the boys and only two points scored by foul shots.

Since the officers had the reach on the boys, this prevented the boys from making short shots, but they made some very good long shots. Kenneth Staley, Wesley Turner, and George Bridges made some very beautiful shots from the floor.

Mr. Walters led the scoring for the officers with 20 of his team's 34 points. Jack Gleason was high scorer for the boys with 5 points.

Mr. Hawfield and George Bridges both scored 4 points each.

It was a very good game from beginning to end, and the officers in no way ran over the boys. Although the score was one-sided the boys never lost their fighting spirit.

The game offered much good entertainment for the boys, as well as the officers and matrons.

Mr. Corliss did a fine job as the boys' coach.

The line up and scores are as follows:

Officers (34)		Boys (20)
Mr. Walters	20	Lee 1
Mr. Hawfield	4	G. Bridges 4
Mr. Query	2	Gleason 5
Mr. Adams	2	Thomas 0
Mr. Tomkinson	2	Harris 2
Mr. Liske	0	Turner 2
B. Peck	2	Staley 2
J. Perkins	2	Fulp 2
		C. Bridges 2
		Ashe 0
		Hogan 0

An Exciting Week-End

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

On March 30th and March 31st, the boys of the Receiving Cottage went on an outing. They spent the week-end at the camp of Mr. Flake Arrowood.

All of the boys had a good time fishing and playing games.

This was a pleasant change from the work here at the school.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Kenneth Staley, 9th Grade

The groups assembled in the auditorium and sang two songs which were "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" and "Glory to His Name." Then Mr. Stanley Howard gave us a talk on how to be successful in life. Then we were dismissed to go to our classes. In the Intermediate Group, Mr. Isenhour gave us a talk. Then Mr. Howard gave us another talk. Then we were dismissed. The group had read 351 chapters in the Bible during the past week.

B. T. U.—Junior Group

By Donald Redwine, 5th Grade

In the Junior Group, we began the program by giving our parts. Then Kenneth Staley called the roll. Mr.

Iley gave the boys a talk. He talked about how a song could help someone. He said that some songs had as much meaning as a sermon.

We took the chapters that the boys had read in the past week. The total of the chapters read was 379. Jack Phillips gave out the parts for next week.

We had two visitors with us. One was Mr. Stanley Howard. Mr. Iley dismissed the group with prayer.

Spring

By Hugh Cornwell, 9th Grade

The birds are fluttering in the trees.
The trees are growing new green leaves.
The birds are coming from the South,
And they are flying all about.

Springtime surely now is here—
The happiest time of the year
When we go out to our work,
We work and never think to shirk.

The Scout's Progress

By James Hensley, 9th Grade

A group of Scouts received some awards last Thursday night. The boys who received the Second Class award were Clifton Rhodes, Vernest Turner, and Gray Brown. These boys also received two merit badges. They were Personal Health and Safety. The following boys received the First Class awards: David Isenhour, Jack Green, Robert Summersett, and James Hensley. These boys also received the merit badge for Public Health.

New Boys

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

Recently, we received ten new boys in our school. They enrolled in the school department on April 1st. Bennie Riggins from Thomasville, Leslie Gautier from Faison, and John Moretz from Boone were placed in the third grade. Billy Smith from Lenoir was placed in the second grade. Charles and Odell Cain from Bladenboro and Keith Yandle from Matthews were placed in the fourth grade. There were two of the boys placed in the sixth grade. They were Donald Fagg from High Point and Alton Stewart from Newport. The ninth grade received one new boy, Jack Benfield from Mooresville.

———:———

"The world stands out on either side,
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky—
No higher than the soul is high."

MILLNER FINDS SEMINOLE INDIANS' CUSTOMS AND HISTORY INTRIGUING

(Morganton News-Herald)

(Editor's Note: Here is another interesting word description from Morganton's Harry L. Millner who is spending sometime in sunny Florida at Ft. Lauderdale and other points. Mr. Millner has found the culture and history of the Seminole Indians of Florida a fascinating study and tells of his discoveries in the following letter.)

The winter visitors who throng the streets of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, include many diverse and interesting types of humanity. They also display a great variety of costumes ranging all the way from next to nothing at all, but politely termed "beach clothes," to heavy garments worn by uncomfortable new arrivals from the North.

On rare occasions a group of especially strange figures may be seen threading their way through the crowds. They are dark brown in color with straight black hair and lustrous eyes. Their features are rather heavy but well shaped and rarely change expression, as they stride with upright carriage and a peculiar grace of motion looking neither to the right nor left.

The gowns of the women sweep the ground and are made of piece work in intricate patterns of brilliant colors. They wear many silver bracelets and innumerable strings of beads about the neck often heaped upon the sholders as high as the ears. The men wear blouses of the same patchwork as used by the women, but the trousers are usually store bought. Regardless of dental needs both sexes display as many gold tooth crowns as they can afford.

These colorful people are Seminole Indians, and are from villages within a few miles of the city where, to some extent, they have become reconciled to the white man and his ways. Back in the "Big Cypress" swamp live several hundred of the tribe who are making a last ditch though slowly losing fight against civilization. Their dwellings consist of a heavy palm thatch roof supported by uprights and without sidewalks. Each lodge has a platform raised about three feet above the ground upon which the family conduct much of their domestic affairs. The closed house of the white man is held in deep contempt. "Sometimes dead Indian put in box, live Indian no like um," was the comment of one Indian to the writer. Cooking is done over open fires. "Sofkee," the chief dish is coarse ground corn something like hominy grits. It is boiled in a kettle and by means of a single large ladle it is passed from mouth to mouth among the diners.

The village, of some twenty-five or thirty individuals, is the functioning unit. The men provide the fuel and food and the women prepare it and look after other domestic affairs, and with no uncertain hand. A newly married man lives with, and in all family matters is subject to, his moth-

er-in-law until he can set up a lodge of his own.

The tribe has no head chief at present, their government is in the hands of a self perpetuating council of older men chosen for their good judgment and devotion to tribal ideals. While a plurality of recognized wives is permitted, the practice is dying out and their moral standards are high. Promiscuity, especially outside the tribe, is severely punished. Although they have never been idolaters, a majority of the tribe remain pagan. Their religion is a monotheism. The Great Spirit created all things and over rules his creation though minor spirits exercise good or bad influences on certain occasions.

Christianity has made some converts, especially in the nearby villages. The pastor is an educated Greek Indian of the Baptist denomination, and preaches old fashioned hell fire sermons, usually repeating some passages in English for the benefit of of the few whites present. In the course of one sermon he said, "Among white Christians there are tribes who baptize sinners by sprinkling their heads with a little water, that will never do for Indians. You and your fathers have been great sinners, that is why the Great Spirit has permitted the white men to take your lands away from you, and you must go all the way under water to have your sins washed away." Upon another occasion he said, "Your medicine men tell you never to take a white man's hand in friendship for there is a snake in it, I tell you that is wrong and not so, there are some good white men in the audience and now I want you to shake hands with them all." The Indians solemnly did so, but I could see that some were quite unhappy at the ordeal.

Indians in nearby villages have considerable command of English, but their communications with whites are mostly confined to "Yea" and "Nay," usually nay. Frankly their don't like us and small wonder. The history of their tribe and its relations with the whites forms a large part of the home teaching of every Seminole child and is anything but flattering to us.

After the purchase of Florida from Spain in 1820 there was a great surge of homesteaders into the territory from the older states. By means of bullying, bribery and the plentiful application of "fire water," a number of Seminole chiefs were at different times induced to sign treaties selling large acres of land to the United States government. A majority of the Indians did not recognize these treaties and refused to move from the lands they "sold."

Trouble followered fast and furious, and finally the Washington government ordered the entire Seminole nation to be moved to the Indian Territory west of the Mississippi River. President Andrew Jackson issued a proclamation, dated February 16, 1835, and addressed to the Seminoles, in the course of which he said with characteristic bluntness, "You know me and you know I will keep my word, I tell you that you must go and will go. You have sold all your land and have not a place as large as a blanket to set down upon."

Among the recalcitrant Indians who refused to obey this order was Osceola. Although not a chief by the laws of his tribe, he arose by sheer

ability and force of character to be their leader. General Wiley Thompson, who had been appointed by the government to enforce the removal order was anxious to obtain the signature of Osceola to the treaty, and during the course of a final conference he employed threats. Enraged at this, the Indian leaped to his feet and after a speech of fierce defiance, shouted, "This is the way I will sign your treaty," and plunged his hunting knife down through the three sheets of paper pinning them to the desk upon which they lay. This treaty, each of its three papers bearing the knife slit, can be seen in the archives of the War Department at Washington, and the desk bearing a corresponding wound deep in the wood of the top is in possession of a prominent Florida family.

The war that followed lasted seven years and cost the United States Government in money four times the purchase price paid to Spain for her dubious title. The lives of more regular soldiers, militia and volunteers were lost than there were Indians in the whole Seminole nation. The united troops employed outnumbered the warriors ten to one, but suffered repeated disasters, entire detachments being wiped out almost to a man. Several military reputations were badly tarnished as Osceola was given credit by friend and foe with outgeneraling our best commanders. There could be but one end to the war, however, and both sides were willing to consider short cuts to peace. Following some negotiations,, accounts of which differ, Osceola and several of his chiefs appeared before the gate of Fort King under a flag of truce. They were ceremoniously received but no sooner inside than, under orders of General Jessup, they were seized and made prisoners.

Bitterly denouncing his captors for their perfidy and refusing, so Seminole tradition says, offers of freedom, a large reward and public honors if he would persuade his people to lay down their arms and submit to deportation, Osceola died a prisoner in Fort Moultrie, S. C., January 31, 1838. He was treated with every personal consideration by his jailors, and his portrait in full war regalia, painted during that period by Catlin the artist, now hangs in The Smithsonian Institute at Washington. He was buried with the highest military honors and his tomb at the fort bears a suitable tribute, by his enemies, to his courage and patriotism.

His followers continued the war with waning vigor and were gradually worn down. Many surrendered and were transported to Indian Territory, but a remnant savagely contested every foot of the way, retired into the great swamps of South Florida. There, after much suffering to the soldiers, General Worth reported to the War Department that, "The Indian power was broken and that it would be better to permit the survivors to remain in the swamps than to extend the lives and treasures to their complete subjugation."

The troops were accordingly withdrawn, and slowly without formal treaty or agreement of any kind, peaceful relations were established between the races. The semi independence of the tribe is tacitaly acknowledged by both the State and National governments. Their men

are not subject to the draft. They pay no taxes or license fees. Their children are not subject to the school law, and the State interferes not at all with the laws of their council, among themselves. They are known to have inflicted the sentence of death upon members of the tribe. Therefore the present day Florida Seminole makes no secret of his pride in the fact that his people have never been conquered by the United States.

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I BELIEVE

I believe in the supreme worth of the individual and in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

I believe that every right implies a responsibility; every opportunity, an obligation; every possession, a duty.

I believe that the law was made for man and not man for the law; that government is the servant of the people and not their master.

I believe in the dignity of labor, whether with head or hand; that the world owes no man a living but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living.

I believe that thrift is essential to well ordered living and that economy is a prime requisite of a sound financial structure, whether in government, business or personal affairs.

I believe that truth and justice are fundamental to an enduring social order.

I believe in the sacredness of a promise, that a man's word should be as good as his bond; that character—not wealth or power or position—is of supreme worth.

I believe that the rendering of useful service is the common duty of mankind and that only in the purifying fire of sacrifice is the dross of selfishness consumed and the greatness of the human soul set free.

I believe in an all-wise and all-loving God, named by whatever name, and that the individual's highest fulfillment, greatest happiness, and widest usefulness are to be found in living in harmony with His will.

I believe that love is the greatest thing in the world; that it alone can overcome hate; that right can and will triumph over might.—Edwin Markham.

DO NOT TRUST YOUR FORTUNE TO LUCK

(The Speaker's Magazine)

There are almost countless millions in this world who idle away the precious years of youth without laying a foundation on which to build the future structure of life. They hope to spend their early years in seeking pleasure and trust to luck to bring them success later in life.

I would not say, as so many do, that there is no such a thing as luck, for on every side, as we journey down the highway of life, we see men blindly stumbling into fortune through no effort or talent of their own, but through circumstances over which they have no control. A man who thus accomplishes the object of his life may be fortunate, but the man who stands about waiting for the god of chance to drop the prize at his feet is very unfortunate.

To be sure there are some men for whom the wheel of fortune always seems to be turning in the right direction; men of keenness and sagacity who always seem to grasp opportunities at the right time, but had those same men entered into a legitimate enterprise after sound business training, there is no doubt that they would have been even more successful than when they followed the course of chance in their hazardous pursuits.

Such men are those who take a new venture at the psychological moment; when bicycles were the fashion they sold bicycles; when automobiles arrived they sold automobiles; if oil stock was popular that was their specialty; if orange groves were the fad, then orange groves they sold. Every community holds a considerable number of men who thus trust their living to luck. They do not have training for a definite occupation, and must be continually seeking a new avenue for their activities. This is both hazardous and discouraging. Neither a man nor his family is ever sure of what the outcome will be, and each announcement of a new venture is met with consternation by those dependent on him.

Besides being uncertain from a financial stand point, the chance occupation has other disavantages. It requires an unusual amount of optimism to keep the adventurer going. The continual looking for something new to turn up and disappointments which are sure to come rather frequently, finally wear this optimism down until too often chronic discouragement takes the place of that happy-go--lucky attitude that usnally characterizes the man who is always willing to make a chance on his livelihood. There is a large percentage of these men of shifting occupations who end their own lives, worn out by the struggle to make success of every new venture. Eagerness to achieve eventually turns into hopeless dejection.

The man who is a successful farmer does not leave anything to chance. He plants the best seed he can procure, knowing that there is no wisdom in trusting to a poor quality. And he takes no chances

on the weather when his crops are ready for harvesting, but works early and late to get them in before they are damaged by rain. Less and less the farmer is trusting to anything that resembles luck and agricultural training has become one of the most necessary factors in successful farm life.

A lawyer prepares very carefully all the matter he presents and depends not on that myth called luck, but on the most exacting list of facts. There is no other profession, unless that of engineering, which leaves so little to chance. Not so much as a word is allowed to pass without scrutiny.

What this world needs is men who know what they want and who go after it systemmatically and pursue it steadily until that object is attained. The man without a purpose never leaves his mark upon humanity. He has no individuality, he is lost in the crowd. It is a great purpose which gives meaning to life; it unifies all our powers, binds them together in one cable and makes strong and united what was weak and scattered.

One talent utilized in a single direction will do infinitely more than ten talents scattered. A thimbleful of power behind a ball in a rifle will do more execution than a carload of powder unconfined. The rifle barrel is the purpose that gives direct aim to the powder, which otherwise would be powerless. The poorest scholar in school or college may far outstrip the class leader when he comes to the battle of life because what ability he has he employs for a definite object.

No man can make his mark in this age of specialties who does not have one master passion. The man who will make himself felt on this bustling planet, who will make a breach in the compact conservatism of our civilization, must play all his guns on one object. A wavering aim, a faltering purpose, has no place in the twentieth century.

Napoleon trusted explicitly in his "Lucky Star," but he saw that star grow dim as the Prussian army rushed upon the field of Waterloo and it sank from sight as he sat a hopeless exile on the Island of St. Helena.

Instead of trusting to luck we should carefully plan our lives and try to attain our end, and then if good fortune happens to come our way, we can add that to what we have already done and thus make success doubly assured.

This epitaph is written upon the tomb of Joseph II of Austria, "Here lies a monarch, who, with the best of intentions, never carried out a single plan." His plans were many but he lacked the power to concentrate on a few and put them through, so his life was a failure.

It is the momentum of constantly repeated acts that tells the story. St. Paul said, "Let thine eyes look stright before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left." One great secret of St. Paul's power lay in his strong purpose. Nothing could daunt nor intimidate him. The Roman Emperor could not muzzle him, the dungeon could not appal him, no prison suppress him, obstacles could not discourage him. "This one thing I do," was written all over

his work. The quenchless zeal of his mighty purpose burned its way down through the centuries, and its contagion will never cease to fire the hearts of men.

The grandest sight in all this world is that of a young man fired with a great purpose, dominated by one unwavering aim. He is bound to win; the world stands to one side and lets him pass; it makes way for the man with a will in him. He does not have one-half the opposition to overcome that the undecided, trust-to-luck man has who, like driftwood, runs against all sorts of snags to which he must yield simply because he has no momentum to force them out of his way.

What a sublime spectacle to see a youth going straight to his goal, cutting through difficulties, and surmounting obstacles which dishearten others, as though they were stepping stones! Defeat, like a gymnasium, only gives him new power; opposition only doubles his exertions; dangers increase his courage. No matter what comes to him he never turns his eye from his goal. He does not trust his fortune to luck, but wins it by his own merits.

BOY WANTED

A boy for hard word and rapid promotion; a boy who can find things to be done without the help of a manager and three assistants.

A boy who gets to work on time in the morning and does not imperil the lives of others in an attempt to be first out of the office at night.

A boy who is neat in appearance and does not sulk for an hour's overtime emergencies.

A boy who listens carefully when he is spoken to and asks only enough questions to insure the accurate carrying out of instructions.

A boy who moves quickly and makes as little noise as possible about it.

A boy who looks you straight in the eye and tells the truth every time.

A boy who does not pity himself for having to work.

A boy who is cheerful, courteous to everyone and determined to "make good."

This boy is wanted everywhere. Age or lack of experience do not count. There isn't any limit, except his own ambition, to the number or size of the jobs he can get. He is wanted in every big business.—Gilcrafter.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

By J. H. Bell, in Religious Telescope

It was a beautyful spring day, but Maria Uhl was disappointed. It was the day of the Fair, and she wished to join the hundreds in the frivolity of the occasion. But her duties at the home of the Mozarts had not been relieved, and she must stay with her pots and pans. There would be the chattering of the company to endure, for there always were guests at the Mozarts home. And the pianoforte would be clanging, clanging all day long.

Maria was submerged in her thought. Once she had gone with her grandmother to visit an uncle in a faraway mountain village. There were only a few houses and a church, but there was a fountain where everyone went for water, and it was cold, clear water that she loved to drink, and the music it made was perfectly beautiful even more beautiful than her Master's playing when he was along with his pianoforte.

She did not mind to scrub and sweep when she could hear the music when her Master was composing, but when she must drudge in the kitchen how she hated it! And just now she remembered that Anna Garson, her bosom friend, was going to the Fair. Maria was tempted to run away when suddenly she remembered the words of her grandmother that morning: "You have nice people to work for; and your work helps to keep a little home for me and you. You should not complain." And Maria remembered, too, that when she had asked Mistress Mozart for leave, the Mistress had said, "Ah, no, Maria; a young man, a musician, is coming today to see your Master!"

Maria was almost composed when Mistress Mozart came to her and said, "Maria, you must go for the turbot; we must have it for the noon meal." She went willingly enough, just to get into the fresh spring outdoors. The Master's little dog wanted to run along, but Maria drove it back, because she wanted to be alone.

And now that she was outdoors, she wanted again to go to the Fair. Why couldn't she for once do what she wanted to? "Working for nice people!" Her steps on the cobbles beat out the words. "Working for nice people!" It rang in her ears as she stepped into the marketplace. It was a beautiful turbot the merchant gave her, and this lent zest to her thoughts as she stepped into the street almost cheerfully.

Who was that clumsy young man right in her path, looking this way and that, as though he were lost? She drew near, and meant to pass unnoticed, but the young man was speaking to her. "I am looking for the house of Mozart, the musician," he said bluntly.

"You have only to come with me," Maria answered. She did not intend to smile, but it broke. "This," she added, as she held up the turbot, "I presume is for your dinner. I work at the Mozarts."

"Such goodluck to have found you!" exclaimed the surly young man as he fell in step beside Maria.

"Your name, sir?" she asked.

"Ludwig van Beethoven," he answered modestly.

"They are expecting you," Maria said. But more than that, she had no desire for conversation. She wanted to be at the Fair, and now she had to boil turbot and potatoes for this odd, ugly-looking young man.

Maria was glad when the noon meal was finished. Her Mistress set her to tidying the rooms. "Be ever so careful," she warned; "the young man is having a lesson. Do not disturb your Master. He worked all night. I carried him coffee every time I was awake. Bring the cups out of his room. There must be a stack of them."

Maria knew about the stack of empty cups after a night when her Master composed. Once, when she had gone for the cups, she heard him say, "I earned enough last night to pay the overdue rent."

While Maria was gathering up an armful of cups, she heard her Master pick a theme from the keys of the pianoforte, and asked the young man to improvise upon it. The young man seated himself before the keys, and touched them. Such heavenly music! It was unlike anything her Master had played.

Mozart listened to the young man. Then he walked softly to an adjoining room where a number of guest had gathered. "That young man," exclaimed he excitedly, "is born with a master's touch. The world will bow at his feet!"

"Oh!" said Maria nervously, as she tiptoed from the room. "To think that I wanted to go to the Fair—and miss Van Beethoven!"*

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TO PUT SOMETHING IN

Some fellows start right in the rut,
While others head the throng.
All men may be born equal, but—
They don't stay that way long.

There is many a man with a gallant air,
Goes galloping to the fray;
But the valuable man is the man who's there
When the smoke has cleared away.

Some "Don't get nuthin' out of life."
But when their whines begin,
We often can remind them that
They "don't put nuthin' in."

—Selected.

THE LOST COLONY

(State News Bureau, Raleigh, N. C.

Major John A. Walker, new general manager of the state-sponsored LOST COLONY production on Roanoke Island, this week will go to Manteo to open headquarters of the agency, it was announced by former Governor J. Melville Broughton president of the Roanoke Island Historical Association.

Walker, now on terminal leave from the Army Air Forces, was in Chapel Hill and Raleigh conferring with producer Sam Selden and Gov. Broughton about plans for the 1946 season. He has been connected with the production of the famous Paul Green play since it was first produced during the summer of 1937, serving as Director of Lighting for the five summers of presentation.

Major Walker is the son of the late Dean and Mrs. N. W. Walker of Chapel Hill. He attended the University of North Carolina and received his A. B. degree there in 1936. The following year he was retained at the University on a Rockefeller Fellowship as a member of the staff of the Carolina Playmakers while studying for a Master's Degree in Dramatic Art, which was awarded in 1938. From September of 1937 until June 1939 he served as State Director of the North Carolina Federal Theatre Project, supervising the activities of several community theatres located in various portions of the state.

In 1939 Major Walker taught dramatic art at Finch Junior College in New York City, and the following year instructed at Alabama College, Montevallo, Alabama. Each summer, however, he returned to Roanoke Island to serve with the LOST COLONY staff through its last showing in 1941. Shortly after the last production, he enlisted as an aviation cadet and received his pilot's wings and commission in May 1942. Three months later, Major Walker's group, one of the first troop carrier groups organized, was in England after having flown their planes across the North Atlantic.

Most of Major Walker's two years of overseas service was in North Africa, Sicily and Italy, flying paratroops into action and ferrying vital supplies and personnel to forward areas. He participated in the invasion of North Africa, Sicily and Italy and performed missions over the Balkans dropping supplies by parachute to Allied forces in enemy territory. His closest call came during the second mission flown into Sicily to drop parachutes during the invasion in July of 1943. On that occasion his plane was hit by enemy antiaircraft, and seven feet of the left wing of his C-47 was lost. However, he was able to fly the plane back to the base in North Africa safely.

Major Walker says that a large number of inquiries have already been received regarding this summer's production and that indications point toward a successful summer. Work has already been started by Albert Bell, builder of the theatre, in replacing and repairing portions of the stage and auditorium area damaged

by hurricanes. Major Walker states: "There is more interest in THE LOST COLONY throughout the state and the country than ever before, juding from the many letters we are getting. The people of Roanoke Island and Dare County are determined to make this summer's the best show ever."

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NOT LOST, ONLY FORGOTTEN

They found him by the roadside dead,
A ragged tramp, unknown.
His face turned up in mute despair—
His helpless arms out thrown.
A lark above him sang a song of
Greetings to the day.
The breeze blew fresh and stirred his hair
In wanton play.
They could find no clue to home or name,
But o'er his heart—tied with ribbon blue
They found a package and it held,
A baby's tiny shoe.
Old, half worn,—with a bottom gone;
It seemed a sacred thing.
And with reverence they wrapped it close
And tied the faded string.
Then placed it on the faithful breast,
That had kept the secret well.
God will know and understand
The story it will tell—
Of a happy home and peaceful life
The dead tramp sometime knew.
And the only relic that he had left
Was a baby's tiny shoe.
Old, half worn,—with a bottom gone.

—Selected.

UNNAMED MOUNTAIN IS SECOND HIGHEST

(Mooresville Enterprise)

In spite of their reputation for giving picturesque names to almost anything which comes to their attention, North Carolinians still are blandly ignoring the second highest mountain in eastern America. Until a few years ago, it was believed—and recorded—that Clingmans Dome in the Great Smokies was second in height to lordly Mt. Mitchell—6,684 feet against 6,643 feet.

There was a dramatic reason why the two heights were linked as close competitors. Dr. Elisha Mitchell and General Thomas I. Clingman each contended the peaks they explored were highest, and the rivals ran levels across the state from an established altitude to support their claims. Mitchell, lost one night on his mountain, fell down a cliff into a pool, where his body was found by Big Tom Wilson, and Clingman magnanimously withdrew his claim. Later surveys substantiated Mitchell.

But more scientific surveys show that one of Mitchell's neighbors—the south fork of Black Brothers is 6,663 feet high. Nobody had ever paid any attention to this lofty, lonely and obscure peak, and to this day it is but rarely identified. It is still given that vague name, but a few natives can point it out to you.

All of which might have something to do with relativity. Only a few decades ago, Mt. Washington, giant of the New England mountains (6,288 feet), was called the highest peak in the east. The U. S. Geological survey now shows there are 18 mountains in North Carolina higher, and in such a mass that a few feet difference in height is not calculated to arouse much local interest.

Few persons realize what an upthrust of earth is in this climax to the Applachian system. In North Carolina are 40 summits above 6,000 feet high, and 73 which are over a mile above sea level. Once they were much higher, perhaps rivaling the Rockies or the Alps. But they are old mountains —the oldest mountains in America which have not been touched by glacier erosion. The Appalachians were above the timber line and already declining before the Rockies ever started pushing their way heavenward, according to geologists. The circumstance of their formation and decay have created many interesting conditions for the botanist, the biologist. Not the least mysterious is the presence of numerous "balds" which are peculiar to this state. Rare and ancient plants still struggle to survive in the ancient glens and coves.

The Appalachian system divides sharply as it comes into North Carolina from Virginia. On the west it becomes the Unaki, Iron, or Smoky Range. Eastward it is the Blue Ridge. But the two stems throw off shoots, and curiously enough, the most formidable mass is in one of these offshoots of the main Blue Ridge range. In the Black Mountain range are nine of the peaks which top Mt. Washington, and they give Yancey County in in North Carolina, the highest average elevation of any county in East-

ern America. In addition to Mt. Mitchell, the range offers the south side of Black Brothers, north ridge of Black Brothers (6,593) ; Balsam Cone 6,618; Clingman's Peak 6,584 (not to be confused with Clingman's Dome in the Smokies); Cattail Peak 6,582; Potato Hill 6,480; Potato Knob 6,392; and Mt. Cleo 6,324. This range jutting outward from the Blue Ridge is only about 20 miles in length and is the crowning mountain wall of the East.

The Black Mountains are aptly named. Black balsam and spruce pine climb their sides, and when color brightens the spring of other hills and inflames the autumn, they remain black and forbidding in their evergreen cloak. Difficult of access, they are for the most part wrapped in clouds and solitude.

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HOME VERSUS NON-ESSENTIALS

Higher standards of living than have ever been known are in prospect for the American people now that the way appears cleared for reconversion.

But only time will tell whether the great majority will use their wartime savings to raise their living standards, or fritter them away on non-essentials.

In this regard the March issue of House Beautiful magazine stresses the importance of concentrating spending on improving homes rather than on non-essentials. In connection with its campaign, "Better Your Home, Better Your Living," an editorial in the magazine states in part:

"Money spent in making a home continues to be yours, whereas money spent outside the home is gone forever. Yet there is a truth that many people discover only after they have fritted away half their lifetime earnings on purchases which have a one-time use.

"A collection of night club and restaurant checks, cruise receipts, country club bills, enjoyable though this spending may have been at the time, are scraps of paper with no re-use value. Comparable pleasures can be created at home and for less money, and the savings realized can be invested in making home still more convenient, more satisfying, more pride-inspiring.

"The people who have not yet discovered this truth are the real spendthrifts. Because they are the ones who really throw their money away, since they buy nothing permanent."

—Morganton News Herald.

DANGER OF THE CLOSED MIND

(The Reformatory Herald)

It is likely that propaganda technology has never reached such a state of perfection as at the present time. This is true on the international level as well as on the national level. Publicists and propagandists among the nations which are specially concerned about their rights and prestige are using every device known to justify their own actions, and defend themselves against the adverse propaganda of other nations. This is particularly true, at the moment, of Russia, Great Britain and the United States, not to mention the obvious policy of Argentine and Spain.

One of the domestic problems in our land is the matter of labor-industry relationships. Here again extensive propaganda is in evidence. The writer has received numerous pamphlets and circulars from both the labor organizations and some of the industrial organizations, especially U. S. Steel and General Motors. The radio waves have been used, both directly and indirectly, to carry propaganda messages. Some of the propaganda has been followed up by enormous pressure groups in the nations capital seeking to influence congessional action. But whether domestic or international the artful use of propaganda has risen to new heights.

Now propaganda of itself is not bad. Its proper use in free democratic society is wholesome. The word was first used in connection with the spread of the christian faith by the Roman Catholic Church. The propagation of the faith simply meant the reproducing of the faith by teaching, preaching and living that faith. Propaganda came to mean any kind of organized movement for spreading a given opinion or doctrine. Propaganda, therefore is perfectly legitimate and desirable.

The danger lies in the kind of use made this method of extension of knowledge and understanding. First, there is the danger of misrepresentation or holding back facts the knowledge of which is necessary to fair appraisal. To so color the situation as to make doubtful procedure appear legitimate and praiseworthy. Also to present the cases of the opponent in such a light as to throw discredit upon his method, his position, his attitude, and wholly impugn his motives. But a second danger is even more pernicious, namely, the danger of the closed mind. The mind which, because of prejudice and stubborn pride, refuses to consider any propaganda except his own. One of the post-war problems is that of the closed mind, the mind which regardless of merits of the case refuses to consider any position as having any merit except his own. This leads to much bitterness, hate and premature judgment.

In the days of tension, the tolerant mind is necessary if any kind of democracy is to function. One must be big enough to give consideration to all sides of a question before closing the issue. If a conclusion is honestly reached after facing a situation with an open mind, the individual or the group, is not likely to be governed by emotionalism and prejudice, and is more likely to make some solid con-

tribution to the solution of our many-sided social and economic problems.

The average citizen, both as regards the domestic problems and also the international problems. Will do well to analyze very carefully the propaganda he receives, allowing for the prejudice of the propagandist, and withhold his final judgment until he has understood more fully all the factors involved. At the present time there is much talk about the preparation for the Third World War, both by Russia, and by The United States and Great Britain, and this at a time when nations should be more interested in preparations for peace and good will. Here, again, the average Mr. I. Q. Public, must not overlook the prejudice minds of the propagandists. One must set the imperalistic tendancy of Russia along side the imperalistic policy of Great B itain or even some of the leaders in the U. S. One must not overlook the fact that Russia is feeding her side of the struggle to her people, and that Great Britain and the U. S. are doing likewise to their people. In all nations we need some great level heads who will present the whole facts, uninfluenced by high-powered propagandists who are usually strong nationalists and frequently isolationists who still insist on putting "new wine into old wineskins" by closing the mind of people to all but one line of propaganda.

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THE DAY'S RESULTS

Is anybody happier because you passed his way?
Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today?
This day is almost over, and its toiling time is through;
Is there anyone now to utter a kindly word to you?

Did you give a cheerful greeting to the friend who came along—
Or a churling sort of "Howdy," and then vanish in the throng?
Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along your way;
Or is someone really grateful for a deed you did today?

Can you say tonight, in parting with a day that's slipping fast,
That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed?
Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?
Does a man whose hopes were fading, now with courage look ahead?
Did you waste the day, or use it? Was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber, do you think your God can say
You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today?

—Detroit Free Press.

SPRING IS HERE

(The Summary)

Spring! Truly it is an awakening. If you would have it, an awakening of the dormant life. The balmy breezes and the increased warmth of the sun rouse into being that which has been asleep. The sticky buds push out from the hard wood of the bough. The tender green shoots, the advance guards of the fragile flower, reach up from out of what shortly before was but a crust-frozen earth. And with these come the birds to make jubilant the air with song; and from crevice and hole and mud-bank the variegated animal life. Taken altogether, it is a variegated glorious contrast to the rigors and disagreeableness of the yet strongly impressionable winter.

To all of us spring has an absorbing interest, whether admitted or not. There is about Mother Nature that which compels; and more especially in this, her most attractive dress. Springtime compels by its appeal to the life of the human, an appeal presenting growing, living force in an effective garb, to another growing, living force. And it is in this garb that her strong cards lie.

They say that yesterday was the first day of spring. But with the advent of Robin Redbreast who appears each year, we will know surely that spring has come. And simultaneous—figuratively speaking—with his debut of the year, the earth will yield its sombre covering for a startling, but gorgeous one of emerald hue.

Spring—you say! Yes—the Spring of Nature. But the question that should arise in the heart of each of us is are we not to have mental and spiritual springtime ourselves, too? Are we, like the noble old earth, going to take on a period of rejuvenation? Are we going to have a new thaw in our nature—a thaw that will help us to see the futility of a mispent life—a thaw that will dispell our coldness of spirit toward good, and brings to its place a warmth of affection and even love for the better things, the things worth while? This is a question of moment to every man. The future is ours. What are we going to make of it? This is not an idle question, but instead one that deals largely with the possibilities of our enjoyment in life. This is an absolutely individualistic matter and in regard to ourselves it extends to no other living creature, whether the coming spring which opens up the buds and flowers into the beauty of glorious purity and virginity is coming to our lives to purge us of the dead wrongs and sorrows, and implant in their stead, with a divine and ecstatic reservation, the green mantle of right living, decency and nobleness of spirit.

Crooked men sometimes get business, but only the honest ones keep it.—Exchange.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Harry Connell, who was a student at the School from May 2, 1934 to January 9, 1939, called at The Uplift office last Saturday morning.

This young man, now twenty-six years old, has been a member of a field artillery unit in the United States Army since July 23, 1941. He has attained the rank of sergeant.

When Harry last visited us, January 10, 1945, he had just completed a little more than twenty months in the Aleutian Island area. After spending a fifteen days' furlough with relatives and friends in Concord and Kannapolis, he returned to Fort Bragg.

He spent about two months at Fort Bragg and was then transferred to Camp Shelby, Mississippi. In June, 1945, he was sent to Camp Haan, California. On July 3, 1945 he sailed with his outfit for the Philippine Islands, and arrived at Manila, July 30, 1945.

For the next four months his battery was stationed on Northern Luzon, taking part in the task of driving the Japs from the hills. He then returned to Manila, where his unit was placed in charge of a Jap prisoner of war camp.

Harry stated that on November 25, 1945 he sailed for the United States, and arrived in San Pedro, California, December 13, 1945. He immediately returned to Fort Bragg, received a ninety days' furlough, and headed homeward. Aside from a trip to Louisiana, he spent the greater part of this time in Concord.

We also learned from our young friend that he re-enlisted for another three years period on November 1, 1945, while still located in Manila. His present furlough will expire on March 28th, at which time he will report back to Fort Bragg for re-assignment.

Our friend, Harry, is a fine-looking, well-build young fellow, and he looks every inch a soldier. He has retained that extremely friendly manner and broad smile that made him very popular here as a small boy. We were delighted to see him again, and to learn of the fine record he is making in the Army.

—:—

Just a few days ago we received a letter from Ivan (Tiny) Morrozoff, a former member of our printing class. Tiny visited us on January 28, 1946, shortly after having been discharged from the United States Army. He had just returned from the China-Burma-India theatre of operations, where he had spent about two years as a member of an aviation engineer unit. He is now employed as linotype operator on the staff of the "Oxford Public Ledger." His letter, dated March 17th, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a few lines to let you know that old Tiny is still on top of the sod. I hope you and all the rest of the folks at the School are getting along as fine as ever.

"When I learned that I could not get into the Mergenthaler Linotype School until next year, I decided to get a couple of their books and do some real studying until it would be possible for me to enroll. Then I realized that it was time for me to get

out and go to work. Loafing was all right for a while after coming back home. I am happiest when I have something to do, especially if it is working on a linotype.

"Just a few days ago, I accepted a position here in Oxford on the 'Public Ledger'. So far everything is going smoothly. I am improving each day. What I mean is that I am back where I can smell printers' ink and hear that good old hum-drum one always hears in a newspaper plant.

"Now, after thirty-eight months of war, I am contented and am living the life of any normal printer—that is, if you can call a printer a normal person. At any rate, whether normal or not, I'm just tickled to be back on the old job, and am getting along fine.

"I think I've heard you say that you have some friends up here in Oxford. If you should ever come up this way, please be sure to look me up.

"Give my best regards to Mr. Fisher and to all the rest of my old friends at the School. Here's wishing you the best of health and lots of luck. Your old friend, Tiny."

———:———

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of April 7, 1946

April 8—Bobby Woodruff, Cottage No. 5, 14th birthday.
April 9—Hubert Pritchard, Cottage No. 7, 12th birthday.
April 10—Benson Wilkins, Cottage No. 1, 13th birthday.
April 10—Charles David Davis, Cottage No. 11, 13th birthday.
April 11—Archie Melvin Radford, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.
April 13—Frank Andrews, Receiving Cottage, 14th birthday.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 24, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Frank Andrews
Claude Bridges
George Bridges
William Epps
Dean Harris
Robert Fogle
James Perkins
William Poteat
William Speaks

COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Louie Ashe
Ray Burns
Donald Curt
Judd Lane
William McVicker
Edward Medlin
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Glenn Evans
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Lloyd Perdue
Donald Redwine
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Clyde Brown
Joseph Bean
John Fine
Geter Green
Eugene Grice
Robert Hogan
James Hill
W. C. McManus
Lacy Overton
James Smith
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Wesley Turner
Edward VanHoy

COTTAGE No. 5

Curtis Butcher
Edward Stone
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Ollie Daw
Richard Davidson
Clyde Hill
George Jones
Robert Mason
Robert Porter
Robert Peavy
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
Charles Sellers
Leroy Wilkins
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Ralph Gassoway
Eugene Murphy
Edward McCall
Jack Phillips
Hubert Pritchard
Curt Putnam
Robert Shepherd
Franklin Stover
Reuben Vester
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Albert Allen

Thomas Corley
Kenneth Dillard
Charles Francis
D. B. Jones
David Johnson
Robert Trout

COTTAGE No. 10

Auther Ballew
Jack Gleason
Robert Hamn
James Hensley
George Hill
Thomas Hutchins
Eugene King
Charles Lyda
W. C. Mills
J. C. Michael
Garvin Thomas
Thomas Ware

COTTAGE No. 11

Donald Bowden
Charles Byrant
Wade Cook
William Faircloth
Thomas Hyder
David Isenhour
Lee Lockerby
Edward Morgan
Kenneth McLean
William Riggins
Leon Rose
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Earl Allen
William Andrews
William Black
Donald Carter
James Hensley
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

John Moretz
James Shook

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
George Brown
William Caldwell
William Correll
Jack Crump
Elzo Fulk
Jack Green
John Green
R. V. Hutchinson
Howard Herman
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Zeb Presson
Ralph Stewart
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Allen Hammond
Harvey Jacobs
Samuel Lynn
Donald Moose
Douglas Mangum

INFIRMARY

William Brooks
Norman Hentschell

———:———

IT'S UP TO YOU

Life itself can't give you joy,
Unless you really will it;
Life just gives you time and space—
It's up to you to fill it.

—Unknown.

APR 1 8 46

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 13, 1946 No. 15

(c) Dr. Frank P. Graham
University of North Carolina

FAME

He longed to find the road to Fame,
But not a highway bore that name;
He thought to Glory there must be
A level path that he could see;
But every road to which he came
Possessed a most mysterious name.

He never thought that Fame might lurk
Along the dreamy path called Work.
He never thought to go and see
What marked the road called Industry,
Because it seemed so rough and high,
He passed the road to Service by;
Yet had he taken either way,
He would have come to Fame some day.

—Dane.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS— J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.
REPORTERS — Raymond Byrd, Thomas Cottrell, Gerald Johnson, Harvey Leonard, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.
SPORTS WRITER—Raymond Byrd.
BOY SCOUT REPORTER—James Hensley.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Charles Francis, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.
CLASS IN PRINTING—Herman Hughes, Charles Moore, Robert Trout, Vernest Turner.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

NO TIME

I have no time to find fault with others,
I have too many faults of my own;
While I, myself, may not know them
I'm sure that to others they're known.

I have no time for idle gossip,
It may all be a lie,
And soon the story will die out
If everyone passes it by.

I have no time to believe everything I hear,
And to others the story repeat;
I would rather obey the Golden Rule
And be kind to all whom I meet.

I have no time to listen to those who tell
Something to stir up strife.
Far better to tell of good deeds done
And brighten the journey of life.

I have no time to be moody and lonely,
No time to be gloomy and sad.
It takes all my spare time planning
How I can help to make others glad.

—Mrs. Ella E. Middleton.

YOUTH AND THE DOORS OF OPPORTUNITY

The teen age is always a very critical period in the lives of young people. Although it is not always true that young men and young women always show great outward concern about their vocations or professional careers, yet it is quite certain that a vast majority of youth do study their problems with great earnestness. The choice of a vocation in life is a matter of great concern and im-

portance to youth, and unfortunately adults have neither been as patient nor as helpful and understanding as they should have been.

There have been millions of instances in which parents have chided and scolded their children because they have not made decisions as to careers early in life and then applied themselves diligently and earnestly to the processes of preparation for life. Of course it is far better for any person early in life to discover for a certainty what his vocational or occupational choice shall be, because he has the powerful advantage of being in a position to make definite and specific preparations for life. Motivation for such a person becomes a very dynamic force.

There have also been millions of instances when parents and eloquent orators have told young people that all they need to do in life is to knock at the "doors of opportunity" and that fame and fortune will be theirs. There is much truth in this declaration, but if one faces the problem realistically it is easy to understand that it is not such a simple matter as merely "knocking" at a door.

The "door of opportunity" is in a great majority of instances a very vague and bewildering sort of thing. At best it is something that is abstract, remote and very intangible. In all fairness it must be granted that the door of opportunity, or the procedure of knocking at the door, varies widely between one individual and another.

For instance, there have been thousands of examples in which men have been successful lawyers or merchants or manufacturers or doctors, and they make the way both plain and easy for their sons to follow in their footsteps. Consequently, when the orator advises the boy who is thus situated in life to "rap" on the door, he can at once visualize in his mind a certain office door with a visible name plate which is quite familiar to him.

On the other hand, there are thousands of other people who are just as ambitious and as capable, or even more so, but who find it much more difficult to envision for themselves these advantageous stations for which they must make all sorts of preparations and earn all of the fame and prestige themselves.

There have been millions of young people throughout the history of man who have met the challenge without whimpering or whining, and the glory of their achievements has been full of splendor.

They have made their names illustrious on the pages of history, and they did it by knocking on the doors of opportunity with courage and determination. The sad fact is that many other worthy and capable persons have failed in life because they did not or could not understand the processes of choosing a professional career, or else they did not have the economic resources for realizing their dreams.

Throughout all the world America is looked upon as the land of opportunity. In this country we continually boast of the fact that the doors of opportunity are open to all young people who are willing to pay the price. To a very large degree this is true, but really it is not always so. Every person must be willing to face the issues and to do his best, but he also needs to have the best opportunities possible. Every adult who would be fair and Christlike will want all the children of his community to have the privileges and opportunities that he wants for his own child.

Primarily, the lesson which adults must always learn is that if young people are to be admonished and advised to knock on the doors of opportunity, adults have a grave and sacred responsibility to see to it that the doors of opportunity are there.

The Elder Pliny, an eminent philosopher and naturalist, wrote as follows:

> "No man possesses a genius so commanding that he can attain success and eminence, unless a subject suited to his talents should present itself, and an opportunity occurs for its development."

It is true that no one should be shiftless or faint-hearted; neither should any person squander or waste his talents; neither should anyone close his eyes when opportunities present themselves. Today young people are knocking at the doors and they need the help of wise adults.

* * * * * * * * *

THE NATION OBSERVES THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

On April 12, 1945 the startling news was flashed by radio across the nation that the President was dead. This was an event of such

tremendous importance that the nation even if it had been prepared would have been greatly shocked, but it was of such unexpected nature that the entire nation was truly dumbfounded. It really seemed that there was a deep sense of sorrow and a feeling of great personal loss among all the people, not only in America but throughout all the world, primarily because this great leader, upon whose shoulders rested the hopes and aspirations of so many people, had suddenly departed from them. There was universal sorrow, and wonder as to whether or not it would be possible for someone else to take his place and whether or not it would be possible for the great enterprises which rested so heavily upon his heart and his mind could be carried forward to victory.

We now come to the time when the nation observes its first anniversary of the death of this great statesman. Many great events have happened within this year's time, and some of the events which were brought to successful conclusion were even beyond the hopes of people one year ago today. This year, as the people reverently observe this anniversary, there is still a deep sense of regret in the hearts of all that Mr. Roosevelt did not live to see the glorious days of victory for which he had labored so gloriously and so intelligently. So many things of such monumental proportions have happened that it seems the passing year has been almost as a fleeting moment. We come again reverently in the sentiments of our hearts to stand before his grave, which is fast becoming one of the immortal shrines of this, the greatest nation on earth. We come now while our affections still bind us tenderly to this great leader, to pay tribute to his name and to honor him as one of the great idols of the nation.

Mr. Roosevelt lived at a period in the history of the world when tremendous problems were thrust upon his shoulders. The period of his presidency marked the time in history most critical and filled with the greatest events that have ever happened in all the history of the world. However, Mr. Roosevelt will not be remembered so much for his participation in the global events of the great war, but rather he will be remembered for his services to the under-privileged and to those who were oppressed and without the privileges of freedom and liberty. His heart was so attuned to the Christian

spirit that he could hear the cry of all those who yearned for a brighter hope and a better chance in life.

An editorial in one of the contemporary state newspapers a year ago made the following comments:

Roosevelt and Leadership

Man's eternal quest for a happier and more satisfying existence is often a discouraging one, and the passing of a man who demonstrated through the years that his heart and mind were dedicated to the cause of those in this world who were unable, because of circumstances beyond their control, to help themselves, gives reason for concern as to whether it will ever be possible for mankind to reach its desired goal.

Those who say that the world will continue to move in its accustomed way, despite the passing of one of the greatest leaders of all times, speak without a knowledge of the part which leadership plays in shaping the destiny of the world. No man can take the place of Mr. Roosevelt, for no one has had the experience, the training and the bitter battles, all of which had become a part of him. For that reason, it is not possible to measure the loss to the nation and to the world.

Leadership, to be effective, must be unselfish, and it must be of such a nature as to inspire confidence. We think that it may be said truthfully that Mr. Roosevelt was unselfish beyond a question, and certainly he was the object of the devotion of millions of people throughout the world. That devotion to him was born of his unselfishness.

Another newspaper commented, in part, on the death of Roosevelt, as follows:

A sadness fell on the land, for this day a noble leader died.

The air was filled with the troubled sounds of weeping, for great was the sorrow and dark the gloom.

Those who sit in the seats of the rulers wept, for none among them could take his place.

The downtrodden and oppressed cried out, for he was their champion, their hope, their very future.

The lovers of freedom wept, for none prized liberty like this man.

Even his enemies were drawn to tears, for this was a mighty fighter, worthy in death of such respect.

Those who love democracy cried out, for their cause had lost a leader.

The young throughout the land were humbled, for not again in life could they know another such as he.

Those who labor with their hands did moan and smite themselves, even as a son who has lost his father and knows not where to turn.

Those who love peace were torn within, for strife was not in the pathways he sought to walk.

Everywhere there was the sound of grief. Sorrow lived long throughout the land and the people would not be comforted, for their own beloved leader was dead and none could take his place in their hearts.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of April 14, 1946

April 14—William Poteat, Receiving Cottage, 17th birthday.
April 16—Howard Jones, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.
April 16—James Carl Lochlear, Indian Cottage, 14th birthday.
April 17—Carl Lee Davis, Cottage No. 1, 13th birthday.
April 19—John Thomas Greene, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
April 20—Donald Hoyle, Cottage No. 5, 14th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

News Items

By James Hensley, 9th Grade

Mrs. Morrison's second grade boys are drawing a mural about the activities in spring. In the mural they have birds, boys playing marbles, flowers, boys fishing, dogs, horses, and a house. In this house a family lives and takes care of a spring garden. This is a very pretty picture. The boys in Mrs. Morrison's room are also getting ready for Easter by drawing Easter baskets and rabbits.

The library boys at the school are getting ready for Easter by decorating their windows with rabbits, tulips and chickens. The library looks very pretty.

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By Ben Wilson, 3rd Grade

Mr. Puckett was our leader, and he talked about the recent meeting in the church and about joining the church. When we began our program, Olin Sealey told about a house that did not have water in it and how they had to go to the spring to get water. The little boy in the story helped his mother by getting the water. Bobby Woodruff read about Mary and Joseph who lived in Bethlehem, and then he read about how Jesus obeyed them. Ben Wilson read about when Esther was eleven years old, the king took her to the palace. There was a man who said that her people should be killed, but she went to a man and said, "Let my people live." Next Leroy Shedd read about a boy who failed in life because he was not a Christian and was not willing to do the right thing. When he was a little boy he was not obedient. He would throw spitballs across the room at the teacher. He spoke dirty words. He fussed at his teacher. His father gave him some money, but he spent it all. When he spent all his money, he borrowed other people's money. He would not pay them back. He did not ever obey. He would get in a fight with other children. We liked the program very much. Jesse Hamlin was in charge of the program.

School Gets Baby Chicks

By Robert Lee, 9th Grade

On Tuesday, April 2nd, Mr. W. M. White, who is in charge of the chicken force, went to Helms Hatchery, at Monroe N. C., to get baby chicks. They are New Hampshire Reds.

Kenneth Staley and Robert E. Lee went with him.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Donald Redwine, 5th Grade

Our lesson today was "I Will Obey." The first part of the program, "Jesus Obeyed His Parents," was given by Clay Shew. Then he read some in the Bible. The second part was by Glenn Evans. The title of this part was "A Queen Who Obeyed Her Guardian." Jack Phillips did well with the third

part, "An Orphan Boy Who Did Not Obey." The fourth part was given by James Christy, and it was "Samuel Obeys His Guardian." Mr. Crowder read some verses from the book of Samuel. He told us a story he had read. Jack Phillips recited a Psalm which he had memorized. Mr. Crowder read the 17th Psalm. After the parts were given out for next Sunday, we were dismissed by prayer. We were happy that Mr. Hines was present with our group this past Sunday.

Radio Program

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

On Tuesday of last week the special sixth grade boys had the radio program.

The boys sang "The Old Chisholm Trial," "I Ride an Old Paint" and "Whoopee Ti Yi Yo, Get Along, Little Dogies."

Mr. Godown gave a talk about crime. He talked on the subject, "The Essentials of a Balanced Community Program." The boys closed the program by singing "Home on the Range."

The following boys took part in the program: James Shook, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright, Talmadge Duncan, Thomas Childress, Bobby Kerr, Robert Jarvis, Billy Brooks, Kirk Putnam, Norman Hentschell, Jack Lambert, and Coy Wilcox.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Gerald Johnson—9th Grade

After the groups assembled in the auditorium, we sang "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" and "I Gave My Life for Thee." John McKinney and Ollie Daw sang "Close to Thee." Then Gerald Johnson read a selection about how God loves the little children. Next Ollie Daw and John McKinney sang another song which was "Our Heavenly Father Cares." Mr. Puckett read some verses from the book of James and told us about the book, asking us to read it. We were then dismissed to go to our classes.

In the Intermediate Group meeting, Mr. Perry gave us a talk. After his talk, we had our parts from the quarterly. Robert Lee had the first part which was entitled "Jonah's Call." The second part, "Wrong-Way Jonah," was given by Kenneth Staley. The last part was given by Clifton Rhodes. It was entitled "Jonah Taken for a Ride." Donald Bowden dismissed us with prayer.

Show

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

"Here Comes Elmer" was the name of the picture show last week. This picture was a musical comedy starring Al Pierce, who was trying to get his band put on the "market." He could not find anybody that would hire him and his band. One of his pals, that played in the band, had a girl who lived in another town. This man's name was Don. Don sent a fake telegram to Al Pierce to come to New York, where Don's girl lived. He said that a man in New York wanted to sponsor his band. Al didn't have the money to get up there, so they played a rich woman for a sucker. When they reached New York, they found out that it was all a fake. There was a man who worked with Al in New York by the name of "Elmer." They look-

ed like twins. The people were always mistaking them. They thought Al had amnesia. They finally got someone to sponsor them and they really had a big show. This ended the picture. Everyone enjoyed it very much.

Good News

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

Recently, the ninth grade boys had some good news. Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Hines had been talking about giving the boys in this grade some tenth grade subjects this summer. These boys, by June, will have five units toward graduation, and they are going to take two tenth grade subjects. The subjects they are going to take are Biology and English II. Mrs. Baucom is going to teach Biology, and Mr. Hines is going to teach English.

Sports Review

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

Baseball season is here again. Mr. Walters has planned to start practice on April 6th. For two weeks, one cottage will practice each evening and by that time the schedule will be complete.

Each cottage will have a baseball team with the exception of Cottages Nos. 6 and 7.

Every cottage will also have a softball team and Cottages Nos. 6 and 7 will have two softball teams.

The games will be played on Saturday. There will be eight baseball games each Saturday and eight softball games each Saturday. They will be played with an hour time limit. The team that has the highest score in one hour will win.

The school now has two baseball and two softball fields.

Mr. Walters has purchased some new softball and baseball equipment. We now have two sets of each.

The new program will include all the boys in the school.

Mr. Walters also announced that he hoped to have the school swimming pool open by May 1st.

Our Debates

By Kenneth Staley, 9th Grade

Recently in our cottage we have been having some debates. The boys who entered the debates had much fun, as well as the others boys in Cottage Number 3. The query of the first debate was: Resolved That The Country Is a Better Place to Live Than the City. The boys on the affirmative side of the debate were Robert Jarvis and Talmadge Duncan, and the boys on the negative side were Clifton Rhodes and Kenneth Staley. The query of the second debate was: Resolved That a Dish Cloth Is More Useful Than a Broom. The boys on the affirmative side were Clyde Wright and Hugh Cornwell while those on the negative side were Daniel Johnson and Emory King. In the first debate, the negative side won, and in the last debate the affirmative side won. We appreciate Mr. Hines' helping us with our debates, and we hope to have some more debates soon.

New Quarterlies for the Boys

By Jack Benfield, 9th Grade

The boys of Jackson Training

School received new Sunday School quarterlies again today. The boys receive new quarterlies every three months. The boys at the school take an interest in these books. They help them understand the Bible. Every Sunday morning the boys go to Sunday school. After the scripture has been read, the boys go to their classes. Each officer has a group of boys for a class, usually consisting of about twenty boys. The boys also change classes every three months, therefore they have a chance to be taught under different officers.

Cows Are Given Blood Test and Vaccination

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

On Monday morning, April 1st, the herds at the school were given a blood test and vaccination for tuberculosis.

We started on the Holstein cows as soon as the two veterinarians arrived. We had about 55 old cows and about 24 young heifers about two years old. We finished all of the Holsteins before going in to lunch.

After lunch we started on the big job of vaccinating the beef herds. This was a hard job. A group of boys would get in the pens with the cows and follow them around until they could catch them in the nose with their nose leads and then pull them up to the side of the pen. One of the doctors drew the blood while the other vaccinated them.

Altogether we tested 169 cows. Then we were all willing to call it a day's work, but we had to milk the Holstein herd before going to supper.

The veterinirians were from the State Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industry. They will be back Thursday, April 4th, to tell whether any of the herd has developed the disease of tuberculosis.

WASHINGTON IRVING

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

Washington Irving was born April 3, 1783, in New York City. He was the youngest of eleven children. He never took life quite seriously or saw the necessity of work. He obtained little education and never went to college. When he was sixteen he entered a law office only to continue poring over books of poetry and travel. In 1802 he wrote some letters for the "'Morning Chronicle" under the pen name of "Jonathan Oldstyle". This was his first real literary work.

In 1804 he sailed for Europe. On the continent he roamed about enjoying the art, literature, and antiquities of France and Italy. In 1806 he returned to America, broader in knowledge, culture, and sympathies, but still an idler. He was admitted to the bar, but gave much of his time to social pleasures and within a short time began with his brother William and James K. Paulling, to publish "Salmaguncle," a semi-monthly periodical containing essays and sketches of various sorts. The next five years he spent in business partnership with his brother.

In 1815, he sailded again to Europe, this time to be gone for seventeen

years. He finished "Geoffrey Crayon's Sketch Books," his greatest work. In 1832 after a visit to France he published "Bracebridge Hall" and "Sketch Book." In 1829, he returned to England to serve as secretary of the American legation there. The Royal Society of Literature then awarded him a gold medal and from Oxford came the degree of LL.D.

Returning to the United States, he had won real recongnition for American Literature abroad. He purchased "Sunnyside" a county seat near Sleppy Hollow and there spent ten years with his nieces.

For four years, Irving served as minister to Spain, then gladly returned to "Sunnyside" where the rest of his life was spent. He finished the "Life of Washington," a well-balanced and impartial biography; and soon afterward died, Novemebr 28, 1839. He was buried near Sleepy Hollow.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

By Lawrence Littlejohn, 6th Grade

Da Vinci was born in Vinci, Italy, in 1452. He was one of the four greatest Italian artists. They were as follows : Michelangelo, Raphael, Correggio, and Da Vinci. He was a man of great genius. In art he showed himself not only as a artist but as a sculptor, musician, and architect. His best work was painting. Besides painting, he was a master of engineering and inventing. He worked out many principles used in the modern steam engine. He could build as fine a bridge as anyone of his time.

The greatest picture he ever painted was the "Last Supper." It was painted in the monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie, Milan. Though it faded and was injured by smoke and dampness, the Last Supper still holds its place among paintings. This masterpiece was painted to represent the moment when Christ announced that someone at the table was going to betray him. The expressions on the disciples' faces showed great concern. It is perfectly balanced, having six disciples on each side. They are arranged in groups of three.

Da Vinci went on painting great pictures. He painted the two pictures known as "Virgin of the Rocks," and a figure of "Saint John the Baptist." He painted these two pictures in the Louvre and the National Gallery. Soon after he died at Chateau de Cloux, near Ambaise.

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Before God's footstool to confess,
A poor soul knelt and bared his heart;
"I failed," he wailed. The Master said,
"Thou didst thy best, that is success."

--Selected.

FDR HOME BECOMES SHRINE

(The Charlotte Observer

The stone and stucco mansion where Franklin D. Roosevelt was born and the century-old rose garden in which he is buried yield their quiet solitude on Friday when they become a national shrine.

President Truman and others attending the ceremony, which commemorates the first anniversary of Mr. Roosevelt's death, will find that Department of Interior specialists have restored the house in the most minute detail to its appearance in 1940.

Long before he died the late President approved instructions for the preservation of his beloved home and the many personal effects and mementoes in it.

George A. Palmer, superintendent of the estate for the Interior department, and a small group of aides have worked several months in comparative isolation to restore the interior of the house in accordance with photographs taken by the department and approved by Mr. Roosevelt in 1940.

Since last November, when the department gained possession of the house from the family, specialists have catologued each item, placing it exactly as it appeared in the photographs.

Various rooms have been roped off in anticipation of the throng of visitors who will file through.

When they arrive Friday they will find outside the house well-groomed lawns, newly planted flowers and shrubbery, fresh gravel walks, and a spring carpet of green myrtle and pachysandra on the Roosevelt grave.

William A. Plog, who was maintenance superintendent for the Roosevelt family for 48 years, has directed a force of 10 gardeners in the cultivation of many flower beds, now green with tulip and daffodils and in the spring cleanup of the estate's park-like lawn and weathered old trees.

The flower beds ring a century-old hemlock hedge that forms a 15 foot protective wall about the rose garden, completely obscuring the large white tombstone of imperial Danbury marble which was cut to Mr. Roosevelt's specifications.

On the opposite side of the rose garden from the house is the Franklin D. Roosevelt library, which was built of native stone before the President's death. This is open to the public.

The public will not be admitted to the house on Friday but will thereafter. Friday the house will be open to the 700 guests of Interior Secretary J. A. Krug, who has issued formal invitations to chiefs of all foreign missions in Washington. They will have a special train from the capital to Hyde Park.

Ceremonies on the grounds will be open to the public. This is the program.

The invocation will be given by Rev. Dr. George W. W. Anthony, rector of St. James Episcopal church in Hyde Park, which the late president attended. Marion Anderson, the Negro contralto, will sing the national anthem.

Mrs. Roosevelt formally will present the house and grounds to Secretary Krug. An address by President Truman will follow. Rabbi Jerome Unger of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., will give the benediction.

Radio coverage for the program will be as great or greater than that given any event since V-J Day the Interior department has said.

The ceremonies will be broadcast to the entire world in 25 languages. These national networks — NBC, ABC, and CBS—will carry the program from 2:30 to 3:00 p. m. (EST).

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MEMORIES AND HOPES

The road which we earthlings must travel,
As we plod on our journey below;
Oft leads through the shadow-swept valleys
Of heartache, and failure, and woe.
And that which sustains and uplifts us,
When the spirit is weary and numb;
Is the memory "'of things that we cherish"—
And the hope "of things yet to come."

When trials and misgivings engulf us,
Like a flood-tide, relentless and vast;
We yearn for the dawn of the morrow,
Or cling to the joys of the past.
We find in our dreaming rich solace,
When the "inner man" stumbles and gropes—
And glean a new joy from our memories,
And gather new heart from our hopes.

'Tis always the one or the other;
And oft-times, the fruit of the twain
That dowers our souls with fresh courage,
And sets us to trying again.
None other hath equal of blessing
Though boundless the measure and the scope—
For nothing is dearer than memory,
And nothing more precious than hope.

—Adam N. Reiter.

MRS. ROOSEVELT SPEAKS

(The Summary)

I have just come back from nine weeks in London where I attended the meeting which was attended by delegates of fifty-one countries. These delegates set up the machinery for an organization which we hope will help to preserve the peace of the world. We had thought that if we set up the organization and the members were appointed to the various permanent committees such as the Security Council and the Economic and Social council and the judges were elected to the International Court and a Secretary-General with his assistants was also elected, that nothing further could be done until this latter gentleman had time to organize a secretariat.

Instead of this, a number of very difficult questions were at once handed to the Security Council and while this has been considered by many people a drawback, I think it had good results. It is true that none of these questions were finally decided, but they were discussed and methods by which they could be considered were decided on. Some people felt that because some rather heated language was used, it would be more difficult to arrive at some kind of solution. I personally feel that it was a very good thing to have the discussion and to let everything come out in the open. My reason for feeling this way is not just that the actual members of governments, who exchanged points of view, let off steam and perhaps felt more kindly towards each other afterwards. I felt in addition, that the people of the different nations belonging to UNO learned a great deal by the mere fact that such plain language was exchanged and the peoples were obliged to think about what were the rights and wrongs in certain cases. Iran seemed very for away perhaps to most of the nations in the Assembly, but when people became so heated about it, I think a good many people got out their geographies and looktd up where Iran was and perhaps began to wonder why Russia and Great Britain were so interested in preserving their influence in that far away and rather arid country.

The first thing everyone thinks of in the case of Iran, is that there is oil there and to Great Britain the pipe line which comes out in the Persian Gulf is more important, but to Russia the oil is probably of secondary interest. She has all the oil she needs in other areas, but the outlet on the Persain Gulf and the control of traffic on the railroad is probably of great importance to Russia. It is an outlet for her goods if she has any to send out, and it is a place where imports can come from the Far East and even from the west coast of the Uuited States. Russia is hungry for consumer goods just as we have been, but with her now it is a real need, for her people probably have a great desire to begin to see some results in better living in view of the long period that they have accepted sacrifices in order to prepare to fight a war.

It is somewhat difficult for us to understand nations with entirely different backgrounds and experiences from our own. Nevertheless, if we

have any hope of finding peaceful solutions to problems as they arise, we can only do so by learning to have confidence in each other's intentions and integrity. At the present time there is more suspicion than good will in the world, and yet anyone who spent as I did, even a few days in an area where the last war was actually fought, would feel that there is little choice before us. Either we are going to have complete chaos if we drift into another war. We droped no atom bombs on Europe and yet we succeeded in destroying the big cities in Germany so thoroughly that when I was asked if Germany should rebuild Berlin, I could not help wondering how one could rebuild a complete ruin.

The material ruins, however, are not the most important. It is the deterioration of people. They have suffered so much in many cases, they are numb, and it will take a long while before they can accept responsibility and show initiative in facing the almost insoluable problems which lie all around them.

One might well say in this country —why bother about Europe, we can get along without her. Unfortunately we might get on well for the next couple of years if we filled our national needs. Unless, however, we begin to have people buy from us in other countries, and pay for what they buy, we will not have outlets for the great production capacity which we built up during the war, and which we need if our people are to have employment. This means that we, in the United States, must begin to think not only of our domestic situation, but of ourselves as leaders in a world which needs what we can give. We were spared from destruction and therefore have the strength and power to influence the world situation and can only fulfill our destiny, I believe, by doing so.

test line on the model 14 blue streak

ARE YOU FEELING BLUE

If you wake in the morning and feel a bit blue
And wondering whatever's the matter with you
Don't go on a grouch the rest of the day
And make other people the penalty pay,
Just try to suppress it, and put on a grin
And no one will know what has happened within;
Speak a kind word, yea! Do a good deed,
And others your action will certainly heed.
'Twas long ago said, but today it is true,
As you measure to others, its meted to you.

—John D. Kempster.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

(The Speaker's Magazine)

A poet has well said,

"Life is like a mighty river
Rolling on from day to day;
Men and women launched upon it
Sometimes wrecked and cast
away."

A human life is often likened to a noble ship that is launched upon the ocean and commences its uncertain voyage to distant lands. When a great ship is to be launched at one of our shipyards there is usually a holiday in the city and most of the population witness the event. As she commences to slide down the ways, some pretty girl breaks a bottle of some kind of liquid on her bow, while the throng shouts her a glad welcome. Such is the beginning of her career.

The tiny babe comes to this world without glad acclaims except by its family, yet it is far more precious than a great ship and it commences its voyage of life under exacly opposite conditions from that of the vessel. The strongest period of a ship's life is at the beginning, while that is the weakest and most helpless time of the child.

As the baby grows into childhood and his world expands, he often wonders what part he will play on life's journey.

A captain, officers and crew are placed aboard the ship and she starts with a precious cargo for a distant port. Sometimes she meets with winds and bright sunshine and the voyage from beginning to end is one of ease and pleasure. More often she meets storm after storm and only her staunch frame and skillful officers and crew prevent her from foundering in the sea.

The boy soon passes out of the nursery and commences the period of school life. The voyage to him seems smooth and he seldom fears the hidden rocks that beset his way.. With high hopes and buoyant spirit he passes from youth to manhood and goes out from the parental roof to try the realities of a strange and, to him, an unknown world.

Temptations beset him on every side but he seldom knows it, as he has perfect confidence in his own capacity to throw off any habit he may form at any time he may choose to do so. Men seldom step into forbidden paths suddenly, for we "first abhor, then endure and then embrace." Most of the ills in this world come from trying to have pleasure in the wrong way. Go among any class of unfortunate people and ask what brought them to their present condition, and the truthful answer would nearly aways be the same. Go to the poorhouse, the reformatory, the jail, or speak to the man on the scaffold or in the electric chair, and ask what caused their downfall, and most of them would truthfully answer, "Trying to have pleasure in the wrong way."

Pleasure always gives us a feeling of satisfaction when we think about it afterward—dissipation does not. A young man who becomes intoxicated

may think it is pleasure while he has the exhilirated feeling but the memory of it brings him sadness and humiliation, for that is dissipation and not pleasure.

Ships that plough the seas carry cargoes of vastly different values. One may have a load of iron ore worth only a few dollars a ton, while another may carry merchandise worth a thousand dollars a ton. Each is indispensable in the economic life of the nation and each should be properly safeguarded. Some young men secure splendid intellectual culture and occupy the highest rank in the community in which they live. They are honored and respected by all, as they play their parts well and are a credit to themselves and their associates.

Another man neglects all mental culture, grows up perfectly illiterate and perhaps can do no kind of work except something like that done by the pick-and-shovel man. Each of these men fills a certain indispensable position in our economic life and each should be aided and encouraged to do well the grade of work for which nature intended him. We cannot all be intellectual workers, neither can we all be physical workers, but mix the two in the right proportion and we have a well-balanced community.

Many a noble ship starts out on her voyage with fair wind and bright prospects but in time the storms gather and she strikes on a reef and sinks on a rockbound coast. Sometimes a wrecking crew raises her in a drydock where she is repaired and again she goes on her voyage with only some bruises and scars that she must carry all the rest of her days.

Some young men start out on the journey of life with high heads and pure hearts, determined to make the most of life and be an honor to their friends and family. They meet temptation on the way and play with it instead of shunning it as they would fire. Soon little errors grow to be large ones and habits are formed which are stronger than mind can resist, and they sink in degredation and dissipation. They are shunned by former friends and find solace only in further indulgence.

Sometimes the memory of better days dawn on them and they long to return to the paths of rectitude. Friends come to the rescue like wreckers to the sunken ship and again they commerce the journey, but until the end they bear the bruises and scars they received in their terrible fall. The way to steer clear of such catastrophies is not to play with danger but avoid it as a burned child avoids fire.

When the ship becomes so old she can no longer sail the sea in safety, she is torn apart and those who have known her honorable career pick up pieces and preserve them as souvenirs of the boat that has brought only comfort and blessings to those who owned or controlled her.

When at last the sands of life have run out and the boy has become an old man, but full of virtue and purity of childhood and the wisdom of age, he prepares to take the last journey to that mysterious land from whence no traveler ever returns. As friends gather around to await the end of his earthly career, each can recall some loving deed or some act of kindness

to relieve the distress of another. Then, rich in honor and beloved by all who knew him, he rejoices that the journey is over and, like a tired child sinks into peaceful sleep. The Voyage of Life is ended.

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THE HEART OF MAN

There's a heap o' love in the human heart
If we just dig down a bit,
It's the masterpiece of the Mighty Hand,
And He gave His best to it.
There's a heap o' good in the most of men,
Just underneath the skin,
And much would show that we never knew,
Could we only look within.

There's a lot inside that we never see,
And perhaps we never know,
'Til fortunes turn and we're down and out,
Or sickness strikes us low,
And the heart is right in the most of men,
When the truth is really known,
And we often find that the heart is kind,
That we thought was cold as stone.

We sometimes tire of the road so rough,
And the hill that seems so steep.
And we sometimes feel that hope is gone,
As we sit alone and weep;
And then, when our faith is burning low,
And we lose our trust in men,
True friends appear with a word of cheer,
And the sun comes out again.

And so I claim that the heart of man
Is about what it ought to be,
For it's made of goodness through and through,
Could we look inside and see.
God made all things and He made them well,
On the true and perfect plan,
But He did His best in the greatest test
When He made the heart of man.

—Author Unknown.

MASS EDUCATION

(The Stanly News & Press)

Back in the early years of the present century, those who sought an education had to make considerable efford to acquire it. And the education which they received was thorough. But within the last three or four decades, many educational leaders came to the conclusion that an educated citizenship would be able to solve most of the problems with which it was presented.

Today, we have advanced to the point where children must attend school until they are 14 to 16 years of age, and undoubtedly within a few years, the larger majority of the boys and girls will complete high school courses. But with mass education has come a lowering of standards, with the result that many of the boys and girls who complete college courses now do not have the educational qualifications of high school graduates 30 to 40 years ago.

A lowering of standards has been made necessary because of the tremendous increases in enrollment due to compulsory school attendance laws. With the wide variations in mental capacities, compromises on standards have come rapidly.

Today teachers are conscious of the problems which they face in making education as useful as possible, and one of them, R. C. Hatley, head of the science department of the Albemarle high school, outlined in a clear manner to the Lions club last week what is needed to correct some of the defects in the system.

They are:

(1) Fewer pupils in the classes.

(2) Grouping of children according to their mental capacities.

No teacher can do an effective teaching job if she has more pupils in the class than she should have. A good many years ago a noted educator said that the best school was a log, with a boy on one end and a teacher on the other. In a class which is too large, the boys and girls who need special attention and help cannot have it.

Mental capacities differ, not only in the school room, but also in the economic world, and if we are to do a good job in education, some arrangements must be made for grouping the boys and girls according to their capacities.

These two changes will come slowly, but they will surely come. Naturally, they will call for more teachers and more class rooms, which means that more money must be spent for educational purposes.

We are coming to know what needs to be done, and when the public becomes fully informed on the matter, it will be done.

Eloquence is the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak.—Emerson.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT

(Draper Inmate)

You may not be an artist or an electrician or a salesman. There are many things you may not be, and there may be a number of things, which for one reason or another, you do not do well. But no person is so lacking in ability that there is nothing he can do. Each of us has some ability, however limited and small, and each of us is capable of doing certain things. Pick out that particular ability which you are most capable of performing and which is most agreeable to you. Practice it and perfect it until you do it well. You will find satisfaction in your accomplishment and you will at the same time gain the attention of others. But most important is the fact that once you have developed one ability, you will automatically and arbitrarily desire to do other things equally as well.

It need not be an outstanding accomplishment or achievement. It is, after all, the little things---the simple things---in this life of ours that make it bearable or unbearable, happy or unhappy. And it lies, almost entirely, within ourselves wheather we shall be contented or discontented during the years which make up our lives. This has to do with self-development and self-sufficiency.

In connection with self-sufficiency, a very wise old Chinese philosopher who lived almost 2500 years ago stated: "What the superior man seeks, is in himself; what the ordinary (or inferior) man seeks, is in others." Think it over. In which is there greater satisfaction: to accomplish something oneself, or to copy that which someone else has already done? There is, to be sure, no harm in following a good example. Actually, though, from whence comes the ability to emulate that good examply? From within ourselves, of a certainty. The ability to accomplish deeds of merit, or to achieve success, lies within us, and it is our duty, in order to justify having lived, to develop these abilities. That is self-development, and of it that same ancient Oriental philosopher said, "From the highest to the lowest, self-development must be deemed the root of all, by every man. When the root is nelected, it cannot be that what springs from it will be well-ordered."

From achievement in lesser successes you will develop an interest in greater projects. And all the time you will be developing yourself, for the ability must stem from the individual who is striving for success. Inspiration you may gain from another, but you cannot borrow ability —it must be developed.

It is in the simple, lesser accomplishments that we must all make a beginning. It is much better to be able to plow an accurate, straight furrow, than to construct a faulty building. A man who can properly milk a cow shows more self-development than the man who is satisfied to paint a bad picture. The woodsman who can place his undercut and uppercut and fall the tree where he wants it is superior to the highly paid architect who drafts plans for an impressive structure

that is not feasible. Each of these examples of achievement is also an example of self—development.

We who make up the prison population of the Nation have unlimited opportunities to practice self-development. In prison we can teach ourselves to do many useful things —simple things. We can learn to write legibly and clearly, forming plain, easy-to-read letters and numbers. This is a simple thing, and yet it is one which will immediately attract and interest others, and it will bring praise and admiration.

The one essential element mandatory to self-improvement is as interest in oneself. No one is devoid of interest in himself, else he would not take the trouble to eat, or bathe, or wear suitable garments. Each and everything we do for ourselves is evidence of selfinterest, and therefore, we all have the basis for development of self-improvement.

The greatest drawback in widespread self-improvement is nothing more nor less than plain old laziness. We are interested in ourselves, but only to the extent necessary to barely live. Slovenly, ill-mannered folk show even less interest in self, and as a consequence are far less likely to indulge in self-improvement.

There is a particular quality in men which immediately sets them apart as a group deserving of admiration and the respect of their fellow-beings. That quality is good manners. And good manners can be had as a direct result of self-improvement. It is not difficult to train oneself to say 'Please'' and 'Thank you'. And with acquisition of these basic elements of good manners the rest will follow with just a little practice every day. Have we not all at one time or another envied the chap who was pointed out and the remark passed, "He is a well mannered fellow?"

And these are but a bare few of the simple things we can achieve through self-improvement while in prison.

Going a step higher, there is the Library, loaded with reading material for the simplest or the most fastidious taste in literature. Reading is still another step upward through self - development. Regular reading habits tend to improve the mind and result in progressive steps upward in the realm of literature. From this surberb example of self-improvement we learn the habits and customs of other people. We make comparisons and thereby materially increase our self-interest. It all makes a grand cycle of progress, understanding, education—and all through self-improvement.

In the great majority of instances, regular reading habits are usually followed by an increase desire for knowledge. And the Institution is equipped to offer a number of courses for study.

Whether or not he admits it, each and every man owns a desire for a wider scope of knowledge. Some pretend to know and force conclusions upon their listeners by a great deal of blustering and shouting. Many others are simply too lazy to make an effort to learn. A few sit back and listen, gleaning what worthwhile facts there are in ordinary conversation. And these few are those chaps who are seen drifting into the Library and delving into reference books for additional knowledge.

There is another factor which

sometimes enter into the decisions of men concerning persuit of learning. Many persons are ashamed of their ignorance and for that reason they avoid the company of their fellowmen, thus developing the characteristics of introverts, or people who shun their fellow-beings. It is no disgrace to be ignorant. But it is both a great shame and a great disgrace to remain ignorant when knowledge can be had for the asking in exchange for just a short period of otherwise wasted time. The great universities and colleges of the Nation in this day and age boast students 40, 50 and 60 years of age. Indeed, it is no disgrace to be ignorant. The disgrace lies in remaining that way.

Of knowledge, that same ancient Chinese philosopher said, "When you know a thing, hold that you know it, and when you do not know a thing, acknowledge that you do not know it —this is knowledge."

And knowledge can be yours through the medium of self-improvement.

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TO ANY DADDY

There are little eyes upon you,
And they're watching night and day;
There are little ears that quickly
Take in every word you say;
There are little hands all eager
To do anything you do;
And a little boy who's dreaming
Of the day he'll be like you.

You're the little fellow's idol;
You're the wisest of the wise,
In his little mind about you,
No suspicions ever rise;
He believes in you devoutly,
Holds that all you say and do,
He will say and do, in your way
When he's grown up like you.

There's a wide-eyed little fellow,
Who believes you're always right;
And his ears are always open,
And he watches day and night;
You are setting an example
Every day, in all you do,
For the little boy who's waiting
To grow up to be like you.

—Author Unknown.

ARMY DAY–1946

(The Kannapolis Independent)

Saturday has been proclaimed by the president as Army Day, and the nation turns its eyes once again to its largest of fighting forces.

April 6, is the anniversary of America's entry into the World War in 1917, and this date has been established as Army Day.

April 6, however, marks not only the commencing of our entry into World War I, but also marks the date on which the United States first crossed the threshold into the realm of world powers.

When we declared war on Germany and the Central Powers in 1917 we emerged from our restricted corner of the world and stood side-by-side with the mightiest nations.

In retrospect today, we look back upon four years of hard work, determination, and a tremendous concentration of energy bent toward one goal for the entire nation.

From a small beginning and through a period of disheartening and bitter failures, the American army grew in stature and power; and the tide was ultimately turned from a dismal series of defeats to a preponderance of might which carried the war to enemies on both sides of the globe and resulted in their complete defeat.

Today, on the eve of this anniversary of both our entry into World War I and into the arena of world power, not only the army—but America—stands once more on the threshold of a new world.

Last time we failed to give the world our support, our cooperation, and our guidance in reshaping human affairs for a better world of survival; and we all hope that this time we shall profit by our experiences of the last generation and take up our duties in a world which looks in a large measure to America for guidance.

We have committed ourselves to a definite and whole-hearted participation in a world organization, and with these committments we have assumed certain responsibilities; and in line with these responsibilities, the army has been given tasks during the period of the occupation. These are: The occupation in Europe, Japan, and Korea; the procurement of new men to replace long-service men overseas; the maintainance of lines of communication and supporting installations in the United States for the occupation forces; the provision of forces which can be made available to the United Nations Organization as our part in the law enforcement of this organization; the maintenance of the key points in our national security structure such as Panama Canal, Alaska, and the air bases along the approaches of the United States; the maintenance of an adequate program of intelligence, research, and development; and, lastly, the overriding requirements of presenting a strong military front in a world which is still unsettled.

To win the war just over, the American people formed together and worked toward one intent and one purpose, and in this work and this intent there

was generated a power tremendous and far reaching in its character. If we, as a nation, can continue to work toward a common purpose with all the energy of which we are capable, then we shall have a truly great nation.

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TAKE HIM AT HIS BEST

When your brother man you measure,
Take him at his best;
Something in him you can treasure;
Overlook the rest.
Though, of his, some trait or fetter
May not suit you to the letter,
Trust him—it will make him better;
Take him at his best.

Do not note his limitations;
Take him at his best;
Toward his noble aspirations,
Aid him in his quest.
If you'll tenderly inquire,
You'll find something to admire;
With that lever lift him higher;
Take him at his best.

Praise will make him worth the praising;
Take him at his best;
Keep the fire of purpose blazing
Ever in his breast.
Do not frown upon or scold him;
In the strength of faith enfold him;
To his highest yearning mold him;
Take him at his best.

—Nixon Waterman.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR COUNTRY?

(Sunshine Magazine)

The principles and practices of our forefathers made the United States a great nation. This greatness has been deteriorated in recent years by political chicanery and enactment of laws that encourage personal aggrandizment and selfish interest of mass organizations. The art of greatness, in which honor and achievement were prime, has become an empty mockery, and, with rare exceptions, the almighty dollar and sinister pressure groups win the influence and decisions of the highest authorities in the land. The welfare of the nation as a whole and the individual citizen is regarded by special interests as so much rubbish and fogyism. The slogan of recent years that "we can never go back to the old way" means only that we can never go back to honesty, truthfulness and unselfishness, which prevailed in earlier days.

The fact is, truth will live forever, and the honor, integrity, and statesmanship manifested by those who laid the foundation for our nation will again manifest themselves when the course of selfishness and illicit patriotism is done.

The principles practiced in former days were expressed by Benjamin Franklin on numerous occasions, and dominated the National Congress. Here are a few:

Avarice and happiness never saw each other; how then should they become acquainted?

A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone.

Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep.

Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments. If we can get rid of the former, we may easily bear the latter.

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

Eat to live, and not live to eat.

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety.

Great beauty, great strength, and great riches are really and truly of no great use; a right heart exceeds all.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

Remember that time is money.

Poverty wants some things, luxury many things, avarice wants all things.

The heart of the fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of the wise man is in his heart.

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.

Human felicity is produced not so much by great pieces of good fortune that seldoms happens, as by little advatages that occur every day.

"An executive is a man who looks solemn and tells you to go ahead and do the best you can."

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. McMurry Richey, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 23rd chapter of II Samuel.

At the beginning of his message to the boys Rev. Mr. Richey explained how the lesson just read told of an interesting incident which ocurred near the end of David's life.

This story, said the speaker, pictures David as a very fine character. There were times in David's life, he added, when he was guilty of doing many very bad things. However, he did so many fine and noble things that he was greatly respected. He succeeded in uniting the kingdom and making the Hebrew nation great.

In the story just read, said Rev. Mr. Richey, we find that David and some of his soldiers were camped near the town of Bethlehem. They were near the cave of Adullam. The enemy, the Philistines, occupied the town of Bethlehem. David remembered that they were not far from a well which furnished fine drinking water. He recalled that in his boyhood days how he and his brothers drank from that old well. He longed for another drink of that water. Finally, three of his soldiers, hearing of his wish, fought their way through the Philistines, drew water from the well, and brought it to David.

David refused to drink the water, saying that it had been gotten at the expense of the blood of those three brave soldiers. He said that he could not accept such a sacrifice, and poured the water out on the ground.

The speaker then told his listeners that during the great war just ended, millions of young men made great sacrifices. Many of them gave up their lives, while countless thousands of others were severely wounded. They made these sacrifices for us. How shall we respond to the great sacrifices of our countrymen? Sometimes we are very selfish. We do not always stop to think of the blood spilled by the finest young men of our country in order that we may continue to enjoy all the privileges of a great democracy. We think only of ourselves. In far too many instances people think only of getting things for themselves, regardless of the needs of others.

Rev. Mr. Richey stated that all down through the centuries men and women have made great sacrifices as they went about the task of building this great nation. One of the finest ways in which we can respond is to strive to be as unselfish as they. We should forget self and pay more attention to our duties toward our fellow men.

The speaker then told the boys how trappers go about catching an ermine. The fur of this little animal is pure white and very valuable. To catch an ermine, the trapper drives it into sort of a dead end passage, a very dirty place. The ermine, being a very clean little animal, would rather be caught and killed than to be dirty. It comes out of its hiding place and is easily caught.

We get a valuable lesson from this story, said Rev. Mr. Richey. The finest kind of life to live is one of purity and cleanliness. Jesus Christ, who, for the sole purpose of saving mankind, made the greatest sacrifice the world has ever known, is calling on all men to live the right kind of lives. The best response we can make to his sacrifice is to live pure, upright lives.

One of man's greatest assets, continued the speaker, is a good character. One of the things which helps to build good character is integrity. The following story is told of a young man who served this country in World War I: While overseas he sent many fine letters to his mother and other relatives. But the finest thing he wrote was a poem entitled "I Would Be True." These words have been set to music, and the song appears in hymn books of practically all denominations. The hymn is now one of the popular ones of this country. The sentiment expressed therein will cause that young man's name to be remembered for many years.

Integrity, said the speaker, stands for solid character. A house built of good, sound timber will stand for generations. A strong clean character, like the sturdy oak, will withstand all the storms of life. Man can have no finer possession than a good character.

Rev. Mr. Richey closed his remarks by reading "A Boy's Prayer," the words of which are as follows: "Give us clean hands, clean words, and clean thoughts, O God. Help us to stand for the hard right against the easy wrong. Save us from habits that harm. Teach us to work as hard and play as fair in Thy sight alone as if all the world saw. Forgive us when we are unkind, and help us to forgive those who are unkind to us. Keep us ready to help others at some cost to ourselves. Send us chances to do a little good every day, and so to grow more like Christ. Amen."

FLOWERS

I would rather have one little rose from the garden of a friend
Than to have the choicest flowers when my stay on earth must end.
I would rather have the kindest words and a smile that I can see
Than flattery when my heart is still, and this life has ceased to be.

I would rather have a loving smile from friends I know are true,
Than tears shed 'round my casket when this world I bid adieu.
Then bring me all the flowers today, whether pink, white or red;
I'd rather have one blossom now—than a truck-load when I'm dead.

—Author Unknown.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 7, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Frank Andrews
Dean Harris
Robert Fogle
James Perkins
Charles Reeves
William Speaks

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
Horace Collins
William Doss
Raymond Harding
James Jones
Clay Shew
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Louie Ashe
Ray Burns
Fred Coats
Donald Kirk
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
Robert McDuffie
James McMahan
William McVickers
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Thomas Childress
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsey Elder
Glenn Evans
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Lloyd Perdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Benjamin Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Joseph Bean
Herman Hughes
Hobart Keaton
W. C. McManus
James Smith
Ray Swink
Ernest Turner
Edward VanHoy

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Cain
Donald Hoyle
Bobby Kerr
Edward Stone
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Coy Creakman
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Lester Ingle
George Jones
Bobby Porter
Robert Peavy
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
Charles Sellers
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall
Jack Phillips
Hubert Pritchard
Kirk Putnam
James Wise

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Byrant
James Carteret
Wade Cook
Donald Fagg
Lee Lockerby
Edward Morgan
Kenneth McLean
J. C. Rhodes
Leon Rose

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
Earl Allen
William Andrews
William Black
James Hensley
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14
Howard Holder
Howard Hall
Eugene Martin
Charles Moore
Lawrence Owens
Thomas Styles

COTTAGE No. 15
William Best
George Brown
Jack Benfield
William Correll
Jack Crump
Harry Coffey
Jack Green
John Green
Howard Herman
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Zeb Presson
James Peterson
Carl Ransom

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Ray Covington
William Harding
Harvey Jacobs
Morrison Jacobs
Donald Moose

INFIRMARY
David Brooks

———:———

THERE IS A BEAUTY

There is a beauty at the goal of life,
A beauty growing since the world began,
Through every age and race, through lapse and strife,
Till the great human soul completes her span,
Beneath the waves of storm that lash and burn,
The currents of blind passion that appall,
To listen and keep watch till we discern,
The tide or sovereign truth that guides it all;
So to address our spirits to the height,
And so attune them to the valiant whole,
That the great light be clearer for our light,
And the great soul the stronger for our soul:
To have done this is to have lived, though fame
Remember us with no familiar name.

—Archibald Lampman.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 20, 1946 No. 16

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me, Lo! It glows with peace and joy. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon the way, From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lustre to the day. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified; Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

EASTER DAWN

Out of the night, the dawn! Oh Hearts, look up
This Easter morning! See the brightening skies,
And watch the valleys, like an upturned cup,
Filling with golden light before your eyes.
Remember another dawn that followed a night
Blacker than any mankind ever knew,
And as it began to dawn, a radiant light
Shone on an old world suddenly made new.

"What of our dead in this mad strife?"
The question comes, and a voice makes quick reply:
"I am the Ressurrection and the Life,
And he who believeth on Me shall not die."
Lord, we believe, and our loved ones believed.
We claim Thy Promise . . . . there begins to dawn
The long lost night for which our hearts have grieved;
The sun is on the hill! The night is gone!

—Grace Noll Crowell.

EASTER — HE LIVES AGAIN

Once again Eastertide returns, and the race of man again feasts its soul upon the meaning of the crucifixion and the resurrection of Jesus. For a period of almost two thousand years, the pathways of mankind have been illumined with the light of the new hope that was given to the world through the lowly disciples of the Galilean. During all this time, the pages of history have continuously reflected the radiance of this new light. As one in imagination traverses backward through the vista of years since Gol-

gotha, it is easy to hear the voice of hope sounding and resounding across the hills and through the halls of temples and sanctuaries.

In meditating upon the Easter event and pondering its profound meaning, one invariably turns back the pages of history until he finds himself in imagination standing in the midst of the discples. At that time they were sorely tried; they were greatly bewildered and perplexed. To a large extent, they were without hope, and it is possible even yet to feel the weight of the heavy atmosphere which was then surcharged with despair. In the Golgothan tragedy, the dreams of the disciples had been crushed to earth, and their leader was gone.

But, then, to their surprise and amazement, the great powers of divinity were soon dramatized before their very eyes. The angels of God rolled away the stone, and there was an empty tomb. The power of life over death was forever established in the universe. Now, where the disciples had wept in the valley of despair as the tomb closed Him in, they now ascended the mountain peak of hope as He showed Himself alive again. Their hearts were now filled with joy, and their souls were filled to overflowing with the assurance and even the re-emphasis of the golden truth that man was not made to die. The lowly apostles, through their bitter experiences under the crucifixion and the resurrection of their Master, learned the most treasured lesson of all times. Fundamentally, they learned that life is eternal and that man is no mere transient visitor come to earth from the strange outside, and destined in the end to fade away into oblivion. They learned, too, that while man is the frail child of dust, yet evermore he is the mighty son of eternity.

One of the stirring and poignant facts at Easter time is that after the resurrection and ascension of Christ, life for the disciples and all the followers of the Nazarene took on an entirely new meaning. No longer were they the vanquished and timid souls who had been the followers of a defeated imposter, but instead they became the bold and fearless standard bearers of a new Christian era, of a mighty crusade for righteousness which was destined to be endless in time and boundless in scope.

Primarily, the Easter season is a good time for every individual,

reverently and with the hope of God, to resurrect himself from all that is evil, from all that is base and degrading, from all slothful habits. It is a most appropriate time to get a new hold upon the highest ideals of Christian living. In a sense, Easter heralds the coming of springtime in nature, when the flowers bud and bloom again, and all nature clothes itself in majestic beauty. Yet, in a higher sense, in the spiritual realm, it is a time when each may resolve that the garden of his own heart shall blossom again with the brightest jewels of service to others. It is a time when each may learn that sacrifice is the dominant principle of salvation.

It is a beautiful and yet a very profound truth that mankind learns from nature in the springtime. It is seen that nature never forgets, but year after year there is forever the resurgence of new life. In some mysterious and unknown way, nature always remembers to respond to this great principle.

In recent years, the race of man has gone through the travails of warfare, with sacrifice for freedom, peace, and liberty in the world as the watchword of the hour. By the thousands and ten thousands, young men in the prime of life gave their lives that the things which we cherish so dearly might be preserved throughout all time and eternity. At Eastertime we should be particularly mindful of the great sacrifices which these young men made, and we should consecrate our lives to the high ideals for which they fought and died. No longer should we cherish the hope that we may escape the travails of sacrifice or that we may cleverly seduce the opening of the gates of the New Jersualem by some fantastic plan which has never worked. The sooner we disillusion our minds of any such hope and realize that real salvation can be purchased only through sacrifice, the better off shall we be.

As we approach the Easter season we should be deeply conscious of the fact that Christ, the only begotten Son of God, came into the world and gave us the perfect example of Christian living. He ministered to the sufferings of humanity and He shared mankind's deepest sorrows. His pathway in life among men was marked by unselfish sacrifices until His life was crowned in triumph even in the hour of crucifixion. As He trod the weary road up to Golgotha's hill, bearing His own cross which He planted there, He demonstrated that, after all, one's cross may represent his ladder from earth to

heaven. No objective in life could be greater or more inspiring. Christ had been sent into the world to become its Redeemer. In one sense of the word it might have been possible for Him to have averted the cross of Calvary, but in another sense of the word He could never have done it and still claimed to be the world's Savior.

After all, Easter is the time when we celebrate the resurrection of Christ, when we realize once again that the doors of faith and hope are forever open to all. It is not a time of tragedy or hopeless sorrow, but rather a time for singing songs of praise.

* * * * * * * * *

MRS. CAMERON MORRISON MAKES GENEROUS GIFT TO NUMBER TEN COTTAGE

Mrs. Cameron Morrison, who has been deeply interested in the work of the Jackson Training School for a number of years, recently made a gift of one hundred dollars to the boys of No. 10 cottage. The purpose of this gift is to purchase Venetian blinds for the cottage. This gift is sincerely appreciated, not only by the boys of No. 10 cottage but by everyone at the school.

As soon as the Venetian blinds can be purchased, this will be done, and they will be properly installed at the cottage. Their addition, of course, will add a touch of coziness and refinement at this cottage. This is entirely in keeping with the high standard of the cottage, and with the ultimate objectives for all the cottages here at the school. We are very ambitious for the boys to have at their cottages the highest possible standards of a good home where there is an attractive environment and where there is cheerfulness and courtesy. It is always much easier to have the nicer things in life when the environment is conducive to this type of living.

Again, we wish to acknowledge with full gratitude this generous gift, and we wish to say to Mrs. Morrison that we wish for her just as many of the pleasures of life as this nice gift will bring to Mr. and Mrs. Liske and the boys of No. 10 cottage.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Items of Interest

By James Hensley, 9th Grade

Miss Oehler's third grade boys are getting ready for Easter by drawing murals about Easter. In the picture they have drawn Easter rabbits, Easter eggs and chickens. The boys in this grade are going on a picnic and Easter egg hunt on April 22nd, which is Easter Monday.

Mrs. Hawfield's first grade class is getting ready for Easter by drawing rabbits, eggs, and chickens. The boys are also drawing other things of spring. Mrs. Hawfield is also making preparations for putting on a spring and Easter program. This will be given on April 19th.

The Picture Show

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

"The Song of the Sarong" was the title of the picture shown here on Thursday night of last week. It was an exciting comedy picture.

The story was about a man named Allen Drew, who was paid a million dollars to go to an island in the South Pacific to obtain some pearls. The man who sent him told him that he had sent three other men on the same errand, but none of them had returned. Despite this fact, Allen wanted to go. He started out in a sea-plane. He thought he was traveling alone but when he got out over the Pacific he found that there were two stowaways aboard. These were two men who had overheard the arrangements being made for the trip. The stowaways agreed to help Allen get the pearls. To obtain the pearls, it was necessary to steal them. This they did. They were tricked by a white man who was living on the island, and were caught.

While on the island, Allen and a native princess fell in love with each other. When the three men were caught stealing the pearls, they were sentenced to die the next morning. As preparations were being made for the executions the following morning, the princess and a white man, who was a friend of hers, began praying for a miracle to happen. The prisoners were to be burned at the stake. The fires had been started. Suddenly a heavy downpour of rain extinguished the fires, and the men were liberated.

The boys enjoyed this picture very much.

Radio Program

By James Teague, 9th Grade

The radio program on Tuesday, April 9th, was under the direction of Superintendent Hawfield. It was based on "Citizenship at the Training School." Mr. Hawfield, after making a few remarks on citizenship, called upon a few boys who had written essays on this important topic.

The boys who read essays were as follows: Howard Manus, fourth grade; David Isenhour, fifth grade; Leon Rose, sixth grade; Thomas Green, seventh grade; Robert Fogle and Jack Benfield, ninth grade.

A group of special sixth grade boys sang two songs, "I Remember" and "I Gave My Life for Thee."

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

The groups assembled in the auditorium and sang two songs. They were "Jesus Paid It All" and "Christ Arose." Mr. Puckett then asked the groups a few questions about the Book of James. After we sang "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" we were dismissed into our regular classes.

In the intermediate group, Mr. Isenhour gave us a talk. We then began our program. The name of our lesson was "Baptists and the Individual." The first part, "The Individual," was given by Talmadge Duncan. "The Example of Jesus" was the title of the second part. It was given by Mr. Isenhour. The third part was given by Clyde Wright. It was entitled "Our Position Is Different." The last part, "Individual Rights," was given by William Brooks.

Following a prayer by Mr. Isenhour, our class was dismissed.

Sports Review

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

Mr. Walters and a group of boys are now putting the finshing touches on the baseball diamonds in preparation for the coming season.

The official schedule is not yet completed, but practice games were called for Saturday, April 13th. The results of these games are as follows:

Cottage No. 3 defeated Cottage No. 1 by the score of 14 to 12. Cottage No. 9 defeated the Indian Cottage by an 11 to 1 score. Cottage No. 2 won over Cottage No. 9 by the score of 9 to 5. Cottage No. 14 beat Cottage No. 13 by an 11 to 3 count. Cottage No. 4 defeated Cottage No. 5 by the score of 12 to 5. Cottage No. 11 won by forfeit over the Receiving Cottage.

Easter

By Douglas Mangum, 9th Grade

We have Easter because it represents the Resurrection Day. Everyone, of course, is glad when Easter comes, because we usually hunt Easter eggs and have a good time. Jesus died that we might be saved.

Easter, Goddess of Spring

By Garmon Hubbard, 9th Grade

Eostre, or Easter, was the goddess of spring in the religion of the ancient Anglo-Saxon. In April a festival was celebrated in her honor. After the old gods were put aside for Christianity, the festival was celebrated in honor of the resurrection of Christ, but was still called Easter, after the old goddess.

To the early Christians, Easter was the most important festival of the church year. Many customs have been attached to Easter. Eggs, for instance, are symbols of young life about to be born. Purple is a color frequently used in dying eggs. It signifies royalty and is therefore appropriate to honor Christ the King.

Why We Observe Easter

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

The chief reason we observe Easter is because that is the day on which

Jesus Christ arose from the dead.

The name Easter comes from the Anglo-Saxon word Eostre, a goddess of light or of spring, whose festival was celebrated in April. The Easter festival was considered a part of the Passover feast.

The date on which Easter really falls has long been in dispute among many Christian churches. The Christians of the East celebrated Easter on the fourteenth of Nisan (April), the day on which the Passover fell. Most of the churches observed it on the Sunday following that day.

The Council of Nice, A. D. 325, fixed Easter as the first Sunday after the full moon which appears on or next after March 21st. If the full moon should fall on March 21st, and that day be Saturday, then Sunday, March 22nd would be Easter Day.

Many people observe the custom of sending Easter eggs to their friends. The egg is a symbol of new life. The color red typifies the blood of redemption.

RESURRECTION

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."
A crown of Life upon His head He wears;
White is the robe of righteousness upon Him,
His majesty and pow'r all heav'n declares.

Gone is the crown of thorns that pierced Him,
Gone the purple robe in misery worn;
Healed are the bleeding wounds by hate inflicted,
When on the cross His human frame was torn.

Hushed are the sobs of those that mourned Him—
A faithful few who gathered 'neath the cross;
Dried are the tears of those who loved Him,
For heav'n was gained by His great earthly loss.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."
O'er death and tomb He won the victory;
His perfect love beyond our understanding
Gives life to us through all eternity.

—Mary R. Stader.

THINK NOT THE NIGHT MUST ENDURE

By LeGette Blythe, in The Charlotte Observer

Weary now in every bone and muscle but more weary in heart, little Andros slumped upon the stone rim of the fountain in the garden of old Annas the high priest. The overseer had gone to the other side of the garden where the pipe that ran down from the Temple poured out its stream of blood from the sacrifices upon the altar.

The roses in the garden of old Annas were beginning to bud out now and by the moon's fullness they would be blooming red and dark as the blood that the overseer soon would be fetching with which to fertilize them. Great gnarled cypresses and oleanders and citron trees and olives set here and there to provide both fruit and shade were already testifying to a new spring come once again to ancient Jerusalem. Bright - feathered birds, fled from the squalor of the Lover City and the barrenness of wasteland that pushed upon this timeless capital of Judaea, sang and twittered in this sheltered paradise in the Upper City, Jerusalem's Zion of the priestly caste.

In the Lower City and downward to the great wall cut by the Dung Gate that opened upon the steep slope dropping into the ravine of the Brook Kidron, down there where Jerusalem's unwashed thousands huddled in steaming mud hovels or hid themselves away vermin-like in niches within the great wall itself, down in the slime that fell away from the Pool of Siloam, there was little water for drinking and none for bathing; but up here in Zion water spouted in cooling streams from the distended mouths of bronze lions that stood guard about the fountains eternally crouched for springs they never made into the swimming pools.

Beauty in the Gardens

The water and the blood from the Temple sacrifices and the blanketed heat had joined to bring beauty to the spreading gardens of the high priest. White turtledoves and great slate-gray pigeons cooed to each other as they splashed in the shallow places about the pools and little bright-colored twittery birds flitted in the trees and darted among the thick shrubs. Oriental flowers from seeds fetched from many climes gave color and flame and quiet restfulness to this stretching Eden that pushed upward to the very steps of the great marble-columned house of old Annas.

But in the heart of this 12-year-old there was no lightness today. All was heaviness, disappointment, bitterness, despair.

Until two days ago, until the day before yesterday's early morn it was, happiness had seemed about to overwhelm Andros. Only a few months ago he had come upon enough food for the first time in his harried young life, and rest, and a sense of relaxation, and a slight taste of freedom. Until two days ago he had delighted

in the beauty and serenity and security of this garden. Months ago upon his first coming to Jerusalem he had by the greatest good fortune gained the ear of the overseer and employment to help tend the high priest's garden. In those months he had obtained no wages, but the food was ample and very good to one used only to the slavery of the glassworks of Tyre. The months had brought a new life to Andros, and to his mother in Phoenicia, happy now in the restoration of her little daughter Miriam, whose madness had quickly given way before the warming sweet smile of the young rabbi who had come up into the coasts of Tyre from Capernaum on the little Sea of Galilee.

Heat of the Glassworks

He had come almost to forgetting those terrible days in the maddening heat of the glassworks at Tyre, from which had come the colored glass that had been used in the windows of this house of Annas; he had almost reached the point of forgetting his Samaritan mother's toiling amid the shuttling looms upon which were woven the fine linens of Phoenicia; he had all but forgot, except in moments that sometimes came vivid and terrifying to him, that his patrician Greek father had died a slave chained to the oars of a Roman galley that his life's marrow had propelled through the long heaving waters between Alexandria and Caesarea. Almost he had even forgot the blows from the lead-tipped whips of the overseers at Tyre, had driven from his mind's eye the sickening vision of starved wretches, their eyes pierced, their ankles chained, dipping up from the Great Sea into their slimy boats the snails whose livers provided the purple for the dyeworks of Tyre, or other hulking human beasts pulling great stones to which they were chained as they ground with the stones the snails to obtain the dyes wherewith the fine linens of Phoenicia were dyed.

The garden of Annas with its flowers and its trees and its birds and its fountains, with its sweet odors and cooling breezes and the mottled sunshine that danced beneath the stirring oleanders and the drowsing olives, all these had helped him to forget. But more powerful to heal his mind's hurt's than this beautiful quiet cool garden of old Annas were the frequent quick flashing thoughts of the young rabbi and the remembrance of his smile and the warm strong light in his eyes.

More than anything else the remembrance of the strong young man in the white seamless robe woven on some Galilean loom, had brought a surcease of suffering, a healing of the scars deep within him. Until two days ago every thought of this Jesus ben Joseph had stirred in him a great happiness, an indescribable feeling of lightness and freedom and well-being, a feeling of great promise held out.

Sitting now upon the rim of the fountain in the garden of Annas the high priest, Andros recalled with the sharpened clarity that pain gives the dramatic moments of that first day he had seen the young rabbi. That day had brought his short life's greatest experience; the remembrance of it hereafter through all the years would bring its sharpest pain.

It had been born out of the rash-

ness of childhood, out of the bitterness and bravery of harassed and hounded youth. The thought of seeking out the strange young rabbi over eastward in Galilee had come suddenly and full grown and he had never hesitated to reckon the difficulty of attempting it. It had come out of the weeping of his disconsolate Samaritan mother on a night when little Miriam had been taken away by a violent fit that threw her on the ground writhing and foaming at the mouth. "I have heard tell that a new rabbi in Galilee is doing strange and wondrous acts of healing," his poor mother had said as she had wrung her hands and cried so pitifully. "If we could but take her to him! If he could but lay his gentle strong hands upon my child! But we are poor and the distance is far and the overseer would not spare us the time from the loom."

He had said nothing then, for his mother would have been afraid and would have sought to dissuade him, but in that moment he had decided it. And so weeks later when he had gone with the flat-bottomed boats down the coast to dredge the sand from the River Belus, whose sand was used in the making of Tyre glass sold even as far away from the shores of Phoenicia as Rome and Alexandria, his opportunity had come. In the night he had slipped away and gone, walking and running, straight eastward through the rich lowlands of the river until the light of morning began to break over the hills of Upper Galilee. Then he had turned directly south and had made his way up the steep slopes of the range of hills that split Galilee from east to west.

Hungry and Exhausted

All day he had hidden, for the overseers would likely send in search of him. But he had escaped and two days later, hungry and exhausted and soiled with much walking, he had come to the humble abode of the husbandman of a vineyard sprawled upon a slope. The husbandman had taken him in and fed him and given him a mat in the corner of the earth-floored hut. And after two days more of helping the husbandman prune his vines, he had set forth eastward again. In the fold of his brown coarse robe, now clean again with the scrubbing of the husbandman's wife, he carried a few little round loaves and several small fishes.

It was after the noon hour that he had come out from the hills and found himself all at once looking eastward down upon a sparkling blue pear-shaped lake that stretched eastward and southward. Now that the sun was slightly behind him he could look easily upon the shining water. So this then was the Sea of Galilee. It was upon the shores of this little body of blue water that the strange rabbi lived and taught and was doing his wondrous deeds, so they had said. It was to Andros, accustomed to the Great Sea into which cruel mighty Tyre protruded like a giant thumb, a very small sea indeed, but looking upon it he felt himself suddenly lifted and exalted and filled with a surging new hope. Perhaps, indeed, he would find the young rabbi after much wandering and much inquiring of these simple, kindly Galileans.

So he came down from the hills and trudged eastward and after a while

he came to a sluggish little stream almost hidden within willow-covered banks. This, he thought, must be the River Jordan, for of all the rivers of Palestine, it was the best known, and this one ran north and south and emptied into the Sea of Galilee, as he had been told the Jordan did. And having waded this little meandering stream, his robe tucked high above his brown ankles, he walked eastward along the shore of the little lake and shortly he rounded a low hill and came suddenly upon an assemblage of many people.

The Young Rabbi

Sitting here in the cool of the garden of Annas the high priest, Andros recalled vividly the terror and the thrill of the moment he first realized he had come face to face with the strange young rabbi he had been seeking. At first, as he had come almost upon the great throng without expecting it, he had been tempted to turn and run back along the shore and flee toward the sheltering hills. But quickly he had realized that no one had noticed him, for every eye was upon the figure of a tall young man who stood upon a slight elevation near the shore that raised him above the multitude and enabled Andros to see him from the first moment.

Quietly Andros made his way into the center of the throng and in a little while he had pushed into the forefront and was standing close to the rabbi who stood with a prayer shawl about his shoulders talking earnestly in the simple Aramaic of the Galilee hill country.

Here was the man he had come to find. Here was the man who had the power to end the torment of his little sister Miriam. But how could he tell this strange tall rabbi with the bright kindly eyes and the singing pleasant voice, how could he approach this handsome bronzed young man with the reddish sunburned hair and the stubble of sandy red beard, how could he, a poor lad, a slave of the glass-work industrialists of Tyre, a son of a slave dead these many years, of a mother held relentlessly to the clacking looms of the linen makers of Phoenicia, how could he tell this man of his need, his burning great desire of heart?

Quietly he stood a little back of those nearest the rabbi and sought to comprehend the words of the preacher. Many of the words were strange, though his mother had taught him the language of her fathers and though Tyre was a crossroads of the world where all men and all tongues met and brushed each other. But much of it he was able to comprehend and the words he did not understand were spoken so sweetly and so kindly that they too became music in his ears. And in a short while the twelve-year-old boy from the terrors of avaricious bloody Tyre was calmed and eased and soothed as the tall young rabbi talked of the enduring love of a mighty father for his erring children of earth.

Calmed and Soothed

As he talked the minutes passed swiftly and soon Andros noticed that the sun was now low in the west across the flatlands of Bashan. And after a while the rabbi raised his eyes

to the heavens and prayed and as he prayed Andros was calmed and soothed anew, and when the rabbi had finished his prayer several men in coarse robes stepped near him and spoke in low voices that he could not hear.

"They ask him to send us away." a man beside Andros said to his neighbor. "They say that we have followed him into this desert place and have stayed until we are hungered. They wish him to send us away before the setting of the sun that we may go and buy bread."

Andros, watching the rabbi, saw him shake his head. "No," he heard him say, "give ye them to eat."

"But, Master," one of the men remonstrated, "shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread and give them to eat? Even that, amongest all this multitude, would not be enough."

The young rabbi smiled. "But how many loaves do you have? Go and see."

Now there was a stirring among the people as the followers of the rabbi went among them and asked of the food they had brought. And all the while the bronzed young rabbi, his white robe open at the throat revealing the strength of his neck, the muscles of his arms showing beneath the folds of the robe and the thin tunic over which it fell loosely, stood quietly watching. When Andros saw that the rabbi's eyes had fallen upon him, he was strangely stirred, and he felt a new warmth and a new strength flowing into his tired limbs. Presently one of the rabbi's followers touched him on the shoulder.

"My lad," said he, "hast thou any bread?"

Andros turned to face the bearded fellow in the course brown robe. "I— I— Sir," he stammered, searching for the bag at his waist, "I have eaten of the loaves and fishes along the journey, and there cannot be many left." He pulled forth the bag, peered inside. The big man bent down, looked also. Then he walked over to the rabbi. "This lad hath five small loaves, and two fishes, Master," he said.

"Welcome to this Gift"

Then Andros did a strange thing, a strange thing for a boy from the slavery of the glassworks in Phoenicia. He walked to the rabbi, handed him the bag. "Master," said he, "thou art more than welcome to this poor gift."

The tall young rabbi took the bag, and though he said nothing, he smiled upon the youth, and Andros, recalling it now as he sat upon the rim of the fountain in the high priest's garden, knew that never before had anyone, even his tired haggard mother, so warmed him with a smile.

Yes, Andros told himself again, that had been his great day. Thousands had sat down quietly in companies that late afternoon at the command of the rabbi's followers, and the rabbi, when he had spread the prayer shawl about his shoulders and lifted his eyes and offered thanks for the poor little hard loaves and the clammy cold fishes, had begun breaking the loaves and dividing the fishes.

The story was old now. Throughout Galilee and down to Jerusalem and beyond the Jordan in Gilead, through the borders of the province of Judaea and the Tetrarchy of Herod Antipas and in Decapolis beyond the

Sea of Galilee they had told the story of how the little loaves and fishes of the boy Andros had fed five thousand men, not counting the women and children, and how twelve great baskets of bread and fishes had remained after the feasting had ended. In the wonder of it Andros had almost forgot to open his heart to the rabbi and tell him of his little sister's need. And when he had remembered he had been afraid. But the rabbi, discerning that his heart was heavy, had called him to his side, and at length he had revealed to him the hardness of his short years.

That had been a great day. Yes, but so had been the day when he had followed the rabbi upward from Capernaum on the western bulge of the little sea to Phoenicia and had sent word ahead to his mother that the rabbi was entering the borders of their country. That had been a truly great day for it had brought joy to his mother and to himself and restoration to Miriam.

His mother, leaving Miriam at home in Tyre, had come to meet the rabbi and when she had fallen at his feet, had pleaded with him to heal the child.

Andros well remembered what the rabbi had said to her, how he had tested her desire that her daughter be healed. "Let the children first be filled," he had said, "for it is not proper to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs." For the Jews held the Phoenicians to be little more than dogs, though the rabbi, Andros knew, held no such belief.

Testing Her Faith

The boy for a moment had been fearful that his mother would be angered at the rabbi's words and not understand that he was testing her faith and the strengtth of her desire for the healing of her child. But his mother had been equal to the rabbi's testing. "Yes, Lord," she had said, through her tears, "yet the little dogs under the table eat of the crumbs that falleth from the children."

Then the rabbi had smiled and taken her hand had helped her to her feet.. "For this saying go thy way," he had told her; "the devil is gone out of thy daughter."

And when his mother had made her way back to her house, she had found little Miriam healed of her ills.

That, too, had been a wondrous day for Andros.

There had been other days when he had come upon the young master about his work. Sometimes he had gone to some small tabernacle where he suspected the rabbi would appear to talk and pray, his face lifted to the father, his prayer shawl about his strong shoulders. Sometimes he came upon him unexpectedly in one of the courts of the Temple, preaching and healing the sick and the suffering. Always the presence of the rabbi had brought to him that feeling of strength and freedom.

He had seen him as he had ridden upon the first day of the week into Jersualem seated upon the small donkey. A little group of his friends amongst them the women Mary of Magdala, and the men they called his disciples, and the poor of the quarter near the Dung Gate, had walked along beside him. Some had thrown their garments across the back of the little beast to make a saddle for the rabbi

and others in the fervor of their joy had broken palm leaves along the way and scattered them ahead in the path of the donkey.

Sees the Young Master

It had happened, too, that on the day the rabbi had gone to the Temple the overseer had sent Andros there on a mission and he had seen the rabbi as he had thrown over the table of the money-changers and opened the cages of the doves and driven forth the Temple defilers with the little whip of cords. Several times during this Passover Week now ended so terribly he had seen the young Master.

But that was all past and done now. Andros, looking into the water of the high priest's fountain, saw not the beauty of the waters and the flowers that lined its rim, for in his heart now there was no place for beauty and lightness and joy. In the waters he saw only sorrow and tragedy and hope turned to ashes of despair.

Now he saw another scene. Early he had heard a commotion at the gates of the high priest's house on the morning after they had eaten of the Passover Supper, and rushing out from the servant's house where he had been given lodging, he had seen an angry mob leading before old Annas his young friend the rabbi. Only a few moments the rabbi had been there, however, before they took him away. Through the morning as he tended the roses he had wondered what had became of the young rabbi.

"But the rabbi is strong and can protect himself against the rabble of Jersualem and even the helmeted soldiers of the Roman hegemony of Jersualem," he had reassured himself. "The rabbi is the Son of God, indeed! He need but speak the word and all his enemies will be done away with in the flicking of an eyelash. Did he not feed the multitude with the poor loaves and fishes of a slave lad from Phoenicia? Did he not restore little Miriam? Has he not done countless other deeds of charity and power? Why should I worry about the rabbi? Can he not protect himself?"

But he had worried nevertheless. Through the morning the picture of his friend the young rabbi in the midst of that rabble before the high priest's gate pressed upon him and he could not see the roses he was tending for the vision of the sad faced young rabbi, the face that he had so often seen covered with the dust of the way but smiling and happy as he had gone up and down the hot roads of Galilee and Judaea.

Son of God Crucified

And then towards the time of the midday meal someone had come running into the garden seeking the overseer. "The rabbi of Galilee, he who hath been proclaiming himself the Son of God," said the man, when he had caught his breath, "they have taken him out to the Place of the Skull and crucified him!"

Andros, coming back to that part of the garden with a bucket of blood from the pipes that ran down from the Temple, had heard it. He set the bucket down. Sitting now on the rim of the fountain, he recalled the horror that the words of the stranger had brought. He had dropped the bucket,

had stood motionless, stunned. Then he had run back along the path, heedless of what the overseer would say, heedless of everything except the tragedy that had engulfed him. His friend the rabbi had been nailed to the terrible cross of the Romans. His friend even now was suffering the agonies of this most despicable of all deaths. His friend the strong handsome smiling young man who had gone up and down the coasts of Palestine, along the winding ways of the Jordan, across the blue of the little Sea of Galilee, into the dives of the Lower City of Jerusalem, the homes of the despised tax collectors, the dwellings of the Samaritans, even to Phoenicia to a meeting with a poor weaver of linens of Tyre, everywhere bringing the warmth and healing and freedom of his smile, everywhere doing good and nowhere doing ill to any man, his friend was now writhing upon the cruel cross of the Romans.

From the house of the high priest Annas it was not far distant to the place called Calvary. Were it not for some of the houses of the more prosperous who inhabited the Upper City it would be possible, in fact, to look down upon this place where the criminals of Jerusalem habitually were executed.

Andros, sitting here in the garden from whence he had fled two days ago, remembered that he had raced through narrow streets until he had reached the First Wall. Through the Gate Gennath he had caugth a fleeting glance of the Tower of Mariamne that the conscienceless Herod had erected to the memory of the wife he had slain. Outside the gate he had turned sharply to the right and run along the wall until he had come to the Second Wall that abutted upon the First Wall at right angles. Turning here to the left, he had made his way through the winding miserable streets of the Lower City until he had come to the Via Dolorosa that crossed the Lower City from the Tower of Antonia, symbol of the despotic power of the Romans, through the Second Wall to Calvary.

Never Would He Forget

Never would he forget what he saw when he came to the squat round Place of the Skull. Looking down into the fountain on this beautiful spring morning, he saw not the reflected beauty of the trees and the shrubs and the flowers. He saw not only the tragic picture of three crosses, the center of which had borne the bronzed, handsomely muscled body of the young rabbi whom they were lowering to the ground as he came breathlessly to the foot of Calvary.

Andros had given but a glance to the two men crucified on crosses flanking the cross of his friend the rabbi. Horrified, his mind reeling, his tired young dust-covered body steaming from the race down from the high priest's garden, he stood and watched.

The young rabbi was dead. He had failed. Had he not promised that he was bringing to earth a new world, a world of truth and goodness and beauty, a world of freedom, of righteousness, of joy? Had he not said time and time again, in the synagogues, upon the dusty ways of ancient Galilee, upon the now calm now storm-tossed waters of the little Sea he loved so much, had he not said

plainly enough that he was the Son of the Heavenly Father? Hed he not done wondrous deeds in his Father's name?

But there were many who had scoffed. They had said that he was only Jesus ben Joseph, the son of the carpenter of Nazareth. They had laughed at the suggestion that anything good and great could come forth from that miserable little village in the hill country of Lower Galilee. They had scoffed and they had laughed at his assertion of mighty power.

And they had been right. The young rabbi of the flashing sweet smile, of the strong, helpful, sun-burned hands, of the soothing compelling voice, was dead. They were lifting him down from the cross upon which he had died.

The Poor are Poorer

Andros turned his back upon the tragedy of Golgotha and walked with leaden feet along the Via Dolorosa. Slowly he walked now for his heart was as dead as the dead young rabbi back there whose broken body his poor pitiful weak heartbroken little band was lifting tenderly down from the cross. After hours, it must have been, he came back to the garden of the high priest, through the meandering narrow mean streets of the poor and forsaken of the Lower City, through the proud avenues of the prosperous upon Zion. The poor would be poorer now, for they had lost their advocate. The proud and the powerful would increase in pride and arrogance and privilege now, for none was left to challenge them.

Andros had come back to the garden of the high priest and the sharp tongue of the overseer. He had come back to the bleakness and the harshness and the ugliness of that life he had fled when he had slipped away that night from the overseers dredging for sand in the River Belus. It had been a dream. Yes, the sweetness of the short days since he had come upon the rabbi that day at Bethsaida on the northern coast of the little Sea of Galilee had been but a dream. Life was hard, life was slavery. That was the reality. The other had been a dream. The young rabbi with his flashing warm smile and his strong hands to heal and to lift up and to comfort had been conjured up out of the hope of the poor of the earth. Andros was too young to wrestle with it. He was tired. He was defeated. He had waked from a pleasant dream to a hard reality.

Two days he had been held in the depths of despair. The beauty of the garden was lost to him, the song of the birds, the caressing coolness of the little breezes in the oleanders.

The rabbi had promised life and joy. He had fought slavery and hate and sorrow.

He had spoken of his strength. He had said that he had been sent of the Father to show to the world the will of the Father, he had said that his way was the way of life.

Now He lay Dead

Now he lay dead. Some had said, he had overhead the overseer declare, that the wealthy Joseph of Arimathea had given them his own new tomb as a place in which to lay the young rabbi, the young rabbi who

had failed though he had made a good fight.

Andros heard the steps of the overseer returning along the path that led up from the pipe that poured forth the blood from the slit throats of the Temple sacrifices. Suddenly he hated the overseer. Suddenly he hated this garden. These flowers, these trees, these singing birds were unreal. They were ghosts, dreams, visions to taunt. Beauty was a mirage. The stones with which they ground the snails at Tyre to get the purple for the dyes wherewith they dyed the fine linens made in Phoenicia by poor women like his mother, poor children like little Miriam, the chains with which they fettered the blinded slaves, the galleys pulled by the life blood of slaves like his dead father, dead and dumped into the Great Sea from the oars he could no longer pull, the dredges on the River Belus, the heat of the glassworks, the bodies of dead slaves thrown out and rotting along the coasts of Phoenicia, the pomp and power and the strutting soldiers of the hegemon of Jerusalem, the hypocritical cant and ceremony of the priests in the Temple, the theological hair-spittings of the Scribes and Pharisees—these were the realities, these the cold, hard facts of life. Hell was the real, heaven the ethereal, the unattainable.

He must get away. Unreasoning, for he had lost his balance now that hope had fled him, Andros jumped to his feet, ran down the path that led in the other direction from which the overseer was approaching, climbed the wall, slipped down the slope that led from the high place on which the high priest's house sat, and soon was lost in a maze of narrow streets that led to the bridge across the chasm that was called the Valley of the Cheesemongers. After a while he came to the southern slope of the Temple area and continuing he began descending toward the wretched hovels that pushed one upon the other in the steaming, foul area of the Dung Gate.

This Is My Place

Here, he thought, is where I belong. This is my place. I belong with the mean, despised, forsaken of earth. This he thought though his thoughts had not formed themselves into words, into definite pictures, into any sort of philosophy, for he was too young and he was too tired and he was too heartbroken. His friend lay broken and dead in the new tomb of the wealthy Joseph of Arimathea.

He was walking along a narrow defile now upon which squatted miserable huts of the poor with here and there the booth of a ragged merchant who chanted his solemn harangue over a filthy stock of earthen pots or tawdry, ill-woven woolens. Ragged children played in the place where the carts went. Dirty pigeons fought for the grain in the droppings of the donkeys. Miserable beggars cried out from the doorways, wallowed in rags in the dust of the twisting street. In an upper window two women were talking excitedly. "—Mary of Magdala," he caught the words. "My Eliezer heard it as he was cleaning the manure of the cattle from the Temple courts after the Passover sacrifices," she went on. "They say the priests at the Temple are frightened."

"And the rabbi indeed has risen?" said the other woman incredulously. "Is it of a truth you speak?"

"My Eliezer heard it," replied the first woman. "He declared the rabbi had been seen of many this day. He told how at the first light of today's morning they had found the great stone rolled away from the mouth of the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, where they had laid him, and the tomb empty, though his graveclothes had been neatly laid out. And Mary of Magdala, one of his followers, so they told, coming up to the tomb saw a man whom she supposed to be the gardener until he called her name, and then she knew him to be the rabbi."

"Oh, but it cannot be," said the other woman. "Yet did he not say that on the third day he would arise? And is this indeed not the third day since they nailed him upon the cross?"

Hope Strengthened Becomes Faith

Andros would have paused and questioned the woman, but he was young and very weary and it was difficult to believe the tales of chattering women, and he had seen the broken, dead body of his friend the rabbi being lifted down from the cross. And so he walked on. But as he went down the steep defile that ended in the ravine of the Brook Kidron and slowly mounted the slope upward toward the Mount of Olives he wondered at the words of the two women. And even the wondering helped drive out the blackness that had engulfed him, because it admitted a little of hope and hope strengthened becomes faith.

Having mounted the slope, he thought upon going toward Bethany, the village of Lazarus and Mary and Martha and much beloved by the rabbi, but instead he circled the city and passing to the north crossed the Damascus road and took his way toward Emmaus.

In the cool of the evening he came to Emmaus and stopped in a little inn. He was thoroughly fatigued now, and hungry, and the little hope that the talk of the women had given him had all but been swallowed up in the despair that he had never been able fully to throw off. He would stop and help the innkeeper, perhaps with the stabling of the beasts of the innkeeper's guests, and he would gain his bread and a mat in a corner somewhere.

He was in the inn when three strangers entered as the sun was setting over the towers of Jersualem in the west, over the garden of the high priest Annas, over the Place of the Skull outside the wall of the ancient city.

Three Strangers Appear

The three strangers sat down to table and the innkeeper went in to serve them. And little Andros, busy with the pots and pans, could hear from time to time snatches of their conversation. One of the men spoke with a calm, pleasant voice, a voice resonant and modulated, a voice at once assured and reassuring. Andros for a moment fancied he had heard that voice before.

By the light of the lamps he could see through the low doorway the faces of two of the men, and the back of the third. He had never seen the two, as far as he could recall. But there

was something vaguely familiar about the broad shoulders, the muscled forearms of the man whose back was to him.

When the bread and meat and the goat's milk were ready, the innkeeper gave the tray to Andros to carry to the table. He set it down, placed the dishes upon the board, set the cups before them. Until then he had given but scant notice to the three.

But at that moment, he did not know why, perhaps, because he felt the gaze of the stranger upon him, he looked up, and full into the face of the man whose back had been toward him.

The light of the lamp shone full upon the face of the stranger. Perhaps the light accentuated its pallor. But it shone, too, upon the sandy reddish hair that fell to his shoulders, the stubble of beard that covered his cheeks and ran out to a small point at his chin.

Andros felt his knees shaking, his body trembling. Tremors hot and cold were racing along his spine.

The stranger sensed it, too. He reached forth a strong hand, pale a little but firm and steady, and patted the small shaking hand of the boy. Andros, looking down at the hand, saw in the center of the back an ugly torn gash made when the flesh has been pushed outward from the palm.

Then he looked upward to the face, and the stranger smiled.

And immediately, as with the speed of an arrow released from the bow, all the blackness and despair and the terror and the loneliness lifted and fled away and evaporated and was gone.

And Andros felt himself once again in the garden of the high priest Annas on the heights of Zion in ancient Jerusalem's Upper City and once again he smelled the sweet odor of the roses, and he felt the caressing cool breeze sighing through the oleanders and the olives, and he heard the birds singing, the big birds of the bright plumage and little twittering birds with the sharp, high notes.

But the singing he really heard, as the Master smiled upon him and patted the back of his tremulous little hand, was the singing within his heart.

JUST ONE DAY APART

A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow;
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary Day and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart.

—Susan Coolidge.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

(Christian Science Monitor)

For months peace - loving Americans have been saying that war with Russia was "unthinkable." Today they cannot say it, for millions of them are thinking about war with Russia. And day by day the headlines become more belligerent. But war with Russia is still improbable and unnecessary. The latest news from Iran and Moscow only underscores the advice of Cordell Hull.

Iran of 1946 is not Poland of 1939. Britain and America have oil interests in Iran, but they weaken rather than strengthen the moral position, and the whole history of the situation is very different. The reported new movement of Soviet forces is answered from Washington only by another note, not by a declaration of war. The circumstances are more like the Rineland and 1936. And it is still possible to say that there is no area where the vital interests of Russia and America need come into conflict.

It is possible to believe that there are some natural limits to Russian expansionism, and that it will halt short of a line which would be defended with arms either by Britian or America. But such a line is not merely geographic. And the experience with Germany after 1936 made many democratic statesmen wish they had tackled the snowball while it was small. Moreover the mental atmosphere has been moving dangerously fast toward that of war.

Those who want peace—and we believe the vast majority of Russians and Americans want peace—will have to take more active steps to stop the drift or reverse the pressures of those who thoughtlessly or selfishly drive toward conflict. It can be done if warnings such as Mr. Hull's are heeded. Sufficient informed, constructive and positive thinking in two countries—or even in one—would break the vicious circle of ignorant, destructive and negative bluff and back-biting.

Leaders in both countries could do more. A case in point is the Churchill speech and the Russian reaction to it. The former Prime Minister made generalized accusations about Russian motives and intentions which cannot be proved one way or the other. Pravda forthwith answers with accusations about Mr. Churchill's motives and intentions which cannot be proved one way or the other In that, both displayed ignorance. Both fed suspicion and dislike. Both, in that respect, were negative and destructive.

If this is just a game of bluff, it is a most awkward and perilous one. Moscow may be calculating successfully on short-range gains. But it may be badly miscalculating the long-range results. It has apparently decided that the American response to the Churchill speech proves that there is no early possibility of a British-American military alliance. Pravda noted the fact and might have made it a reason for something very different from the intemperate suspicion-scattering answer it made — which from this distance sounds more like the product of fear than assurance.

But Moscow has perhaps failed to see how much its recent words and acts have changed the American attitude. They have greatly weakened the friendly voices which sought—at the risk of being called Communist to obtain calm and fair judgment of the Soviet. They have vastly stiffened American diplomatic and military policy—and public support of it. Americans have begun to visualize conditions in which they would eagerly welcome Mr. Churchill's plan.

We do not wish to deal in threats. But it is only sober fact to say that if Moscow's leaders have any interest in good public relations with America, they had better look twice at what they are producing.

———:———

SWEET EASTER MORN

Sweet Easter Morn, sweet Easter Morn,
Thy glad return means hope reborn;
For thou dost point to yonder tomb
Where Jesus conquered death and gloom.

Sweet Easter Morn, sweet Easter Morn,
Thy pure, white lilies still adorn
A world that's crimson with bloodstain—
A world where righteous men are slain.

Sweet Easter Morn, sweet Easter Morn,
May thy good tidings no man scorn;
But may each dormant heart now stir
To see that Victor of the sepulchre.

—Mamie Dalrymple Fant.

THE REPORTER

(Morganton News-Herald)

Consider the reporter.

Just any reporter who is honest, energetic and intelligent. Most of them are.

He is a watcher on the heights, overlooking the activities of men with calm and dispassionate eyes.

He makes the whole world vocal. He is the voice of humanity.

He is a white searchlight upon the tower.

Wrongdoers dread him far more than they dread courts, policemen, prisons or gallows.

The ethics of his profession are set forth in one sentence:

"Tell the truth".

His integrity is akin to a woman's virtue—above price.

No man can buy his silence, no bribe can color his story.

He has naught to do with politics, or business, or religion, or institutions, or any of the plans of men except to tell about them.

He meets and mingles with all kinds of people, and moves in all conditions of society.

He is equally at home with a bishop or bandit. They mean nothing to him save a story.

He is not responsible for the success or failure of any cause or movement. He merely recites the facts.

He gazes on humanity as the moon gazes on the earth.

He is the invisible czar of a free people—public opinion. No largesse or subsidy or patronage can control one word he writes.

He has no class consciousness. He speaks with equal candor concerning the priest and the pariah, the banker and the tramp, the Jew and the Gentile, the saint and the sinner, the radical and the conservative, the lawmaker and the lawbreaker. They all look alike to him.

Bosses and near-bosses, the great and the near great, kings, emperors and presidents, always show him deference, for they know his voice is the roar of the multitude.

All great editors were once reporters—reporters at heart, by choice and by profession. Their keenest delight was found in writing the news of the day—not ponderous opinions thereon.

Horace Greely, James Gordon Bennett, Charles A. Dana, Henry Grady, Jim McCullough, Melville E. Stone, Jim Keeley, Victor Lawson, William Allen White, Henry Watterson and a myraid of others, soldiers of the pen, found their greatest delight in developing and recording the news of the day. They climed to the dizziest heights of journalistic eminence, but they never ceased to be reporters.

Consider the reporter.

You may never have met one, but he is a person worth while.

"No fidget or reformer,
Just a calm observer of ought and must."

"He is not here, but has risen."

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Walter M. Cooper, a former student at the School, was a visitor here on April 7th. He entered this institution, January 16, 1936 and was permitted to return to his home in Greensboro, July 11, 1939. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group and worked in the bakery.

Upon returning to Greensboro, Walter attended school for a while, and then worked at various jobs until enlisting in the United States Army, February 4, 1941.

Walter was sent to Fort Jackson, S. C., where he remained until his outfit was sent overseas on March 7, 1944. He was first stationed at Calcutta, India, but later became a member of the 327th Harbor Craft, and spent twenty-one months in the China-Burma-India theatre of operations. Walter stated that the nature of his work in this area consisted largely of looking after supplies of all sorts. While he did not have the opportunity to participate in any battle engagements, Walter said that his outfit played an important part in all operations, since it was necessary to get food and equipment to those on the fighting lines.

On December 1, 1945, Walter returned to the United States. He secured a ninety days' furlough, most of which time was spent with relatives in Greensboro and vicinity.

We noticed that Walter was wearing the following ribbons: Pre-Pearl Harbor, American Theatre of Operations, Asiatic and Pacific Theatre of Operations, and the Victory Ribbon. He had also obtained the rank of corporal.

Walter informed us that he re-enlisted on February 13, 1946, and that after spending a few more days at home, would report to Fort Jackson for re-assignment. He also stated that he had asked to be placed on duty with the American Occupational Troops in the European Theatre, and felt quite sure that his request would be granted.

On April 11th, we received a nice letter from Walter, written at Fort Jackson, which reads as follows:

"After visiting the School last Sunday, I take the greatest of pleasure in writing you. My visit was truly a most pleasant one, and I'm looking forward to another very soon.

"While I was a boy at the School I was taught many things which will be a great benefit to me for the rest of my life. Those things I shall cherish as long as I live. Without the help of the officers at the School I'm sure I would have been lost. I am very proud to have been a student at the School. Anyone who intends to do the right thing can never say that the Training School had a bad influence on them.

"I'm hoping most heartily that this letter will be printed in The Uplift, so that the boys there now will know that the officers in whose charge they are placed, are playing a big part in their future lives. They are now being trained to do the things which are right.

"I'm hoping the good works of the School will continue to go on. There

is no doubt in my mind about the value of the training the boys are receiving there. Some day the boys who are now at the School will feel the same as I feel about it. Very truly yours, Walter M. Cooper."

—:—

George Shaver, formerly of Cottage No. 3, was a visitor at the School last week. This young man, who is now twenty-two years old, was admitted to the institution, April 16, 1935 and he was permitted to return to his home in Charlotte, July 15, 1941. His work experiences while with us consisted of employment on the general outdoor work line, on the barn force and as house boy.

Shortly after returning to Charlotte, George became an enrollee in a CCC camp, and worked with a unit stationed near Cherryville. He stayed there about six months.

On July 4, 1942, George enlisted in the United States Navy. He received basic training at Newport, Rhode Island, and after six weeks of training he went to New York for assignment. He became a member of the crew of the "USS Elizabeth C. Stanton," a troop transport. He first went to North Africa at the time of the invasion of that country, spending considerable time at Casablanca and other places. His next assignment was on the "USS Betelguese," a cargo ship. This vessel was part of a convoy going to North Africa, also making trips to ports in Italy and Southern France before returning to the United States. While still a member of the crew of this vessel George went to Guadalcanal, Okinawa and Guam.

Upon returning from the South Pacific, he was transferred to the "USS Ticonderoga," an aircraft carrier. This vessel then made a trip to Okinawa, and on the return voyage brought American troops back to Seattle, Washington. George then obtained a thirty days' leave with ten days' travel time, and came back to his home in Charlotte. He informed us that he was married on March 20, 1946.

In conversation with George we learned he was planning to stay in the Navy indefinitely. We noticed that he was wearing the following campaign insignia: Victory Bar; American Theatre of Operations; Asiatic and Pacific Theatre of Operations (with one star for the Battle of Okinawa); European Theatre of Operations (with three stars for having taking part in engagements in Southern France, Casablanca and French Morocco).

Our friend George seemed delighted to be back for a brief chat with his old friends at the School. He spoke very highly of the training he received while here, saying that it had been very helpful to him in many ways, especially when he first went into the Navy.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from Raymond Byrd, a former student at the School, who is now undergoing a period of "boot" training in the United States Navy.

Raymond entered the School, November 15, 1943, was conditionally released, February 15, 1945; was re-admitted, May 14, 1945; and was released on March 19, 1946. He enlisted in the Navy, going directly from the campus to the Norfolk (Va.) Naval Training Station. His letter to Mr.

Hawfield reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Just a few lines to say 'hello' and tell you that I appreciate everything you did for me while I was at the school. You brought my thoughts out of the dirt and caused me to aim them at the stars. Here's hoping that I shall not fall down.

"Please remember me to all the folks at the school, especially Mr. and Mrs. Liske. If you will send me a copy of The Uplift once in a while, I'll certainly appreciate it. When pay-day comes around again, I'm going to subscribe for the little magazine.

"Right now I'm here in the Norfolk 'boot' training station. I think Navy life is great. I'm in the best company at the camp, and my company commander is a swell fellow.

"The best of luck to you and to all the rest at the school. Your friend, Raymond Byrd."

———:———

RESURRECTION

Today we celebrate again the great and wonderous feat
That through the by-gone ages not a man has ever beat;
For when the Christ Our Lord arose from deep beneath the sod
He proved beyond a doubt that He was born the Son of God
He raised the heavy stones and things that laid upon His grave,
Departed into heaven from the world He'd come to save.

His promise to return again will in the future be
The greatest revelation that our eyes will ever see;
And yet through time and negligence we've sort of cast away
The mem'ry of the wondrous feat we celebrate today.
We've let the feat become a doubt, the mind become a thief,
For from the heart of most of us it stole our true belief.

We've let the worldly things in life corrode the pure and fine,
And substituted fancy for the subtle and divine.
The life of Christ we often say is just a fairy tale,
But deep within our inner selves, where love and song prevail,
We find a stronger something that impels us to arise
And praise our loving Jesus who awaits us in the skies.

The modest Easter lily is a symbol of His grace,
Reflects His patient tenderness toward the human race.
And as the years of time go on His love will always be
The true and great salvation that He holds for you and me.
So let us show our thankfulness and cast our doubt away,
For someday there will be another resurrection day.

—Thomas C. O'Brien.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 7:24-27. The subject of his message to the boys was "Facing Life's Storms," and as a text he selected the 24th verse of the lesson—"Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock."

The speaker began by explaining that the verses just read were part of that the verses just read were part of Christ's wonderful Sermon on the known to man. One reason why the people thronged about the Master to listen to him was because he spoke as one having authority. He spoke to their hearts.

In this great sermon, said Rev. Mr. Tarlton, Jesus clearly pointed out to his listeners what constituted the only foundation for a Christian life. As in the building of a house, a life that is to be really worthwhile must have the strongest foundation available. We must all build some kind of a life. It is our duty to see that we build well upon a strong foundation.

No man's life runs along altogether smoothly, said the speaker. Storms will most certainly come. He then cited some of them as follows:

(1) There are continuous rains of discouragement. We sometimes reach the place when we feel that nobody cares what becomes of us. We have failed in attaining some goal. It seems to be natural for some people to become discouraged and quit. That is just the time when we should not give up, but fight all the harder to win.

(2) The rain of perplexity is another thing that disturbs us a great deal. We wonder what we are going to do. A young man wonders whether or not he will be able to get a good position, and then wonders about his ability to hold it. There are many broken plans and broken promises. These things will come to us, and we must learn to overcome them.

Rev. Mr. Tarlton then called attention to various floods of life, as follows:

(1) The flood of temptation. We are confronted by temptations in life, no matter in what direction we may turn. This is especially true of young people. It seems that in this present day it becomes more and more popular to place temptations in the way of young people.

(2) The flood of anxiety is another thing that fills our hearts. During the long years of the war just ended, countless thousands of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters and brothers of service men experienced great anxiety as to the safety of their loved ones.

(3) The floods of responsibilities. As we try to live the right kind of lives, we shall find that all good citizens are responsible for many things which are necessary to make this old world a better place in which to live. The world owes no man a living. We must pay for our worldly needs.

There are various winds which will seek to wreck the house of life we are trying to build, continued the speaker,

and he listed them in the following manner:

(1) The wind of adversity is constantly blowing against us. Whenever we seek to do good, evil is present. If we are not careful the wind blow us in evil directions.

(2) The wind of distress. Just as a ship was in mid-ocean sometimes is in danger of sinking, we find ourselves to be in great distress. It is then we must send out the SOS signal for help, and the only help we can find that will save us is the strong hand of God.

(3) The winds of sorrow. Sorrow comes to all of us. This is sometimes caused by our own misdeeds rather than those of others. We must learn to carry on in the face of sorrow, and go on building our lives in the best possible way.

All of these storms of life may seek to destroy us, said Rev. Mr. Tarlton, but we have the assurance that if our house is securely built upon a solid foundation it will not fall. Jesus said, "The winds came, but the house fell not for it was builded upon a rock." Therefore, if a person's life is built upon Jesus, there can be doubt as to his ability to withstand the storms that beat upon it. On the other hand, if we build not according to the plans of the Master, our lives shall be dismal failures.

———:———

SCARRED

Far nobler the sword that is nicked and worn,
Far fairer the flag that is grimy and torn,
Than when to the battle fresh they were borne.

He was tried and found true; He stood the test;
'Neath whirlwinds of doubt, when all the rest
Crouched down and submitted, He fought best.

There are wounds on His breast that can never be healed,
There are gashes that bleed and may not be sealed,
But, wounded and gashed, He won the field.

And others may dream in their easy chairs,
And point their white hands to the scars He bears;
But the palm and the laurel are His—not theirs!

—Author Unknown.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 14, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Frank Andrews
William Epps
William Poteat

COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

Fred Coats
Gerald Johnson
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
William Meadows
Edward Medlin
Ray Naylor
Jame Norton
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

Thomas Childress
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsey Elder
Glenn Evans
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Lloyd Perdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Leroy Shedd
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Benjamin Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Joseph Bean
John Fine
Jeter Green
Robert Hogan
James Hill
Hobart Keaton
W. C. McManus
Lacy Overton
James Smith
Roy Swink
James Wiggington
Edward VanHoy

COTTAGE No. 5

Connie Hill
Donald Hoyle
Edward Stone

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Fred Ganey
Clyde Hoffman
Clyde Hill
George Jones
Robert Peavy
Lewis Sutherland
Leroy Wilkins
Robert Porter

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Frank Belk
Glenn Davis
Ralph Gassoway
William Hamilton
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall
Jack Phillips
Hubert Pritchard
Kirk Putnam
Robert Shepherd
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Albert Allen
Thomas Corley
Kenneth Dillard
Charles Francis

Ralph Gibson
Hubert Inman
D. B. Jones
Richard Johnson
Clifton Kerns
Vernest Turner
Robert Trout

COTTAGE No. 10

Jack Gleason
James Hensley
George Hill
Charles Lyda
Donald Stultz
Thomas Ware

COTTAGE No. 11

Cecil Clark
Wade Cook
David Isenhour
Edward Morgan
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
Leon Rose
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews
William Black
James Hensley
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Roy Marsh
Eugene Martin
John Moretz
John Roberts

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
George Brown
William Caldwell
William Correll
Jack Crump
Harry Coffey
Elzo Fulk
Robert Holland
R. V. Hutchinson
Marcus Heffner
James Johnson
David Kinley
Harvey Leonard
Zeb Presson
Carl Ransom
Ralph Stewart
James Peterson

INDIAN COTTAGE

Ray Covington
Allen Hamilton
Robert Cannady
Morrison Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Samuel Lynn
Donald Moose
Douglas Mangum

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

———:———

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of April 21, 1946

April 21—Earl Allen, Cottage No. 13, 14th birthday.
April 21—Richard Davidson, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
April 21—J. B. Shepherd, Cottage No. 15, 14th birthday.
April 27—Carl Hull, Indian Cottage, 15th birthday.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 27, 1946 No. 17

KEEP PEGGING AWAY

This world is a world full of pitfalls and snares,
Of Lilliput pleasures and Gulliver cares;
With people more ready to growl than to bless;
With little to cheer and much to distress.
But the best thing to do is, believe me, I pray,
Face your duty, be brave, and keep pegging away.

The pitiful creatures of envy, indeed,
Will jeer or will carp if you fail or succeed;
There are numberless humans who lack not the will
To give you a kick once you've started down hill.
Don't let them disturb you, or mind what they say;
Turn your eyes to the light and keep pegging away.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS— J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Raymond Byrd, Thomas Cottrell, Gerald Johnson, Harvey Leonard, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

SPORTS WRITER—Raymond Byrd.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—James Hensley.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Charles Francis, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Herman Hughes, Charles Moore, Robert Trout, Vernest Turner.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

WHEN I WAS A BOY

When I was a boy, long years ago,
With freckles and coat of tan;
I dreamed of the wonderful things I'd do
When I became a man.
I lived in a world of radiant hue
Where fancy reigned alone,
And boy like, longed with heart and soul,
For the day when I'd be grown.

I visioned the tasks I'd carry through
And the towering heights I'd scale;
With scarce a thought for time and toil,
Or the chance that I might fail.
I saw myself as one renowned,
With a place in the glowing sun;
And a world to laud the man I'd be—
For the wonderful things I'd done.

But now that youthful days have gone
And youthful dreams have fled;
And by-gone years are many, compared
With the few that loom ahead:
I sometimes pause in my little place,
In my world of little men—
To dream of the wonderful things I'd do
If I were a boy again.

—Adam N. Reiter.

THE WORLD OF IDEAS — THE FOUNTAIN SOURCE OF OUR UNFOLDING CIVILIZATION

All the people in the world may reasonably be divided into two classes; namely, those who think and operate only in the material

or physical realms and whose entire reasoning processes relate to the visible and tangible things of the universe, and, second, those who think and live in the realm of abstract ideas. This latter class is composed of those who are expert in the science and the study of ideas and ideologies. It is most fortunate for the world that there are these two groups, but, unfortunately, there are instances when people become greatly disturbed and greatly alarmed that there may develop a deadly conflict between the two groups. As a matter of fact, the existence of the two groups constitutes the balance wheel in our civilization, and it is upon the presence of these groups that the very life and existence of our civilization depends.

It would be most tragic for the human race if the world were completely dominated by the material-minded people, whose heads could never get above the things which could be seen and felt and handled, and whose entire lives would have to be related only to the mechanics of materialistic living. Likewise, it would be just as tragic if those who philosophize and think in the abstract would never see life in its realistic aspects, but would exercise themselves in wild theories which could never greatly profit practical living. The one great danger of those who have their entire processes of thinking limited by the measurements of physical things is that they may not be able to exercise any degree of imagination, and it is a patent fact that neither the individual nor the nation that has no imagination ever advances very far into the pathways of progress towards the unfolding of a better civilization.

Dugald Stewart, an eminent Scottish philosopher who wrote in the early nineteenth century, proclaimed the following great truth:

> The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principle source of human improvement. As it delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those which we are acquainted with, it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present condition, or with our past attainments, and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment, or of some ideal excellence. Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of the brutes.

Another great scholar, Samuel Johnson, who was an English author and lexicographer, once made the following declaration:

> Many have no happier moments than those that they pass in solitude, abandoned to their own imagination, which sometimes puts sceptres in their hands or miters on their heads, shifts the scene of pleasure with endless variety, bids all the forms of beauty sparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of visionary luxury.

Recently, the University of North Carolina celebrated its 150th anniversary. It was a great sesqui-centennial celebration, and at this festive occasion the dominant thought was centered around the fact that ideas constitute the fountain source of our unfolding civilization. It is no exaggeration to say that the University of North Carolina represents an ideal spot where proper emphasis could be given to the part that scholarly learning and thinking have played in the progress of mankind. It was entirely fitting that the University of North Carolina for this occasion should become the center of attention in the educational life of the state and the entire nation, and it was in keeping with the traditions of this great institution for this great host of notable leaders, representing all the categories of varied national life, to gather there to participate in this eventful occasion. It was by no mere chance that many of the outstanding leaders of our national life assembled at this time. There were those who occupy high positions in our economic, industrial, political, religious and educational enterprises. It was indeed a glorious event in the history of this great institution, and, happily, the leaders there were prepared to observe the event with fitting proprieties, in full accord with the rich traditions of our great University.

The people of North Carolina have abundant reason to have great pride in the achievements of this great institution. Fortunately, the quality of our educational program there is such that it entitles our University to occupy a very high rank among the institutions of the nation in the field of higher learning. It is not an exaggeration to declare that the University of North Carolina easily ranks among the first six leading universities in the nation. Its record is quite unique. From the standpoint of continuous operation, it is the oldest state-supported university in America. This, within itself, is a record for genuine pride, and it is a heritage which the University can forever claim for itself. However, the University of

North Carolina is even more glorious in the fact that the orator of the day at the sesquicentennial celebration was moved to say: "In a century and a half your university has never failed to respond to the needs of the state or in its search for the truth."

At the time of this eventful occasion, when the University was passing another milestone in its illustrious history, great throngs assembled on the campus. Awards and degrees were extended to outstanding leaders of the nation, and these were all in keeping with the spirit of the occasion and reflected proper credit upon the prestige of the university, which is affectionately known as "Carolina." Fundamentally, however, these were mere incidentals in the vast prospective of time, and the important thing was what the orators of the day had to say about the issues of this hour, for, after all, the University must hope to play its part in the complete picture of human progress, not in terms of degrees and awards, but more particularly in terms of its sponsorship and promotion of higher learning and profound scholarship.

One of the important declarations of this great event was expressed by President Frank P. Graham of the host university, when he asserted: :

> As the home of the atomic bomb, America has a great moral responsibility. America, for the sake of her own soul, must take the lead in putting the atomic bomb under the ban and control of world government. America must, with wise safeguards, share the knowledge and use of atomic power and with all peoples, for full production and fair distribution within the nations and for justice and peace among the nations.

Dr. Day, the President of Cornell University, who was the principal orator of the day, made the following observation:

> No people have ever poured money into education as have the Americans, and the ideal of educational opportunity is firmly established. But there is no general agreement as to the purpose to be served by public education thus widely extended; and certainly there has been as yet no successful attempt to make public education an instrument of national policy.

The above quotations served to emphasize the fact that there are yet vast frontiers in the realm of ideas which hover over and beyond the horizon. These challenge the wisest men of this era.

They call for real pioneering by our most capable leaders and statesmen. Thus, while we have no pioneering to do in the physical realm, we still have an abundance of pioneering in the thought realm, where people deal with ideas and great fundamental principles of human relationships.

BIRTHDAYS

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Week of April 28, 1946

April 28—Earl Grant, Cottage No. 13, 15th birthday.
April 29—Robert Vinson Gordon, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday
April 29—Chester Lee, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.
April 29—James Swinson, Cottage No. 6, 11th birthday.
May 1—Lacy Overton, Cottage No. 4, 15th birthday.
May 2—Ollie Daw, Cottage No. 6, 11th birthday.
May 2—Thomas Stallings, Cottage No. 9, 16th birthday.
May 4—J. W. Smith, Cottage No. 1, 14th birthday.
May 4—Robert Long, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
May 4—Robert Furr, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.
Claywood Sparrow, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Radio Program

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

The radio program was under the the direction of Mrs. James Dotson.

There were two songs by the fifth grade boys. They were "Lo. He Cometh" and "Christ Arose.", Then 5 boys from the special 6th grade sang "Bring Easter Lilies" and "Spring Is Here."

Mr. Leon Godown sang a solo, "There is a Green Hill Far Away."

The Show

By Garmon Hubbard, 9th Grade

The show for last Thursday was an R. K. O. production entitled "Show Business." The main characters were Eddie Cantor, Nancy Kelly, Joan Davis, and George Murphy.

Eddie who had his heart set on acting on the stage met George who gave him a part in his show. Eddie became such a success that he and George became partners. Later they met the two girls who became part of their show.

At times they could not keep the show going but in the end they had a show that was a big success.

All the boys enjoyed this picture very much.

B. T. U.—Group No. II

By Donald Redwine, 5th Grade

First thing on our program Lindsay Elder led the class in prayer. Then Kenneth Staley called the roll. All were present. The first part was by Thomas Styles. The subject of the lesson was "I Must Be There." The second part, by Jack Phillips, was entitled "I Must Serve My Church. Then Kenneth Staley got the chapters the boys had read in the last week. The third part was by Clay Shew, and was entitled "I Must Bring Others to My Church." Emory King then gave out the parts for next week.

We closed the program by repeating the Lord's Prayer.

Chapel Program

By Jack Benfield, 9th Grade

For our Friday chapel program, Mrs. Hawfield's first grade presented a program on "Spring."

The scenery on the stage was beautiful. Several stands containing large and urns were filled with iris, spirea, weigela and roses. Small trees gave a woodland effect in the background. Several bird houses could be seen here and there. A highlight of the stage was the songs of the canaries from their cages on each side of the stage.

First we had a flag salute followed by the song "Old Rugged Cross." All the boys read the Easter story from St. Matthew's gospel responsively for the devotional and prayed together the Lord's Prayer.

The program consisted largely of poems and songs which were based on birds, rain, trees, and wind.

The following poems were given from memory:

"A Welcome to Spring," Earl Holli-

man; "April," Franklin Robinson; "Happiest Time," Elmer Sutherland; "An Easter Puzzle," Bernard Webster; "Easter Everywhere," Donald Branch.

Then the class sang the following songs: "Rain Drop," "The Robin's Song," "Laughing Spring," "An April Day," "Springtime," "Swinging in the Willow," "Chickadee," "The Woodpecker and Seven Frogs." James Hill and Ralph Gassoway sang "The Father's Care." Donald Branch sang a solo.

All the boys enjoyed this program.

Items of Interest

By James Hensley, 9th Grade

The second grade room is looking very pretty. It is decorated with flowers, eggs, and baskets.

The library boys are cleaning the library and arranging the books in convenient manner so it will be easier to find them.

New Flags

By William Smith, 9th Grade

The school has bought new flags for the flag poles at the northern entrance to the grounds. They show a big difference from the old ones. We have a new United States Flag along with a new North Carolina State Flag. I think the boys are inspired by these new flags.

Sports Review

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

The baseball and soft ball league schedules are now completed. In the baseball league the following cottages will play: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17.

Cottages Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15 and 17 will play soft ball. Cottages Nos. 6 and 7 will have "A" and "B" soft ball teams.

No boys can play in both the soft ball and baseball leagues.

At the end of the regular baseball season, the six teams with the top percentage rating will play in a tournament for the championship of the school.

The results of the games played on Saturday, April 20th, were as follows; The boys of the Receiving Cottage won a 3-0 decision over Cottage No. 3, behind the no-hit pitching of Claude Bridges. Cottage No. 5 defeated Cottage No. 14 by the score of 5 to 3. Cottage No. 9 won a 14 to 12 victory over Cottage No. 13. Cottage No. 2 won over the Indian Cottage by a 11-4 count. Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 11 by the score of 7 to 5.

In the soft ball league games, the scores were as follows: Cottage No. 11 defeated Cottage No. 10 by a 17-15 score. Cottage No.5 won over Cottage No. 14 by the score of 8 to 4. Cottage No. 15 won a 33-11 decision over Cottage No. 4. The Cottage No. 7 boys won two games from the lads from Cottage No. 6. The "A" team won by a 14-10 count, while the "B" team won by the score of 13 to 10. Cottage No. 3 won from Cottage No. 1 by the top-heavy score of 37 to 3. The Indian Cottage boys defeated Cottage No. 2 by a 21-19 score. Cottage No. 9 defeated Cottage No. 13 by the score of 13 to 11.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

After the groups assembled in the auditorium we sang three songs. They were: "I Would Be Like Jesus," "'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus" and "Faith Is the Victory." Following these songs the choir sang "Lo, He Comes." Then five boys from the choir sang "Bring Easter Lilies." This was followed by a duet by James Hill and Ralph Gassaway. We then went to our classes.

In the intermediate group we began our program with a prayer by Donald Bowden. The title of this week's program was "I Will Enjoy Sunday." The first part, "A Day of Delight," was given by James Shook. The second part, "I Will Think of Its Origin," was given by Ralph Gibson. The third part was given by Robert Lee. It was entitled "I Will Determine Its Purpose." "I Will Decide on Its Observance" was the title of the fourth part, given by Hugh Cornwell. The last part, "I Will Magnify Its Importance," was given by Gerald Johnson.

Following a talk by Mr. Perry, we were dismissed by a prayer by Donald Bowden.

My Recent Experience

By Eugene Grice, 8th Grade

Robert Dula, D. B. Jones and I went to look at some young robins a few days ago. We found the nest several weeks ago with three eggs in it. When we went to see them this time there were three little robins already hatched out. They will be flying in a very short time. While we were near the nest, the mother and father came. They wanted to peck us, for they were very angry. Our eighth grade teacher, Mrs. Baucom, said that the class might go to see the young robins in a day or so.

Citizenship at the Training School

By Howard Manus, 4th Grade

A good citizen at the Training School should listen and do what he is told to do. A good boy should keep clean and use good language at all times. He must have a good attitude toward others. He should help the new boys as much as possible in any way that he sees fit that will help them. A boy who has respect for himself and others is a great help to the school. He also obeys his officers and school teachers. He must stay out of trouble and try to keep other boys from getting into it. A good citizen reads plenty of good wholesome books. He is a good sport at all times, and takes part in all games. He picks the best boys he can find with whom to associate. If a boy does all these things, he will make a success at the Training School.

How to Be a Good Citizen at Jackson Training School

By David Isenhour, 5th Grade

When a boy enters the School, he starts in the Receiving Cottage. Here, if he obeys what the officer tells him to do, he usually gets to stay in the cottage. Next he gets sent to another cottage where he is on his own.

The way to win friends fast is to be clean in body and in thoughts, and

select the right kind of company.

We should always watch our language and not speak just any way.

In going to church we should sit up and listen to the preacher and not go to sleep. We should be serious about the church. We should always be truthful and honest.

Charity is one of the main things in life. We should love God and our fellowmen, or boys, or whoever it might be.

We should never cheat here or anywhere else. Cheating and lying are the lowest things a person can do.

The time we spend at the School is not spent in vain. It gives us a chance in life to make something out of ourselves.

A Good Citizen at J. T. S.

By Thomas Greene, 7th Grade

As a 7th Grade student of the Jackson Training School, I will tell you a few things I think a good citizen should do. He should be respectful to his elders and should obey the rules of the School. He should always be friendly and try to make friends with his fellowmen. He should always be truthful and honest. That covers a lot of things being honest in his work or any assignment he is given. Often there are new boys coming into the Training School. A new boy does not know as much about the School as a boy that has been here a long time. If the older boy is a good citizen, he will try to help the new boy to do all he can to become a good citizen.

That is my opinion of a good citizen.

Citizenship at the Training School

By James Teague, 8th Grade

When a boy is committed to the training school there are a few rules which he is expected to obey. If the boy obeys these simple rules the officers put a trust in him and he gets privileges that are denied to boys who break the rules. It makes the boy glad to know that people have confidence in him and makes him want to work harder. Above all, he wants his mother and father to be proud of him. In order to be a good citizen at the training school a boy has to be clean in appearance as well as in thoughts, his attitude must be good at all times, and he must take advantage of every opportunity he is given. He has to obey his officers and other people with whom he comes in contact. He has to make life as pleasant as possible for the new boys that are admitted to the school. The most important thing is to pick the right kind of company. If a boy does all these things he is going to make his stay worthwhile at the school. When he goes home he is going to make people proud of him.

Being A Good Citizen at the Training School

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

If there is any place that boys can show the kind of citizens they are it is here at the Training School.

When a boy is committed to Jackson Training School it is for a specific reason. A boy is sent here because he lacks the training necessary to make him a good citizen. During his

stay here he is expected to learn these things that are missing from his training.

The first main lesson a boy learns when he arrives is to respect his officers. Most boys have not learned to respect their elders. For this reason, many boys have to learn this important lesson. In learning to respect others, the boy also wants the respect of others.

A boy cannot be a good citizen unless he is honest. A person can not be honest with others unless he is first honest with himself. If a boy gets into trouble he must learn to be honest and not lie about it. If he tells a lie and gets by he is not being honest with himself or anyone else.

Obedience is necessary to good citizenship. A boy at the Training School must learn to be obedient to his officers and teachers. In being obedient he must also be loyal. If a boy is loyal to his officer he will not betray whatever confidence his officer will put in him. To be a good citizen he must also be loyal to his friends.

A good citizen is courteous and friendly. No one can go through life without friends and to have friends one must be friendly.

A boy must have ambition to become a good citizen. A person who has no ambition will surely be always at the bottom, and no good citizen is content with a back seat.

The object of many boys is to have a well-developed body. This should be the object of all boys. Boys who have fine bodies should keep clean inside as well as outside. Any good citizen will try to keep himself clean.

A good citizen will equip himself with an education that is good enough to help him earn his living the rest of his life.

A good citizen promotes good will among his friends. If a boy sees two of his friends arguing he would not be a good citizen if he allowed it to continue.

One of the most important things about a good citizen is that he is reverent. When anyone is conducting a religious meeting a good citizen is always reverent. A good citizen never neglects the higher plane of living.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

Lately, the ninth grade boys have been reading one of Shakespeare's plays. The name of it is "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This is a play about some people who were in love. There was some misunderstanding about this love. In those days there was a law called "The Athenian Law,"which stated that a girl had to marry the man her father wanted her to marry. If she did not do this, she would be put to death, or she would have to go the rest of her life unmarried.

The story of the lovers goes like this: Lyslander loves Hermia; Hermia loves Lyslander; Demetrius loves Hermia; Hermia does not love Demetrius; Helena loves Demetrius; Demetrius does not love Helena.

Hermia is the leading character in this play. Hermia's father wanted her to marry Demetrius but she did not love him. Here is where all of the confusion comes in.

In this play Shakespeare brings in another plot concerning some fairies. These fairies were: Peasblossom, Cob-

webb, Moth, Mustardseed and Puck. The king of the fairies was Oberon and the queen was Titania, but some misunderstanding came into this plot, too.

Shakespeare also brought another plot into this play. There were some people who were giving a play for the duke's wedding feast. They were: Junice, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and Starveling.

Other characters who came into the play were as follows: Theseus, Duke of Athens; Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus; Philostrate, master of revels to Theseus and Egeus, father of Hermia.

The fireworks began when Oberon sent Puck to put some "love juice" in Dimetrius' eyes so he would love Helena. Then he put some love juice in Titantia's eyes so she would fall in love with Oberon. But Puck did not know Dimetrius from Lyslander, so he made a mistake and put it into Lyslander's eyes. The love juice was injected while they were asleep. The first person they saw when they awoke, they fell in love with. Lyslander saw Helena first, so he fell in love with her. Puck discovered his mistake, so he found Dimetrius and put some love juice in his eyes. When he awoke, the first person he saw was Helena, so both men fell in love with her.

While this was going on, Titantia had had some love juice put in her eyes. The first person she saw when she awoke was Bottom. The love scenes between them are comical. Bottom has the queen's fairies doing everything for him, including scratching his head.

Puck caught them while they were sleeping and put love juice into all of the lovers' eyes. When they awoke, Lyslander loved Hermia; Hermia loved Lyslander; Helena loved Demetrius; Demetrius loved Helena; Titania loved Oberon; Oberon loved Titania. While they were asleep, Egeus, Theseus and Philostrate found them sleeping. They awoke them with their hunting horns. They told their story and told who loved whom. Egeus consented for Hermia to marry Lyslander.

It all ended with a big wedding. The following people were married: Hermia and Lyslander; Helena and Demetrius; Theseus and Hippolyta; and Oberon and Titania.

We enjoyed reading this play very much.

William Shakespeare

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, England, in the year 1564. Although his birthdate is unknown, April 23, 1564 has long been celebrated as his birthday. His father was John Shakespeare and his mother was Mary Arden. She was from a better family than her husband, but she could never write her name. William was the third child and the oldest son of the family of eight—John, Mary, four sons and four daughters. Between the age of seven and fourteen, William attended the grammar school of Stratford. The books were not his best teachers but the people around him were of deep interest. At the age of fourteen, William had to leave school to help support the family because his father lost his property.

At the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years older than himself. The next year was born a daughter, Susanna, and two years later twins were born. who were named Hamnet and Judith.

Shakespeare was still under twenty-one when he got into some trouble with Sir Thomas Lucy and was forced to leave town.

He left Stratford in 1585 and nothing was heard of him until 1592, when his name appeared in a pamphlet by Robert Greene, a playwright. This roused envy. He became a shareholder in at least two theatres but this was not the end of his ambition. In 1597, he bought the finest house in Stratford, and later added a considerable tract of land. The rest of his life passed quietly, and he wrote no plays after retiring. Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616 with a fever. He was buried in the chancel of Stratford church, and a slab with these words was placed at his grave:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Bleste be ye man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Shakespeare wrote plays of comedy, tragedy and historical drama. Some of his plays are as follows:

First period: (1588-1595) "Love's Labours Lost," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Comedy of Errors," "Richard III," "Romeo and Juliet," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Second period: (1556-1600("Henry II," "Richard II," "King John," "Henry V," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It" and "Julius Caesar."

Third period: (1601-1608) "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Anthony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," "All's Well That Ends Well," "Measure for Measure," and "Troilus and Cressida."

Fourth period: (1608-1611) "The Tempest," "The Winter's Tale" and "Cymbeline."

THE BEST THINGS OF LIFE

The best things of life move slowly. They can hardly overtake one who is in a hurry. We are making haste to ill purpose if we "haven't time" to read good books, to think quickly, to visit our friends, to comfort the sick and sorrowing, to enjoy the beautiful creations of God and man, and to lend a hand to a struggling brother. Time is precious, but more precious than fleeting hours are Truth, Love, Benevolence, Friendship, Service, a serene mind and a happy heart, for these are the es sense of life itself.—Selected.

LAX LIVING WORSE THAN HERESY

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Laxity in morals is more dangerous than loose thinking. Of course some men are so lacking in good common sense as to be failures in the entire rounds of life, but more men fail in the ministry from want of moral stamina than because of crooked thinking. The man with a traditional, formal religion is evermore in peril of falling into lax living and then suffer the want of a virile faith. Not the heretic in mind, with notions many, but the heretic in conduct threatens the future of a vigorous religion—both as to laity and clergy.

In and around theological schools where a mental ferment afflicts some of the students much is heard of heretics of one sort and another. Forty years ago the Higher Criticism was one of the dangerous issues as the scholars tore the Bible to tatters. But this form of heresy has given place to types of speculations in the realm of scholarship. The worries continuing to harass some who count them most dangerous as they struggle in their mental ferment. To the man who has a genuine religious experience and strives to keep on good terms with his conscience the perils fade away. But for the man who does not ring true in his conduct and is wanting in the essentials of the faith, he is apt to brand all religions as false and then fall by the way. Consecrated Christian living is the highest essential in both the pulpit and the pew.

The lost college man found around most universities and the minister found in churches who has made shipwreck of his profession usually started on his wayward course because of lax living rather than of loose thinking. Especially true is this of those who are not well endowed with gumption enough to enable them to make their way in the world-field among living men and women fully acquainted with the stern realities of life. Good old time common sense and morals of the first order are the best guarantee for the security of successful living in this work-a-day world.

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TIME

There's a time to get, and a time to give, and a time to throw away;
There's a time to do kindly deed, and that time is today.
There's a time to sing and a time to mourn, a time for joy and sorrow;
There's a time to love; but the time to hate might better be tomorrow.
There's a time to sleep and a time to wake, a time to work and play;
But the time to speak an evil thought passed by us yesterday.

—Selected.

THERE IS NO TOMORROW

By G. Ray Jordan

The preachers of a half-century ago insisted that those who heard them make immediate decisions for Christ. There was a note of urgency about such preaching, a note that is tragically lacking in the majority of our contemporary messages.

To be sure, much of our theological thinking is different from that of our grandfathers. That fact, moreover, has affected many of our attitudes. This seems to have been inevitable. There is, however, sickening pathos in the fact that we have lost the sense of insistent urgency in our religious thinking. Our fathers and mothers earnestly sang:

Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Hasten, sinner, to return!
Ere salvation's work is done.

Once, when people sang that hymn, they felt that it was imperative that they do something about religion. What so many of us overlook is the fact that while much of our description of religion changes, reality remains. There was a time when we sang:

"Almost persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive."

The people who heard these words felt that they could not be careless about making a religious decision. Even those who reached no satisfactory conclusion were aware that they were facing an emergency. Now, most churches have apparently grown tired of using words like these, and most church members even seem to have an antipathy toward them. We don't want to be disturbed by an appeal like that!

While it is true that the change in our theological thinking has been part of the immediate reason for our loss of religious urgency, superficial thinking actually accounts for most of it. Changing one's theology in no way alters the facts of life. Whenever we abandon the sense of urgency, we suffer heavy loss. This holds true regardless of our major interest. If we are going to engage in anything at all, it must be done now! The irreparable damage which some of us have done both to our own minds and to our characters by overlooking this truth can scarcely be overstimated.

In no way does urgency contradict wise planning for the future. As a matter of simple truth, it is itself the wisest kind of planning. If we have any serious purpose for the future, we must do something about it in the present. If, indeed, we are ever able to meet the demands of the future, it will be necessary to do something about them right now.

Besides, there are decisons that must be made day by day. They cannot possibly be delayed. To postpone them is actually to decide them. If anyone doubts this let him consider the present problem of world peace! If we lose that today, there may be no tomorrow—for peace. Once to every

man and nation comes the moment to decide.

And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

That choice is ours today. We can have a decent world—or another, and worse, hell on earth.

The story of Esau pictures for us precisely what is occurring in too many of our own lives. He had his chance. He sold his future for a "mess of pottage." So, day by day, each of us is forced to determine whether he is going to trade the best he knows for something less than the best—perhaps much less. The indescribable urgency about this decision is too obvious for anyone to miss it.

In Today Julia C. R. Dorr asks:

What dost thou bring to me, O fair Today,
That comest o'er the mountains with swift feet?

Well, they are swift feet that usher in each day and then usher it out, along with our decisions.

We may smile at our forefathers as we recall how they were driven by the imperatives of life. If we do, however, we are acting very foolishly, for the laugh is on us! And it is the hollow laugh of insanity. The same urgency characterizes every important decision that we must make. We think we can act nonchalantly, but we do so to the detriment of our bodies, minds, and souls. So Robert Herrick exhorted:

Gather ye rosebuds while you may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying.

The poet was not discussing religion as a phase of life. There is only one time to gather rosebuds. It is while they are on the bush!

Yet people go on treating life as though there were no urgency about it. Someone says: " I am going to read some time. I intend equipping my mind with the highest truths of the ages. Of course, there is no need for doing it today." And he goes on, missing the chance that is his. "I am going to cultivate greater efficiency in my work," another man declares. What confidence we can display when we talk about what we are going to do. But, then, we see no need of giving up some indulgence in the immediate present for the sake of some plan for the future. The day slips by. The habit of lethargy and indulgence is all the more deeply ingrained in the human mind. It becomes more difficult to do what we had planned. No wonder Longfellow exclaimed: "Do not delay; the golden moments fly."

Samuel Coleridge ought to have been a far better poet then he was. He began many poems, essays, and lectures. Some critics believe that he started more than any other writer who has ever lived. But he finished only a few of them. We remember The Ancient Mariner, but there are not many more of his works that most of us recall. He was always planning and beginning, but he did not seem to realize the urgency of completing his poems. We turn to a page and read:

In Xanadu did Kubla Kahn
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran

Through caverns measureless to
man
Down to a sunless sea.

As another has reminded us, this is indeed fascinating. It charms us. We want the rest of that poem! But Coleridge lacked the urgency of completing it. So, the day went by and his work was not done.

We plan to make many friends. But that takes time. We must be sociable. We must listen to other people talk. We must be interested in what other people do. We must give and take, like good sports. But we do not seem to have the opportunity of doing all this today. So we let our chance slip by. It is going, going,—gone! Then it is too late! We forget that, as Thomas Carlyle wrote:

Out of Eternity
The new Day is born;
Into Eternity
At night will return.

Suppose we do have a second chance? What of it? It can never be the same as the first! The first chance has the freshness of a new appeal. If the second comes at all, it is with the consciousness that we have squandered the first. We remember that we have not cared enough to use the previous opportunity. We have incapacitated ourselves to answer the second appeal. One chance has the vivacity and expectancy of youth; the other the desperate grasp for time that is so quickly slipping out of our hands.

We smiled at the old story of Paul, who urged Felix not to delay making a decision. Like Felix we see no need for immediately doing anything about religion. That preaching was all right years ago. We are not that naive—thank you! We are quite sophisticated. We can take care of ourselves. Why should one be disturbed about today? Think of all the tomorrows!

Nevertheless, the answer is quite plain. Friends will not be more lovely tomorrow. Health will not be so easily cared for. Souls will not be as deeply concerned about God. Today is our day! This is our grand chance, whether we believe it or not!

No wonder the words, "Seek him while he may be found," still ring in the souls of those who have ears to hear! They are immediately relevant. Take this biblical exhortation out of the category of misunderstood theology. Salvation certainly means commitment to truth, to honor, to nobility, to every divine characteristic of which we can think. It means being saved from our weakness to God's strength and to divine Christlikeness. If his are the charactertics we want, today is the one chance that we actually have in which to cultivate them. Indeed, if we do not search for them today, actually making them our own, we deliberately turn to their opposites.

If we are going to live radiant lives for Christ, there is only one time to begin. It is today! If Christ is worth having, loving, and living with, he is all this today. When we suggest that it is not imperative to do something about him this very day, we abruptly and blindly disdain him.

When he knocks at the doors of our hearts and we say there is no need to hurry, that there is plenty of time to deal with him and his plans for us,

we really declare he is not what he claims to be.

Our sense of urgency is clear and unmistakable proof of the value which we place upon anything that challenges us. If religion is of no meaning or consequence than some minor detail of business or profession, with which we can deal at our own convenience, it is not worth having either for the present or for the future! The greatest religious genius this world has ever known did not believe that. As a symbol of the opportunities we miss, Christ used an unforgettable parable. It closes with words that literally awe and subdue us, "And the door was shut."

"Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. But exhort one another daily, while it is called today; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

There is a disturbing story about an artist who went to the mountains of New England to paint a sunset. A perfect autumn day dawned. The sky was clear. Noon passed. Late afternoon came. The artist went out with a group of friends to look upon a perfect scene. The view was superb. The artist's great chance had come! The sky was an azure blue. The sun was sinking, but the artist had to adjust his easel. His friends urged him to make preparations as quickly as possible. They said that the sun was setting. But he had to stretch his canvas. Again, those who were with him reminded him that the sun was slowly sinking. But he had to adjust his stool. They told him that the sun was slipping down behind the hills. But he had to repair his brush. They told him that he had better begin. But he had to mix his paint. As he turned to face the western sky, the sun had gone down!

"The night cometh when no man can work."

Today Christ beckons to each of us. He pleads with each one: Give me thine heart! This very moment he offers you, and you, and you, life, love, salvation. Welcome him and accept him without a moment's delay!

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I'd rather be a "has been"
Than a "never was," but his
Are the honors and the profits
Who can claim to be an "is."

Yet of all the fine conditions
Here on earth it seems to me
That his case is most delightful
Who is still an "is to be."

—S. E. Kiser.

THE EXTRA SOMETHING

By Harold S. Kahn, in Good Business

"You know, Eben," said the kindly and well-to-do businessman, "there's no use of a young man going into business unless he can show a good reason why he believes he's going to succeed. Figures show that ninety per cent of all new business enterprises fail. The chances are ten to one against you."

Eben Wayne listened in consternation. He had asked his elder for a loan with which to start a store of his own. The man noted Eben's dilemma, and came to his rescue.

"You can succeed, Eben," he assured, "but you've got to give people something better than they can get elsewhere. Just because you open up a store isn't any reason for them to transfer their trade to you. You've got to give them an awfully good reason for patroniznig you. If you don't, you'll go the way of the ninety per cent. Remember the story of the mousetrap? Well, it's true that people will go out of their way to patronize a man who has something plus to offer.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," continued the man, meditating, "I'll provide the money if you'll figure out a way to give every customer something extra—something he doesn't get elsewhere. Think you can handle it?"

Eben Wayne was excited with the idea of starting in business for himself, and did not comprehend the full import of the condition imposed. It looked unusual to him, and too, he was a bit nervous about the ninety per cent business casuality record. But before many days he was able to set up a small store, all his own.

It was the thrill of his life when the first customer walked in. She bought a bottle of milk—not an impressive order. Now he remembered his promise to his benefactor. But what could he give extra—with a bottle of milk! Eben had to think fast. He observed that the woman was carrying a number of small parcels. "May I put all those packags into a large sack?" he offered. "They'll be easier to carry."

"Why, thanks; that's very thoughtful of you," she said, surprised.

The next customer came in a few minutes later, and bought eighty- five cents' worth of groceries. Eben was so elated he nearly fainted. He was so grateful that he gave the buyer two cents extra change. "Two per cent discount on orders over seventy-five cents," he told her, almost without thinking what he was saying. Eben never knew how he happened to say that; it was just as if someone had been speaking for him. It was certainly a happy idea, and an excellent way to encourage larger orders. It won hordes of new customers for him.

The third customer was a woman with two children. She bought a loaf of bread and a can of beans. She wasn't very well dressed, and didn't look very happy. Eben gave each of the children a penny bar of candy, and the woman smiled. Some months later, the woman started a boarding-house, and bought all of her supplies from Eben.

One day, when it was raining,

Eben loaned a customer his umbrella. After that, he put in a stock of a dozen umbrellas and kept them behind the counter, ready for the inevitable rainy days. No umbrella ever failed to come back in due time.

Eben Wayne took the attitude that every person who came as a customer was a friend who had a legitimate claim upon him. When he couldn't think of anything else as an extra, he would give a free sample of something—a slice of cheese, or an apple, or an interesting pamphlet with which he had provided himself. He was surprised how often this practice resulted in extra sales.

The little store of Eben Wayne soon became too small for the rapidly growing trade. First he procured larger quarters, and then he started a second store. After that, a third and a fourth. This kept on until Eben Wayne had made a fortune.

One day he was asked to tell the story of his success. "I can tell my story in nine words," he replied, smiling: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."*

SYMPHONY OF THE WIND

The music of the wind is like a symphony, infinite in its invention of melody and form. So powerful is its influence that it makes moods rather than reflects them. A piping winter blast can fan to incandescence every spark of energy and vigor a man possesses, filling him with exhilaration and defiance. A gentle evening zephyr can dissipate strain and tension, lulling the spirit to a tranquil rest.

Wind has many voices. Sometimes it is a full-throated roar; sometimes an uncanny whistle. Ocassionally it is said to howl or whine, as a hurricane or typhoon. The sound of the wind can shake the soul with terror, and it can lift the heart with hope. It can be a companion in solitude; sometimes its monotony is maddening.

No harp or horn can reproduce the vibrant magic of a wind among the trees. A quiet breeze rustling through the summer leaves speaks in sibilant whispers of joy and sorrow which cannot be expressed. Beneath the needles of the evergreen, its muffled mummur sings of the ancient mysteries of the forest primeval. Through the bare boughs of winter its weird wail echoes the ghosts of departed summer.

Listen to the symphony of the wind. No diapason voiced tone so thrilling; no lyric melody of lovelier strain.

—The Montreal Gazette.

HEAVEN SEEMED VERY NEAR

(Arkansas Baptist)

The little chapel had been built out of almost everything you could think about. As I looked, I saw parts of airplanes, battleships, airport hangars, and American army tents forming the floor and walls. To support these walls of steel and canvas, were bamboo poles and cocoanut palms from the jungles.

You may think the appearance could not have been very pleasing, but on Guam it was beautiful. For the people who built this temple of worship had lived through two terrible invasions; and they were turning the tools of war to the service of their Savior and King. Yes, they were really beating the swords of war into plowshares for the Father's vineyard.

And as the little children began to gather on this Sunday morning, I knew that they too had tasted the bitterness and suffering of war. They would have been just juniors in some Sunday school class back in America, but they were all old enough to remember when the Japanese came and killed many of their fathers and mothers and little playmates. Some of them had scars made perhaps by bayonet or shell as the Americans came to drive the Japs away and set them free.

These little children were like the chapel; they seemed to be put together of almost anything. Some wore Navy red and white signal flags, or G I trousers cut off at the knees. Others did not cut them off, but wore their feet right through the knees while the rest dragged behind them.

One of them wore something of which he was very proud—an American helmet. But it came so far down over his little head that you couldn't even see his chin, and a friend led him around to keep him from bumping into things. Though it must have been so heavy his knees almost gave way under him, he was so proud he wouldn't have taken it off if it had been twice as heavy. They told me his father had worn one proudly and died fighting for the Americans as a native guide, when the Army and Navy came back to Guam.

But what was this they were talking about so excitely. It was pennies and nickles and dimes they were carrying; and one had a whole silver dollar, that must have looked as big as a wagon wheel to him. They had earned it all themselves, bringing cocoanuts and bananas to the tents of the American soldiers and sailors.

Could it be that these poor, ragged, brown little children on far away Guam were going to—yes, as they began to sing, I was sure. For though I couldn't understand a word, I knew every word they were singing. It was the same tune I had sung years ago, back in America, about little children just like these across the sea:

"Red and yellow, black and white,
They are precious in His sight;
Jesus loves the little children of
the world!"

And down upon the rough metal table, that may have been saved from a bomber that flew over Toyko, went

their offerings for the children across the sea. But wait! What country was that they said? These offerings were going to Japan.

In a flash I saw the graves of parents and loved ones, and remembered the agony and suffering these little ones had endured at the hand of the enemy. When I was told that the boy with the silver dollar had seen both father and mother killed by the enemy soldiers, I glanced again at the altar.

And there through the tears that filled my eyes, I saw the silver dollar shining brightly on the offering table for Japan. It seemed to grow larger and larger until it looked much bigger than a wagon wheel to me; the little boy who had suffered so much, had given his dearest possession for the cause of Christ in Japan.

I could almost hear a voice from heaven, "Love thine enemies . . .;" and as I looked up to see the sun breaking through tropical clouds upon this war-torn island, heaven did seem very near.

———:———

A BOY'S REMARKS TO HIS STOMACH

What's the matter with you? Ain't I been your friend?
Ain't I been a pardner to you, all my pennies don't I spend
In gettin' nice things for you? Don't I give you lots of cake?
Say stummick, what's the matter, that you have got to go an' ache?

Why, I loaded you with good things yesterday. I gave you more
Potatoes, squash an' turkey than you'd ever had before.
I gave you nuts an' candy, punkin' pie an' choclate cake,
An' last night when I got in bed you had to go an' ache.

Say, what's the matter with you; ain't you satisfied at all?
I gave you all you wanted; you was hard jes' like a ball
An' you couldn't hold another bit of puddin', yet last night,
You ached mos' awful, stummick; that ain't treating me jes' right.

I've been a friend to you, I have, why ain't you a friend o' mine?
They gave me castor oil last night becoz you made me whine.
I'm awful sick this mornin' an' I'm feelin' mighty blue,
Becoz you don't appreciate the things I do for you.

—Anon.

JOE, THE BUSINESSMAN

Adapted from Good Business, in Sunshine Magazine

Joe has a hole-in-the-wall newsstand near one of the busiest corners in town, a one-man business— but what a business! The other day his little cash register was ringing so regularly that a newspaper reporter became interested. The song of the cash register, which he was rendering so well, is the song of every businessman.

The reporter asked for a magazine. He did not really want a magazine, so he asked for one found on few newsstands. He wanted to talk, and the pseudo request would be a good introduction. But Joe had the magazine requested. It was in the most obscure corner, but he knew exactly where it was. "Here you are, sir," he announced with a little triumphal flourish. "Thank you."

This was the moment when the reporter should have begun asking Joe about business methods, but a woman customer was asking for a newspaper from her home town. The proprietor had to go to the extreme rear of his place to fill the order— but that was only three steps away. He was holding the desired newspaper out to the customer so quickly that she was surprised. "A fine day," he observed while she was fumbling at her handbag. "Thank you; come again." He was cordial. His tone indicated regret that a pleasant business transaction had been finished so quickly.

The reporter began, "What—" But Joe was gone. A car was at the curb. "I know curb service is a lot to ask," the driver apologized, "but I can't find a parking place within six blocks at this time of day. Will you bring me an American magazine?"

"I sure will," Joe responded; "I know how it is this time of day." Almost without looking, he picked up a copy of the desired magazine; two long steps and he was delivering his goods at the car. Two more steps and he was back in his place of business.

A compact little business it was. Some magazines were arranged on low benches at the front of the place, but most of the stock was on racks that ran all around the walls, and as high as Joe could reach.

The reporter opened his mouth again to ask a question but another customer had arrived. He was a well-dressed, important-looking man. He seemed self-conscious as he asked for a five-cent weekly. Joe said with cordiality, "Yes, sir," and delivered the magazine without moving from his tracks. As if noting that his customer wanted to be reassured, he added, "And it's a fine magazine. No wonder it has such a big circulation." So the important-looking man lingered, and bought a copy of Atlantic.

The reporter had stayed so long that he too was feeling self-conscious. He bought another magazine to justify his staying. After a while, though it became clear that Joe was simply too busy to theorize about business. The reporter was disappointed— un-

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

til it came to him that he had come upon somthing better than the interview he wanted. He had seen a man who was too busy with success to talk about business.

Joe had the setup that evey good businessman covets. The rental on the hole in the wall must have been low. The place was large enough to admit of a generous supply of goods; small enough to give a premium to every customer—the premium of good attention. To every customer went a pleasant remark that was not essential to the transaction, yet the best bid for future business. Joe was a businessman; he did not smile a great deal, but he fairly exuded with personality and courtesy. Joe is the kind of small businessman who is not complaining about competition. Across the street from him is a chain drugstore that "used" to sell magazines.

———:———

WHY DIOGENES QUIT

He met a soldier who confessed that he was only a private in the army.

He met a politician who admitted he had made a mistake.

He met a defeated candidate who did not blame his defeat on the perfidy and trickery of the opposing party.

He met a women who acknowledged that she was a bit jealous of her neighbor who had just hung some new curtains.

He met a man who had been fishing and who acknowledged that he never got a bite.

He met a husband and wife, both of whom confessed they were wrong at the conclusion of an argument.

He met a man who was relating some personal reminiscences and did not make himself the hero of them.

Someone said that he met an editor who did not blame the proofreader for a mistake that appeared in his paper, but surely Diogenes couldn't have been shocked at that.

Anyway, Diogenes blew out his lantern and went home.

But by this time he was getting well advanced in years, and it may be that it was time for him to retire anyway.

—Religious Telescope.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Robert H. Gentry, one of our old boys, called at The Uplift office a short time ago. Robert, who is now nearly thirty-two years old, entered the School, March 2, 1929, and was permitted to return to his home in Fayetteville, March 4, 1930. He was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group.

Just a few days after going back to Fayetteville, he went to San Carlos, California, to live with his father, who had been employed there for quite some time. He attended the public schools in that city until graduating from high school.

He then returned to Fayetteville, where he secured employment with the Carolina Telephone and Telegraph Company. He worked for that firm for three years.

Robert returned to California, and, after staying a short time with his father in San Carlos, he went to San Francisco, where he worked for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company for several years.

On July 31, 1941, Robert enlisted in the United States Army. After receiving basic training at Monterey, California, he was stationed at various military posts, as follows: Camp Kearns, Utah; Scott Field, St. Louis, Missouri, (radio school for seven months); Boca Raton, Florida, (radar school); Bowman Field, Kentucky; Laurinburg-Maxton Army Air Base, North Carolina, (training with a troop carrier group); Sedalia, Missouri; Baer Field, Fort Wayne, Indiana, (made staff sergeant here); Camp Stoneman, California.

Robert told us that by the time he left Camp Stoneman he was a regular communications inspector in an Army Air Corps group, ready for overseas duty. Going overseas, he stated that he arrived in Sidney, Australia, on his birthday, October 10, 1943. His stay in Sidney was short—only nineteen days. He was stationed at New Guinea for thirteen months; Netherlands East Indies, four months; and Leyte, Philippine Islands, for several months. While based at these places, it was his duty to fly to different points in the Northern Solomons and other places in the South Pacific.

At the time of his visit Robert was wearing the following campaign ribbons: Pre-Pearl Harbor; Asiatic and Pacific Theatre of Operations (with one silver star); Philippine Liberation (one bronze star); American Theatre of Operations; Purple Heart; Victory Ribbon; Good Conduct Badge (for three years). He stated that he thought more of the latter decoration than of all the others.

Robert told us that he had taken part in six major engagements. At the time of the Philippine liberation, he had the misfortune to receive a very severe leg injury, caused by a Japanese explosive bullet. This made it necessary for him to spend considerable time in hospitals. We were glad to note that he had recovered sufficiently to enable him to get around without showing signs of his injury.

We learned from Robert that he was on his way to McDill Field, Florida, for re-assignment, and that he expect-

ed to make another visit to California before reporting for duty.

This was the first time we had seen this young man in about fifteen years, and it was a pleasure to have him with us for a brief visit. We are very pround of the records which he and hundreds of other former students made in the recent war.

———:———

CLINGING TOGETHER

Nearer and dearer than brother to brother,
Closer and closer, we cling to each other.
We who are partners in sadness and sorrow;
The need of the instant, and the dread of tomorrow.
We who daily for freedom are yearning,
Grist from the millstones relentlessly turning.
Earth be the upper, and Hell be the nether—
All of us comrades. We face it together.

Deep is our debt; unthinking we dared it;
Hope is our all, and it grows as we share it.
Wealthy in Faith, though purses be meagre,
Waiting and hoping; alert—aye, and eager.
Knowing the heartache that is found in the pen,
Helping each other, in the kinship of men.
Hearts overburdened grow light as a feather,
Because of our Virtue of clinging together.

Living for us is no subject for prattle,
But comrades are we, in the stress of the battle.
Comrades through Fortune be not ours to master,
Comrades regardless of woe or disaster.
The long months of hardship lying behind us
Have woven a bond to unite us and bind us.
And nothing can weaken or loosen that tether;
My friends, we are glad that we're clinging together.

—Robert (Wing) Jackson.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

On Easter Sunday, Rev. Oren Moore, pastor of the McKinnon Presbyterian Church in Concord, was the guest minister for the Sunday afternoon service at the school. The boys here have always been delighted with the messages of Mr. Moore, and his appearance here is always a happy and profitable occasion. We hope he may visit us on many other occasions in the future.

Mr. Moore, in keeping with the Easter event, read the entire twentieth chapter of St. John, which gives an account of the resurrection and re-appearance of Christ to the disciples and other followers.

In beginning his message to the boys Mr. Moore explained that the common expression by which people greet each other on every new day when the say "Good morning," had its origin when Christ arose from the dead and appeared to his disciples. When Christ appeared then and exclaimed, "Good morning," to His disciples they responded with these words: "Christ the Lord is risen."

The scene of the crucifixion was described by the minister somewhat as follows: There was a man who claimed he would be the King of the Jews. He lived among them and worked to improve their way of living. He did a great work for suffering humanity, but because He was misunderstood He was crucified by Roman soldiers and placed in a tomb. By this simple act the soldiers thought He was removed forever from their midst. At the grave there were the disciples who at the time were filled with fear. They were sad and dejected and their souls were even too numb for them to pray. Apparently fate had beaten them. They felt that now if they should turn their footsteps homeward again, they would be mocked and teased by their former friends and acquaintances.

However, after the resurrection event, life for the disciples became completely reversed. Afterwards, they were not beaten, they were not afraid, but they were a happy and fearless group of men—so happy that their voices rang out across the hills as the sound of iron in its strength, and the difference for them was that Christ was now risen from the dead.

Before the crucifixion there were among the disciples of Jesus many selfish arguments and disputes. The disciples disputed as to who would occupy the chief seat in His kingdom and who should be clothed in the finest robes. They thought in terms of selfish advantages and sought to obtain high positions in the kingdom which Jesus planted, but after the resurrection they no longer engaged in these arguments and disputes, but they became like Jesus in His humility and in His spirit of service to mankind.

Mr. Moore then told the boys that after all what matters now is the effect the death and resurrection of Jesus has upon individual people today. Each one can determine whether or not the coming of Christ will give him the victory. By way of illustration he told how the apostle Paul, as a boy in Antioch, went to school to Gamaliel, and he went that he might

get the best education of that day. During the time he was in school he learned some about the coming of Jesus, but Paul said to himself that it was just too good to be true. He thought the followers of Jesus were mere dreamers and disturbers of the peace of the day. Paul began, therefore, to persecute and even to stone to death some of those who were the followers of the Nazarene, but it happened, as he traveled the road to Damascus there was a brilliant and dazzling light appearing before him, and a Voice that cried out, "Why do you persecute me thus?" Paul's answer was in the form of a question, because now he said, "What wouldst Thou have me to do?" From that time on, Paul began to teach and to preach about Jesus in a most eloquent manner, and not only did he do this but he suffered and was beaten cruelly because of his stand. On one occasion he was stoned and left as dead, but he remained firm and steadfast in his faith in Christ, and had it not been for his works among men it is possible that we might not have Easter today as we do. Paul, in his later days, proclaimed this great truth which should be our watchword in life, "Thanks be to God Who giveth us the victory through Christ."

———:———

THE CONQUERER

It's easy to laugh when the skies are blue
And the sun is shining bright;
Yes, easy to laugh when your friends are true
And there's happiness in sight;
But when hope has fled and skies are gray,
And the friends of the past have turned away.
And, then indeed it's a hero's feat
To conjure a smile in the face of defeat.

It's easy to laugh when the battle's fought
And you know that victory's won;
Yes, easy to laugh when the prize you sought
Is yours when race is run
But here's to the man who can laugh when the blast
Of adversity blows, he will conquer at last,
For the hardest man in the world to beat
Is the man who can laugh in the face of defeat.

—E. M. Aurin.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 14, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Frank Andrews
Maynard Chester
Dean Harris
James Perkins
William Speaks

COTTAGE No. 1

Horace Collins
Franklin Hensley
Harry Thompson
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Ray Burns
Fred Coats
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Ray Naylor
James Norton
William Phillips
Russell Seagle
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

Thomas Childress
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Lloyd Perdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Benjamin Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Joseph Bean
John Fine
Robert Hogan
Hobart Keaton
Lacy Overton
Burton Routh
James Smith
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Wesley Turner
Edward VanHoy

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Hoyle
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Clyde Hoffman
Robert Mason
Robert Porter
Robert Peavy
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
Charles Sellers
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Frank Belk
Glenn Davis
Arthur Lawson
Jerry Peavy
Hubert Pritchard
Franklin Stone
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

J. C. Alley
Gray Brown
James Couthren
Charles Francis
Thomas Sellers

James Upright
Jack Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 10
Arthur Ballew
Robert Gordon
Jack Gleason
James Hensley
Howard Jones
Garvin Thomas
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Bryant
Leslie Gautier
Thomas Hyder
David Isenhour
Lee Lockerby
Kenneth McLean
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Black
Donald Carter
Earl Grant
James Hensley
Melvin Norris

COTTAGE No. 14
Howard Holder
Howard Hall
Donald Hendrix
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
John Moretz
John Roberts
James Shook
James Smith
Thomas Wansley

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best
George Brown
William Correll
Harry Coffey
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Jack Greene
John Greene
Marcus Hefner
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
James Presson
Carl Ransom
Ralph Stewart

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Robert Cannady
Robert Elder
Carl Hull
William Harding
Morrison Jacobs

INFIRMARY
William Brooks
David Brooks
Norman Hentschell
Dwight Murphy

———:———

TRY SMILING

When the weather suits you not, Try smiling
When your coffee isn't hot, Try smiling
When your neighbors don't do right,
Or your relatives all fight,
Sure 'tis hard, but then you might, Try smiling
Doesn't change the things, of course—Just smiling
But it cannot make them worse—Just smiling.
And it seems to help your case
Brightens up a gloomy place,
Then, it sort o' rests your face—Just smiling.

—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD N. C., MAY 4, 1946 No. 18

LISTENING

I love to lend a listening ear
To tones of tender beauty
Sent o'er the air for all to hear,
To bring the love of heaven near,
To dissipate all doubt and fear
Through tones of tender beauty.

I love to put all care away
And listen to good music
It strengthens me along the way,
And drives all strife and grief away,
It helps me near my God to stay—
This listening to good music.

—Edythe Ivey Danielson.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

MY WISH

I ask, O Lord, that from my life may flow
Such gladsome music, soothing, sweet and clear
From a fine-strung harp, to reach the weary ear
Of struggling men,
To bid them pause a while and listen: then
With a spirit calmer, stronger than before,
Take up their work once more.
I only pray that, through the common days
Of this, my life, unceasingly may steal
Into some aching heart strains that shall help to heal
Its long-borne pain,
To lift the thoughts from self and worldly gain
And fill the life with harmonies divine;
Oh, may such power be mine!
Thus would I live; and when all working days
Are o'er for me,
May the rich music of my life ring on
Eternally!

—M. P. N., in Wesleyan Magazine.

NATIONAL MUSIC WEEK

Beginning with May 5th, National Music Week will be observed throughout the nation. During this period of time a new emphasis will be given to the place of music in our national life and the part it plays in everyday experiences. It is quite fitting that our people evaluate this important art and seek to interpret its meaning in this new day. It has been said that music is one of the great spiritual possessions of the human race, and it is, therefore, one which we should cultivate and magnify to the fullest.

It has been said by someone that if a person can have the opportunity to listen to the music of the people in any nation at a given time he can then obtain a true measure of the people of that nation. If America today should be judged by the popular music of the hour there is strong probability that as a nation we would not rank very high, because at the present time there is a very widespread usage of light jazz music, to which the people listen on the radio. However, any worthy appraisal of a nation's popular music must be made in the light of the setting of the time. In other words, just now we are in the immediate post-war days, which causes the majority of people to take delight in the lighter airs. It would have to be admitted, for instance, that Frank Sinatra, with his swooning music, is one of the most, if not the most popular, radio singer of the hour, especially among the teen-age group. He, of course, has keen competition from Bing Crosby and others.

Unfortunately, the singers of classical and semi-classical music do not have the same popular appeal that Frank Sinatra has, but nevertheless they are appreciated by those who really have a trained ear for good music. There are the popular jazz songs which have had popular runs for brief periods and then are soon forgotten as they fade out of the picture entirely. This is not true of the classical music.

Since the beginning of time and among all peoples, music has been a means by which the joys and sorrows of life have been expressed. It is the one universal medium by which sentiments are conveyed from one person to another. Music is described by Carlyle as being even the speech of angels, and the Holy Scriptures do tell us that when Christ was born He was welcomed into the world by the voices of angel choruses.

It has been said that the American Indian has a song which he sings when the moon is full, and he sings it at no other time. It has been said also that he has a song he sings when planting and gathering corn, and he has other songs for almost every other occasion. People everywhere have their special songs suitable to various seasons and events.

Throughout all time, there has been a strain of music with a martial air which has served to stir the spirit of patriotism among people. No nation has ever thrived on martial music quite so much

as have the people of Germany. It is said that Hitler had special interest in the martial music of Wagner, which was woven around the legendary war god, Siegfried. It was this type of music which thrilled the heart of this cruel dictator above all other music.

Likewise, there is sacred music which has had its place in the spiritual life of the human race. Through music, people have worshipped and their hearts have been touched, to the end that they have been brought closer and closer into the Divine Presence by the powers of music. There is the sacred music which is used on funeral occasions because of its special adaptations.

Likewise, there is the music which is typical of the sentiments which prevail during sporting events and at the time when the circus appears on the streets, when the hearts of people are full of glee and joy. There is also the music of the hunter, as the horses dance and prance across the fields and through the woods. Particular reference, of course, should be made to the melodies in the negro spirituals that have been sung with so much feeling by the negroes throughout the years.

In nature about us there is always a great symphony on the air. The wind blows, the birds sing, and the brooks ripple across the falls. All these mingle together to form the great orchestration in nature. This is God's way of speaking to His people and bringing to them messages of love and good cheer everywhere.

With the advent of the radio there has never been a time before in all the history of mankind when music was so generally available to all classes of people. At almost any time it is possible for anyone to hear the great concerts and orchestrations as they are flashed across the air. No matter how humble the hut or how huge the palace, the same music fills the air and comes into the presence of that person who has an appreciation for it. It is to be hoped that with succeeding years the people of America may develop more and more the musical concept so that they may be able generally to appreciate the best in music.

It has been said that in the country of Bohemia, which is modern Czechosolovakia, every child is taught the art of using some one musical instrument or another. Thus, in that country music is probably more widely disseminated than in any other country. There they have their grand musical festivals, and music permeates their

lives to a very high degree. This has grown up not in a brief period of time but throughout many centuries.

It is interesting to note that the different races and countries have somewhat different renditions of music. It is fairly easy to recognize the music of the Scotch, the Russians, the Chinese, the Hawaiians, and the Africans. Many of their musical compositions are very old, and for generations they have been used because they express so well the spirit of the people of those nations. Encyclopedias tell us that the United States has in its brief history been too busy felling trees, building houses, and pushing its frontier westward to give much attention to music as compared with other nations. They tell us, too, that all American composers write in what is called the "conservative tradition." As the years unfold, of course, America will probably develop a more distinctive type of American music which she does not have at this time.

Every child in school should have the opportunity to learn as much as he can in music, and he should have the benefit of numerous experiences in this important fine art. Greater and ever increasing emphasis should be given to music in the schools and in the churches and in all public gatherings.

One of the most beautiful legends in modern literature is the story of the Bell of Silver Voice. This is a legend which had its setting in Spain, where a bell was being cast into a mold. The people were told they could make a gift to the bell by casting in some treasure. In the group was a boy whose name was Miguel, and into the molding metal he cast a bit of silver which was destined to become a part of the bell. When it was finished, the bell was shipped to a mission in California. The boy had expressed a wish that he might go wherever the bell went. Many years later this same boy was moved to become a missionary among the Indians in California. He did not realize that the bell had gone to the same place where he was destined to go. As he approached his mission field, there suddenly came across the valley the sound of a bell ringing. Miguel, now a man, saw that all the workers stopped, for to them it was the Angelus ringing for the hour of prayer. Sweetly the bell tolled and Miguel thought he had never listened to so beautiful a sound. Miguel kept thinking of the music of the bell and listened to it as it rang

again. He thought to himself that he must see it and touch it, because the bell seemed to speak to him as though it were a living thing. When he went to the bell tower where the bell was he noticed that on the surface was inscribed the name of the maker and the date on which it had been cast. Thus, at once he recognized that this was the bell into which he had cast his bit of silver when a boy so that it could help the world to become better and better.

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HANDBOOK FOR THE BOYS

Here at the Jackson Training School there has just been completed a "Handbook for Students" a little booklet which was edited by Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, Commissioner of Correction and Training for North Carolina. This book contains a total of seventeen pages. In it an attempt has been made to explain to the boys of the school how they can best spend their time while they are here so that they may make the most progress and at the same time be cheerful and happy. The book covers such topics as a boy's work, his school work, playtime, religious activities, letter writing, etc. It is explained to a boy that the ultimate basis for his release from the school will depend entirely on the record he makes while he is here. In a sense, this means each boy largely determines the length of his own stay.

In the Introduction there occurs this important statement to the boys:

> During the time when you are a student at the Jackson Training School, you will need assistance from different people, from books, and other sources. It is not always true that a boy realizes how much he needs the help of another person, particularly of someone who is older and more experienced than he is. However, everyone should realize that he can get many helpful suggestions from other people and he should realize, also, that there are many people who are eager to help him as he goes through life. It is true, though, that the Training School will be able to do the most for the boy who is willing to do the most for himself.

Further on in the book there is an explaination about the school, as follows:

> You go to school half a day and work half a day. The teachers know what boys like and they teach the subjects in a way that you will soon be glad to go to school each day. You may not be in the grade you were at home because they will put you where you belong. You will have a nice schoolroom with blackboards and maps and you will have a library where you can get books to read and you will soon find that the school is all right. After all, a boy can't hope to be much of a man if he doesn't go to school. When you start to get a job, about the first question you are asked is how far you went in school. Not only should a boy be interested in the grades but he should think about going through high school and even to college. No boy can expect to do any kind of a job except very hard work unless he has a high school education; so if you want to improve yourself during the year you are at the training school and you want to show the people back home when you go back that you have been a smart boy, you will certainly want to be in school every day and you will also study your lessons.

Under the religious section there is this statement:

> You will have the opportunity of joining a church in town and when you go home you can get your church letter and join the church at home. You will find that the church people will be glad to have you and that you will stay out of trouble a good deal easier if you associate with folks who go to church.
>
> These things will help you to go home in that year. They will teach you to guard your tongue and your temper. You will want to use the right kind of language, you will want to be friendly and kind toward your buddies. Learn all you can from the Bible, from the church, and from Sunday School and from prayer meeting and you will be a better boy.

It is believed that this handbook will add to the efficiency of the school and make it possible for the boys and staff members to cooperate more easily in their work.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Ninth Grade Picnic

By Garmon Hubbard, 9th Grade

On April 22nd, Mrs. Baucom, our ninth grade teacher, took the ninth grade boys on a picnic and Easter egg hunt. We had two boys to hide the eggs and then the others hunted them. Some of the eggs had a lucky number on them, and the person who found them got a bar of candy. There were six lucky eggs. Robert Fogle, one of the ninth grade pupils, found three lucky eggs. Garmon Hubbard found one, and the other two were not found. The one who found the most eggs was Harvey Leonard.

After the egg hunt the boys built a big fire and roasted weiners. The "eats" consisted of hot dogs, coca-colas and sandwiches.

All the boys wish to thank Mrs. Baucom for making this party possible.

Show

By James Hensley, 9th Grade

The show last Thursday was "Bull-fighters. Laurel and Hardy were the main characters. The show was about Laurel and Hardy who sent a man to prison for twenty years, but he was innocent. This man stayed in prison for five years. Then the guilty man confessed. He said he would get them both—first the little one, then the big one. He would skin them alive. When he got out of prison, he went to Mexico to start life anew. but Laurel and Hardy went there looking for a girl. Laurel looked like a bullfighter. He had to fight a bull or lose his life. It ended very unhappily. This was a 20th Century Fox Production.

We also had a comedy. It was entitled "Eliza on Ice."

Ball Ground Improvement

By Robert Lee, 9th Grade

Mr. Walters, Mr. Cruse and some of the boys have recently been putting new back-stops on the softball and baseball diamonds.

The school now has two baseball fields and three softball fields.

The boys wish to thank them for this improvement.

Our Unit on Poetry

By Jack Benfield, 9th Grade

The ninth grade boys have been studying poetry for the last few days. We have been trying to get the most out of it. We are studying the lives and works of several American poets and a few English poets. We have not emphasized those who lived long ago as much as the ones who are living now or who have lived recently. Some of the outstanding English poets are Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, Rudyard Kipling, Lewis Carroll and others. Some of the American poets are Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Walt Whitman, Sidney Lanier, Edgar Allen Poe, Edgar Lee Masters, Katherine Lee Bates and others. Some of our best

poems are "America, the Beautiful," "The Building of the Ship," "Old Ironsides," "Captain, My Captain," "L'Envor," "In Flanders Field," "The Song of the Cottonwoods," "The Raven," "The Song of the Brook," and others.

We have enjoyed studying these very much.

Swimming Time

Mr. Walters and some boys have been cleaning the swimming pool. After they clean it they will fill it with water. We will start swimming May the 11th.

The Training School's swimming pool is in one part of the gym. The water can be heated. They will use different chemicals to help purify it.

We will stay in swimming for about forty-five minutes each time.

Essay on Character

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

Character is what you are in the dark. The things you do in the sight of others is your reputation, but your character is what you do in the eyes of your own conscience. You do what you make up your mind to do. So to have a good character you must build it for yourself because no one can do it for you.

In building your character you could also be improving your learning ability. You must learn to develop your mind so that you can reason things out, so that you will know what is right and what is wrong. You must feel that what you are doing is right.

In knowing right from wrong you should try to practice being truthful to your fellow students and to yourself. Truthfulness is a wonderful trait for anyone to have. Each person should take it on himself to be truthful at all times. Truthfulness develops good ideals. "It is best to aim at the stars even if you hit a mud puddle." A person with high ideals is likely to make headway in life if he lets his ideals become realities.

A fine way to make your ideals become realities is to be zealous. Be zealous in your school studies and learn everything you can about what you have your aim set on. In being zealous you must be earnest in your studies so that you may learn something, so that you can make your ideals become realities.

When your ideals become realities you will most likely need plenty of energy. You will need energy to speak. You show energy in words, and actions. Energy is used by everyone in every way. Energy is used in preparing yourself to be neat. Neatness is really what counts in life. Everyone admires the person who tries to keep his appearance looking neat. The neat looking person is going to get a job because the man who hires him may say that if he keeps himself neat he is willing to work to keep other things in the right order.

Neatness would not be expected in sports because when you are playing you do not think of getting dirty. A good sport is always liked by the other boys because he wants to keep the game going and keep it fair. Good sportsmanship is the building of a fine body. At the same time one finding for himself a bunch of friends who will help him.

In playing sports you should be

honest. "Honesty is the best policy" is most people's motto. To be honest is a fine trait. Every one likes an honest person. If you are honest you can get work while a dishonest person would most likely keep looking for work. Being honest with yourself as well as with others will help you along in life.

Being honest brings an integrity which is soundness. You may be sound in every way. You may have a healthy body and you would most likely want to keep it that way. Be coplete in every way in your everyday life.

Integrity should lead to pride. You should be proud of your friends and fellow students when they win some kind of honor.

All of these add up to being a "Good Citizen of the School."

Radio Program

By Garmon Hubbard, 9th Grade

The entire program for last Tuesday was given by Mrs. Hawfield's first grade boys. To begin the program all the boys sang "Good Morning" and "How Do You Do." Franklin Robinson then gave a poem entitled "April."

The entire group then gave a poem entitled "The Wind."

The program ended with the boys singing some more songs. They were as follows: "The Robin Song," "Laughing Spring," "Blossom Time," "An April Day," and "Springtime."

Our Egg Hunt

By William McVicker, 3rd Grade

Monday morning, Miss Oehler took us on an egg hunt. We had sandwiches, cookies, candy, drinks, and eggs. We hunted eggs. Thomas Styles found the lucky egg and got the prize. Mrs. Ferguson and Johnnie went with us. Miss Oehler's niece, Edith Oehler, went with us, too. We had a good ball game. We played a joke on Miss Oehler and Mrs. Ferguson. We took them on a long rough road. We made them cross ditches and climb over fences. We would like for Easter to come again soon.

Mrs. Morrison's Second Grade Has Picnic

By Douglas Mangum, 9th Grade

The second grade boys had an egg hunt on the campus Easter Monday. Mrs. Frank Liske and house boys, together with Mrs. Cruse, helped in the hunt.

Mrs. Cruse hid the eggs. Among them were five lucky eggs. The boys who found these eggs were given cakes by Mrs. Liske. After a good time cracking eggs, a number of games were played. All the boys seemed to have a good time.

Fifth Grade Picnic

By J. C. Rhodes, 5th Grade

Mrs. Dotson and her fifth grade boys went on a picnic Tuesday morning. They invited Mr. Walters and Mrs. Ferguson and Johnnie. They all had a good time.

We had sandwiches, iced tea, cookies, candy, eggs, crackers, weiners. After we had lunch Mr. Walters and the boys played a game of ball. Billy Black and Mr. Walters chose sides. Billy Black's side won by the score of

9-5. We had a very good time. We thank Mrs. Dotson for giving us such a privilege. We thank Mr. Walters and Mrs. Ferguson for coming. We hope to go on another one before long.

Our Weiner Roast

By Luther Hull, 8th Grade

Mrs. Baucom's eighth grade went on a weiner roast last Monday. We went to the pasture beside the creek and had our picnic. We built a big fire. Then Mrs. Cruse and three of the boys hid the eggs while we played in another field. When they finished, Mrs. Baucom called us to come and find the eggs.

We had prizes for the boys who found the most eggs and prizes for finding five lucky eggs which were numbered.

When we finished hunting the eggs, we ate. That was what the boys were waiting for. We had hotdogs, drinks, pickles, rolls, slaw, onions, sandwiches and mustard.

When we finished eating we played some more. When we got through, we gathered all the things together and came back to the school.

I think the eighth grade boys had a very nice Easter, and I hope they will have as good a one next year.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

After the groups assembled in the auditorium we sang one song. It was "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations." Then we had a prayer and talk by Mr. Puckett. We were then dismissed to go to our classes.

In the intermediate group we began our program by a talk which was given by Mr. Isenhour. Since the parts had not been assigned we just talked about our lesson.

B. T. U.—Group II

By Donald Redwine, 5th Grade

For the first thing on our program Mr. Puckett read the memory verse to the group. Then we had our parts. The first part was by James Dunn. Then Kenneth Staley called the roll and asked how many chapters in the Bible we had read in the past week. Then we had the second part. It was by Jack Phillips. The subject for this lesson was "A Leader of Vision." We were studying about Dr. S. J. VanNess. The third part was by Clay Shew. Then James Swinson gave the fourth part. The fifth part was by Glenn Evans. Mr. Puckett gave the group a talk. Then we were dismissed to go to our classes.

B. T. U.—Group I

By John McKinney, 2nd Grade

In our group we began the program by giving the parts for this week. Floyd Bruce gave the first part. It was "Early Life of a Man of Vision." The second part, entitled "He Begins His Lifework," was given by Bobby Woodruff. Richard Davidson gave the third part. It was "Experience as a Pastor." The fourth part was given by Robert Mason. It was "The Vision Grows." After the group discussed the lesson we were dismissed with prayer by Floyd Bruce.

THE SECULAR AND THE RELIGIOUS IN EDUCATION

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

One of the most impressive things about America is the remarkable quantity of educational activities. Parents will skimp and save for education. Students will wash dishes, wait on tables and tend furnaces for education. Legislatures appropriate large sums of money for education. Philanthropists spend their fortunes on education. Students in millions attend tens of thousands of classes and finally emerge with unnumbered diplomas and degrees. We believe in education. We look to education to build up a new society, to establish true democracy, and to hasten the coming of the Kingdom of God.

Any venture in the right kind of education effort is a fine and beautiful thing, but we are charged with the heavy responsibility of justifying our faith in education. It is not enough to say that education will solve our problems. We must seek to know what we are educating for, what kind of education we want, what kind of people we want to produce as a result of our education.

This question is of great importance for Christian people, for to be religious implies that we have at least some idea of what man ought to be and some idea of the type of person which we want our education to produce. If we are to plan our programs of education intelligently, we must know the processes by which intelligent, integrated Christian men and women are produced.

There are several stages in education. We are concerned now with what might be called the stage of orientation, "The process by which the individual finds his proper place in the universe." Thus the physical sciences show us how we are related to the world of matter. The social sciences relate us to the world of our fellowmen. The biological sciences show us that we are a part of the great world of life.

The uneducated man and the educated man are different persons. The uneducated man sees himself as a part of the universe which is bounded by his own life in time, by his own movements in space, and by his own acquaintances in society. The educated man, on the other hand, feels himself to be part of a process which extends back thousands and millions of years in time, which reaches out to the uttermost stars in space, which takes in all humanity. The uneducated man lives with his family, his dog, his house, his town and with himself—alone. The educated man lives with the great men of the past. Plato is his friend as well as the man next door. He lives with the teeming life of the past, with all the people of the world. All far countries dwell within his bookshelves.

This process goes on all through life. Formal teaching of the school and the college is only the beginning of real education. But how important this beginning! The teacher who in-

spires in the student the desire to know more of this universe of space and time, to know where he stands in this universe, renders a service which cannot be measured. But perhaps after all the educated man is not one who knows himself and his universe but the one who hungers and thirsts after such knowledge—the one whose curiosity cannot be satisfied.

But what part does religious education play in this process of orientation? All too frequently religious education has been regarded as a thing apart, something to be cared for by the churches while other forces were engaged in secular education.

This situation has been disastrous for religion and for education also. Religion has tended to lose its relation to other branches of human experience, while the other branches of knowledge have been regarded as isolated subjects in a curriculum rather than as aspects of a unified body of truth. For the secular man—the best product of secular education—the universe about him is something to be observed. Truth is an inert reality, simply waiting to be discovered. For the religious man, the universe about him is seen as a great family of which he is a part, while truth is seen not as an inert reality but as a living reality, striving to be expressed through man, wanting to be known, wanting to be loved.

To be not a spectator in an indifferent universe, but a partner in a living universe — this is the difference between the purely secular and the religious. The spectator attitude is the direct product of our secular education. Our world is dying for lack of men who can identify themselves with the world's suffering. The man of religion is needed—the man who not only knows—or seeks to know—where he is in the universe; he seeks to know what he has to do in the universe; he has not only a place but a task. He is a fellow-worker with God in the business of creation.

The work of church-related colleges is of greatest importance. Its importance in setting standards for education in general can hardly be over estimated. It is of the greatest importance in our present circumstances that those who are engaged in teaching in such institutions should receive a vision of the supreme importance of their task—a task which is nothing less than to illumine, to crown, and to give significance to the whole system of education.

Religious education stands for the union of heart and brain—for a type of civilization in which it is possible to know the truth, to love the truth, to serve the truth, to worship the truth, all of which means love, service, and worship of an all-wise beneficent God and Father.

Illustrations, like windows, let light into the chambers of the mind. Mere bald statements are often soon forgotten, but illustrations well told stick in the soul like the hook in a fish's mouth.—C. H. Spurgeon.

AMAZING COURAGE

Lt. Larry Farrar in O. P. News

The most unforgettable quality of World War II was the amazing courage of little men? "Living miserable and dying miserable?" As Ernie Pyle wrote, hungry all the time, dirty and belly-deep in mud most of the time, sleeping to the point of human exhaustion, they dragged themselves forward for one more effort, advanced like men sleep-walking, and made the decisive moments their victories. "Every step forward means that much closer to home," the grim sergeant said in the movie, "GI Joe."

"We must take that hill." The years "full of so many hills." One taken, another lies just ahead; that taken, miles of enemy territory present scores first then hundreds more. "We must take that hill." Brave men die taking little hills. Hills whose numbers are today forgotten. Little men snaking their way up slopes scalded with burning lead. Little men with eager boyish faces. Full of wonder and marvel and fear at first. Then forever fixed in battle grim valor.

Kids, whose parched and cracked lips could still toss a jest. Implacable eyes, obsidian, suddenly lit up with the hunger for home when Axis Sally gives out with Artie Shaw and honeyed whisperings about moonlight on the Indiana dunes with that girl.

Little guys. Crouched in mud holes, listening to the newscaster at home beaming them "and so today, Christmas is being celebrated in every foxhole. Christmas with turkey and cranberry sauce." And the little guys hear and do not grin nor change expression. They continue to spoon out cold K rations. They are majestic in their indifference to the lie. Tolerantly they think, "Some big shot told them to say it." They forgive the newscaster. "The guy's making a living; he has to read out what they tell him."

Their fortitude, endurance has profound human pride. Their eyes are beyond tears. They look on a beloved comrade whose flesh is fixed in the chill of death, they murmur "Sorry, old man," and move grimly on.

No fife and drum corps to inspire them with fervor; no bagpipes crying native songs; no scarlet coat and tall busby and lacquered black leather, marks of pride of regiment. Only mud, in their eyes and their nose and lining their mouths and immobilizing their pieces.

These are the brave men of all history. Kids who loved comics and hamburgers and cokes. Who with surprise at their own audacity, did tremendous things and then clammed up if you mentioned them. None of that school book stuff, "I sire!" with the Napoleon flavor. No talk except a grunted oath. No hero worship of legendary generals. Just a bunch of dare and do guys, hungry and lonesome and eager as pups to get along togeather and stick to the gang. Kids who had seen each other's souls turned inside out, who had nothing to hide from one another. Boys who knew the whole gang was scared stiff.

The nation will need a long view

to really know and love those boys. The perspective of say ten years. Then all the theaters of the nation should show for-free the story of GI Joe. The nation would miss something great in its history if it does not throughly know their hunger and thousand little terrors and youthful hot yearnings and unquenchable dreams. To move in the stream of their valor. To have one high moment of living, when you scare down death and sneer at those who give it and then coldly give it yourself. You a guy would faint on a hot August afternoon if you smelled ether in a hospital. When you look at "GI Joe" you can ask yourself, could I have made it with them?

We should be proud of the humble historian Ernie Pyle who so hesitantly wrote "Brave Men." Unaware of his greatness. Unsure that his stuff was the real thing. Weeping without shame over brave young dead then putting down little thoughts about little guys. Always in his simple heart that he was a little guy himself.

Last night after seeing the picture that brings to quick life the shy words of Ernie Pyle, the thought came that this last war produced no single great piece of poetry, nor no one great song. In World War I we had "In Flanders Fields" and the English piece by Brooks, "The Soldier."

This last war was a cold thing. No great songs, no rousing tunes like "Over There" and no dry throat piece like "My Buddy" or Smile Awhile." The imperishable literature of World War II is tied up in the homey "Well, I'll be durned" writing of a western country man named Ernie Pyle.

For he caught the spirit and the speech of the little men. He hungered and froze with them, smashed lice and spat out sand with them. And looked up at the stars that shined over Africa and like his young war buddies lying in exhausted sleep around him.

He was Plain Ernie Pyle. Plain GI Joe. Plain little guys, before whose quiet valor the plumed knights of the history books bow in quaking respect.

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WATCH YOUR STEP!

"You are writing each day a gospel for men,
Make sure that the writing is true,
For the only gospel most men read
Is the gospel according to you."

—Author Unknown.

CAP'N JEFF IS READY

By Bill Sharpe, State News Bureau

Cap'n Jeff Hayman is brushing up his lies for the 6th revival of the "Lost Colony." "I never lie on cloudy days," he says, "or after four oclock." Roanoke Island is notoriously sunny, and most of the touristers see Cap'n Jeff before four.

Eighty-two and a half years old, Cap'n Jeff methodically constructed a croaker net. His chief business is selling cold drinks and candy bars to visitors at Fort Raleigh, but he is a provident soul and the net might come in handy. But lying is fun for both touristers and the Cap'n. School teachers from Vermont have rounded their mouths in amazement when Cap'n Jeff assured them that he was a direct descendant of Virginia Dare, and if they didn't believe it he had the registration papers to prove it.

So when Paul Green's play resumes its perpetual summer performances June 30, 1946, not the least of the attractions of the place will be Cap'n Jeff and his tales, tall or straight. And the Cap'n is anxious to see the crowds again, as of yore. "Hardly sell ten bottles of pop a day now," he said, as he opened one for a straggler. "Why don't I charge a dime for 'em? Huh, they ain't even worth a nickel," he remarked studiedly.

Cap'n Jeff epitomizes the Island, now busily engaged in getting ready for the play. In one way or another, almost every person on Roanoke participates in its performance, but few of them have the chance to talk to so many visitors as Jeff does, because before and after the play they come to his place to buy refreshments or knicknacks. "One night in '41," he said, "there was cars here from every state in the union and four foreign countries. I reckon a hundred thousand folks have stopped here at my hut. Maybe more; I never tried to count 'em."

The Cap'n is acutely conscious of the fact that the play is presented by descendants of the successors to the "Lost Colony," but he doesn't know when the Island was permanently settled. His great-grandfather and grandfather—master and mate of a schooner—were washed ashore from a wreck. He married twice, and both of his wives were descended from shipwrecked men. His first wife's father also was drowned in a storm at Hatteras. "Most of the people here came from folks off wrecks," he said. "Once they got here, it was easy to stay. This is the greatest land in the world for a poor man. Why? When you get hungry you can go out here in the sound and catch yourself some food, or shoot yourself some game. I remember killing 104 geese in one day. That was before the Law. In The Play they call it 'this fair and fruitful land.' It is, too."

The Play's the thing on Roanoke Island, and Jeff explained how the visitors have added to the prosperity of the little town of Manteo and the nearby beaches.

"Oh, they come from all over, and spend money, too. Lots of them stay for a spell."

Jeff, spry and clear-eyed, never

tires of yarning with them, and no one is better qualified to do it. He was in the West Indian trade, and once he was a royal boy on a clipper. What's a royal boy? "Humph," he said with some satisfaction, "You're just like a tourister—don't know anything. When I'm dead and gone, there won't be nobody on the island can tell you the names of a clipper's sails." He picked up a painting of a full-rigged clipper and, pointing to the sails from aft to fore, rattled them off:

"That's the mizzen spanker, next the mizzen mains'l; then the mizzen tops'l, mizzen upper tops'l, mizzen gallants'l, mizzen royal. Then the main royal, main stays'l, main topmosts'l, main gallants'l; then the mains'l, main tops'l, main upper tops'l; main gallants'l, main royal; main stays'l, main topmosts'l, main de-gallants'l; fores'l, foretops'l, fore upper tops'l; fore de-gallants'l; fore royal; fore stays'l; standing jib; flying jib; job tops'l."

He caught his breath. "A royal boy," he said, stabbing the picture with his finger, "tends these sails way up here. That's a hundred and fifty feet from the deck. That's higher than Kill Devil Hill."

Most visitors ask Cap'n Jeff what he thinks happened to the Lost Colonists, a question he cannot answer; but ask him about the seafaring lore of the section and he is ready with names, dates and anecdotes. "See that stool there?" he asked. "That came off the schooner that castawayed my great grandfather onto Nag's Head." Jeff is the only man living on Roanoke—or maybe anywhere—who saw the U. S. S. Huron disaster in which over 100 men lost their lives. "There was no sense into it," he said, applying a colloquial expression. "They was mostly drunk and just came ashore in a little gale."

In front of the little shop is a pile of rocks which reputedly were ballast from Sir Walter Raleigh's ships. "Leastwise, folks say so," said Jeff conscientiously. Nearby, is an old, rusted anchor. "It ain't a Lost Colony anchor," confided Jeff. "Fellow drug it up and gave it to me. If it had been that old it wouldn't have lasted this long. But tourister ladies make pictures of it and ask me if it's off one of Raleigh's ships. I always say yes. It makes them feel a lot better."

Jeff's lies are comforting-like.

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I have made up my mind that I will not fret and fume over the trifling things of life. I stop and ask myself if it will make any material difference in a week, a month, or a year. And I find that I can be calm when the thousand and one little things happen that used to worry me.—Talmage.

TEST OF CITIZENSHIP

(Kannapolis Daily Independent)

The Supreme Court in a 5-to-3 decision ruled that no person should be refused citizenship in the United States even though his religious beliefs prevent him from bearing arms in the defense of the nation.

Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone wrote a dissenting opinion in which he was joined by Justices Frankfuter and Reed. That was Justice Stone's last opinion.

The case involved one James L. Girouard, a native-born Canadian now residing in Stoneham, Massachusetts. During nationalization proceedings in 1944, Girouard said he was willing to serve as a non-combatant in the army but would not bear arms because of religious scruples. He is reported to be a Seventh-Day Adventist.

It may be that the weight of previous cases supports Girouard in his plea for citizenship. It may well be that the petitioner will prove a good and valuable citizen to the United States.

But, as a far-reaching precedent for future generations the decision would appear to be fraught with many dangers.

Bearing arms in the defense of a man's homeland has always been considered a basic tenet of citizenship.

It is true that many of the non-combatants in the armed forces during the recent war performed useful, even heroic services. It is also true that many tasks are involved in a war other than bearing arms.

But if a sufficiently large percentage of men in the military age bracket should in time of war decide that their religious beliefs prevent them from engaging actively in their country's defense, we would be in a sorry plight.

To permit persons who are already citizens to serve only in a non-combatant status is one thing. But to grant the rights of citizenship in our great land to a man who openly and avowedly says he will not fight for the United States even while petitioning for citizenship, is a very different proposition.

Certainly we should be allowed some latitude of choice in the type of individual we would admit as fellow Americans. This writer submits that a man who will not bear arms for the country in time of war, is not a proper choice.

When you notice how much smarter you are today than you were ten years ago, don't stop there. Follow the same line of thinking until you realize how much dumber you are today than you will be ten years hence. That ought to hold you a while.

—Strickland Gililan.

THE ABOLITION OF WAR

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

General Douglas MacArthur is hardly to be classed among the visionary and impractical idealists who ignore brute facts and hard realities. He may be mistaken in thinking that war can be abolished forthwith, but his public appeal that the nations renounce their sovereign right to make war is not just the voice of wishful thinking. That appeal finds echo in every heart that has experienced anything of the anxiety and suffering and sorrow of the recent war or sympathy for its victims. It voices the silent plea of the millions of young men who have paid with their lives for the folly of those reckless criminals who treated the Kellogg-Briand pact as a scrap of paper and brought desolation and ruin upon the earth. It expresses the judgment of those who know the effect and potency of the atomic bomb and say that war must go if mankind is to survive. Appeals like this have sounded time and again from the pulpits and councils of the followers of the Prince of Peace. War must go.

General MacArthur says that the machinery of peace will fail without the renunciation of war. We have learned that war cannot be abolished by treaty alone. It cannot be ended by solemn renunciation only, however sincere. But we are inclined to believe that the General is right in asserting that these renunciations are necessary, if not in themselves sufficient.

War will be abolished only when the peoples of the earth and their governments agree to submit themselves to the rule of law and work out dependable machinery and processes for the administration of justice in their relations with one another. There must be provision for righting wrongs without resort to force, and there must be available sufficient force to guarantee that law will not be violated with impunity. There is a mighty will to peace throughout the world. It must be directed and encouraged to become a will to justice under law. The renunciation of the right to make war, together with a clear definition of what making war consists of, should accompany agreement on methods of arriving at just settlement of differences and assurance that such settlements will be carried through in good faith by nations large and small.

The Iranians have a right to be heard by the Security Council of the UNO, and the protection of their just interests is the business of that organization. The peoples of the East Indies, likewise, and the small nations of the Americas which have too frequently had reason to complain of being subjected to duress if not to force have also the right to be heard and protected.

There are those in America who seem determined to wage a holy war against atheistic Russia. We believe they are in the minority. Inflammatory condemnation is to be deplored, however, and the continued indulgence in the spirit of hatred and revenge on the part of Roman Catholics and certain fearful capitalistic groups in

America is dangerous to peace. America wants no war with Russia, and our leaders must make that perfectly clear. But they must continue to demand justice and the rule of law in international councils, and we must show our willingness both to submit to that rule ourselves and to back it up with all that we have.

Events of the past week give hope that the UNO will succeed in providing adequate machinery for the settlement of international problems. Let the nations make it clear that they will not throw a monkey-wrench into this machinery. Let them renew the solemn covenant of the Kellogg-Briand pact, renouncing the right to make war against one another or the UNO, and making explicit what that renunciation means.

———:———

FIRES PROVIDE ODD TURNS OF EVENTS

Fire has provided both fateful and comic turns of events in two major American cities recently as Denver firemen in smoky confusion performed the same rescue mission in triplicate and the scheduled mortgage-burning of a Philadelphia church was preceded by a fire in the church itself.

The Denver firemen were met at the scene of a ground-floor blaze by a distressed occupant of the building who told them she was unable to locate the youngest of her three children in their second-floor apartment.

One fireman rushed to a bedroom in the apartment, grabbed a tiny figure from the crib and as he got clear of the smoke and near a window discovered it was a large doll. He tossed the doll on a bed and raced through the house in search of the missing youngster. On his heels came a second fireman, who, seeing the figure on the bed, snatched it up and ran for the window only to make the same discovery as his colleague. He made the same disposal of the doll.

Then came the chief himself for a check of the building. He saw the figure and went through the same routine, but with considerable more excitement, until a little light on the object in his arms brought the same embarrassment. The child, meanwhile, had been found playing at a neighbor's house.

In Philadelphia a recent fire in the Lindley Methodist Church, had canceled a mortgage-burning ceremony planned for Palm Sunday. The fire broke out at midnight only a day after the church plans for the morgage-burning ceremony. The blaze, which seriously damaged the structure, originated in the basement. The trustees were forced to call an immediate emergency meeting to make plans for holding future services pending repair of the structure.—Mooresville Enterprise.

CHALLENGE

(Winston-Salem Journal)

Writing in the college newspaper, C. J. Jackson, director of the Enlargement Campaign of Wake Forest College, makes a stirring appeal to Baptists of the State and other friends of Wake Forest to meet the challenge they are facing today as a result of the generous action of the trustees of the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation. He says:

"The offer to Wake Forest College of the Smith Reynolds Foundation, valued at more than ten million dollars, oversubscribes the $7,000,000 enlargement program launched in July, 1943.

"Conditions surrounding this offer speak eloquently of the magnanimous spirit of the trustees of the Foundation and of other members of their families.

"They have expressed their desire for the college to preserve its name and tradition and for the convention to retain full ownership and control of the institution. They have challenged North Carolina Baptists to add their own gifts to what the Foundation is doing in order that they may have a greater and better college to serve more adequately the hosts who need it. They have expressed their wish that expenses at the college be kept low enough so that no one who deserves to come may be denied the opportunity.

"Such a spirit back of this magnificent gift should cause North Carolina Baptists and others friends of the college to be grateful to God.

"Also, the other condition attached to the gift—that the college be moved to Winston-Salem—is as sane and sensible as the former suggestions are gracious and generous. Winston-Salem is nearer the geographical center of the North Carolina constituency of the college. Measured by highway, it is approximately equi-distant from Murphy to Manteo, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Tennessee line.

"Again, the new location will put Wake Forest College within a great area which needs such an institution. There is no college or university of more than 400 students west of Winston-Salem, and not more than one-ninth of all North Carolina college students are in institutions west of Winston-Salem.

"Expenditures for higher education in the eastern half of the State have far exceeded those in the western half. The removal of Wake Forest College to Winston-Salem would establish a better geographical balance in the ream of education. Likewise, the greater financial strength of the college, made possible by this gift, would provide the opportunity for it to continue its program on a basis commensurate with the ever-increasing demands that are being made upon it.

"As for the future: the opportunities are unlimited if friends of Wake Forest and of Christain education will rise to meet them. The sources of supply have not been exhausted. What has happened in making this significant gift is not a signal to relax but a challenge to go forward to greater accomplishments. Now is the time to be thankful and on the move, for only a beginning has been made."

"HOW DO YOU DO?" IN OTHER LANDS

(Wesleyan Christian Advocate)

"Hello" is the typical American way of saying "How do you do?" And people of other lands have their own peculiar style of greeting. For example, the Persians greet one another by crossing necks and laying cheek to cheek, with the profuse greeting: "Is thy exalted high condition excellent?" And "May thy shadow never be less."

In Greece the salutation is "Rejoice." The Moors, very ceremonious, if to us most odd, upon seeing a stranger ride full speed forward, stop suddenly and fire a gun over the head of the one being greeted.

In Siam it is a custom for friends to take each others' hands and pull the fingers one by one—until they crack.

The natives of the Philippines, in a serious manner, bend their bodies, place their hands upon their cheeks, raise one leg, then bend a knee in greeting either friends or strangers.

Known to be hearty eaters, the Dutch have a typical morning greeting of: "May you eat a hearty dinner." The French ask, "How do you carry yourself?" Eskimos greet one another by rubbing noses and remaining silent. While the Poles inquire "Are you gay?"

When persons of distinction meet in Arabia, they embrace, kiss each other on the cheek and then kiss their own hands. When husbands and fathers return home after an absence, wives and children greet them by kissing their beards.

To our way of thinking, perhaps the Chinese have the oddest way of greeting. Upon meeting a friend they shake their own hands heartily and inquire, "Have you eaten your rice?" or, "Is your stomach in order?" After a long separation, when two friends meet, each falls to his knees, bends his face to the ground, and repeats the question a number of times. If one inquires of a Chinaman how his health is, he invariably replies: "Very well, thanks to your abundant felicity." When wishing to tell a person he looks well, the Chinese say it this way: "Prosperity is painted on your noble face." These and many similar greetings are found in the Chinese rules of etiquette.

SECRECY

Success in this life depends largely upon secrecy. The man who tells all he knows is never successful. Exercise your ears continually but keep the brakes on your tongue. People are prone to talk too much, and often talk is idle, sometimes scandalous. Gossip is never in order no matter where uttered.

Think a great deal, speak but little.—Masonic Light.

JUNK PILE HEROES

Adapted from The Crusader, in Sunshine Magazine

Carl Fenton was doing his citizenship lesson. But he was doing it at five o'clock on a spring afternoon, and in the schoolyard, instead of in the schoolhouse. Near him waited his brother, Clifford, looking disgustedly at Carl. For some time he had been watching Carl pick up bits of broken glass and rusty nails, and dropping them in an old tin pail.

Finally Clifford couldn't keep still any longer. "You big sissy!" he growled; "picking up trash for teacher!"

"I'm not," protested Carl; "I'm doing my citizenship lesson." And more pieces of glass clinked into the pail.

"Teacher's pet," jeered Clifford; "teacher's pet!"

Carl straightened up. "Miss Scott said just reading in class and talking about being a good citizen wasn't enough," he explained. "She said we should really do something to make our town a better place to live in."

"You're not being a good citizen," retorted Clifford loftily; "you're just being a junkman."

"I'm doing something for our town," declared Carl. "Look at all the kids who play in this yard every day. Anybody might fall and get hurt on one of these things." He pushed the rattling pailful toward his brother to see.

Just then a bird call was heard from the budding maple tree by the fence. "Look, Cliff," cried Carl, pointing at a flash of russet and brown, "there's the first robin." Clifford looked up and started to run toward the tree. But suddenly his foot caught on an untied shoestring and he fell sprawling on the ground.

Carl saw him clutch at his knee with a cry of pain, and saw blood trickling between his fingers. There was the glitter of jagged glass on the ground beside him. Instantly Carl realized what had happened.

Both boys were frightened. Clifford was still hunched in a heap on the ground. Carl looked wildly up and down the street, wondering where to go for help. There was the church, the grocery store, the library. He happened to think of Dr. Gilman's office three houses on the other side. "I'll be back in a minute, Cliff," he shouted, and ran as fast as he could down the street.

The doctor came at once. "It's not a very deep cut," he said, "and I don't think there is any glass in it. We'll take you back to the office and patch you up." The doctor picked up Clifford and carried him to his car.

In the office Clifford spent a painful five minutes while the doctor cleaned and bandaged the wounded knee. But he grit his teeth and sat quietly while the doctor worked. Near him stood Carl twisting his cap unhappily.

"Young man," said the doctor, "you're a lucky boy to have escaped with just a scratch. Broken glass and rusty nails are dangerous articles. I hope you always remember to pick them up and put them out of the way."

"Yes, sir," mumbled Clifford. He

looked down, carefully avoiding Carl's eyes.

The two boys walked slowly up the street toward home. When they reached the schoolyard, Carl stopped to get his pailful of junk.

"What are you going to do with that stuff?" asked Clifford.

"I don't know," answered Carl; "got any ideas?"

"Well," grinned his brother sheepishly, "you picked it up so I thought maybe you'd let me take it down in the woods and bury it—deep." He added this last word forcefully.

"Thought you didn't want to be a junkman," teased Carl grinning.

Clifford touched his knee tenderly. "I guess I got a lesson in good citizenship. When I get this buried, can't we start making another junk pile?"

"Sure!" agreed Carl.

———:———

JAPS CATCH MEANING OF DEMOCRACY

The idea of Democracy seems to be making some progress in Japan—at least as far as the attitude of the people toward the emperor is concerned.

The emperor visited a department store and when he came out a crowd of two thousand Japanese broke through police lines to surround the imperial automobile. The incident is without precedent in Japanese history.

A few months ago Hirohito was regarded by his subjects as a divinity. The strict code that regulated the attitude of his subjects required that they stand with heads bowed and eyes cast down when in the emperor's presence.

But today, the crowd cheered Hirohito, and the emperor responded by lifting his hat to the throng. It was some time before police could clear a space so the emperor's car could pull away from the curb.

While in the department store, Hirohito became so interested in the things he saw that he forgot his usual lunch time. The store was one of several places visited by Hirohito.

Meanwhile, informed Japanese sources have disclosed that the employment of women and children in coal mines will be prohibited under the government's new labor policy.

It is estimated that at least forty thousand women now work in and around the mines. Of this number nine thousand are employed as miners. Several thousand children under 16 also have jobs in the mining industry.—Exchange.

THE AMERICAN WAY IS THE BEST

By Dr. Robert G. Sproul

"The American way of life is the best way I know, and I have had unusual opportunities to learn at first hand of other systems. The American way was not passively begun; it came to stormy birth in revolution. It asserts the dignity of the individual and his rights to freedom from coersion by the State. It knows no classes, no castes, and no exclusions. It insists that there are inalienable rights and freedoms which come from the Creator, and which are beyond the power of government to lessen, infringe upon, or abrogate save as the people themselves, in time of dire emergency, when the very life of the nation is at stake, may willingly allow. It lays upon the state the solemn obligation to protect these rights and freedoms, and to hold them inviolate against every enemy without or within.

The American way of life also includes economic freedom, freedom from collectivization. To every man it offers the right to free education as far as his abilities will take him, and free choice of a career. It makes it possible for a man to own his own farm, home or business, to save for his old age, and to leave a modest endowment for his children. It guarantees to men the right to venture and to gain, to compete with all their strength of mind and body and spirit, so long as they do not injure their fellows. We have proved the virtues of this economic system of ours by developing standards of living for our people that others—the Russians, for example—regard as fantastically high and frankly envy.

The time has come for us to stop apologizing for the United States, time to cease singing the praises of foreign systems of government and economics, of strange ideologies and stranger practices. So, I say to you, let's dedicate ourselves in this new year of 1946, not only to the production and distribution of larger crops, not only to the development of a better farm life, but also, first and foremost, and with whole-hearted zeal, to the re-selling of America to the American people. Let other nations have what they will, but let us cling with all our strength and devotion to the everlasting values of liberty the highest hope of free men, as it was long ago envisaged in the dreams of the founders. For a task without vision is drudgery, and a vision without a task is a dream, but a task and a vision together are joy unspeakable."

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"Scandal is when nobody did anything, and somebody told it. Ignorance is when you don't know a thing and somebody finds it out."

THE COUNTRY CHURCH

(The Progressive Farmer)

Mary Neely Capps, of Tillman County, Okla., very ably presents the case for the country church. She writes:

"There is not a stained glass window in the white country church where I worship. Some times I miss the elaborate interior that I once enjoyed in city churches, but this morning I glorified in the fact that the window I faced was clear glass and that the sash was only half shaded. While the sincere, humble preacher brought his message, I gazed upon a gold-and-green-clad patch of butter-cups and wonderful if transparent tesserae (pieces of colored grass) could be arranged in a more interesting mosaic. I marveled at the delicate intricacy of patterns in God's work and the colors brought forth by Nature's alchemy. . The preacher was reading the words of a conversation of Jesus with the woman at the well when he said, "It matters not whether ye worship in these hills or in the temple at Jerusalem." Then he was stressing the useful mission of the rural church to the community. I glimpsed a new vision of an enlarged place of service, secretly dedicated my heart anew, and thanked God for his universality and that it is my lot to "worship in these hills."

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THE TEST OF TRUE CHARACTER

This is the real test of character, the ability of one to discover and call forth the best in life of another. One can see this demonstrated almost every day. There are some whose presence awakens the vulgar in the life of another, his animosity, his more hateful side, anything but the good. There are those whose presence before others is the signal to let down the bars of restraint and indulge in the profane. But there are others, and we believe this represents the vast majority, whose presence tends to elevate the good, sublimate the passions, and release the better side of nature. In a world where there is so much of evil it is well that we all try to live and act in such a way as to uncover the good things in the lives of others, and incidentally of ourselves.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see the good you do and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Our old friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was a visitor at the Training School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Rev. Samuel Martin Inman, pastor of the Selwyn Avenue Presbyterian Church, of that city, who was the guest speaker at our regular Sunday afternoon service. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 13th chapter of I Corinthians.

Rev. Mr. Inman began by explaining to the boys that all sermons do not come from the Bible. He stated that just a few weeks ago he attended a moving picture show and was very much impressed by a short feature that appeared on the program. This picture showed several different phases in the manufacture of the atomic bomb. A voice started to speak, saying, "Atomic power is here to stay," and asked the question as to what men are going to do with it. A man's figure was then flashed on the screen, and as he pointed his finger at the audience, a voice asked this question? "You are here today; where will you be tomorrow?"

Our age, continued the speaker, is saying to the younger generation, "Take this great power and use it." It is up to the young people of today to decide what tomorrow's world will be like. The great question confronting the youth of today is how they are going to make use of the wonderful power which has been placed in their hands.

Rev. Mr. Inman called attention to the progress which has been made in transportation. In the horse and buggy days it was possible for a man to travel about 25 or 30 miles in an entire day. Then came the automobile which would speed on to 35 or 40 miles per hour. Cars were later made which had much greater speed. The airplane then came along with a still faster record, and people were amazed when they learned that it was possible to make the trip from Charlotte to New York in about five hours. Just a few days ago we read of a pilot flying across the continent in less than four and one-half hours. Then, too, we read about all sorts of light waves, heat waves, sound waves and the speed they attain. This is all very wonderful. Man, in his greatest flights of imagination, cannot visualize just what amazing things will be produced next.

The speaker told the boys that they were the ones who were going to live in the wonder-world of the future, and that it was their duty to think now about what kind of world it is going to be. He pointed out to them that if the world of the future is going to be a good world, they must be finer and greater men than their fathers and grandfathers.

The many wonderful things which have been discovered are definitely here to stay. We cannot change them. The only change possible is that which may be brought about in the men who are going to use them. As more and more wonderful inventions and discoveries are brought to light, we know that the men of tomorrow will have the power either to help or to destroy mankind.

We must look around now, continued the speaker, and see what we can

do to keep the world from going to pieces. Sunday after Sunday we should attend church and Sunday school, and read our Bibles. The day has come when we must listen to the great lessons taught there as never before. We must take Jesus Christ real seriously. He knows more about life than anybody else who ever lived He is the only one who can guide men through the world of tomorrow.

Rev. Mr. Inman told the boys that Jesus came into the world to teach men to love God and to love one another. Human life is made to run only on God's power. If we lose sight of this fact, and try any other power, we are lost.

The speaker then pointed out to the boys the necessity of keeping their lives hustling along life's highway on all four when thinking of the world of tomorrow. He told them that they must keep in direct touch with God. The best way to do this, he added, is to start right now by putting their lives in the "shop" and get them "tuned up" to run on the power of Jesus Christ.

The Apostle Paul summed it all up said Rev. Mr. Inman, when he said, "the greatest of these is love." In the world of tomorrow man must discover concern for those around him. He must help rather than hurt. If the people of the world do not learn to live together better, they will surely find out how to die together as the world is wiped out.

If the hands of the discoverers of all the wonderful things of the present day and of those yet to come, are moved by the mighty force of the hand of God, those things will be a great source of joy and blessing to mankind. If not, our country, along with other countries of the world, will be blasted off the face of the earth.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Inman urged the boys to think seriously of Christ. He asked them to get this fact deeply impressed in their minds—that Christ alone can save the world, and that a world without the Master will certainly be destroyed.

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BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of May 5, 1946

May 5—Russell Lee Beaver, Indian Cottage, 13th birthday.
May 9—Alton Stewart, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
May 9—Lawrence Owen, Cottage No. 14, 13th birthday.
May 9—Lawrence Owens, Cottage No. 14, 13th birthday.
May 10—Glenn Evans, Cottage No. 3, 12th birthday.
May 10—Robert Lee, Cottage No. 3, 16th birthday.
May 10—John Ray Hill, Cottage No. 7, 14th birthday.
May 11—Billy Baynes, Cottage No. 3, 16th birthday.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 28, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 1

Hubert Black
William Britt
Horace Collins
Jack Lambert
Clay Shew
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 2

Fred Coats
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
Robert McDuffie
Eddie Medlin
James Norton
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

Thomas Childress
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Lindsey Elder
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Clifton Rhodes
Thomas Staley
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
John Fine
Robert Hogan
Hobart Keaton
W. C. McManus
Roy Swink

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Gibson
George Swink
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Robert Mason
Jerry Oakes
Robert Porter
Robert Peavy
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
James Walters
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Ralph Gassoway
Edward Guinn
Arthur Lawson
Jerry Peavy
Hubert Pritchard
Robert Shepherd
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gray Brown
Charles Francis
Ralph Gibson
Thomas Stallings
Vernest Turner

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Byrant
Cecil Clark
Wade Cook
William Faircloth
Leslie Gautier
Miley Gunner
Thomas Hyder
Lee Lockerby
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
Benny Riggins
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Black
James Hensley
Melvin Norris
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14
John Roberts
Thomas Styles
Thomas Wansley

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best
George Brown
Jack Crump
Alvin Fox
Jack Greene
John Greene
Howard Herman
Marcus Hefner
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Zeb Presson
Carl Ransom
Ralph Stewart
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Ray Covington
Morrison Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Samuel Lynn
Douglas Mangum
Robert Phillips

INFIRMARY
(No Honor Roll)

TOMORROW

He was going to be all he wanted to be—Tomorrow.

No one should be braver or kinder than he—Tomorrow.

A friend who was troubled and weary, he knew, who'd be glad of a lift and needed it too—on him he would call and see what he could do—Tomorrow.

Each morning he'd stack up letters he'd write—Tomorrow.

And thoughts of the folks he would fill with delight—Tomorrow.

It was too bad, indeed, he was busy today, and hadn't the minute to stop on his way. "More time I will have to give to others," he'd say—Tomorrow.

The greatest of workers this man would have been—Tomorrow.

But, in fact, he passed on, and all that he left here when living was through, was a mountain of things that he intended to do—Tomorrow.—Hill Top News.

MAY 1 1 '46

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 11, 1946 No. 19

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MOTHER

A bit of heaven is in her eyes,
Because God put it there.
The silver lining of the clouds,
He placed amidst her hair.

A thoughtfulness and kindliness,
He did to her impart.
A way of understanding things,
He planted in her heart.

He gifted her with courage
And with godliness so fine,
Then placed His hand in mother's,
And her hand into mine.

—Martina M. Thompson.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

MY MOTHER

She carried me under her heart.
She loved me before I was born.
She took God's hand in hers and walked through the Valley of the Shadow that I might live.
She bathed me when I was helpless.
She clothed me when I was naked.
She gave me warm milk from her own body when I was hungry.

She rocked me to sleep when I was weary.
She pillowed me on pillows softer than down, and sang to me in the voice of an angel.
She held my hand when I learned to walk.
She nursed me when I was sick.
She suffered with my sorrow.
She laughed with my joy.
She glowed with my triumph.

When I knelt at her knee, she taught my lips to pray.
Through all the days of youth she gave me strength for my weakness, courage for my despair, and hope to fill my hopeless heart.
She was loyal when others failed.
She was true when tried by fire.
She was my friend when other friends were gone.

She prayed for me through all the days, when flooded by sunshine or saddened by shadows.
She loved me when I was unlovely and led me into man's estate to walk triumphantly on the King's Highway and play with a manly part.
Though he lay down his life for her no man can ever pay the debt he owes to a Christian mother.

God bless the mothers of men living or dead.
They are still our mothers and memory touches our hearts with tenderness and fills our eyes with mist and tears.

—Author Unknown.

MOTHER'S DAY

On Sunday, May 12th, the people of the United States will again commemorate Mother's Day. This is a day which has been designated by an Act of Congress to be known as Mother's Day, when all the people of the nation simultaneously and for a day pay tribute to motherhood. It is a day when, out of the spontaneous sentiments of their hearts, the young and the old will remind themselves again of their mothers.

Women of all the world, from the dawn of history until the present, have constituted that element of the human race which has been noted most for its sacrificial love and for its unselfish service to humanity. In the language of the war period, the mothers of the land have constituted the expendibles of the human family. Generally, they have made the greatest sacrifices of all, and apparently fathers and children have been content to expect these sacrifices. Therefore, it is proper and fitting that a special day be set aside when everyone would attempt to express his own gratitude and thanks for his mother, and attempt in some way to show his esteem and his affection for his sainted mother.

Throughout the ages, mothers have exhausted themselves physically and mentally in order that the children of their household might have the choicest opportunities in life. From day to day they have extended themselves in all the challenges of service. They have heard all the calls and pleas of the voices of children, and they have heeded these calls even to the point of prostration, at times. There have been millions of instances when the strength of a mother has been completely used up in order that her child might have the maternal service that was needed at the hour.

On this eventful Mother's Day, which is the first of the post-war era, there will be a great flood tide of tributes and eulogies. There will be tributes for the mothers who still live and have borne the heartaches of the anguished moments caused by cruel war, knowing full well that brutality was on the rampage in the world. Then, too, there will be paeans of praise and eloquent orations, eulogizing those mothers who have lived in other days and who have passed off the stage into eternity. There may be no fear that any of the laudations or tributes of men may ever be too extravagant when we

think of all that is due to mothers. During the war period there were many mothers who passed through agony and who had their anxious moments because of the uncertainties of warfare. No one but a mother could begin to comprehend the anguish of it all. Many mothers lost their heroic sons in battle, but heroically they have endured their sorrows and disappointments, hoping that through the wisdom of men in the years ahead universal peace will prevail in the world because they gave a son. This year people everywhere should pay reverent homage to those mothers who lost their sons in the conflict and who mourn this great and irreparable loss.

Fortunately, mothers have come into a happier time for motherhood. Luckily, the mothers of the land today do not have quite the same degrees of suffering, nor do they labor quite so tirelessly as their forbears. In the past there have been many mothers who have been casualties of ignorance. There were many others who were casualties of family duties and responsibilities that were too burdensome to be borne by human shoulders. Then, too, there were many instances of thoughtless and domineering men—men who were not able to unshackle themselves from barbarism and paganism and were, therefore, willing to place unspeakable burdens in the laps of mothers, who silently accepted them and bore them as best they could.

A fair appraisal of our civilization today would seem to indicate there is more consideration for mothers than ever in the history of man. On this day everyone would like to express the deepest affection of his heart towards his own mother. However, it should be remembered forever that no tributes to mothers are ever quite complete, because of the feebleness of words. Then, too, there are the sacred moments of intimate fellowship between a mother and a child when the events are too sacred and too intimate to be revealed to others. There are moments that will be treasured in silence and in secret. However, our mothers should be made to feel that our devotion and love to them on Mother's Day and on all days is boundless in scope, and while we cannot fully fathom all the meaning of motherhood, we honor them as best we can.

It has been said over and over again that it is impossible to overestimate the contributions mothers have made through the ages

to the progress of civilization. Throughout all times, they have been the messengers of good will and the benefactors of all mankind, especially in terms of the investment of their lives.

Never have they stopped to count the cost, nor have they hesitated to pay the price, but rather they have rejoiced in the opportunities that were peculiarly their own. Generally, their contributions have been unheralded and unacclaimed, and too often they have been accepted as commonplace, when they should have been received as their choicest treasures in life.

What will not a mother do for her child? Love fashioned by the Creator centuries ago is still the thing that binds mankind together. It is the closest link between heaven and earth, and it is the cornerstone of every home. A person may neglect his business, and it will leave him; he may neglect his garden and it will perish; he may neglect an engine and it will cause a wreck; but a person may neglect his mother and she loves him still, though her heart lies bleeding in the dust.

Let us, therefore, on this day reverently honor the name of motherhood, and as best we can let us award her the choicest sentiments of our hearts. If it is possible, tell your mother how much she means to you, and how much you appreciate all she has done for you. If it is impossible to do this, then reflect upon those priceless memories of time when you stood at her knee and listened to the lessons that made you the person you are today.

OUR MOTHERS

O magical word, may it never die
From the lips that love to speak it,
Nor melt away from the trusting hearts
That even would break to keep it.
Was there ever a name that lived like thine?
Will there ever be another?
The angels have reared in heaven a shrine,
To the holy name of Mother.

—Author Unknown.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

The groups sang one song, "Stand Up for Jesus." Then Mr. Crowder gave us a short talk. After he had finished we sang three more songs. They were "The Kingdom Is Coming," "Faith Is the Victory," and "What a Friend." We were then dismissed with prayer by Mr. Perry.

In the intermediate group we began our program with a prayer by Gerald Johnson. After this we studied the various parts. The first part was given by James Shook. It was "The Twins." The second part was given by Hugh Cornwell. It was "Jacob Deceives His Father." The third part, "Rebekah Loses Her Sons," was given by Robert Lee. It was entitled "Jacob's Ladder." After the parts were finished, the group recited the Twenty-third Psalm. We were then dismissed with prayer by Robert Fogle.

Boys Receive Handbooks

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

Recently the boys at the Jackson Training School received some small handbooks. These books were prepared by Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, Commissioner of Correction, of North Carolina. They also have an introduction by Mr. S. G. Hawfield, our superintendent.

The books are divided into nine sections. They are: "Arriving at the School," "Your Work," "The School," "Play," "Religion," "Letter-Writing," "Money," "Visiting" and "Going Home."

The books give a few details of each of the above subjects.

These books will help the boys to understand the little things they do not know about their present home.

Mother's Day

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

One day each year is set aside for the remembrance of mothers who have died and those who are still living. Mother's Day is the second Sunday in May. In 1907 Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia suggested it in a public meeting.

Congress passed the resolution commending the observance of Mother's Day. The President of the United States set aside the second Sunday of May as Mother's Day. On this day, the American flag is flown on all government buildings and on private homes all over the United States.

We pay tribute to our mothers who are dead by wearing the white rose or carnation. In honor of those who are living we wear a red rose and give gifts on Mother's Day.

A lot of people pay tribute to their mothers by reading poems and singing songs about mother.

Edgar Allen Poe wrote a verse about mother. It goes as follows:

"I feel that in the heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,

Can know, among their burning
terms of love,
None so devotional as that of
"Mother."

An unknown writer wrote these words: "Mothers are the only goddesses in whom the whole world believes."

Every person should honor his mother in every way whether she is living or dead.

United Nations Charter Posters

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

Recently our school received several copies of "The United Nations' Charter." This charter was drawn up in San Francisco by the leaders of the United Nations.

This charter will be very helpful to the boys. A copy of the charter is now in each classroom. Mr. Hawfield has one framed for the library. Some of the boys have copies of their own.

The United Nations Charter is drawn up on the articles in which we so firmly believe.

The charter is complete with the signatures of the delegates from the fifty-one nations that make up the United Nations.

The following letter was enclosed with the copies of the charter:

"In cooperation with the American Junior Red Cross, the Department of State is sending herewith a United Nations' Charter poster. We hope that the provision of one poster for each classroom will complement the material of the Junior Red Cross in helping teachers to develop an understanding of this international organization for peace and security.

"The success of this new venture in international cooperation in which we are taking part as a nation depends upon the understanding of the peoples of the world. Youth particularly needs to be prepared to participate in the work of making the international machinery operate. As they study their own state and national constitutions, so should this international constitution be studied.

"Very truly yours,
"James F. Brynes
"Secretary of State."

Our Clean-Up Campaign

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

Our cottage is now having a clean-up campaign. We are trying to see who can keep cleanest.

We have charts to mark our progress, and so far every one has a perfect score.

This creates keen interest among the boys. Everyone wants to keep cleaner than the other boys.

All of the boys repeated the following pledge: "Cleanliness is one of the first laws of health. I owe it to my family, my friends, my country, and myself to keep my body clean, strong and healthy—as free of dirt and germs as possible. I will do my best."

Everyone is trying to live up to this pledge.

Promotion Day in Our School

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

On May 1st, the school had promotion day. Many of the boys were very happy because they had been promoted. The names of these boys

and the grades to which they were promoted are as follows:

Second Grade—Ralph Seagle and Reuben Vester.

Third Grade—Floyd Bruce, Robert Porter, Richard Davidson, William Doss, Thomas Corley, James Arrowood, George Jones, Clyde Hoffman, Donald Kirk, and Lawrence Owens.

Fourth Grade—Thomas Hyder, John Hill, James Hammond, Hubert Inman, Sterling Farrow, Robert Duncan, Jesse Hamlin, James Maloney, Chester Lee, Robert Woodruff, Defoye Inman, Bennie Riggins, Franklin Stover, Charles Davis, J. C. Michael, Ralph Tew, James Hunt, Robert Gordon and Lindsay Elder.

Fifth Grade—Thomas Chavis, James Dunn, Arthur Lawson, Clay Shew, Earl Allen, Jerry Oakes, Ray Naylor, Bernard Hiatt, Robert Phillips, Robert Elder, James Williamson, Donald Stack, Emory King, Eugene King, Wilton Wiggins, John Roberts, Edward McCall, Glenn Davis, James Swinson and James Christy.

Sixth Grade—Knox Norton, James Norton, Robert Wilkins, Gilbert Wise, Harvey Arnette, David Isenhour, Charles Bryant, Allen Hicks, Curtis House, Jack Phillips, William Phillips, Robert Shepherd, J. B. Shepherd, Horace Collins, Kenneth McLean, James McMahan, Claywood Sparrow and Donald Stultz.

Seventh Grade—William Harding, Alton Stewart, George Byrd, Lee Lockerby, Leon Poston, Curtis Butcher, Ralph Medlin and W. C. McManus.

Eighth Grade—Elzo Fulk, Marshall Lamb, William Arrington, and Jerry Ray.

We hope these boys will make good records in their new grades.

My Hobby

By Clifford Martin, 6th Grade

My hobby is collecting stamps. I have about three hundred stamps from different countries of the world. I have a book to put them in, and it is fun collecting stamps and putting them in the book. Most of my stamps are from England, Australia, Canada, and the United States. I think that collecting stamps is a very good hobby because it is so very interesting. I have been collecting them for about a month, and I find that it is both educational and a good way to spend leisure time.

Picking Strawberries

By Garmon Hubbard, 9th Grade

During the past week Mr. Adams and the Receiving Cottage boys have been picking strawberries. They distributed them to the different cottages. Mr. Horne has also been helping to do this work.

Sports

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

There were no baseball games for May 4th because of the wet ground and cold weather.

All the cottages had a rest on that day .

New Boys

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

Recently six new boys were received into our school department. They are as follows: Thomas Edwards, William Hunter, Evan Myers

and Charles Rhodes, Jr., in the fourth grade; William Stamey in the fifth grade; and Carlton Pate in the sixth grade.

We hope that these boys will make good records at the school.

Our Work in Civics

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

The ninth grade boys have been progressing rapidly in their civics study. All the boys have been writing themes every night at their cottages. Homework helps for the next lesson!

Some of the topics we are now studying are: "Large Scale Production," "Transportation," "Communication," "Farming," "Investing Wisely," "Conserving Wealth" and "Consuming Wealth."

We boys have been doing much better since we were permitted to take our books to the cottage to study. All of us boys could do much better work if we used part of our time in the cottage to study.

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By John McKinney—2nd Grade

Mrs. Cox was the teacher. The first part was by Bobby Woodruff. His part was about the new neighbors. The next part was a talk saying that the way to have a neighbor is to be friendly and considerate. Floyd Bruce gave that part. The next part was about protecting your neighbor's property, and it was by Robert Mason. Richard Davidson gave the next talk about how good neighbors share with each other. Jesse Hamlin gave a talk about how neighbors must be helpful. That was all that we had in our quarterly, but we had some Bible reading next. Robert Mason read in the Bible, the 13th chapter of Genesis. Olin Sealey read in the second chapter of Samuel. Mrs. Cox told about two people who made others happy and told us to make everyone happy and not sad.

Radio Program

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

The radio program last Tuesday was presented by a group of boys of the second and ninth grades. The first thing on the program was three songs, sung by Ollie Daw and John McKinney, second grade boys. The names of the songs they sang were "Jesus Loves Little Children," "Our Heavenly Father Cares" and "He Cares." Mrs. W. M. Morrison, second grade teacher, had charge of the program.

The second part of the program was given by the ninth grade boys under the direction of Mrs. J. C. Baucom. The whole program was based on "Goals at the Training School." Gerald Johnson and Harvey Leonard spoke on "How the Training School Helps the Boys Realize Their Ambitions." Thomas Wansley spoke on "The Importance of Ambition in Life."

As a closing number, the second grade boys sang one verse of "Home, Clothes and Shelter."

Tonsil Clinic at the School

By Jack Benfield, 9th Grade

Some of the boys had their tonsils

taken out, and some more will have theirs taken out soon. The boys are recovering nicely since they had them removed. The boys who have had their tonsils taken out are as follows: David Johnson, Bobby Holland, William Epps, Alvin Fox, Zeb Presson, William Britt, John Gregory, Ray Roberts, James Maloney, Curtis House, James Dunn, William Speaks, Leonard Allen, Leslie Gautier, Danny Hayes, William Stamey, and Howell Willis. These boys are thankful that they had their tonsils removed.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Donald Redwine, 5th Grade

First on our program, Kenneth Staley called the roll. Then he asked how many chapters in the Bible we had read in the past week. After that, we had our parts. The first part was by Emory King. The title of this part was "The New Neighbors." Then we discussed this part briefly. The second part was by Clay Shew. The third part was by Glenn Evans, and the fourth part was by John Hill. The title of this part was "Good Neighbors Share". The fifth part was by Leroy Wilkins. Then James Dunn recited the 13th Psalm, and Clay Shew recited the 11th Psalm.

Emory King gave the parts for next Sunday. We were dismissed with prayer.

Chapel Program

By Jerry Ray and Charles Moore
8th Grade

On Friday of last week, Mrs. D. W. Morrison's fourth grade boys presented the regular chapel program.

At the beginning of the program the boys sang "Holy, Holy, Holy." Then followed the devotional, taken from Matthew 6: 19-34, after which the Lord's Prayer was repeated. Two more songs were sung. They were "Abide With Me" and "My Faith Looks Up To Thee."

Several of the boys recited poems, as follows: "Pippa Passes," by Bobby Long; "The Bluebird," by John Roberts; "The Robin's Nest," by Carl Davis, and James Christy; "How The Flowers Grow," by Cecil Clark and Eugene Murphy; "The Violet," by Glenn Davis and Howard Manus; "The Four-Leaf Clover," by Arthur Lawson; "The Little Plant," by George Marr and Ray Covington; "Grasshopper Green," by James Swinson.

Earl Allen read "Indian Paint Brushes." This was followed by two songs, "This Is My Father's World" and "In the Garden."

The boys then gave a little play entitled "Our Picnic Tree." This play told how a group of boys saved their trees that meant so much to them. During the play one of the boys recited the poem, "Trees," written by Joyce Kilmer.

All of the boys enjoyed this program.

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We have committed the Golden Rule to memory; let us now commit it to life.—Edwin Markham.

MOTHER'S LOVE

By Former United States Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri

Mother love! The golden cord that stretches from the throne of God, uniting all animate creation to divinity. Its light gleams down the path of time, from barbarous ages when savage women held their babies to almost famished breasts and died that they might live. Its holy flame glows as bright in hovels where poverty breaks a meager crust as in palaces where wealth holds the most bounteous feasts. It is the one great universal passion—the sinless passion of sacrifice. Incomparable in its sublimity, interference is sacrifice, regulation is a mockery.

The wild beasts hear its voice and answer to its call. A tigress, finding her cubs slaughtered, pauses to lick their wounds and then with raging heart seeks out their murderer. A she-wolf standing at the mouth of her den, with gleaming fangs and blood-red tongue, dies in defense of her whelps. Tiger's cub or wolf's whelp, I would rather feel the rough caresses of the hairy paws of my savage mother, I would rather have her care and protection than that of an official animal trainer.

I once saw a little timorous mother quail with marvelous intelligence and still more marvelous courage protect her brood by exposing herself to the hunter's aim I realized then that nothing could take the place of mother love.

If its divine fire so warms and thrills the heart of beast and bird, with what intensity does it consume the bosom; with what ecstacy inspire the soul of a woman for the child of her body! Although she knows she must risk her own to bring forth a new life, she does not draw back. Her love-lit eyes behold only visions of happiness, of glory and of power to be realized by her unborn child. With smiling lips and eager heart she enters the vale of shadows. The first cry of the new-born babe falls on her ears, sweet as the music of paradise. Her tender hands caress the tender skin, her soul cries out the anxious question, "Will my baby live?" The torturing days of convalesence fly swiftly upon wings of hope. She nestles the tiny helpless thing to her bosom; sustains it with the milk of her body; every drop drawn from an infinite love.

With indescribable solicitude she watches over her offspring. Even when her body slumbers, her soul keeps vigil and her hands in unison with her spirit will stretch forth to bring the baby back to sleep. With glowing pride she watches the growing child, shields it from harm, guides it along the path of rectitude, inspires its soul with lofty sentiments of honor and of faith in the eternal God.

When time has spilled the snows upon her head and turned her brown or raven locks to white, her love will still abide, riper and sweeter with the passing years. Though she may live until her children are themselves grown old and gray, she will yet see the silken locks of youth; their roughened hands yet have the caressing

touch of baby fingers; their voices bear to her the tender and melodious notes of infancy. And when at last she approaches the portals of death there is no solace so sweet as the presence of those she bore "to people and replenish the earth."

For mother love there is no substitute. If there be truth in religion, then this holy sentiment was planted in woman's heart by the hand of God. It has made life possible. It is in truth the very source of life itself. When all other passions are dead it survives. It will pass through the fiery furnaces of disgrace and yet live. It will endure the scorching breath of contumely with unwavering fidelity.

A mother will enter prisons of shame and kiss a felon hand thrust through the bars. She will sit beside the accused in courts of law, when the mob jeers and the heartless machinery of justice grinds out its grist of agony, and with unwavering faith maintain that her child is innocent. She will stand at the foot of the scaffold and, when the trap has fallen, cover the condemned body with kisses and with flowers. It is still to her the innocent suckling she once hugged to her breast.

But if the path of life has led her son to fields of honor, her heart will glow with pride, ineffable, unspeakable. If he is called to war, she will bid him good-bye with dry eyes although her heart is filled with tears. She will maintain a firm and hopeful mien, that he may gain sublimer courage from her sublimer example. When he sleeps upon the tented field her spirit will keep watch. In the agony of waiting she will die a thousand deaths, but will choke back her sobs and hide her torture. She will search for him among the slain and try with kisses to warm the dead and unresponsive lips to life. She will coffin her heart with the beloved body, and her soul will keep the eternal vigil of a deathless love.

Mother love! It has produced, fondled, reared, inspired and glorified all of the shadowy hosts who have passed across the "bank of time" since man first raised his eyes toward the heavens.

It is, I say again, the golden cord that binds the earth to God.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of May 12, 1946

May 12—Solomon Brice Shelton, Jr., Cottage No. 15, 14th birthday.
May 13—Carl Church, Cottage No. 1, 13th birthday.
May 13—Fred Ganey, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
May 14—Charles Lyda, Cottage No. 10, 15th birthday.
May 17—Harrison Dula, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.
May 18—Harvey Lee Purdy, Cottage No. 4, 14th birthday.

MOTHER'S VACATION

Adapted From a Story By Mrs. Frank Blackmore, in Sunshine Magazine.

"I will do it," said Mrs. Jessup determinedly, almost aloud, as she let the book drop into her lap, and set her lips in a firm line. She picked up the book and read the last sentence again: "Every mother should see to it that in her love for her children she does not allow them to become helpless, selfish, and shorn of responsibility." She shut the book with a bang.

The members of John Jessup's family were not early risers, but it was a rule of the house that all be at the breakfast table at the appointed hour. Hence, the whole family was seated at the table the following morning as usual, just as the clock chimed eight. There was Rob, the eldest, a young man of twenty; Winifred, seventeen; Harriet, fifteen; and Jimmie, twelve. The father, a businessman of fifty, sat at one end of the table opposite Mrs. Jessup who seemed preoccupied and took little part in the conversation.

"Oh mother," exclaimed Winifred suddenly, "I asked Sallie Jones and her brother, and their guests to come to dinner tonight. I thought you'd manage, even if it is Martha's night out. It was the only night they could come."

Mother Jessup's reply was resolute, but kind. "You will have to get along without me, Winifred," she said quietly, with a little quiver in her voice. "I'm going on a little trip. I leave at one o'clock."

A bombshell dropping through the ceiling would not have been more startling. No one spoke for a moment, as all stared at Mother Jessup. Father Jessup set his cup down so quickly that it splashed the coffee over the cloth, while Rob, who was pouring cream on his oatmeal, forgot to stop when the dish was full. The girls farily gasped in astonishment, and Jimmie mumbled something with his mouth full. Father was the first to speak.

"Mother, where are you going? Anything wrong?"

"Im going to have a vacation. I'm going to Boston at first, I think, and I'm not sure of my movements after that." The answer was definite.

"After that!" gasped Winifred. "How long do you intend to be gone?"

"I haven't decided," she said calmly. "It depends."

"But, Mother, how'll we ever get along without you? Who'll keep house?" asked Rob.

"Martha, our cook, is pretty capable, you know, Rob, and Winifred must do the managing. She's seventeen now; it's time she learned."

"But, Mother," wailed Jimmie, "I don't want Winifred to take care of me if I get sore throat, and I just know I'll get hurt, and she won't care a bit! She'll act just like she did when I skinned my back!"

"I'll look out for you, Jim," said Harriet heroically, coming to the rescue. "Win shan't boss us either."

"But Mother," complained Winifred, "what about the dinner tonight? What shall I do?

"I'm sure I don't know," said mother nonchalantly. "If you had

spoken about it, I would have told you."

"But I never thought of such a thing as your going away. Mother you never do go away!'

"You mean, I never have gone," gently corrected mother, with a smile "What never has been, may be, you know. Now I must go and finish packing."

Consternation settled upon the Jessup family. What could it all mean? Mother Jessup, who had always stayed at home when the others went their several ways, who had never seemed to have any wishes of her own, except to do for others, to say in such a matter-of-fact way, "I'm going for a little trip;" They almost doubted the evidence of their senses.

Winifred flew to the telephone and countermanded her dinner invitation. "Mother has been called away suddenly," she said. "So sorry but we never could manage it without her."

Mother Jessup was not in evidence all morning. She had closed her door—even locked it. How time dragged! At noon she came down dressed in a pretty gray suit. Her cheeks were pink with excitement.

"How pretty you look, Mother!" said Rob. And they all looked at mother as if their eyes had been suddenly opened.

The whole family was at the railroad station to see mother off, but anxiety was on the face of everyone. When the conductor called, "All aboard!" none of them saw her smile fade as two big tears marked a trail down her cheeks.

Mother was gone. The very aspect of the house seemed changed. Nothing was right. Even Martha seemed less efficient than usual. Father Jessup wandered from room to room, or went in despair to the club. For twenty years Mary Jessup had been always at home. He had taken her as a matter of fact, and had only now begun to realize that it was her presence that made his comfort and his happiness.

"How does Mother do it, Rob?" Winifred said one day to her brother. "She's always doing something for all of us. I don't do half the things, and I' too tired to breathe!"

"We've been a pretty helpless family, I'm telling you!" replied Robert.

"She shall have everything she wants, when she comes back—except another vacation!" exclaimed Father looking up from his paper.

Mother Jessup had sent a note promptly from Boston, but after that there was no word for a week. Then another short note came, saying that she hoped everything was well at home, not a word about herself except that she was taking her vacation in a beautiful big building covered with ivy and set in a nest of green lawn, gay with flowers, and with trees shading the spacious verandas.

One day, Mother Jessup said to the attendant, "I wonder how they're getting along at home without me. I do hope the girls will look after Jimmie. He's subject to croup, even in the summer time. I'm glad I'm getting on so well. Can I go home in three weeks?"

"No," she said to the attendant in answer to a question, "I could not tell them, and have them worry about me. Nobody but Martha knows where I am.

The Jessup family was getting frantic, and Father threatened to go to Boston forthwith in search of Mother Jessup. Then came a telegram. "I will be home today. Meet me," was all it said.

In the meantime, a white-capped nurse had slipped a letter into the mailbox, a letter directed to John Jessup—a letter that he read nervously, and then handed to Winifred without a word. It was a family of joyful tears that gathered to meet Mother Jessup, and, with tenderness unknown before, welcomed her home.

"Oh, Mother," cried Jimmie, "It was just awful without you. We're all going to look out for you now. Winifred and Harriet learned a lot about keeping house!"

"I think it was good for the family," said Mother; "but I don't believe I ever want another 'vacation.' "

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A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER

O thanks a lot, God, for the nifty train.
(Somehow I think Dad had something to do with it
Because I saw him messing with some tracks the other day)—
And make my little sister speak up plainer —
And Mom says she's like to be a little prettier
(To—I don't care!—she suits me well enough)—
And I suppose I ought to wash up oftener—
But, gee, you ought to see the bomber
Somebody gave Willie Hicks for Christmas!
(Maybe he'd swap it for the engine of my train?
Or maybe Dick could fix my birthday battleship;
It's only dented, and Dick
—That's my big brother—can fix any thing.)
O, gee, now, I know, I ought to ask you
To bless us all and be kind to the poor—
I seem to have forgot most of that part—
But anyway, thanks loads, God, for the train.

—Leonard Elsmith.

EMOTIONAL CONFLICT LEADS TO CHILDREN'S DISORDERS

By Herman N. Bundesen, M. D.

Few parents realize how all-important happiness is for the little child. Just as his growing body needs sunlight and fresh air, so his developing personality requires the atmosphere of love.

But love means different things to people, and parents generally seem to have a tendency to confuse it with pride. This is a mistake which is completely disruptive of child-happiness because it spurs parents to demand more from the child than he can give.

A child cannot be forced into his various stages of growth. His nature must develop slowly from within and unfold gently like the unfolding leaf.

The child who lacks or who is pushed beyond his native capacities is likely to develop emotional conflicts. And emotional disturbances are reflected not only in deep-rooted personality defects, but in actual physical symptoms similar to those of disease.

Sometimes, there are grave behavior problems as well . . . bedwetting, dirt eating, tics, (repeated twitching of certain muscles), and a great deal of crying at night.

According to Dr. Herbert C. Miller, of Yale University School of Medicine, repeated attacks of headache in the absence of eyestrain, sinus infection, migraine and certain other disorders, are usually produced by conflict of the emotions or disturbing situations of which the child cannot find a ready solution.

He says, also, that attacks of pain over the heart lasting for a short time and accompanied by breathlessness may occur in children who have been pushed beyond their abilities by their parents. Sometimes, they may develop because a child has been forced to assume responsibilities too great for one of his years. Another cause is a feeling of insecurity because of disturbed home conditions or a feeling of not being loved.

Perhaps the most common symptom due to emotional conflicts is pain in the abdomen. Such attacks of pain, even when accompanied by vomiting and constipation, may merely be an attempt on the part of the child to draw attention to himself.

In trying to determine just what is producing the emotional conflict responsible for the many symptoms, it is necessary not only to study the child's mental condition but also emotions of the parents.

Parents so often make the mistake of not trying to find out just what the child's capabilities are, but instead, try to mold the boy or girl according to some pattern which they select and, usually there is no stimulation given to the child to live up to these ideals of the parents. Such an attitude will bring on an emotional conflict which affects both child and parents.

In treating these behavior problems, it is important, first of all to make sure there is no organic basis for the attacks as determined by a complete

physical examination. Then, the parents must be made to realize that the child's symptoms are not due to a disease but, rather, to emotional disturbances. Thus, by the proper change in attitude on the part of the parents, a great deal can often be done to relieve the trouble.

Much can be done, also, to prevent these symptoms. The expectant mother should rid herself of superstitutions and false notions concerning the raising of the child. She must not be afraid to handle the baby after it is born and she must not lose confidence in her ability to nurse him and care for him properly. A lack of confidence in the mother may easily be transferred to the baby.

If every parent would take stock of these things and realize that he must rid himself of his own emotional conflicts, fears and uncertainties lest they weigh on his child with crushing force, we would have better homes and fewer problem children.

———:———

THE MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN

The Mother of Washington—"Like the mothers of all great and earnest men she was a praying woman. A silent serious woman, self-confident, self-respecting and reserved.

Mother and son were much alike in character, personal appearance and conduct. She had exceeding good sense and great business ability. She was a happy American wife and mother. The mother of Washington taught him the duties of obedience, which better prepared him to command."

The Mother of Lincoln—"She taught him, her little child, his letters and by slow degrees to spell, then to read and to write. To lean against her knee or to sit beside her, wrestling with the sounds of the letters and the spelling of words was a priceless pleasure to Lincoln. She encouraged him, praised him and pictured the future that he would make when he grew to be a man."

Edison—"My mother was the making of me, she was so sure of me, I felt I had some one to live for, some one I must not disappoint."

Benjamin West—"A kiss from my mother made me a painter."

CONDITIONS IN BERLIN

(The New Day)

Is Berlin finished or should it attempt to stage a comeback from the bomb craters and ruins, from unemployment and despair?

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was apparently visibly impressed with the determination of the Berliners to have their once proud city rise modestly again from the ashes and debris. She expressed surprise at the "tenacity with which people cling to their native city," during her Berlin stay in February.

Jakob Kaiser, chairman of the Christian-Democratic Union and outstanding labor leader, paid a glowing tribute to Berlin as one who hailed from Bavaria and later from the Rineland. During a meeting of the Federation of Free Trade Unions he asserted that "in Berlin as nowhere else in Germany, life pulsates, things are being done, people are going places."

The other side of the picture was presented in an informal chat with correspondents by Col. Frank L. Howley, military governor of the American sector of Greater Berlin.

Berlin is now virtually a city of three million paupers, he pointed out. Though its citizens go through the motions of working, and are often working hard, their labor is necessarily unproductive.

"No matter how fast they pass bricks in the rubble line," he said, "that does not do any good to the Bavarians, for example, who want to supply Berlin with meat."

What makes the recovery of Berlin particularly difficult is, first, that over three million inhabitants have flocked back despite destruction, and second, that of these three million, there are 182 women for every man.

What can these three millions, overwhelmingly female, do for a living? That, in the opinion of Howley and others, is the crux of the whole matter.

Pre-war Berlin was the nerve center of the reich. Like Washington, it furnished employment to hundreds of thousands of government officials. It was one of the greatest industrial centers on the European continent. whole boroughs lived off its gigantic manufacturing plants. It was the center of the banking system of the reich. It was a haven for tourists.

Governmental machinery has been reduced to a minimum. The city's industry has been thoroughly demoralized. Banks are flourishing throughout the American and British zones, but not in Berlin.

And as to tourists—only a few morbid curiosity seekers are likely to come in the ensuing years, and will soon depart again for want of accommodations.

The battered capital is making a determined effort to recover as a river port. About 3,500 river barges used to ply in the waters surrounding Berlin. Many of these were destroyed. But one-tenth, or 350, have already been conditioned again.

Meanwhile the rest of the reich and the Allies must somehow feed the vast city.

WHERE'S MOTHER?

My wee one lay mid snowy sheets,
And smiled in peaceful slumber sweet,
But soon he opened his blue eyes wide,
And saw me standing by his side.
His baby lips quivered and loud he cried,
"Where's Muvver?"

Small Anne was playing in the yard,
She ran so fast and she fell so hard.
Up the steps she ran, past me,
With bleeding hand and aching knee.
Tears in her eyes, so she could not see,
"Where's Mother?"

When Jack comes in each day from school,
Throws his coat and cap upon a stool.
Into the kitchen he quickly flies,
Thinking of cookies and apple pies,
If she is not there he always cries,
"Where's Mother?"

My lovely daughter came up the steps,
Like a whirlwind past my chair she swept.
She asked not for sister, or for brother,
She was in a hurry and could not bother,
But asked the same old question over,
"Where's Mother?"

I was their Dad, so I could not see,
Why they asked for mother, instead of me.
But the very next day, when I came from town,
Before I laid my burdens down,
I asked the children standing 'round,
"Where's Mother?"

So now I wonder what we'd do,
Were it not for mother, kind and true.
She goes about with a smile on her face,
Here and there, all over the place.
Of our happiness she's the ace,
Is Mother!

—Evelyn Dellinger.

ABOUT MANNERS

(Independent)

"American manners are on the whole quite bad," and "compared with men women are much the worse," state America's womenfolk themselves in reply to Woman's Home Companion's national opinion poll.

Three out of every four American women stated that the men "have much better manners in public." Only one in seven defended her sex and one in five found no difference.

Buses and stores seemed to bring out the worst in women according to the women themselves, and there were also objections to the way women smoke . . . . ashes on the floor, butts in half-empty coffee cups . . with the general opinion appearing to be "female smoking habits are barbaric."

American women under 25 are the most tolerant of womens manners, the poll revealed, but even here only 22 per cent backed their sex. Those between the ages of 25 and 34 are the most critical with only 14 per cent giving the ladies credit. Many blamed the war and its conditions for, in their minds, the inconsiderate, hardened American women of today.

Sixty-seven per cent of all the women polled say the younger generation is "nowhere near as polite as its elders were at the same age." But Southerners, Middle Westerners, and older women are apt to be less critical of the teens than women living on the East or West coasts, and none are so critical as those just out of the teens themselves. But although most agree teen-agers are illmannered brats, they feel it isn't their fault—"as the twig is bent, etc."

Parents win hands down in manners. "Nearly four out of five women agree that their generation can't compete in courtesy with the last one," but many went on to defend their generation . . ."the present generation is more honest". . ."we are just less formal."

Polled on the three questions: "Do you think the manners of your generation are better than those of your parents?" "Do you think the manners of the teenagers are better or worse than yours were?" and "Who do you think best respects the rights of others in public—men or women?" the consensus was: Parents are politer; teen-agers are terrible; women are comparatively appalling.

Concerning the "rash of rudeness that has broken out all over the country," one women offered this suggestion—to which the Companion agreed editorially: "It becomes obvious that if we are to live amicably together we must begin to mind our manners; pushing, kicking and elbowing may get us onto the bus or gain us a bargain, but in the seconds or pennies saved, we lose. We lose respect for ourselves and the regard of our friends. There is nothing neighborly in trying to get ahead all the time, wasting energy on literally dashing people from our path. It is high time we went back to saying 'Please,' 'Thank you,' and 'I'm sorry'."

LUNCH PROGRAM IN N. C. SCHOOLS PROVING HELPFUL

(Mooresville Enterprise)

More than $1,763,000 in assistance had been provided by the U. S. Department of Agriculture for the school year through February to help provide nutritious and well-balanced mid-day lunches for North Carolina school children, it was disclosed by G. Tom Scott State Director, Production and Marketing Administration.

Scott said approximately 224,204 children, in 923 schools, availed themselves of hot lunches in January, records indicating a total of 3,796,-394 individual lunches were served. Although many schools otherwise eligible are not availing themselves of school lunch program assistance, he said the program is now in successful operation in 99 of the state's 100 counties.

These figures compare with the following a year ago: Numbers of children participating, 182,163; number of schools participating, 865; individual lunches, 3,926,997; number of counties participating 96. Scott pointed out that there is a considerable larger participation in the overall program as compared with last year that is not reflected by these figures, due to schools being closed in early January because of weather conditions, bad roads and influenfia epidemic.

The schools lunch program, sponsored at the state level by the U. S. Department of Agriculture under an agreement with the State Department of Education, is operated locally by nonprofit sponsoring groups. Each lunch room is a community project, and sponsoring groups are reimbursed up to designated amounts for each meal served.

Sponsors, Scott explained, receive up to nine cents for each Type A meal served. Such a meal provides at least a third of a child's daily nutritional requirments. A Type B meal, slightly less complete, is reimburseable at a smaller amount, and a smaller reimbursement is made for Type C which consists of a half pint of milk.

Scott further pointed out that the school lunch program is serving agriculture by giving farmers a local day-to-day expanded market for their products, and also is making farm products purchased by the U. S. Department of Agriculture to support prices to farmers.

You know what your thought will do in bringing hate or love to you; for thoughts are things, and their airy wings are swifter than carrier doves. They follow the law of the universe. For each thing must create its own kind, and they speed o'er the track to bring you back whatever went out from your mind.

—H. H. Hug.

LOW SCHOOL COST

(The Kannapolis Independent)

Only five states have lower per-pupil school expenses than North Carolina, according to preliminary statistics from 39 states for the 1943-44 term.

The state's annual expenditure per pupil in average daily attendance for current expenses, it was reported in the March issue of the North Carolina Public School Bulletin, for that year was $66. Only Georgia ($59), South Carolina ($58), Alabama ($54), Arkansas ($52) and Mississippi ($41) ranked lower than North Carolina.

Virginia and Tennessee each spent more per pupil on public education than North Carolina, with annual per capita expenses of $75 and $70, respectively. The average for the 39 states from which figures were available stood at $116, with New York and New Jersey heading the list with $185.

In industry, the keeping of expenses to a minimum is a matter of pride and a distinct accomplishment in management. It should not be so in the field of education. The teaching industry pays off in human beings better fitted for life and accomplishment. Dividends are mental and social advancement, more satisfactory living, men and women equipped with knowledge to battle the problems of the age we live in. It does not pay off in dollars.

The measure of the worth of a school superintendent or a principal or a board of education should, therefore, not be whether the expense sheet shows a low cost per pupil. The only question is whether the board or the executive used every available means to best equip for life the pupils under their care.

This, again, can not be shown on a cash statement. A squandering school board can spend an average of $150 per pupil without obtaining the results North Carolina does with its $66. But the fact that North Carolina ranks in a class with Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia and South Carolina—states never noted for their educational development or their lack of illiteracy—is no compliment to the North State's progress in education.

———:———

Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do, and you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire.—Exchange.

NIP IT IN THE BUD

(The Kannapolis Independent)

Kannapolis hears first hand and from excellently qualified sources today that the burden of crime prevention rests principally, not with the police, but with the home, the schools and civic organizations.

That has been preached before, but not with the emphasis that the two almost simultaneous statements give it today. Walter Anderson, new head of the State Bureau of Investigation, says in a statement published today that the principal item in his program to prevent crime in North Carolina will be concerted effort to line up church and civic organization aid. S. Glenn Hawfield, superintendent of Jackson Training School, told the Kannapolis Junior Chamber of Commerce last night that good homes, schools and spiritual emphasis are the cures for the fast-growing menace of juvenile delinquency.

In 1945, a report by J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, quoted by Mr. Hawfield, states that crime increased 12 per cent over the previous year and the predominant age of culprits was 17. Teen-age youngsters are the predominant offenders during a year in which a crime was committed every 20 minutes!!

And it is not an academic problem as far as Kannapolis is concerned. Two of the men alleged to have been involved in beating and robbing a China Grove taxi driver this week were only 19 years old. Offenders over 30 are becoming comparative rarities on police books in Kannapolis.

"The answer to the crime problem," says Mr. Anderson, who tried it and made it work in Charlotte and Winston-Salem, "is religion. Whenever there comes a change in a boy or girl, their lives conform to that change—and the change might as well be for the good as for the bad."

Which seems to us a clear and ringing challenge to churches, the Young Men's Christian Association, parents and every adult.

Back of every successful life is the spirit of giving. The reason most of us haven't succeeded beyond our present attainments is that we haven't saturated ourselves with the desire to give to the world the best that is in us.—Selected.

GOOD MANNERS

(Durham Herald)

Children who have good manners are welcomed wherever they go. The Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do to you," is not only good religion, it is the code of good manners, in a sentence. Our children are unfortunate in that they are being taught by radio programs and comic sheets that crudeness, vulgarity, and personal insults are funny. We are degrading something fine in human nature by such means. The home and the school must combat this idea, expose its falsity to the children and impress them with the value of good manners.

Good manners stimulate good character because they express consideration for others and respect for oneself. Good manners spring from kindness, call out gentleness, make for unselfishness. They can easily be the expression of a true religious feeling. Those who believe in a loving heavenly Father are as a matter course, good-mannered people.

The importantance of good manners to children cannot be overstressed. The well-mannered child is welcomed, all doors are opened to him. People like him and that settles everything else in their weighing of his personality. "I don't like him. He is a bad-mannered little brat," also settles it and with great finality. Having doors slammed in one's face is a costly business socially and financially, and in human values, disastrous. Yet many people seem to think that a child's manners do not matter at all. "He is a child, what can you expect of a child?" You can and you must expect good manners.

Good manners are the outward sign of inward grace. When a child ignores older people; when he takes first place without a thought of those coming after him; when he says, "So what" to a correction from teacher or parent; when he shouts down others; when he sneers at authority; when he flouts age and experience and openly insults them in the persons of his parents and teachers; when he is disorderly, loud and selfish, who will want him about the place, or who will like him enough to associate with him?

All children, all young people, want to be admired, want to be accepted in high places in business and society. Good manners will help them toward that end. It is the better part of wisdom to teach children that there are manners for the house, for school, and drill them in the correct behavior for church, for ceremonious occasions until it becomes part of them. That is the duty of every parent and every teacher. We can always teach children the thing we firmly believe.

———:———

It is most difficult, during primary election campaigns. to tell which is good Congressional timber and which is "bark."

CHRISTIANS IN THEIR CORPORATE CAPACITY

(The Baptist Courier)

Baptists, and rightly so, stress the individuality of the religious life. Religion is a concern of the individual soul. And so it is, but there is more to it than that. The community life is more than the sum of all the individual lives lived in the community. There is such a thing as the community life, or the family life, or the national life. There is such a thing as the "American way of life" which is not the sum of all our lives, nor just the average life, nor to be identified with any one individual life. There is such a thing as the corporate life and the corporate capacities of the united body of many individuals. Individualists often forget and neglect the fact to the detriment of the common life and of the individual life.

Christian corporate life is usually given expression in a visible church, but there is such a thing as a spiritual corporate life more inclusive than the organized group.

Paul describes the corporate life and capacities of Christians by boldly uniting three disparate metaphors in a single sentence (Ephesians 2:19-22), the state, the family, the building of the house of God. Christians are "fellow-citizens with the saints," "of God's family" and "a building . . . for a habitation of God." The corporate life of Christians is like the corporate life of free citizens in the state, or the close knit corporate life of the family, or the one harmonious, glorious temple erected from stones from many quarries and timbers from many forests. Such is the apostle's vision of the meaning of the corporate spiritual life of individual Christians.

The principal characteristic of this corporate life in the apostle's mind seems to be the unity and harmony, the power and beauty of one living harmonious whole, created out of great diversities and conflicts by a common life principle and a common loyalty. He sees men of bitterly hostile national and racial and cultural groups — gentiles and Jews — drawn and formed into one harmonious corporate whole — fellow-citizens of a spiritual commonwealth, members of a divine family, a holy sanctuary—by the power of the gospel and the Spirit of Christ.

There could be no greater exhibition of power than that of a power overcoming the divisive forces of self-interest and prejudice and hate, creating a united, harmonious, all-inclusive human society. But that is the ideal and the practical interest of the Gospel of Christ. That is the ideal of every local church; and that was the ideal and the hope of the apostle for the whole body of Christians in the world. At the present the ideal has fallen short and the world seems to be in consequence falling to pieces.

———:———

Beauty is the truth, truth beauty.—Keats.

ROOM SO QUIET A PERSON CAN HEAR OWN HEART BEAT

(Mooresville Enterprise)

Research engineers at the Illinois Institute of Technology have a sound idea. And the sound idea is a soundless room—a special sort of laboratory for helping them aid man's hearing. Built under sponsorship of the Parmly foundation for auditory research, it will be known as the Parmly sound laboratory.

The room was designed by Peter J. Mills, associate professor of physics at the Illinois Institute in Chicago. He says it will be so quiet that a person inside room can hear his own heartbeats.

There are all sorts of reasons why the room will be quiet. In the first place, it's placed inside insulated room and ventilated by forced air rather than windows. The room is eighteen feet wide, twenty feet long, and twelve feet high. It rests on rubber pads placed on concerte piers.

Inside, the room is lined with fiber glass wedges—twenty-five hundred of them—driven into the walls like spikes, so that the points protrude into the room. These are 24-inch spikes whose purpose is to absorb all noise. Even the floor is studded with them but an iron grating overlies the spikes so it is possible to walk without being injured.

They've produced this silent room so that all external noise can be eliminated as much as possible. The sounds originating within the room may thus be measured accurately by electronic instruments. And here research will be done to find ways of preventing and lessening human deafness.

Professor Mills says the room was modeled from a similar chamber built at Harvard by Dr. Leo L. Bernaek. They used the original to develop aircraft communications systems during the war.

———:———

THE MOTHERS FAITH

When others laughed at all my dreams
You held those dreams and me
Close to your loving breast.
Giving me strength to try and when I failed,
Your faith alone stood firm above the rest.
For you believed some day I would succeed
The finest spur that any man could need.

—Edward Jack Appleton.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. F. L. Setzer, pastor of Ann Street Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 90th Psalm. As a text for his message to the boys he selected the 12th verse: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The speaker began by explaining that the entire 90th Psalm is a prayer by one of the fine old Biblical characters. He added that one of the greatest things we can learn in life is to learn to pray. This rule, if properly followed, will develop character and lead to success.

In commenting on the words of the Psalm, "so teach us to number our days," the speaker stated that they mean that we should not waste our time. It is our duty to start right at the present moment to let God have His way in our lives.

Rev. Mr. Setzer told the boys that if he were going to name a subject for the remarks he was about to make, he would call it, "Steps That Lead to a Noble Life." He told the boys that in future years they would be the builders of homes in their particular section of the country. He also stated that now is the time to learn to climb the steps which lead to success.

We cannot attain success in life at a single bound, said Rev. Mr. Setzer, but we must learn to rise step by step. If these steps are not built upon a good foundation it will be a very dangerous attempt to climb.

The speaker then pointed out some of the steps in the ladder of life as follows:

(1) Honesty. It takes a very good boy to be honest at all times. If our lives are not built upon honesty, we shall certainly be listed among those who make dismal failures in life. This step of honesty is learning to build our spiritual house upon a sure foundation. We must be honest with our fellowmen; with ourselves; and with God.

(2) Sobriety. We must be sober. No drunkard nor any drunken nation has ever amounted to anything. We must not indulge in drunkenness, because it is an evil habit which takes away all of man's ideas of right and wrong. In our thinking we should be sober. We are told that Adolph Hitler was once a sober man, but he became crazed by his drunken or crooked thinking.

(3) Service. No man who is selfish will ever get very far in this world. We should be loyal to our obligations at all times. We should be loyal to God. Every day we live we should take a few moments to get into close touch with God. He will reward our loyalty by taking us to live with Him eternally. We should always count it an honor to serve God and our fellowmen.

(4) Character. Character is all we are. Nobody knows about our characters but God and ourselves. The only thing we can leave to this world is our influence. The only thing we can take with us into the next world is our characters. Whatever our

character has been on earth, that is what we shall be in the great hereafter.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Setzer pointed out that we cannot stand at the bottom of the stairway of life and jump to the top, but we must rise one step at a time. There is no elevator in life. The only way to gain the top is to climb steadily in that direction—accomplishing each step according to the rules laid down by God.

THE WORD TO THE LIVING

It isn't enough to say in our hearts
That we like a man for his ways.
It isn't enough that we fill our minds
With paeans of silent praise.
Nor is it enough that we honor a man,
As our confidence upward mounts—
It's going right up to the man himself
And telling him so, that counts.

If a man does a work you really admire,
Don't leave a kind word unsaid
In fear that to do so might make him vain,
And cause him to lose his head.
But reach out your hand and tell him, "Well done!"
And see how his graditude swells,
It isn't the flowers we strew on the grave—
It's the word to the living that tells.

—Author Unknown.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 5, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Frank Andrews
Claude Bridges
George Bridges
Maynard Chester
William Epps
Dean Harris
James Perkins
William Speaks
James Teague

COTTAGE No. 1

Hubert Black
William Britt
Horace Collins
Jack Lambert
Clay Shew
Harry Thompson
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
William Baynes
Thomas Childress
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Jesse Hamlin
Samuel Johnson
Emory King
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
John McKinney
Lloyd Perdue
Leroy Shedd
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Joseph Bean
John Fine
Robert Hogan
Herman Hughes
W. C. McManus
Lacy Overton
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
James Wiggington

COTTAGE No. 5

George Byrd
Connie Hill
George Swink
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Coy Creakman
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
John Gregory
Clyde Hill
Robert Mason
Robert Peavy
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
Charles Sellers
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Arthur Lawson
Hubert Pritchard
James Wilds
Ralph Gibson
Thomas Edwards

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

J. C. Alley
Gray Brown
James Cauthen
Charles Francis
D. B. Jones
David Johnson
Thomas Stallings
Vernest Turner

COTTAGE No. 10

Arthur Ballew
Robert Gordon
Ray Roberts
Donald Stultz

Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Bryant
James Parker
William Faircloth
Leslie Gautier
Thomas Hyder
Lee Lockerby
Edward Morgan
Kenneth McLean
Benny Riggins
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Andrews
William Black
Willis Caddell
James Hensley
Melvin Norris
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14
Leonard Allen
Howard Hall
Lawrence Owens
John Roberts
James Walters
Thomas Wansley

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best
George Brown
William Caldwell
Harry Coffey
Alvin Fox
John Green
Robert Holland
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Evan Myers
Zeb Presson
Charles Rhodes
Carl Ransom
Solomon Shelton
Willie Stamey
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Ray Covington
Thomas Chavis
Robert Elder
Allen Hammond
William Harding
Morrison Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Samuel Lynn
Douglas Mangum
Ray Orr

INFIRMARY
David Brooks

———:———

A PERSIAN PROVERB

He who knows not
And knows not that he knows not
Is a fool. Shun him.

He who knows not
And knows that he knows not
Is a child. Teach him.

He who knows
And knows not that he knows
Is asleep. Waken him.

He who knows
And knows that he knows
Is wise. Follow him.

—Selected.

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MAY 2 0 '46

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 18, 1946 No. 20

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A FRIEND OR TWO

There is all of pleasure and all of peace
In a friend or two.
And all your troubles may find release
In a friend or two.
It's in the grip of a friendly hand,
On native soil or in foreign land,
But the world is made—do you understand?—
Of a friend or two.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

GIVE A BOY HIS DREAM

Give a boy some time to dream,
Time for thoughts of make believe.
Who can say what visions gleam
Through the patterns he may weave?

Give a boy some time to dream,
A Robin Hood he now may be
Who some day, with inspired scheme.
May loose a bound humanity.

Give a boy that shining light,
The beauty of what-used-to-be.
Feed his soul on truth and right,
Believe in him, and set him free.

And if he gazes over-long
With brows intent and eyes a-gleam,
Tread softly as you pass along.
O give a boy some time to dream.

—Greta LaFollette.

INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY

On May 18, 1899, which was almost a half century ago, the first Hague Conference convened in Holland, and this date has become established throughout the world as "Peace Day." This year this significant date should be observed with more devotion and earnestness than at any time in the history of the world. The people are now confronted with the most critical problems in the history of all time, and we are in a period of time when there are great move-

ments and crusades in the interest of international peace and good will.

The emotions and the sentiments of mankind today are in a state of fluid because of the changing order and also because of the very great uncertainties relating to the formation of world-wide organizations designed to promote and preserve the peace of the world.

Many momentous events have transpired in the world since the convening of this first conference designed to promote good will among men, and in fact so many things have transpired that today we almost lose sight of the beginnings which were made at that time —in 1899—and so many unfavorable things have developed in human relations and world affairs that the faith of people in possibilities of world-wide peace and good will has been greatly dimmed, if not completely shattered or broken. We now come face to face with the grim realities of the present day situation when the world has its gravest doubts about the future.

The Hague Conference had very auspicious beginnings. There was apparently a deep spirit of altruism and idealism which prompted the formation of the Hague Conference. The Peace Palace itself is a structure of magnificent beauty and grandeur—the building that was designed to be the loftly inspiration for all those who came under the spell of its beauty. It was made possible by gifts from many different countries, because apparently they wanted to have a part in this thing that was to be a visible and tangible symbol of their sentiments. The great iron gates in front of the Palace were given by Germany; the marble steps and columns were given by Italy; beautiful stained glass windows were given by England; the great clock in the tower was the gift from Switzerland. All in all, it is a perfect symbol of lofty ideals towards world peace.

The great tragedy is that people have not been able in their practical social relationships, as man to man, to match the grandeur of this building—The Peace Palace. The contacts between individuals and between nations have engendered bickerings and warfare. In the social, the political and the spiritual realms, we have faltered and we have actually fallen into the dust.

At the present time there is being dramatized before our eyes events relating to the peace of the world which are of tremendous

importance and in which the average person little recognizes the ominous significance. The United Nations organization is now in session in New York, and the leaders of the world are reckoning with the vital issues of international problems. The foreign ministers of the four great powers of the world—the United States, Great Britain, Russia and France—are in session in Paris wrestling with the most annoying and intriguing problems of all time. They are attempting in some way to become masters of these problems which have disturbed the peace of the world. Man, in his feeble way, is attempting to devise some way out of the mystefying dilemmas of the hour. He is trying to establish some sort of practical formula whereby peace and good will may prevail in the world. He is searching for some pattern through which he may find world security.

It is not generally known, but it should be realized that almost every day humanity finds itself at the edge of a great precipice over which all the world is in danper of falling to destruction. Much depends on the wisdom and the foresight of the leaders who wrestle with these great problems.

There has just been ushered in what is commonly known as the atomic age, and the world finds itself confronted with a new danger —a danger in the atomic bomb, which is recognized as "a frightful weapon which threatens to destroy all of us." Naturally, then, the question arises as to what we can and should do. Is there not some way through which the peoples of the world may learn to understand each other and to live together as tolerant neighbors? The tempests of warfare are too devastating for the world to continue along this pathway. Yet it is not enough for us to sing songs of peace and utter empty words of brotherhood in theory.

Recently, President Truman, in evaluating the world crisis today, expressed a belief that there is at least one sure defense against the atomic bomb. In his recent address at Fordham University he said, in part:

"It is up to education to bring about that deeper understanding which is so vital to world peace. That defense lies in our mastering the science of human relationships all over the world. It is the defense of tolerance and understanding, of intelligence and thoughtfulness.

"Intelligent men do not hate other men just because their religion

may be different, because their habits and likes may be different, nor because their national origin or color may be different.

"Intelligent Americans no longer think that merely because a man is born outside the boundaries of the United States he is no concern of ours."

Of course, what President Truman meant in his significant address was that people everywhere must become as proficient in the science of human relationships as they are in the realm of pure science and research that is so intelligent and scholarly that it is capable of inventing a weapon which threatens to destroy all of us.

The late President Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote a last message which he was not permitted to deliver in person to the American people. Among other things he said: "We are faced with the pre-eminent fact that if civilization is to survive we must cultivate the science of human relationships—the ability of all peoples of all kinds to live and work together, in the same world, at peace."

Regardless of what some may say and think, America is still to be regarded as the leading nation of the world. It is, in fact, the premier republic of the universe. True, it is, that we have our momentary upheavals and we face critical moments here in our domestic problems, but these are mere passing events which in time will become clarified and because we have them America will continue to grow stronger and greater with the advancing days. We can be thankful to the gods that America is not a land such as were pre-war Japan and Germany, where approximately seventy-five per cent of the people were downtrodden and underprivileged, where they were the helpless servants of indiscriminate and unscrupulous vested interests and political dictators. A nation so constructed in its social and economic order, as they were, has no healthy basis for becoming a great nation or even preserving itself.

Knowing America as we do, and trusting in the wisdom of her people and in the solid heritages of our great traditions, we should continue to have faith in America and faith in the ultimate consummation of peace and international good will everywhere. America is a nation that can and will march in the vanguard of the crusaders for peace. America is destined to be as great in peace as it has been in warfare. Let us hope and pray that we may even surpass in our own efforts towards peace, what we did in war.

CITIZENSHIP RECOGNITION DAY

The third Sunday in May is by custom set apart as Citizenship Recognition Day. This is an appropriate and fitting time for communities, institutions and organizations to take stock of their personnel and pay honor to those people who have demonstrated their ability and their willingness to assume positions of leadership and who have been willing to engage in community activities based upon unselfish service to their fellowmen.

Someone has well said that every great institution is merely the lengthened shadow of a great leader—a great man or a great woman.

In every community there are those great men and women who have exemplified the finest attributes of good citizenship. For instance, they are those people who have aligned themselves with the spiritual forces of the community. They have, by their Christian example, been an inspiration to the youth of the community. They have toiled in season and out of season and without remuneration, in positions of responsibility and leadership in the churches and other similar community institutions. It would be a fine thing if every community would take note of the work of these people, and if annually they would let them know that their efforts are appreciated.

In such civic enterprises as education, some communities lag much farther behind than others do. Some communities happily are blessed with local citizens, men and women, who shoulder the responsibilities for good schools and other civic enterprizes. These are those valuable individuals who, because they have vision and courage and interest, make possible educational opportunities to the youth which become the richest blessings of society. Every alert and forward-looking community must have its leaders in education among its own citizenship.

Likewise, in all matters pertaining to the observance of law and order, the wholesome community has within its bounds those stalwart and fearless individuals who stand for the things that are right. The people in the community know they stand for these things. When they make their proclamations in defense of the causes of good government and progressive movements, they have

no fears that their names may be used or that they will be quoted in their proclamations. Fearlessly, they take their stand, without any pussyfooting or quibbling or mental reservations, and people know where they stand. These and others like them are the people who need to be given recognition on Citizenship Recognition Day.

There is one respect today in which entirely too many citizens are neglecting their obligations, and that is in casting their votes in elections. The person who fails to register and cast his ballot in the causes of progressive government is a poor citizen and in a sense he does not deserve to be called a citizen. It is the solemn and sacred duty of every good citizen to participate in his government at least by casting his ballot intelligently in all elections. If any group of citizens were deliberately denied the right of the ballot, they would immediately rise up in open rebellion against any such tyranny, and yet when they have the opportunity to vote, entirely too many fail to do so. Fortunate is that community that is populated by people who vote regularly in all elections!

It is hoped the day is not far distant when all communities will provide some plan whereby their outstanding citizens will be given due recognition on Citizens Recognition Day in appropriate ceremonies.

BIRTHDAYS

Week of May 12, 1946

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of May 19, 1946

May 19—Robert Fogle, Cottage No. 3, 16th birthday.
May 19—Ralph Seagle, Cottage No. 6, 11th birthday.
May 20—Thomas Hyder, Cottage No. 11, 14th birthday.
May 25—Howel Willis, Cottage No. 5, 13th birthday.
May 25—Edward Stone, Cottage No. 5, 16th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Sports Results

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

The results of the baseball games of May 12th are as follows:

Cottage No. 16 defeated Cottage No. 14 by a score of 5 to 2. Cottage No. 17 defeated Cottage No. 13 by a score of 5 to 4. Cottage No. 1 lost to Cottage No. 11 by the score of 13 to 1. Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 2 by a score of 10 to 5. Cottage No. 3 defeated Cottage No. 9 by a score of 7 to 5. Cottage No. 4 won over Cottage No. 5 by a score of 9 to 2.

In the softball leagues the scores were as follows:

Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 6 B team by the score of 21 to 1. Cottage No. 6 A team defeated Cottage No. 14 by a score of 26 to 11. Cottage No. 17 defeated Cottage No. 13 by a score of 28 to 15. Cottage No. 11 won from Cottage No. 1 by a score of 33 to 5. Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 2 by a score of 14 to 9. Cottage No. 3 defeated Cottage No. 7 A team by a score of 19 to 16. Cottage No. 10 won from Cottage No. 5 by a score of 10 to 0. The B team of Cottage No. 7 won a forfeit game from Cottage No. 9.

Boys Render Program at Enochville P. T. A.

By Talmadge Duncan, 6th Grade

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Hines and a group from Jackson Training School went to Enochville to give a program at the final meeting of the P. T. A. of the Enochville School of which Mr. Young is the principal.

Mr. Hines gave a talk on the subject "A Well-Balanced Community Program."

Kenneth Staley gave a talk on the subject of "The Recreational Program at the Jackson Training School." Harvey Leonard gave a talk on "The Church and School Life of the Boys of the School." Thomas Wansley gave a talk on "The Different Kinds of Work at the Training School."

A quartet of boys, Clyde Wright, Jesse Hamlin, Joe Duncan, and Talmadge Duncan, sang two songs. They were "Glad Mother's Day" and "If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again."

After that, James Arrowood gave a reading, "A Boy's Mother."

The concluding numbers on the program were songs by Jesse Hamlin. They were the following: "The Soldier's Last Letter," "Snowball," "I Found a Peanut," and "Shortening Bread."

Rev. Mr. Culp, the program chairman of the P. T. A., expressed his appreciation for the program that had been given.

Friday's Chapel Program

By Howard Jones, 7th Grade

The chapel program last Friday was given by the seventh grade under the direction of Mr. J. N. Bass, seventh grade teacher.

The first thing on the program was a song "We've a Story to Tell to Our Mothers." For our Bible reading we

had the responsive reading of the 31st chapter of Proverbs, led by Jack Green. This was followed by a prayer given by Mr. Hines, school principal. Then the story "The Little Red Cap" was read by Carl Ransome.

Next there were three poems: "Mother" by Lee Lockerby, "Good Mothers" by Curtis Butcher, and "Our Mother" by Leon Poston. Then another song was given by the seventh grade, "Mother." After this there were three poems: "I Love You Mother" by Howard Jones; "My Mother" by Charles Francis; and "Mother's Day" by John Fine.

The last thing on the program was a song sung by a quartet of seventh grade boys, Howard Jones, W. C. Mills, George Bridges and Claude Bridges. We enjoyed this program very much.

Radio Program

By Clyde Wright, 6th Grade

The radio program last Tuesday was under the direction of Mr. Hines. First of all, Talmadge Duncan, Joseph Duncan Jesse Hamlin, and Clyde Wright sang a song, "If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again". Howard Jones gave a reading entitled "Sweetest Mother". Mrs. Liske, who accompanied us at the piano, played while he gave his reading. There were five first grade boys who sang "My Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me". The boys were Bernard Webster, Jimmy Smith, Donald Branch, Earl Holleman, and Ralph Gassoway. Mr. Hines gave a talk entitled "Mother's Day". The last number was by the four boys who sang first. It was "Happy Mother's Day".

Florence Nightingale

Florence Nightingale was born in Florence, Italy, May 12, 1880. Miss Nightingale spent most of her childhood in Derbyshire, England where she received a private education. She was in a position that she could enjoy participating in all of the social pleasures, but she disliked this and gave all her attention to the less fortunate. She would walk several miles to help a person who was sick.

She had only one ambition and that was to become a nurse. People back in those times thought that it did not seem right to have a woman nurse. Her mother and friends tried to discourage her, but she did not give up the idea.

She began to work and plan for what she intended to do when she became older. She visited workhouses and slums and read the reports of the hospitals and sanitary commissions.

She was traveling abroad with her people and found a chance to take a nurse's training course in the Institute of Protestant Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, Germany. She mastered the details and returned to England in 1853 and became the superintendent of a hospital for governesses which was in need of reorganization. Under her supervision the institution was placed in first class condition within one year.

She offered her services as a nurse to the British Secretary of War and arrived in Scutari in time to give aid to some wounded soldiers from the battle of Balaklava. She found that the death rate was forty per cent but in a short time she restored it to less than five per cent. She also supplied

the mental and spiritual needs of the soldiers.

Miss Nightingale was given entire charge of hospital services for the British troops, and she worked so hard that in the summer of 1856 she was prostrated and never regained her health. A great reception was held for her in London but she heard the plans and slipped into England on a French vessel. She was given $150,000 for her work and she founded the Nightingale Home for Nurses at Saint Thomas Hospital in London although she needed the money herself.

Florence Nightingale did a wonderful piece of work in her life time and when she died in 1910 she was remembered for the work she did. She will always be remembered for what she did for the training of nurses.

Boys Send Mother's Day Cards

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

The boys of the school sent Mother's Day cards home this week. All the boys were glad to pay this tribute to their mothers.

The cards were very beautiful, and they also had very pretty verses on them.

The boys appreciate these cards very much and wish to thank those who made it possible for us to have them.

National Music Week Program

By Robert Fogle. 9th Grade

On Thursday morninig and afternoon a group of boys gave a program in celebration of National Music Week.

Mr. Hines had charge of the program. He gave a short talk about National Music Week and about music in our school.

Thomas Wansley gave the introduction.

Glenn Evans made a talk about the music we inherited from the Indians. He then sang an Indian song.

Jesse Hamlin told about the negro spirituals, followed by one of the most outstanding negro songs. It was "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen."

Clyde Wright told of the way cowboy songs originated. The group then sang "I Ride an Old Paint.

Thomas Childress told of the Puritans' contribution to our store of music. He told about the song book that was the first book printed in America. The group sang the Doxology which was one of the songs in the first song book.

A talk was given by Joe Duncan about the English contribution to our music. Three boys sang an old English folk song that we have adopted. It was "O! No John."

Olin Sealey told of the Scotch, Irish, and French songs that are now popular in America. He then sang a French song.

"Songs of Washington's Time" was the topic of Talmadge Duncan's talk. This was followed by "Yankee Doodle" sung by the group.

Kenneth Staley gave the background to "Dixie" by Daniel Emmett. The audience then sang one stanza of "Dixie".

Robert Fogle gave a talk on "The Development of Music in the Public Schools of America." Two boys then sang "Billy Boy," one of our old mountain ballads.

John McKinney introduced a song "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," which was sung by the boys.

Bobby Jarvis then sang a solo entitled "Stars of the Summer Night."

The last number on the program was "Onward Christian Soldiers" which was introduced by James Arrowwood.

TIME ON OUR SIDE

Nineteen hundred and forty-six will be on our side, will yield us something of imperishable worth, if we begin with, and are sustained by, the vision of God's great purpose. Our days are likely to be spent in solving the acute post-war problems of the common way, but it is spiritual vision and divine empowering that will turn the common road into the Highway of the King. One of our great Baptist preachers, S. A. Tipple, declared "we all have our occasional transient visions of something higher, grander, or more solemn than we are ordinarily sensible of; visions which do nought but touch us with a brief awe and elevation of soul that quickly vanishes, and no mark of it survives upon us; or which, in fading, leave a permanent effect behind them, and we are no longer the same beings that we were." These are the visions of the inward eye. Walking in Time, we are aware of the Timeless; living in the city of man, we lift our gaze until it rests on the battlements of the City of God. It is such a sense of the reality of God, and of His holy purposes, and of the spiritual empowerment available to the humble, seeking heart, that lay behind a noble prayer, published in 1862 in the old "General Baptist Magazine," which may well be repeated as we face the new year:

Help me to do something for my fellow-men, and for Thee; some work for which Thou hast already fitted me by Thy fashioning hand. Let the beams of Thy love thaw my heart. Oh shelter me always under the shadow of Thy wing. Make all changes in the coming year bring me near to Thyself and to Thy son Jesus our Lord, and so nearer to an everlasting home.

To which we may fittingly add a little prayer of George MacDonald's:

There under
The wonder
Of great wings healing,
Of love and revealing,
Teach us anew
To sing true.

—Selected.

ADEQUATE RECREATIONAL FACILITIES WILL PAY LARGE DIVIDENDS TO NORTH CAROLINA

(State News Bureau)

At a recent meeting of the North Carolina Board of Conservation and Development, held at Fayetteville, Governor R. Gregg Cherry delivered the principle address. He used as his subject on this occasion the important topic. "Adequate Recreational Facilities Will Pay Large Dividends to North Carolina."

In this address, the Governor stressed the importance of recreational programs and facilities, and what he said is of such great significance that we are quoting a good portion of his address, as follows:

If one thing is more sure than another in this war-weary world, it is that the modern American—and his wife and children—are determined to reap some of the benefits of technologically created leisure. We seem to be entering an age in which the play habits of the average man are being radically altered, not only because of the increased average income of the American family, but because of more liberal vacation policies inaugurated by industries and business generally, and more liberal provisions for retirement, and the social security programs of the Federal and State Governments.

On recent trips through the State, I have noticed an increasing number of out-of-state visitors who apparently have retired on comfortable, or at least adequate, incomes and who have come to North Carolina to enjoy its pleasant advantages. And some of them are not old folks. I heard recently of a group of Hollanders from Latin-America, employees of an oil company, who were spending the winter in one of our resorts. Some of them had been retired before the age of 50, and at least some of them intended to move into our mountains and settle there.

From recent reports, it appears that our State Park System is being used by more and more of our citizens. As our State develops, more beauty spots are being taken over and closed to public use. I know that on our beaches the choice stretches sometimes are closed to the average citizen. It behooves us to save some breathing and playing space for the common citizen, so that our children and our children's children will not have to pay a toll on every hand to enjoy the God-given beauty of our State.

The "No Admittance" sign belongs in many places; it does not belong on our mountain peaks and surging beaches.

We have made some progress in this direction. 414,000 acres of land have been acquired by the Game and Inland Fisheries Division and upon this land we have game management programs which will be seed ground for much future pleasure. Our State Parks have developed slowly, but it

is my hope that the type of facilities now available at Mt. Morrow, for instance, can be duplicated at our other parks in the years to come. It is important that we not only reserve land for State Parks, but that they be developed so that the average North Carolinian can use them.

Perhaps few people in North Carolina, except those living directly in the resort areas, realize that recreation today is the biggest business in the World. In America, it is estimated by competent officials that the travel business alone involves the expenditure of six billions of dollars per year, and this is by far larger than the money spent for automibles. In 1939, the money spent in tourist travel represented seven per cent of the national income for that year. There is at hand evidence that this figure will be increased in the years to come.

Every day, American visitors take $1,000,000 across the border into Canada and leave it there. It is easy to see what would happen were our Northern Neighbor deprived of this great source of national income.

In our own case, some figures might be interesting. Value of the tourist industry to North Carolina rose from an estimated $35,000,000 in 1936 to $64,000,000 in 1938. In 1940, it had grown to an estimated $125,000,000 and is now estimated at $175,000,000 annually.

North Carolina has for a long time been a goal of vacationists, and the increase in traffic in the past few years has been very rapid. In 1933, for instance, 375,000 people visited the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. By 1937, the number of visitors had risen to 727,243 annually. In 1941, the last normal year, no less than 1,247,019, traveling in 382,133 vehicles, visited the park—a traffic which established this park as the most popular in America. Of this number, 397,462 entered the park from the North Carolina side, evidencing greater or lesser travel through North Carolina. There are no figures to show how many who used the western entrance came on into our Blue Ridge Country, but it must have been a substantial number.

Perhaps one reason why the average citizen is unaware of the magnitude of this business is because of its wide dispersal. This in itself is a great virtue, because the travel dollar finds its way into the pockets of many diverse groups, and benefits many people. Not only the hotel man and the bus and railroad companies, but also the filling station operator, the tourist home owner, the retailer, the farmer who supplies food for the visitor, the many service industries, all benefit from this business.

From 1937 to 1941, gasoline consumption in all the American States increased 14.6 per cent. In North Carolina, in the same period, revenue from gasoline taxes increased 39.8 per cent.

It is fairly reasonable to assume that a considerable proportion of this abnormal increase in North Carolina came from sales to out of state visitors. The difference amounts to some six million dollars per year in gasoline revenue to the State Treasury, and from this figure alone, we might surmise how large a stake North Carolinians everywhere have in the travel industry. We also sold these people food, drink and souvenirs, as well as

toothpaste and razor blades and cigarettes and soft drinks, fishing lures, and boat rentals, tennis shoes and golf balls, and all the things you buy while on a vacation, collecting therefrom a sales tax. Those sales must bring the State Revenue Department an additional one million, five hundred thousand dollars per year.

Thousands of North Carolinians derive their livelihood also from tourists, and they also pay taxes. They tote their bags, take them fishing or hunting, sell them postcards, and do their laundry and wipe their windshields. In Moore County alone, it is estimated that tourists leave three million dollars per year. What foreign duck hunters mean to Currituck I can only surmise, but I do know it will cost you $20 a day or more for a blind down there, and in Carteret County there are over fifty boats for hire, and the fee for Gulf Stream fishing last year ran around eighty dollars per day per boat.

One pleasant thing about the tourist crop, for the future of our State and the well being of our people, lies in the fact that it is a crop which does not deplete our soil, pollute our streams, or destroy our forests. It exploits breath-taking view, pleasant climate and the soft roar of our surf. Over and over again we can sell the Atlantic Ocean at our various beaches along the shore and we can sell again and again the recurring rhododendron blossoms, and in all these transactions, both buyer and seller are enriched.

I would like to point out another significant fact in connection with this industry. Visitors come to look. Many of them return to stay. I am told that several score army officers who were stationed at Asheville during the war have invested in home sites there. This is quite plausible. The great citrus fruit industry of Florida was developed largely by winter visitors, and the story of California's industrial and agricultural development is largely told in terms-of mid westerners who first came to visit and came back with their savings. General Marshall, for instance, came to Pinehurst to play golf, and soon we are to have him as a permanent resident in the home he bought there.

Few States are so fortunately situated to exploit this growing business as is North Carolina. Our mountains may not match Colorado's, but they are closer to the great centers of population. Our beaches are not as broad as Florida's, but they are more varied and they have sounds behind them. Few States indeed can offer mountains, beaches and winter resorts all in one package.

The 1945 General Assembly set up by statute a State Recreational Commission. It is the first of its kind to be established by law in any State in the American Union. This State Agency is undertaking to advise, interest and co-ordinate the local recreational groups throughout the State and develop those types of recreation that will result in the greatest good to the largest number of our citizens. It is also a part of its purpose to work in complete harmony with your Board in the furtherance of the program you sponsor.

Along the seashore, among the sounds behind, in the dunes of the sandhills, in the man-made recreation spots of the Piedmont and the God-

made mountains higher and beyond, live a people more native to America than any other State in the American Union. We are a friendly people. We like to have our neighbors and visitors from other States come to see us. We are blessed with natural recreational facilities, better than most and the equal of any. To take our place as a real tourist and travel State, we must provide the receational facilities, spread the "good news" and hang out the "Welcome Sign!"

IF I KNEW YOU

If I knew you and you knew me;
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine,
The meaning of your heart and mine.
I'm sure that we should differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree,
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his ownself, we
Could look each other in the face,
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "Why" of things our hearts would see,
If I knew you and you knew me.

—Author Unknown.

THE YEAR SINCE VICTORY

(Kannapolis Daily Independant)

The victory over Germany became official one year ago today and in the ensuing 12 months the world has spun into a condition of economic and political crisis.

There is a wide spread starvation abroad and a threat of national economic disaster at home. President Truman has been unable to persuade or coerce Congress to his domestic policies.

The United States Organization in which reposes the world's hopes for peace is jeopardized by big four controversies which at this moment have the Paris conference of foreign ministers in deadlock. In cracker barrel idiom, things are in a mess.

This is an election year with a presidential polling coming up in 1948. All hands in office are playing politics which is one of the basic reasons for difficulties on the home front. Strikes which were in a sense invited by the administration have hit production a staggering blow. Mr. Truman and his labor aides have permitted a soft coal strike to bring the country to what the White House itself describes as the brink of national disaster.

Over all lies the faithful shadow of man's conquest of the atom. The future of nuclear energy as a weapon and as a source of power remains obscure. But the questions raised already have created fears, dissension and suspicion among the allies who were joined one year ago in licking Hitler.

Bad as the situation is or could become, there is a brighter side of the picture. Except for the famine conditions abroad, which must be met immediately if they are to be met at all, there is time for the United States and the world to work out of the shadows. When the soft coal strike is ended, it is likely that the worst of the labor trouble will be over for a while.

A new and perhaps more courageous congress will assemble in Washington next January. With two years of office assured members of the House before another election, the legislators may deal more directly with the hard jobs awaiting them.

Despite the national disaster aspects of the strike situation, post-war reconversion has proceeded at a good pace. The productive capacity of the nation is turning easily from war to peace time manufacture. The national debt is decreasing for the first time since spending began to exceed treasury revenue late in the Hoover White House term. Employment is up—not down. The prophets of doom who expected 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 persons to be unemployed within a year after Germany folded have been proven wrong.

The people have money in their pockets. In fact there is so much money and so much debt accumulated now that further inflation is inevitable. But prices are being held fairly well although there is bitter protest because government-controlled economy is held responsible for keeping goods from eager purchasers.

A glance backward highlights the

mistakes made in the first enthusiasm of victory. Foremost was the partition of Germany among four conquering powers in such manner that the administration of the Reich has been a dismal and disillusioning failure. By contrast the post-war administration of Japan by the iron-willed Gen. Douglas MacArthur has been a glittering success.

Here at home, world food needs were understimated to a degree almost unbelievable. Abandonment of rationing—A politically desirable act—has left the government without adequate authority to obtain the food it want for export. The hard facts of the food situation are that a starving Europe shortly would be expected to be a Communistic Europe and the United States is against that.

The military machine with which the United States helped defeat Germany and with which the United States licked Japan with little more than token help from others has been junked. On the evidence of the highest army and navy officers we are becoming a second rate military power.

Admiral Chester Nimitz said on January 10, 1946: "The navy at this moment is unfit to fight."

That goes for the army, too, and the plight of the air force is as bad.

Second guessing the army - navy situation, it is admitted by all concerned now that the most costly blunder of the war was the announcement of a point system for discharge. The point system did two things which have almost deprived us of an army and a navy in the fighting sense of the words.

It got the best trained, most experienced men out of the service first. In a given crew, for instance, the crew chief and his ablest mechanics were out almost immediately because it is only by long service—by which points are accumulated—that a man becomes a crew chief or a top mechanic. The ground crew members remaining were not competent to take the places of the departed men.

The other fault of the point system was that it hit all military units simultanously. No single division or regiment remained intact. The experienced men, senior non-commissioned officers and such, were the first to go. The result was that shortly after point discharges began, the United States found itself with an army which had sent most of its best men from every division and every fleet unit back into civilian life. A ship or regiment minus its key enlisted personnel is a denfenseless pigeon.

It was the will of Congress, however, that demobilization be done quickly. Under the legislative prod the army and navy have accomplished wonders.

The combined navy, marine corps and coast guard strength on V-E Day was 3,968,000 officers and men. It is 1,866,000 today. The fleet, excluding small landing craft, numbered 10,562 ships one year ago. It numbers 7,008 today.

V-E army strength was 8,300,000 officers and men. There now are approximately 2,300,000 in the army. It will be down to 1,550,000 by June 30. Since V-E Day through April 1 approximately 555,000 men have been inducted.

SOLITUDE

(The Summary)

This is not an editorial, it is merely the thought of a mind that, in times of quiet, likes to ramble, to explore unknown paths, to walk with the thought of the past and the prophets of the future—commune with those that have understood the moods of human life in times now written on the pages of history. We want to pass this thought on to you—for sometime, perhaps, your mind has traveled over the selfsame paths. Life plays its tricks with the best and the worst of us, and there is a time for everyone to think of the past, of the future—of what might have been.

Sitting in our cells, just the other evening, our minds raced over the past, and through our minds flashed a picture of our school days, embodied in a few lines that John Greenleaf Whittier wrote in what must have been a moment of inspiration:

"I'm sorry I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you.
Because, you know — and the
brown eyes lower fell—
Because, you know, I love you.
He lived to learn, in life's hard
school,
How few who go above him,
Lament their triumph and his
loss,
Like her, because they love him."

Those days of hope and ambition that belong to the lot of every schoolboy pictured themselves to us, as thoughts of our school days raced across the screen of the days that have gone by. We thought of the comradeship and the fraternity that belongs to the lad of learning, and we thought of the days when the great disillusionment of life begins to take place. We thought of the time when, after the school boy enters into life and death competition that mark worldly affairs, that the truth finally begins to dawn upon us that the world is not to be saved by the masterstroke of a school-boy genius. Nearly all of us have dreamed of doing big things but only a few of us succeed in doing them. The thought came to us of how wonderful it would be if youth could keep its ambition and idealism when maturity is reached and not succumb to the attacks of material success and doubt. Then realization came to us and showed us that we we thinking of the common herd—that there are men who retain freshness and ambition and idealism to the very end—so much that they leave their mark on time. The greatest of all American poets, Longfellow, solved it all when when he wrote:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Then we thought of the doubts we had about life—doubts as to whether the struggle was worth the end; thought of many others who have felt the same way; thought of the many that have had doubts about life and have fallen by the wayside, fallen into the slough of human despair,

cursing the Fate that made them mere puppets of an unseen hand. And it came to us how easy hope could be blasted, a life made to seem empty and forlorn—and oftentimes by a mere thread of circumstance. But then into our minds bounded the thought, just in time, that there have been men, like the Emperor Napoleon, who made their own circumstances—men who controlled their own destinies. Longfellow, our favorite, our refuge in time of stress, came to our aid once more:

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

But then we turned our thoughts to the future and we thought of the struggle that is yet to come. To us came visions of a fight that, although hard and bitter, must be won. Other struggles came into range of our minds struggles of other persons, persons who are situated as we—who must fight the battle with the odds against them. Once more we came upon a comforting thought:

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

But the mind can cover the years so swiftly and with so much ease that we thought of the end—and after. The sleep—or the rest—that is promised us, flitted for a moment across our vision, and we thought of the time when we ourselves must lay down the staff and step aside for a new procession. And we thought of the way that we would look back on our lives when we near the end; though that if, when the end is drawing near, we could look back over the span of years and view a life full of hope, of striving for that which is right, we could lay down that life, satisfied, and pass—into eternity. Then the notes of "taps" drifted to us and with sleep came:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."
And with sleep—came dreams—of Freedom.

A PRAYER

Give me the serenity
To accept what cannot be changed;
Give me the courage
To change what can be changed;
Give me the wisdom
To know one from the other.

—Reinhold Neibuhr.

PROCESSING FOR "THAT DAY"

(The Speaker's Magazine)

There is nothing to cause comment in the green stalk of a lily, but when it bursts into flower we say, "How wonderful!" Yet the wonder lies not so much in the flower as in the processes behind it, which are daily at work in the unpretentious stalk until "that day" comes when it bursts into fruition.

There is little to arouse special enthusiasm in the daily rounds of a surgeon, until "that day" when he saves a life by a show of superb skill. Yet the "daily rounds" made the work of "that day" possible, for processes were in action of which the famous operation was but a natural result.

They tell us that in all the pages of the Gospel there are recorded the doings of but thirty days of Christ's life, and that all the words from His lips could be repeated in less than five hours. Yet these few words and this record of scattered days revolutionized the world and are today the inspiration of millions. For thirty years the processes were at work before the ministry was at hand. On "that day" it came to pass and the trend of history was changed.

We folks in business realize that we don't win success in a second and that we never will win success, real success, unless the processes which produce it are at work in every department of our business, in our policies and in ourselves.

Perhaps we awake some morning to discover that a good friend has become famous. We rub our eyes, and it is a mighty good bet, exclaim, "Goodness! I have known him all my life and didn't realize that he was becoming great. He must have had something in him from the very start."

Surely he had something in him, and he was developing that something with every job he took and every operation he planned. When the "green stalk" was ready, well, out came the flower—a natural process.

Short cuts to "that day" when we find ourselves a success are few and remote, although all too many people try them.

For instance, swelling an order book with a big bunch of sales, wherein lies no profit, is not a part of the processes that grow "flowers of success," neither is a habit of "slipping one over" on one's customer, nor on him from whom one buys.

Then again, let's not get too "cocky" about ourselves. Perhaps some little fellow whom we have refused to recognize may have just the right processes at work which some day may break out into a competitive flower that will smell sweet to our customers.

Nothing is less pleasant to look at than a frog pond, but nothing fairer grows than the pond lily, which is the answer to certain processes hiddenly at work in apparently unlovely stagnation.

Lincoln wasn't what you would call a Beau Brummell nor a socialite, but processes were at work from

early youth that made him perhaps our most beloved American.

It all sifts down to the fact that what we become as a business proposition is a mathematical Q.E.D—simply the sum total of what we add to our equipment day by day in intelligence, industry, honesty and horse sense.

May we close this review by repeating certain facts well known to all of us.

The things that would have helped men toward success, which they neglected to do, though they could have done them if they would—tell some of the tragic stories of human existence.

What men do goes into the record as a large or small plus sign or a minus.

What men would have done if they could is a picture of lost opportunity—often because of lack of tools with which to do the job.

But what men could have done if they would, portrays many of the saddest facts of personal history.

Although the ability was there, the whole of many a life's program has been stymied by a lack of persistence, ambition, mental and spiritual stamina, and there was no real alibi.

AMERICANS CRY FOR LUXURIES AND OTHERS STARVE

The chief of the Allied information and education section in Japan's occupation forces has just returned from a visit to the United States. And he's brought back some very definite ideas about what he thinks Americans should do—and soon.

The information chief is Brigadier General Ken R. Dyke. And he says that the American people appear to be concerned about fighting for luxuries while the rest of the world is fighting for the necissities of life.

General Dyke told newsmen at Toyko that he thinks it is about time that Americans woke up to the fact that they have a long job ahead to clean up the problems the United States took on when it entered the war.

The general was home for a duty tour, recruiting civilians to work in his information section in Japan. But as he looked and listened during his statewide visit. General Dyke said he found too many people with a tendency to build a fence around the United States—and at a time, he said when the future of the world calls for active participation by Americans.—Selected.

NEW USE IS FOUND FOR RADAR

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

A new use has been found for radar —to clock the speed of a man falling from a airplane in or near the stratosphere.

The object of this radar work is two-fold: To determine how a person may jump safely from a speeding plane . . and to learn how long it takes a man who falls from a plane in the stratosphere to reach an altitude where he may safely open his parachute.

Experiments in this connection have been made at Wright Field at Dayton, Ohio. And a report on them has been made to the federation of American Sodieties for experimental biology by George Hallenbeck. Jack Glazier and George Maison of the aeromedical laboratory at the field.

One man and a number of dummies were used in the experiments. The dummies were shaped like men. Some were heavier than the man who took part in the tests, others were lighter. And it was found that in every case, the man fell faster than the dummies, although all falling speeds were about one hundred miles an hour. It's believed that the man may have fallen more rapidly because he instinctively hunched his body against the force of the wind.

However, the report by the three Wright Field scientists states that more data is needed or the falling rate of human beings before there can be definite conclusions.

———:———

OUR FAULTS

You have your faults and I have mine,
And others doubtless know them;
But can we still deny
That secretly we try
To think we never show them?

You have your faults and I have mine,
And daily we betray them;
But when shall we forget
To hate the ones who let
Us know that we display them?

S. E. Kiser.

COURT RECORDS REVEALS TRENDS AMONG YOUTHS

(Charlotte Observer)

Juvenile delinquency in North Carolina increased 18.6 per cent during the 30-month period following the United States' entry into World War II, as compared with the 30-month period immediately preceding the war, according to North Carolina juvenile court records compiled and tabulated by Dr. Wiley B. Sanders, associate professor of social work at the University of North Carolina.

Dr. Sanders is tabulating records collected by the State Board of Public Welfare as a part of a continuation study of two previous studies that have gone before.

North Carolina has compiled and tabulated juvenile court records over a 25 - year period, and Dr. Sanders says that he believes this State's collection of such figurs the most complete in the country.

Delinquency hearing for white children showed an increase of 41 per cent in the 30-months following the beginning of the war over the previous 30 months, while those for Negro children decreased during the same peroid by 2.3 per cent.

White girls showed the highest rate of increase, 46 per cent. White boys showed an increase of 39.9 per cent; Negro girls' cases increased 14.9 per cent, while Negro boys' cases decreased by 5.3 per cent.

The greatest increase in juvenile delinquency, Dr. Sanders' tabulations show, occurred in the city juvenile courts where the rate went up 39.1 per cent as compared with the county juvenile court where the increase was only 16.3 per cent.

High Point City juvenile court showed the highest increase, 42.2 per cent; Wilmington next with 41.4 per cent increase; then Greensboro, 36.2 per cent. The juvenile and domestic relation court in Charlotte and Mecklenburg County showed an increase in delinquency cases of 7.2 per cent, while the domestic relation court in Asheville and Buncombe county showed a decrease of 2.2 in juvenile delinquency.

Most significant decrease showed by the figures is in the Rocky Mount juvenile court where the decrease in delinquency after the war's start was 21.9 per cent, chiefly in case involving Negro boys, where the decrease was 40.8 per cent.

Dr. Sanders' tabulations are the result of a comprehensive survey of the state's 107 juvenile courts, 100 of which are county courts and seven of which are city courts. Officials from each court pass along statistical information on each case to the State Board of Public Welfare and to Dr. Sanders.

City cases, involving both races and both sexes, increased almost twice as much as county court cases, the figures show. A significant exception to this occured in the case of Negro girls. City courts showed that they were involved in more than four times as many cases as were their sisters tried in the county courts.

Cases involving white boys showed an increase of 37.7 per cent in county courts and 68.7 per cent in city courts. White girls' hearings increased 38.3 per cent in county courts and 95.3 per cent in city courts.

The only overall decrease in the state was shown by figures involving Negro boys. County court cases showed a decrease of 13.0 per cent, but city courts had an increase of 10.3 per cent. Negro girls were involved in 9.2 per cent more cases after the war began than before in the county cases. The city courts, on the other hand, showed an increase of 39.6 per cent.

———:———

THE PATH WE CHOOSE

Some paths wander through shady woods,
Following winding creeks,
Seeking beauty of verdant plains
And wilds of mountain peaks.

While others creep through gloomy swamps,
Reeking with damp decay,
With never a gleam of sunshine
To light the dreary day.

And thus it is that each of us
Shall have a choice to make,
And we must plan most carefully
Which of the paths to take.

For as we travel life's long road,
Our dreams of great success
Will come to us if we but work

With faith and eagerness.
The way we play our part in life,
And why we win or lose,
Depends to quite a large extent
Upon the path we choose.

—Selected.

PEOPLE AND LEADERS

(Baptist Courier)

In times of crisis and confusion the people cry for a leader to appear and lead them out of the wilderness of their confusion. But seldom do true leaders appear promptly on such distress calls. The people create their leaders and appoint them to their place of leadership. The effective and acceptable leader is the personification of the character and intelligence, of the culture and spirit, of his people. The leader stands but a little higher than the men who stand about him. The strong leader is supported on the strong shoulders of his companions, or stands on the pedestal of public opinion. The leader will be as strong or as weak, as wise or as foolish, as evil or as noble as the people who follow him. Great men do not appear in a vacuum. They live and survive and grow great in a congenial atmosphere and environment of understanding and appreciation. Artists, poets, orators flourish in favorable and stimulating environment. Statesmen come to the fore when sustained by a sound and sensible public opinion. Politicians rule the land when the people are selfish and self-seeking, ignorant and foolish. We, the people, are responsible for the kind of government we have and the kind of men who occupy places of leadership. The quality of the character of the people is reflected in the official governments in Columbia and Washington. If the people would change the government let the people themselves first experience a change. There must be the understanding and appreciation of the problems of statesmanship before we support statesmen in Columbia or in Washington.

There are of course many other factors in the making of leaders and in the relation between leaders and the people, but the factor stressed here is for us the present practical factor—the kind of people "we, the people," are. And this emphasis on the character of the people reflects itself in the schools and churches, on education and religion, on a vital education and a vital religion—and both of those institutions, the school and the church, and the quality of education and of religion they afford, point directly to the home and the family life.

In a sounder, saner, wholesome, intelligent, cultured Christian home and family life is the hope of a better citizenship and a sound public opinion supporting and sustaining a wise and far-sighted capable leadership in the church and in the state.

———:———

A man may smile and bid you hail,
Yet wish you with the devil;
But when a good dog wags his tail
You know he's on the level.

INDIAN PAINT-BRUSHES

(E. M. B.)

Many times we are like the people in "The Great Stone Face" as we go about from day to day, never stopping to see God's beautiful handiwork. I realized this recently when a child read "The Legend of Indian Paint-brushes." This reminded me that it is now the season for Indian Paint-brushes to be blooming around my childhood home; and that, as a girl, I had many times gone wild-flower hunting about this time of the year—the month of May, and found Indian Paint-brushes, wild pinks, violets, ox-eye daisies, black-eyed daisies, black-eyed Susans, (what lovely names!), meadow lilies, crow-foot lilies, and, oh, so many other beautiful flowers.

Comrades, pals, they were to me then and they still are. Life's silent partners that never bear falsehood, deception or betrayal, but stand only for openness, fairness, courage, beauty and all that is good, always scattering joy as they dot or deck the meadows and fields.

"Scarlet tufts
Are glowing in the green like
flakes of fire.
The wanderers of the prairies
know them well
And call that brilliant flower the
Painted Cup."

The great naturalist Thoreau, who did not like the name "painted cup," thought "flame flower" a better one, Indians gave the name Oswega Tea, but, in Indian paint-brushes, the floral bracts, not the flowers themselves are on fire. It is said that they range in color from ivory white and pale salmon through every shade of red to deep maroon, although I have seen only the scarlet in the Carolinas. The calices, stems and leaces are never a deep green but instead, a yellowish green which adds to their attractiveness. Very beautiful, yes, even stately, the Indian Paint-brush will ever be a joy to me.

I wonder, as now I write these notes in times like these if we will not all greatly benefit this summer if we will commune a little with nature? As the poet Bryant said when he was seventeen years of age:

"Go forth under the open sky and list to Nature's Teachings."

Everlasting life will be yours if your deserve it—your present—belief or disbelief does not affect the issue. But make sure of this: if you are to be a great soul in heaven you have got to be a great soul here.—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the school last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Luke 5:27-32.

At the beginning of his message to the boys, Rev. Mr. Summers stated that the portion of the Scripture just read was very interesting from many angles. It pictures important events in the lives of two men—Jesus of Nazareth and Matthew, a publican.

A publican, said the speaker, was a man who acted as a tax gatherer or collector. In this particular case, Matthew was a publican who had been appointed by the Roman Government to collect taxes from his own people, the Jews. It was his duty to collect a certain amount from citizens of his district and turn it over to the Romans. These publicans received no salaries. They usually collected much more than the sum demanded by the Romans, and kept the balance for themselves. These collectors were usually hated by their countrymen.

In commenting upon the incident in the lesson just read, Rev. Mr. Summers explained how Jesus noticed Matthew as he passed his office. The Master simply said, "Follow me," and Matthew did as he was bidden. Christ knew the character of this man. He saw at once that Matthew was a man of greedy, grasping nature. He saw that he was only living for the things of this world. Knowing the innermost thoughts of Matthew's heart, he knew that he was not living true to his Hebrew religious training.

Christ saw on Matthew's face, continued the speaker, a look of dissatisfaction. This certainly was not caused by a lack of money. Jesus knew that deep down in his soul he was longing for something better in life. By reason of his position, he was a social outcast. He had no friends.

The Master knew that Matthew was not satisfied with the kind of life he was living. He called to the publican, saying simply, "Follow me." He did not argue with Matthew as to why he wanted him to become one of his followers. He just told him to come. Christ did not hold Matthew's past sinful life against him. He knew him as he was and as he longed to be. Since Christ knows the thoughts in all hearts, he knew that Matthew, deep down within himself, had the desire to live a really noble life. He told Matthew to have faith in him.

The greatest thing about Matthew, said Rev. Mr. Summers, was that he permitted the Master to become his friend. From a hated publican he was changed to a most devout follower of Christ, and later became his biographer. He wrote the wonderful account of Jesus' life on earth, known as the Gospel according to Matthew.

Before coming in contact with Jesus Christ, Matthew was a man who worshipped money. Jesus taught him that kind of a life was wrong. He also taught him that kind, loving friends were more to be desired than all the gold in the world. Having the Master for a teacher, Matthew learned that there was more genuine joy and happiness to be gained by helping

others than simply living selfishly for himself.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers stated that we should try to imitate Matthew, and try to pattern our lives according to the plans Jesus Christ has laid down for Christians to follow. Our lives can be safely guided in no other way.

THE APPLE ORCHARD

Did you ever see an apple orchard
In full bloom,
When each bough is bending low,
With its wealth of drifted snow,
And an orchestra of bees
Fill the air with symphonies?

Have you ever stood beneath that heavenly bower
Of sweet perfume,
Folding you within its subtle sway,
While the sunbeams there at play,
Add their glory to the day?

Have you ever walked down the orchard path
When the wind
In saucy wanton strayed,
And watched that billowing cascade
Of pink and white brocade?

If you have not then you cannot
Know the beauty hidden there;
For the earth holds naught so lovely
As the blossomed orchard fair.

—Author Unknown.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 12, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Maynard Chester
William Epps
Dean Harris
James Perkins
William Speaks
James Teague

COTTAGE No. 1

William Britt
Horace Collins
Jack Lambert
Clay Shew
William Smith
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Fred Coats
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Robert McDuffie
James McMahan
Ray Naylor
Knox Norton
William Phillips
Van Robinson
Donald Stack
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Thomas Childress
Paul Denton
Talmage Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsey Elder
Glenn Evans
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
James Maloney
Lloyd Perdue
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Harrison Dula
William Hunter
W. C. McManus
Lacy Overton
Harvey Purdy
Burton Routh
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Wesley Turner
James Wiggington

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Charles Gibson
Donald Hoyle
Bobby Kerr
George Swink
Howell Willis
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
George Jones
Jerry Oakes
Robert Porter
Lewis Sutherland
Charles Sellers
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Ralph Gibson
Edward Guinn
William Hamilton
John Hill
Arthur Lawson
Jerry Peavy
Hubert Pritchard
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

J. C. Alley
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
James Couthen
Kenneth Dillard
Charles Francis
David Johnson
Vernest Turner

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

James Carteret
William Faircloth
Leslie Gautier
Thomas Hyder
David Isenhour
Lee Lockerby
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews
William Black
Terry Harding
James Hensley
Garmon Hubbard
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Roy Marsh
Charles Moore
John Moretz
James Shook
Thomas Wansley
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
William Caldwell
Jack Crump
Harry Coffey
John Green
Jack Green
James Johnson
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Evon Myers
Charles Rhodes
Solomon Shelton
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Ray Covington
Robert Elder
Carl Hull
Allen Hammond
William Harding
Morrison Jacobs
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Donald Moose
Robert Phillips
Jerry Ray

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

———:———

Instead of talking often, think;
Instead of seeing often, blink;
And listen as along you go,
But never tell of all you know.

Learn what is wise
And don't forget it,
And if your face would smile
Why, let it!

—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 25, 1946 No. 21

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MEMORIAL DAY

A day of tender memory,
A day of sacred hours,
Of little bands of marching men,
Of drums and flags and flowers.

A day when a great nation halts
It's mighty throbbing pace,
And by its meed of gratitude
And love with willing grace.

A day to keep from year to year
In memory of the dead;
Let music sound and flowers be laid
Upon each resting bed.

—Emma A. Lent.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

ODE TO BRAVE MEN

That all might be free, they gave up all,
Selflessly they answered Freedom's call,
To die upon some corner of a foreign field,
Against great odds they did not yield.
They did not think that they were brave,
As they trod the path that led to the grave,
'Twas only duty that they could see,
As they joined the fight for liberty.
All steadfast, true, facing the shot and shell,
The utter degradation of a man-made hell,
Sacrificed at the altar of the god's of war,
To keep alight forever, one blessed star.
The star of hope for those who had lost all,
To beasts who would in their blind bigotry enthrall,
The freemen who would not bow the head,
But rather take their place among the dead.
From every walk of life they proudly came,
To play their part in the bloody game,
The stakes were high, but they played the hand,
They thought not of the swiftly flowing sand.
The sand of life, sifting all too fast,
Before the worthwhile things were made to last,
But in their death they brought new life,
A cessation of the worldly strife.
That bound men with fetters forged with hate,
And now we ask should that have been their fate?
To die so young upon this earthly threshold,
Whils't those for whom we gave grow old.
Will we weep bitter tears, or think of them?
Or just forget and let the years condemn?
Our human frailties and our thoughtlessness,
We must remember them, we can do no less.
Or that for which they died will be in vain,
And other swine, through spilled blood court fame,
It is for us who now are left,
To see that all ambition is bereft.
Of all initiative to plunge the world in war,
We must destroy it ere it goes too far,
That in the years to come, our brave men,
May never have to face such man-made hell again.

—By George Dick-Wright.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF HEROES

May 30th is the occasion which is most universally observed in the United States as Memorial Day. In some of the states, as in North Carolina, the observance occurs on May 10th. The date on the calendar has some significance but, after all, the fact that is of greatest importance is that people with humble and sincere gratitude pause to pay tribute to the soldiers lads, living and dead, who have constituted the armies of our great republic.

It is interesting to note that the custom of decorating the graves of fallen soldiers with flowers first originated in the South. Two years after the close of the Civil War, there appeared in the New York Tribune an item stating that "the women of Columbus, Mississippi have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead; they strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers."

In 1868 General John A. Logan, as Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, designated May 30th as Memorial Day. Today it is observed as a memorial day for the soldiers of all wars, and thus we find ourselves honoring the soldiers of the Revolution, those of the Civil War, those of the Spanish-American conflict, those of World War I, those of World War II, and those of any other lesser conflicts. Everyone wishes for the soldier boys to be assured again and again that their services and their sacrifices in freedom's cause will never be forgotten nor will they ever go unappreciated.

Memorial Day is an appropriate occasion for people to place flags and flowers on the graves of those who have fallen. Likewise, it is an appropriate time for looking squarely into the faces of those soldier boys who have gone through the conflicts in safety, and expressing to them sincere thanks for all that has been done.

This nation has just come through the bitterest struggle of all time. The horrors of warfare and the darkest shadows of sorrow and anxiety have hung over the nation in recent months and years. The nation has been baptized with the spirit of great sacrifice so that its heart is mellowed and saddened by the ordeals of the bloodiest conflict. If ever any generation of people could be capable of feeling the superlative degrees of gratitude and thanksgiving, and

if ever any generation would seek to honor the dead heroes of warfare for the splendor and the grandeur of their services, certainly this generation should be capable.

The drama of warfare has been enacted on the battlefields all over the world, and today many of the choicest young men of the nation lie in cemeteries on foreign soil with their graves marked by the simple white crosses. They are the boys who faced the enemy and who led the charges bravely into the face of the withering fire from the enemy's ramparts. They are the same young men who a few years ago yearned for the privilege of making their contributions to the nation's progress. The least we can do on this day is to say to them that they, by their sacrifices, have preserved freedom and justice, and that tyranny and oppression have been stricken down.

Today the world again breathes the air of liberty such as it has not known in many years. In recent years these young men have joined their comrades in the hall of death and by their sacrifices they are today making a plea that war shall forever cease and that mankind shall be able to dwell in unity and peace.

Theodore O'Hara, in his lovely poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," has expressed these sentiments:

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
Nor troubled thought of midnight haunts,
Of love ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dreams alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn to call to arms.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear is the blood you gave—
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.

Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished year hath flown,
The story how you fell.
Nor wreck nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

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A FORWARD LOOK FOR THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

Recently, the North Carolina Board of Correction and Training appointed from its membership a Planning Board. The objective of this group is to make plans for expansions and any needed consolidations of correctional institutions in the state.

The first meeting of the Planning Board was held at Rocky Mount on May 21st. At that time the superintendents of the various correctional institutions met jointly with this special group.

Certain improvements for the Jackson Training School were recommended, as follows:

I. Improved Buildings and Equipment

1. An Addition to the Trades Building.
2. An addition to the School Building.
3. Either a central heating plant or unit typt heating plants at the various cottages.
4. Residences or dwelling houses for the superintendent and other staff members.
5. A new building and equipment for modern laundry.
6. A new building and equipment for a modern bakery.
7. A new building and equipment for a modern refrigeration plant.
8. Additions to fifteen of the cottages.

9. A new building and modern equipment for the textile department.

II. Treatment Program

The treatment program at the Jackson Training School is the essential factor. Generally speaking, there is no classification program in North Carolina for assigning boys. Consequently, we face the fact that we have to take all kinds of boys, some with very low mental abilities, some with average abilities, and some with high mental abilities. We have some boys at our institution who probably should not be here because of their very low mental abilities. It is possible for us to keep them for a period of from one to two years, but it is practically a hopeless task to do much for them permanently, in the way of education and trade training. They need more individual attention than we are able to give.

We think the most important features of our training program is the education department. We have made some improvements in this department, but it should still be greatly improved. It is needless to discuss the very great amount of retardation among our boys and their needs for help in education. This would require much space. Most of the work we now do is of a remedial nature in which it is not a case of starting a boy off on the right track, but of completely re-training him. It is not our purpose to attempt to make professional or classical students, but we do think the education of a boy at the school should have right of way over everything else, and this education should be such that it would meet a boy's own particular needs. It is interesting to note that we now have some boys who have completed the ninth grade work and are ready for tenth grade work. Their needs should be met. However, we realize that most of the boys who come to us are greatly retarded in their school work and will continue to be so.

In our treatment program there is great concern about too much talk concerning the advisability of a short length of stay. We think the length of stay should be related to the richness and adequacy of the program. We think the boy should remain for a reasonable time, provided the program can continue to challenge him, and provided the boy can continue to develop and grow under the

treatment program. For instance, a good trades department should challenge a boy for probably three years; a college preparatory course could easily be helpful to a boy for four years. Likewise, for the boys who are twelve, thirteen, and fourteen years of age and who are in the first or second grade when they should be in the sixth or seventh grade—in order to benefit them greatly, if they are capable of doing average school work, it would require from three to four years. In this connection, it must be remembered that their retardation in school has been one of the major factors in their delinquency. Then, too, for those boys who are neurotic or psychotic or who may be described as being mentally ill, when their mental disturbances have been accumulating over a period of years—it is necessary for them to have a period of treatment extending over probably three or four years, and this is assuming that the home conditions will steadily change and improve and that the previous frustrations and tensions will be eliminated.

The reason the public has talked of short periods of training is that the school has failed somewhat in providing the proper treatment program. The fear has been that a good many boys will become institutionalized if they remain at the institution too long, but it seems that we should remember that institutionalization sets in only when growth on the part of the boy stops.

It is agreed among institutional leaders that the greater the variety of recreational facilities available, the greater is the likelihood of developing wholesome leisure-time intetrests on the part of a larger number of boys. There is a great need for study groups, hobby groups, dramatics, art, music, swimming, basketball, baseball, football, track, library, and other similar recreational activities. It is generally admitted that the paid commercial entertainment, such as is found in the average movies, has been overdone as a form of entertainment for boys, because it fails to provide constructive participation on the part of the boys themselves.

There is some question today about the advisability of reducing the size of the correctional institution. This is a relative matter and should be so regarded. A good many other states spend three or four times as much as North Carolina, on a per capita basis, for the correctional institutions. This means that they are doing a

greater amount of intensive and individual work with their boys. Unless and until North Carolina becomes willing to spend more than she now is on this program, there is grave danger of the institutions being too small to provide an adequate program. It is impossible, in a small institution, to furnish a diversified program suitable to the varying needs of boys, and it is impossible to have a well-staffed small institution. The alternative, then, seems to be to have an institution with from 400 to 500 boys. Insofar as it is possible to predict the future for correctional institutions in North Carolina, it seems logical to assume that in the main the training programs will be done en masse to a considerable degree. This will involve mass treatment in classrooms, in work activities, in health programs and in religious and recreational programs.

Furthermore, regarding the school department, it seems only reasonable to conclude that the educational programs in correctional institutions have been deficient. Sad to say, but heretofore, too much of the classroom teaching has been done by untrained, uncertified teachers, most of whom could not qualify in the public schools. Some of the classrooms have been filled by elderly teachers who are out of step with modern trends in education. This has been distinctly unfair to the boys. If even the delinquent boys in the state are to be placed in institutions where they are to become wards of the state for a period of time, the state, in self-respect, should see that they have an accredited standard of work.

There is an outstanding need for inservice training of staff members. The progress of inservice training is a clarifying and unifying experience which is most essential to successful operation of a correctional institution. No matter how well trained or how skillful workers may be, there is no alternative for inservice training, This, of course, involves the recognition of a need for adequate time for the workers to meet such classes, and it involves also a background of previous training to make inservice training desirable and profitable. An inservice training program should be the responsibility of local leaders and college instructors.

III. The Post-Treatment of Parolees

Our records show that about eighty per cent of the boys leaving the institution do make good, but this leaves twenty per cent who

do not live up to the standards of good citizenship. Some of these are boys who get into additional trouble and are dealt with in the superior courts. Some of the twenty per cent have their breakdowns during their period of parole and are returned to the institution. Under the present circumstances, there is no institutional follow-up for the boys who are on release. It should be explained to the welfare officials and to the public in general that since the institution cannot follow the boys to their homes, definite plans for regular and systematic supervision should be made. In too many instances the boys return to homes that are clearly unfit for their welfare and development.

Unfortunately, a good percentage of the homes are not suitable for helping the boys. Neither have local communities or society in general done as much as they should have for the help and protection of the boys on parole.

It is most unfair, I think, to judge the efficiency of a training school by the number of boys who fall down when they get home, for actually it is not the failure of the boys themselves, but actually it is the failure of the unfavorable environment in which the boys have returned. Rather, the question should be asked as follows: "In how many instances do communities fail to help boys make good,"

The institution needs the services of one or two case workers, and probably more, who would follow up the boys on parole and help them over the rough places. Until this is done, there will continue to be too much wastage of money and human resources among these boys. Time after time I have said to boys that if they would do as well at home as they have at the institution there would be no question as to whether or not they would make good.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Birthday Dinner

By J. C. Rhodes, 5th Grade and William Smith, 7th Grade

A delightful birthday dinner was held at Cottage No. 11 last Saturday evening. It being her husband's birthday, Mrs. Rouse, matron of this cottage, invited in a number of friends and relatives for the occasion. Mr. Rouse is cottage officer in charge of this group of boys. The boys were also invited to the dinner, which was a basket lunch, served in picnic style in the rear of the cottage.

This dinner was attended by Superintendent and Mrs. Hawfield, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and Johnny; Mr. and Mrs. Carwood, of Cooleenee; Mr. and Mrs. Beck and family and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, of Lexington; Bruce Trexler, of Cooleemee; and the boys of Cottage No. 11.

Mr. Rouse received a number of nice presents, and expressed his appreciation of his friends' kindness.

After all present gathered around the dinner table, Mr. Hawfield asked the blessing, and everyone sang "Happy Birthday."

The dinner consisted of cakes, cookies, tomato and banana sandwiches, ham, chocolate and strawberry pie, potato salad, fried chicken, slaw, deviled eggs, iced tea, milk, jello, pickles and lettuce.

At first the boys seemed a little bashful about eating, but Mr. Hawfield soon put them at ease, and they got along fine.

After dinner Mr. Rouse took some pictures. While Mrs. Rouse and the house boys cleaned up the table on the lawn, the guests enjoyed looking at the goldfish in the pool near the cottage. They also watched the boys play a game of baseball.

Bathing Suits for the Boys

By Jack Benfield, 9th Grade

Mr. Walters, athletic director at the school, announced today that all boys are being urged to buy bathing suits. He will have the suits on sale in a few days. The prices were stated to be about $.85 to $.95 each. These suits will be used for the boys' personal use. Mr. Walters said he would show the boys a sample of the suit before asking them to buy them. We know the boys will be glad that they can buy them for their use and we appreciate Mr. Walters' getting them for us.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Donald Redwine, 5th Grade

The subject of the lesson was, "My School Neighbor."

The first part was given by James Swinson. Kenneth Staley called the roll next and asked how many chapters we had read in the Bible during the past week. The second part was given by Glenn Evans. The name of this part was "James, a True Friend." The third part was given by Norman Hentshell and the fourth part by Don-

ald Redwine. The fifth part was given by Emory King. Then Emory King assigned us our parts for next Sunday. Following this, Daniel Johnson and Clay Shew recited the 14th and the 11th psalm.

We were dismissed by a prayer.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

After the group had sung two songs "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations" and "A Shelter in the Time of Storm," we had a responsive reading and prayer by Mr. Crowder. Then we sang "Lead On, O King Eternal." We were then dismissed to go to our classes.

In the intermediate group we began our program by giving our parts. Robert Lee had the first part. It was "On Jordan's Stormy Banks." The second part, "At Bethabara," was given by Robert Jarvis. Following this, Ralph Gibson gave his part entitled, "The Pictured Changed." The last part, "Believer's Baptism," was given by Hugh Cornwell. Mr. Beck then gave us a talk. Gerald Johnson dismissed us with a word of prayer.

Show

By Thomas Wansley, 9th Grade

The name of the show last week was "Music for Millions," starring Margret O'Brien, Jimmy Durante and June Allison. This was a musical picture. There was also some love in it. June Allison had been sent a telegram from the war department that her husband was missing in action. She never got it, because her room mate took it and wouldn't let her see it. June had a feeling all the time, though, that he was missing. Before the girl who had the telegram gave it to June, she received a letter from her husband saying he was safe. (She was very happy.) While her husband was away a baby boy was brought to them.

Everyone enjoyed this picture very much.

Farming

William Smith, 9th Grade

The barn force, with the help of the dairy boys and work lines, have been putting oats and wheat in the silos. The tractor force helps put ensilage into the silo with the tractors. The oats and wheat are a long way from being all up. The boys seem to enjoy working in it.

Sports Results

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

The baseball results for May 18th are as follows:

Cottage No. 16 and Cottage No. 11 will play their game this week. Their game was postponed by special request.

Cottage No. 3 defeated Cottage No. 4 by the score of 5 to 1. Cottage No. 2 defeated Cottage No. 5 by the score of 18 to 1. Cottage No. 9 defeated Cotttage No. 1 by the score of 9 to 0. Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 17 by the score of 9 to 3. Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 13 by the score of 13 to 3.

In the softball league the results were as follows: Cottage No.17 defeated Cottage No. 10 by the score of

5 to 3. Cottage No. 9 defeated Cottage No. 1 by the score of 15 to 6. Cottage No. 2 defeated Cottage No. 5 by the score of 30 to 17. Cottage No. 3 defeated Cottage No. 7 B team by the score of 31 to 6. Cottage No. 14 defeated Cottage No. 6 B team by the score of 27 to 11. Cottage No. 11 defeated Cottage No. 6 A team by the score of 17 to 16. Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 13 by the score of 31 to 11. Cottage No. 7 A team won a forfeit from Cottage No. 4.

News Items

By Robert Lee, 9th Grade

The First Grade's Moth

The first grade came into their room this morning unaware of a surprise. The surprise was that their moth had hatched out of its cocoon. The boys had had this cocoon for about a month or two, and they were almost ready to give up hope of its coming out of the cocoon. When it sheds one skin and gets another this is called mothing. This is a Cecropian moth. A moth grows in four stages, the egg, the larve stage, then the pupa. The boys are going to have the moth mounted. They are really proud of it.

The Month of May

By Garmon Hubbard, 9th Grade

May is one of the prettiest months of the year. The first of May, the fifth month of the year, has long been a gala day. The May Day festival goes back to the Roman festival to Florce, the goddess of flowers. In England, as we learn from Shakespeare, it was customary during the middle ages for all, both high and low—even the court itself, to go out "A-Maying on the first of this month at an early hour, to fetch the flowers fresh." The fairest maid of the village was crowned with flowers as Queen of May.

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BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of May 26, 1946

May 27—Garvin Thomas, Cottage No. 10, 15th birthday.
May 28—James Teague, Receiving Cottage, 17th birthday.
May 28—Harrison Minor, Cottage No. 5, 14th birthday.
May 29—George Bridges, Receiving Cottage, 15th birthday.
May 29—Claude Bridges, Receiving Cottage, 15th birthday.
May 30—Curtis Butcher, Cottage No. 5, 17th birthday.
May 30—Ray Naylor, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.
June 1—Alvin Fox, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.

SURVIVAL VALUE IS CREATED ON THE FOUNDATION OF SERVICE

(Largo)

There are two classes of valuable things in this world, being those that are temporary and serve purpose of the moment and then disappear and are forgotten, and those things that survive the storms of the ages and stand like guiding stars through many centuries. The former are like the leaves of the trees that contribute to their strength and beauty for a few weeks and then fall and are blown hither and thither by the changing winds, and again return to the soil from whence they came. The latter are like the principles of truth and right, that live on from generation to generation and become brighter, clearer and more useful the older they become.

Nothing long survives unless it be founded on service that lasts beyond the span of the human life that started it, and can be utilized by each generation as it comes upon the scene. To this class belongs cultured human minds as they pass that culture on to others and they in turn send it further on its journey, but the longer it continues the better it becomes, as it serves a useful purpose for each one who acquires it.

Compare, if you will, the condition of mankind today with that of two thousand years ago and see the wonderful contrast. You can continue the process and make the comparison with a thousand, a hundred or even twenty-five years ago, and you will find in each case that a great improvement has been made by people in every walk of life and this change for the better can in every generation be traced to an improvement in the educational system that cultivates and directs the minds of those who came upon the scene and in time direct the affairs of men.

When our early forefathers started from the shores of the Alantic, with their faces toward the setting sun, they pushed civilization slowly westward until in two hundred years it reached the Pacific. Those hardy pioneers realized that a democracy must be founded and sustained by an educated people, so on the very advanced edge of civilization they always built the school house. Hardly were their own rude homes finished than a "bee" was called, the trees were cut down at a central location, logs were cut into the proper length and rolled up for walls, a "shake" roof kept out the rain and here was a "center of learning" for the community. Out from these crude log structures came some of our best teachers, preachers, doctors, lawyers and presidents..

No events are pre-ordained. There is no fixed time for life and death. Every life can be prolonged. Every event could have been different, and everything that happens to man could have added far more to his life than it does. From this we judge that few things happen for the best, because man himself seldom sees the highest

truth. When every person takes his life into his own hands and lives that life so perfectly that the very best that can be done now is being done, everything will happen for the best. Such a life will advance perpetually into the better.

The marvelous thing about the mind is that it is always at work; the important thing to be done is to see that it has the right kind of work to do. Sometimes you say a man has wheels in his head, but this is metaphorically true concerning us all. For wheels of thought are always turning even while we sleep. Our dreams are the result of this ever-moving mental machinery. The ideas are distorted in dreams because the controlling power of the will is removed. When slumber is dreamless, the wheels of thought are still turning, only the sleep is so profound we are not conscious of their presence.

Character is an acquisition. Some of the best men had a very discouraging ancestry. The family line of some illustrious name is submerged in moral swamps. So character is not an inheritance, it is a fabric, woven of our thoughts, one at a time, like single threads, a golden and beautiful fabric, or a soiled and sordid one, according as the thoughts woven into it are pure or defiled. If the drops which form an icicle come of fresh, clean water, the icicle sparkles with beauty, but if the water is muddy, then it is foul and dark. So our thoughts, one by one, are forming our character, pure and radiant if the thoughts are pure, but deformed and wretched if the thoughts are foul.

In the far dawn of our racial experience, when men lived in trees or caves and the only implement was a crooked stick, life's dreams began. There was the dreamer who believed that a more useful implement could be made by fashioning it with a sharp piece of flint. What a laughing stock he was among the practical people. But he started the race on the high road which has led, after eons of time, and after millions of dreams, to the ocean greyhound, the deep sea cable, the wireless telegraph, modern photography, the telescope, the microscope and all the other wonders of our present-day world. All the priceless libraries of the world, all the diffusion of knowledge through the printed page, all modern education in every form grew out of the dream of the man who first cut upon the rock the crude symbol of an idea.

The dreams of empire brought together the various tribes of barbarous men into a common band, under common leadership and made civilization possible. The transition from a wild state of living where every man's hand was against his brother, and every man defended himself at all times, killed his own meat and sought his own shelter, to the modern state with its protection in laws, its security of person and property, its leisure for eduation, art, literature, music and the higher life, is the result of ages of dreaming on the part of statesmen, poets, philosophers and of all who aspire to better things.

After we have made ourselves capable of serving, we should seek to tender that service without delay wherever it is needed. We must not sit idly by and await some miraculous set of circumstances to encircle us, so that we shall be made into heroes

overnight. Such things happen very rarely indeed. If we want to be of real service, we must expect to make a modest beginning, for the path up to the mountain peak has its beginning at the foot of the valley.

Let us look at the substantial things of life that will last beyond the span of the present generation and benefit those who will follow in our footsteps. The coming years will find men and women striving together to make the world better and they will thank us for the good seed that we have sown, that will help make their work more successful.

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WHEN GOD COMES BACK

When God comes back unto this earth,
Will things be as they are,
All things in a hell-bent birth,
Dictators and a Czar?

When God comes back unto His earth
Will things be just the same,
Or will the wicked worship Him
With heads bowed in shame?

When God comes back unto the earth
No one will be denied
The God they should have learned to love
But all His love denied.

Yes, one day He will surely come,
Amid the trumpet's blast,
To call forth the saints and sinners all
To meet their fate at last.

And when the trump of God shall sound,
And time shall be no more,
If strong our faith in Him we've held
As Kings and Priests with Him we'll reign,
With Him for ever more.

He is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end,
He rode triumphant over Death,
Through Hell and from the Grave
And now He lives; He lives again,
The Savior of all men,
Halleluja!

—Selected.

WHY THE DELAY?

(Kannapolis Daily Independent)

Why the Baptists of North Carolina so slow about accepting the Reynolds foundation offer? Their ancestors who clamored and hammered this state decades ago into a realization that free education was needed to form a foundation for state and church progress must be fuming in their coffins today as their offspring take their time in snapping up an offer that would:

1. Establish and strengthen the entire educational system operated by the Baptists in North Carolina.

2. Elevate Wake Forest college into a position of eminence among the universities of the nation, thereby improving the school's and the denomination's opportunity to render service to the young people of the state and the Southland.

That is in addition to the fact that the complete overhaul and betterment of the Baptist secondary educational facilities in North Carolina made possible by the Reynolds offer could give this state a third great center of learning and advance Tar Heelia even further along the path of educational leadership.

The offer made two months ago by the Z. Smith Reynolds foundation would make Wake Forest college an outright gift of the income from $10,500,000, which would eventually run to $50,000,000. The only condition is that the college be moved to Winston-Salem.

The college board of trustees met and appointed a special committee headed by J. Melville Broughton, former governor, to look into the offer. This committee found that not only would the income run $250,000 per year, but could run as high as $350,000 in a single year. After the total endowment reached $50,000,000, the entire income from the fund would be used to support Wake Forest college.

The committee found further that Reynolda, the Reynolds country estate which is worth from $1,000,000 to $1,225,000 would be deeded to the Baptists if they wanted it as a location for Wake Forest.

The trustees favor the move. Various Wake Forest alumni groups all over the state have indicated their approval of the move. Influential friends and individual alumni favor it. Official acceptance awaits actions by the annual North Carolina Baptist convention, which is not scheduled to meet for many months yet.

We think the matter is important enough to warrant calling a special convention, not only to accept the Reynolds offer but to make an entire reshuffle of Baptist institutions in North Carolina to enable the church to take full advantage of the opportunities for improvement which it opens up.

Those improvements are:

1. Establish Wake Forest at Winston-Salem, either at Reynolda or one of the other locations there, and make it Wake Forest University.

2. Move Meredith college to Winston-Salem as one of the colleges of Wake Forest university.

3. Combine Campbell college and Chowan school to form a strong junior

college and establish it on the campus now used by Wake Forest college.

Incorporation of Meredith college as part of Wake Forest has been argued by the Baptists of the state for many years. The principal objections included the opposition of many members of the convention to co-educational institutions and the sentimental objections raised by friends and graduates of Meredith to submerging the name and traditions of that institution in that of Wake Forest.

With the admission of female students at Wake Forest college now an established practice, continued opposition on that score is pointless. By making Meredith college a unit of the greater Wake Forest university, the identity of that institution could be preserved. The building program now in the paper stage at Meredith could be continued with a view to strengthening the new Baptist university at Winston-Salem and supplemented with the funds that would be received from sale of the present Meredith college properties.

The Baptist state convention would profit by sale of the buildings now used by Campbell and Chowan. The junior college formed by their combination could move into a ready-made plant at the present Wake Forest location and the funds received from the sale of the structures at Buie's Creek and Chowan would strengthen its position even more.

Wingate college might be incorporated into the new junior college at Wake Forest. Although originally established by some North Carolina and some South Carolina Baptist associations, we understand that its trustees are now willing to turn it over to the North Carolina convention. If that is true, the convention could consider combining Wingate with Campbell and Chowan at Wake Forest.

Mars Hill and Gardner-Webb might well be left as they are.

The important thing is for the North Carolina Baptist convention to start official consideration right away on this historical opportunity. Never before, and possibly never again, will the denomination have this chance for a complete revamping and general strengthening of its educational setup.

It can, of course, wait until the regular convention date. But the matter is of such importance, not only to the Baptists, but to North Carolina in general, that action should be started sooner. Two months have already passed since the Reynolds offer was made. The feeling in favor of its acceptance and moving Wake Forest to Winston-Salem has been practically unanimous. The feeling that the Baptists should take timely advantage of this opportunity to bring the maximum in improvements to their educational program from junior college through graduate schools must be equally unanimous. We believe the weighty decisions involved warrant the calling of a special North Carolina Baptist convention immediately.

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I would rather be sick than idle.—Seneca.

FOOTPRINTS

(Selected)

The roads of life are indented by myriad footprints and but few of us realize how much our course is altered by signs of those who have passed before us.

Life in its broadest sense presents a limitless expanse of mingled beauty and ugliness; fertile valley, rock-ribbed mountain and sun-parched, barren desert. Through all of this runs one road which men must follow if their goal is honor and success. It is plainly marked yet there are other roads that are much traveled. These lead down into the precipices or out to death on the desert. We must each travel these roads and choose our way alone.

No guide is obtainable; though often kindly hands may point the way to safety far ahead. But the final choice as to whether we take the road they have pointed out lies with us. The beauty of a wayside, flower-grown meadow may tempt us away. The crystal coolness of a far-off snowy peak may draw our steps aside. But ere we leave the pointed road, how many of us look intently at the footprints on the road we choose to follow.

As an Indian scout bends low over the half-obliterated track in the western desert, so we scrutinize each print. We search for footprints of the men and women we have known who have gone on and arrived at the mark we are striving to reach. We seek in vain for such footprints on inviting by-paths. Then, as we look closer, we may see many tracks that we recognize. There are the footprints of the boy who whitened his old father's hair by his dishonorable deeds. There is the track of the hypocrite who prayed loudly on the Sabbath and stole limitless sums from widows and laborers on week days. There are the footprints of a boy who went down to the depths of life's abysses—and here we find the same footprints returning to the road we have not yet left. We remember his story; we think of his wasted youth; we recall how in the middle of life he sought out and returned to the road that leads to honor and respect.

Longingly we gaze at the rosy peaks of the far-off mountain, but the footprints have warned us of what lies along the path that leads to it. The footprints have warned us, too, that the crimson glory of the mountain peak comes not from the rose hues of success but from the blood drops of bitter repentance shed by those who found too late where the pleasant by-paths led.

It is not merely the footprints of great men that teach us the lessons of life. Some of its deepest truths are taught best by the footprints of the world's humblest dwellers. The tracks of a tramp furnish themes for a dozen sermons mightier to stir the hearts of youth than any sermon or creed or dogma.

While we are scrutinizing the footprints of others to help us on our way, we cannot forget that others in turn are perhaps directing their lives by the records we leave behind. To some boy or girl we

may be the model of all that is good and worthy to be emulated. Our smallest act is watched by them with admiring eyes. Thoughtless deeds of unkindness are transformed by their blind and indiscriminating admiration into the attributes of a clever personality. No older, clearer-seeing mind can correct their mistaken viewpoint. And so a two-fold wrong is committed by us. We sin, ourselves, and we break down in another the outwork of one of youth's richest possessions—a fine regard for the feelings and rights of every living creature.

Whether we will or not, we must leave footprints. Whether our life be confined within the dim, continual shadows of the sick-room or whether we take a lusty stride 'mid the busiest scenes of life, we leave footprints. It may be only a word of kindness dropped half carelessly to a ragged child or a friendless woman. We pass on, never remembering the incident, but in the heart of the other it grows forever as a golden imprint. On the other hand, we may embitter some hopeless soul with our arrogant pride; we may crush ambition in some homeless waif by our thoughtless cruelty. Each tiny act is leaving its imprint on the lives of others and all unconsciously upon our own. Our truest biographies are the unseen records of our "little unremembered acts" indelibly imprinted on the hearts of those with whom we come in contact.

In a large town a new cement sidewalk was being laid on the principal street to replace a worn brick walk. The cement was covered for several days after being laid. When it was finally uncovered a crowd gathered on the business corner of the town. Rough, ragged men were there, and wealthy, well-dressed business men. Half reverently, half shamefacedly they stood bare-headed on the corner, while tears ran down some wrinkled faces and tender smiles played over some. As they quietly passed on, a curious crowd gathered to see the cause of it all. There on the walk for the length of the block, ran the tiny footprints of a barefoot, toddling baby. Today those footprints are still there, and as you pass along that block, if you watch carefully, you will see tender lights gleam in hard eyes and soft tears wiped stealthily away by toilworn hands or bejeweled fingers. No heavy heart passes down that street but is cheered by those baby footprints. No desperate soul but loses a little of its hardness at that sight. Of such little unconscious acts is life made up. We are as unconscious as that toddling baby of the far-reaching effects of our everyday acts. We know as little in what impressionable material our footprints may be left for all time.

In this life, if we would waste as little time in aimless wandering as possible, we must become, indeed, students of footprints. We must learn the wisdom of the woodsman. We must teach ourselves to judge the path of one who has gone before us, so accurately that we may avoid the pitfalls he stumbled over and travel the direct path to success without squandering our energy in useless side-stepping.

Armed with this knowledge, we may walk always in the light;

avoiding the darkest shadows: for walkers in the light enter not the shadows of dishonor or disgrace. So, knowing whither we are bound, and following in the footprints of honest and upright men, we leave behind us at the end of life a clear track of firm, unwavering footprints that will be an unfailing guide to the feet of those who shall come after us.

———:———

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is something that money can't buy,
You can't win with money, you lose if you try!
It's something quite near, it's worth any cost.
You don't learn true friendship, till it's about lost;

A pat on the back, enough for a friend,
A pal who will stick until you're darn near the end.
A smile of gladness a word in your trend,
That is the meaning of having a true friend.

Showing regard when a friend is around,
Taking him in as a real friend on the ground;
Showing respect when he's trying to talk
Sharing the honey and the bitter hard knock.

Lending a hand if a friend is in need,
Giving your all, if your all does a good deed;
Knowing your friendship is, up to the end,
That is the meaning that goes with a true friend.

Staying by close when he's lonely or blue,
Trying to cheer up his low spirits anew;
Shaking his hand and with him being frank,
Saying to him he can turn and on you bank.

All of these things are what makes for a friend,
If you can do all this and stick to the end;
You'll then know just what I'm talking about,
And friendship is something you won't be without.

Nurse it and feed it and keep it alive,
It's good in a palace and swell in a dive;
Be true to your heart—you'll learn at the end,
You've won more than friendship—you've won you a friend!

—Contributed.

HOBBY

(The Folsom Observer)

A hobby is an investment that cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Hobbies are time consuming, untidy, noisy, and often tiring, but they give a satisfaction that cannot be obtained in any other activity.

The urge to do creative work is not a recent one; the earliest historical records show that the most primitive man had the same creative urge. Today, modern man does not have much chance to express this creative urge except through some hobby.

When life was not civilized, our industries were not so highly mechanized, it was possible for the average worker to express himself in his work. All workers were craftsmen, and could get pleasure in seeing an article grow under their hands and be proud of their finished handiwork. Today, few workers are able to work at a trade where the complete article is made by one man; most workers make only one small unit of a project and often never see the finished product. Work often is mechanical and monotonous. A hobby is the answer to the need for a more interesting life.

Craftsmanship, as a skilled trade is a dying occupation, but amateur craftsmen are increasing tremendously year by year. It makes no difference which of the skilled trades the amateur attempts: woodworking, metalwork, painting, flytying, or rugmaking. There is a universal enjoyment in working with your hands; the smell of leather, the feel of the texture in a woven fabric, or the glossy, shiny appearance of well polished wood is a delight to a true hobbyist.

No matter how clumsy and awkward the craftsman, how much or how little he has spent for tools and equipment, there is the same pleasure and astonishment at creating something where nothing existed before. The satisfaction derived from hours of patient toil over the individual parts, and then to see these parts culminate into an object of beauty, cannot be gotten in any other way.

The finished object might look like something made in kindergarden, or it may be something of great worth and beauty. It doesn't matter. The mere fact of making it gives him a pride of ownership. Hours of labor cannot be considered in the cost. As a distinguished surgeon once said when someone admired his hobbywork, "If I were to put a price on that sideboard at the rate I charge my patients, it would be one of the most expensive pieces of furniture in the world, but I wouldn't sell it for ten times that amount."

The amateur craftsman is a contented individual; you never hear him complain that he is bored with life and that he doesn't know what to do with his spare time. On the contrary, you will usually find him spending every available minute of his spare time at his hobby.

There is a relaxation in working with ones hands; the cares and worries of everyday life are soon forgotten. Nervous people find that handicrafts are soothing and restful.

The Army and Navy are using

handicrafts extensively in their hospitals; they have found that patients doing this type of work are happier and recover more quickly. Those who have muscular injuries have an opportunity to exercise their arms and can prove to themselves that their injuries will not prevent them from using their limbs in a normal manner.

———:———

BE YOURSELF

Perhaps you see in someone else
The man you'd like to be—
Perhaps the garments that he wears
Just fit you to a tee.

Perhaps his wealth, his handsome face,
His air of sweet content,
Have made you want to copy him
And all these things pre-empt.

But friends, when God made you and me
He made us to be men
If apes He'd wanted, apes He'd made,
And placed us in a pen.
He made us in His likeness
To think and act and talk.
To have opinions of our own,
And not in circles walk.

There is in us ability
To be just what we will.
But we must draw upon it, friend
If we'd get up the hill.
We are just what we are because
We are content to be.
Like brothers to those hairy men
Who live up in a tree.

Read, ponder, think, reflect.
Select what's best to do.
Don't handicap with precedent
That which is to you true.
Then you're part of God's great plan
Not bound by other's pelf.
You are a man, a noble man
Because you are yourself.

—James Ervin McDonald.

FAILING TO PASS

(The Stanly News & Press)

Government services cost enough, no matter how efficently they are rendered, and yet the taxpayers are, in a measure, responsible for much of the additional cost over and above what it would be under normal conditions. In far too many instances, reduction in costs could be effected if the people were completely informed as to their responsibilities.

The government service which is costing the people of the state the most money is public school education. The citizens of the state assume that the schools are being run efficiently, and so far as the school officials are concerned, we believe that they are doing the best that they can with the money which is provided for educational purposes.

But a cost, which we would characterize as a hidden one, has served to push the over-all costs far above what they should be, and we are doubtful if very many persons in the state are aware of this fact and their responsibility to take steps to rectify a bad situation.

A college professor from the University of North Carolina wrote an article recently for a magazine under the title, "Johnny Didn't Pass This Year," and in that article he said that 33.1 per cent of the boys and girls in the public schools of North Carolina were retarded one or more years, according to a survey made in 1940. By this he meant that of all the boys and girls in school at that particular time, one-third of them had failed to pass, or make their grade, for one or more years. In other words, there is a lot of work wasted on that many pupils and it costs the state to re-teach a child after it has been given one opportunity to learn the work of a certain grade.

The professor says that most of the youths are retarded through no fault of their own. He ascribed this retardation to the following causes, most of which result in poor attendance and consequently failure to pass the required work:

1. Sickness that might have been prevented.
2. Heavy teaching load.
3. Mentally handicapped.
4. Kept out by parents to work and for other reasons.
5. Impaired vision or hearing, or perhaps mentally dull.
6. Failure of teachers to make classes interesting enough.

The professor rightly concludes that "whatever the cause or causes, the situation demands attention."

We believe that the citizens of the state should study these causes, and should seek to meet their responsibilities in correcting them. The solution to a problem which is costing too much money lies in action on the part of parents who are concerned about the educational processes in the state.

UNIVERSAL FELLOWSHIP

(Catawba News-Enterprise)

President Truman's plea for universal fellowship, and its need in an atomic age, is indeed a plea that must not go unanswered if the destruction of the world is to be avoided.

But the matter could be brought closer home, and the plea might be sent out for fellowship in our own country, that the United States might present a united front in its task of world leadership.

The problems of the post-war year are an indication within themselves that America is struggling between idealism and selfish greed, and until the selfish aims of individual organized groups are merged into the pattern of idealism that we talk about, there can be no real fellowship.

Ideals of social security that have grown in recent years are a step toward a nation free of want; unemployment compensation and old-age pensions, retirement funds, and similar plans are aimed at giving security to all people, a condition that is certainly to be desired.

But one wonders if the United States is intellectually ready to carry such a program to completion. There are among us some who look uopn the "freedom from want" program as a just due of the individual, for which he owes nothing in return. There are those who believe the world owes them a living, simply by reason of the fact that they are here.

The old saying "The Lord helps those who help themselves" might well be translated into "The United States helps those who help themselves" to bring about an attitude of obligation on the part of every citizen to the privileges and rights he enjoys under its government, and the security he is demanding when he is in actual need.

Actions of organized groups to force specific demands in the name of the welfare of the group while working a hardship on the individual members and the general public as a whole can hardly be said to be seriously concerned about the very security they claim to seek.

The difference between universal economic security and security of a group at the expense of others has not yet been learned by the masses and some of the leaders. Until this simple principle is learned the United States can hardly expect to lead a war-stricken world into the paths of universal fellowship.

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An idler is a watch that lacks both hands; As useless when it goes, as when it stands.—William Cowper.

ORDINARY FALLS KILL THOUSANDS; CARE IS URGED

(Selectel)

"No other type of accident causes so many deaths and injuries as the common fall," declared Julian H. Harvey, managing director of the National Conservation Bureau, accident prevention division of the Association of Casualty and Surety Executives.

"During 1943 and 1944," Mr. Harvey declared, "more deaths resulted from falls than from automobile accidents, and in 1944 deaths from this cause nearly reached the staggering total of 26,000. Except for the group of infants under five years of age, falls account for one out of four of accidental deaths among other age groups, and for half the fatal accidents in the home each year."

Mr. Harvey lists below some of the more common falls, with appropriate warning about their usual causes:

"Falls on stairs and steps are very common, and usually are caused by objects left in the path of walkers, loose or worn rugs at the top of stairs, lack of carpeting, unanchored small handrails, interfering shoes or clothing, slippery treads or insufficient light.

"Tragedy touches many people each year from falls on street and sidewalks. Hazards such as snow, ice or other substances which make the walking surface slippery, and broken paving and sidewalks contribute largely to outdoor falls.

"Carelessness is nowhere better demonstrated than in the various ways people reach high places in their work. Rickety ladders, unsafe chairs, stools and tables, boxes and other substitutes result in many a broken body in factory and home.

"Gravity can't be overcome, but many of its hazards can be eliminated by a little care. Better housekeeping is needed."

———:———

HOPE

Hope, like a gleaming star, pierces the clouds of doubt and fear and presages the abatement of the storm and the dawn of a brighter and happier day—a day such as inspired Matheson to suggest in these lines:

"O joy that seekest me through pain
I cannot close my heart to Thee,
I trace the rainbow through the rain
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be."

Selected.

NEW USES FOR SWEET POTATOES

(The Progressive Farmer)

Research workers at Louisiana State University Experiment station report that "feeding tests showed that sun-dried and dehydrated sweet potatoes are excellent for fattening swine and nearly comparable with corn in feeding beef cattle and dairy cows. In feeding dairy cows, the high carotene content of sweet potato meal increased the vitamin content of the milk 20 per cent over that from cows fed on corn. Sweet potatoes ground in a hammer mill and dried in the sun kept for eight months without deterioration."

In 1945 a $7,000,000 starch factory was built at Clewiston, Fla. One of largest distilleries in the United State, which co-operated with Louisiana State University in testing the value of sweet potatoes for the production of alcohol announced that 56 pounds of dehydrated Porto Rico sweet potatoes 4.85 gallons of 190 proof alcohol and 56 pounds of dehydrated Pelican Processor, a high starch variety, produced 5.44 gallons of 190 proof alcohol which graded higher than grain alcohol.

Louisiana state University found Golden Yellow sweet potato meal an excellent mix for making ice cream. The potato meal added plenty of rich color and increased the vitamin content of the cream. At Auburn, Ala., where the experiment station established a small pilot plant and pioneered in making breakfast foods and other commercial products from sweet potatoes a private company is now manufacturing sweet potato-coconut candy on a commercial scale. All of these developments indicate the growing importance of sweet potatoes in Southern postwar agriculture and industry.

———:———

YOU CAN WIN

All people love to win. It is a fine feeling to be on top, to be first in whatever we try to do. Often the prize is not worth the effort, but still we want to win. Perhaps this desire to win, fostered in all who enter competition, is the best prize of all. In games, only one can be best; there is only one first prize. In life, each one can win, there is a place for each of us and a work for us to do. The next time you question this, just look around you and see the wonderful things that remain to be done. The winner must achieve his victory; it cannot be bestowed upon him. If you will develop superior ability in the doing of one thing, you, too, can be a winner.—The Periscope.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Roy C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, was the guest speaker at the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 7:13-20, and the subject of his message to the boys was "Making Life's Choices." As a text, he selected Luke 14:28—"For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?"

The speaker began by stating that in making life's choices, it would be a good thing to keep in mind an old Spanish proverb: "Take what you want and pay for it." We have to make chocices in life, and that is where our responsibility comes in. The choices we make determine just exactly where we are going. It is, therefore, very important that we make the right kind of choices, for we want them to lead us to the right place.

Life is made up of choices, continued Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt, and they are important because they make us what we are. The choice we make will make us. He then pointed out that if very early in life, a boy chooses the wrong kind of company, the company will certainly take the man and lead him to disgrace and failure. If he chooses to indulge in strong drink, eventually the drink habit will, in later years, take absolute control of the man and will lead him to ruin.

The great question which confronts us, said the speaker, is how we are going to make these great decisions in life. First, we must stand before Jesus Christ if we desire to make the right choice. We must take the Bible and carefully study the life of the Master. When confronted with an important decision, we must ask ourselves, "What would Jesus do in my place?" If we think that what we were about to do would not be approved by Christ, we must not do it.

The second thing in making proper choices, the speaker pointed out, is the use of foresight. It is somewhat like looking down a road. If what we see at the end of the road is what we want, we must take it. If not, we must refuse to go in that direction. We have an example of the truth of such reasoning in the story of the prodigal son. As he looked down the road, what he saw looked very good to him. He did not stop to ask himself whether or not his choice would meet God's approval. However, when he came to the end of the road, and his so-called friends had forsaken him, he realized that he had made the wrong choice, and said, "I will rise and go to my father."

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then stated that if the time comes in our lives when we are not quite sure as to what choice to make, we will find this a good plan: If we choose to live a life of decency, standing for all that is pure and upright, we need not have any fears as to the outcome. If, on the other hand, we choose a life of sin, sure punishment awaits us. If we knew the bad things that await us at the end of the road, we certainly would not choose to go that way.

The speaker then told his listeners

that one of the things that gets boys started on the wrong road is self-indulgence. The tendency to do just as they please, with complete disregard of advice of older and better-informed people, will cause them to travel the road that leads to failure.

The good road to real success in life, said Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt, may be found through discipline. If our lives are properly disciplined when we are young, we are made fit to overcome evil, and keep on the road that leads higher.

Life for some people, continued the speaker, is like a swamp, and for others it is like a river. The swamp life is the low life. A swamp has no banks, and the water spreads all over. It becomes stagnant, makes a breeding place for mosquitoes, and makes the swamp a very unhealthy place.

The river is quite different from the swamp. It has banks which hold the water in and keeps it moving along. By keeping the water moving, there is no stagnation. Also by keeping the water in its place, rather than running all over, the river becomes useful to man.

What banks are to a river, said Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt, discipline is to man. We must learn to discipline ourselves if we would grow and get where God would have us go. The teachings found in the Biple, like the banks of the river, will keep us within bounds and cause us to move along in the right direction.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then said another question comes to mind as we consider the proper choice to make: When do we pay for the good and when do we pay for the bad? We pay for the good in advance, and we pay for the bad at the end of the road. To travel the low road may seem profitable for the moment, but we must pay in the end. To travel this road will bring nothing but regret and sorrow. If we continue through life on the high road, we shall have lived good and beautiful lives.

In conclusion, the speaker urged the boys to make the right choice in life. He told them to think of Jesus and his teachings, and to strive every moment to keep on the high road—the only road which a Christian can safely travel through this life, and earn the reward of the righteous in the life hereafter.

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Our civilization is apparently not concerned in giving service, but in demanding and getting "rights". Today, man wants what he hasn't earned, reaps what he hasn't sown. All too common is the philosophy that a man is entitled to anything he can put his hand on. It is the gospel of irresponsibility. It is freedom gone mad. Life needs to be measured in terms of a loyalty. The fundamental principle of human society should not be self-will but self-surrender. Without a higher law of service and good will neither democracy nor civilization can survive.—Dr. J. R. Sizoo.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week of May 19, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Frank Andrews
William Epps
William Speaks
Herbert Stewart

COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Ray Burns
Gerald Johnson
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Robert McDuffie
Eddie Medlin
Ray Naylor
Knox Norton
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Thomas Childress
Paul Denton
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
James Maloney
Lloyd Perdue
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Clyde Brown
Joseph Bean
John Fine
Eugene Grice
Robert Hogan
Herman Hughes
William Hunter
W. C. McManus
Lacy Overton
Harvey Purdy
Burton Routh
James Smith
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Wesley Turner
James Wiggington

COTTAGE No. 5

George Byrd
Charles Gibson
Connie Hill
Robert Kerr
George Swink
Edward Stone
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
George Jones
Robert Porter
Lewis Sutherland
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Thomas Edwards
Ralph Gibson
William Hamilton
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavy
Hubert Pritchard
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

J. C. Alley
Thomas Corley
James Couthen
Charles Francis
Thomas Stallings
Vernest Turner

Jack Wilkins
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE No. 10

Arthur Ballew
Jesse Black
Wayne Eldridge
Jack Gleason
Robert Porter
Robert Hamn
James Hensley
Bernard Hiatt
Thomas Hutchins
Howard Jones
Eugene King
Charles Lyda
Hoyt Mathis
W. C. Mills
Ray Roberts
Donald Stultz
Garvin Thomas
K. H. Wells
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
William Faircloth
Lee Lockerby
James Phillips

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews
William Black
Terry Hardin
James Hensley
Melvin Norris

COTTAGE No. 14

Carl Ballew
Lee Bradshaw
Roy Marsh
Eugene Martin
Charles Moore
John Moretz
Lawrence Owens
John Roberts
James Shook
Thomas Styles
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
William Caldwell
Jack Crump
Harry Coffey
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
John Green
Robert Holland
Howard Herman
James Johnson
Marshall Lamb
James Peterson
Zeb Presson
Charles Rhodes
Carl Ransom
Solomon Shelton
Willie Stamey
Ralph Stewart
Robert Wicker
William Stamey

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Ray Covington
Thomas Chavis
Robert Elder
William Harding
Harvey Jacobs
Morrison Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Donald Moose
Robert Phillips

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

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Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.
—Benjamin Franklin.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA RO
JUN 7 '46

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 1, 1946 No. 22

(c) Dr. Frank P. Graham
University of North Carolina

FAITH

No wisdom, and you perish,
No ideal, and you're lost;
Your heart must ever cherish
Some faith at any cost.

Some hope, some dream to cling to,
Some rainbow in the sky,
Some melody to sing to,
Some service that is high.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THAT BOY OF YOURS

Yes, we are thinking, as you are thinking, of that boy of yours.

He'll soon be taking the road—already he's looking up the tracks—even now, he is peering out yonder into the spaces of life and pondering his future.

What his future is, we do not know—that depends upon you, his father, and you, his mother.

His future can be what you want it to be—what you wish him to become—provided his mother and father are living that future for him, and providing for him the environment and the ideals that go into the making of the future you are dreaming for him.

If you are hoping and praying for a great future for your boy, don't stop with your hopes and your prayers, but supplement these with your life—a life in keeping with your dreams for your boy. Be mindful, always, of the great law of life—the law of environment and influence, which is as fixed as the course of the moon and the stars; and the chances are, your boy will be about what you are today and what you plan for him tomorrow, subject always, of course, to the new environment that may get into his pathway when he gets beyond your reach.

The life that awaits your boy—his whole future—generally speaking—is being moulded in the framework of his home and the life of his parents, therefore it behooves us to plan well that framework, and to draft painstakingly and cautiously the blue print from which the life of your boy is to be builded.

No home—no environment—is good enough for any American boy unless it shelters under its roof high ideals, wholesome habits, and an ever-deepening faith; and, remember, the only opportunity you will ever have to contribute anything to the life of your boy is now—today—and not tomorrow.

Whatever you have to give your boy, give it now, for tomorrow he will be going out into the world to face the testing trails of life—even now he is listening for the call—already he is looking up the tracks!

—L. A. Martin, in "Tomorrow."

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CHARLES W. PHILLIPS LEADS THE NORTH CAROLINA EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

Recently at a meeting of the North Carolina Education Association, Mr. Charles W. Phillips, Director of the Public Relations of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, was ele-

vated to the presidency of this important organization. Mr. Phillips had served for one year as vice president, and according to the custom in the Association he became president and will serve the Association in this capacity for the next twelve months.

Mr. Phillips is admirably and eminently qualified for this important position. There is every reason to believe that he will do an excellent job and that he will fulfill the highest expectations of his fellow-workers in the field of education.

Mr. Phillips has many warm friends among the people of North Carolina, not only among the school folks but in all walks of life. He has been an outstanding leader in Rotary and for several years has been called upon to occupy positions of leadership in this organization. However, in his profession he has been intimately associated with the schools of the state during his entire career. He has been a successful teacher and school administrator, and in recent years he has done a splendid job as director of public relations and the placement of teachers for the institution which he represents.

Mr. Phillips undertakes the work with the hearty support and the backing of all the various groups in the Educational Association. Because of his experience and his understanding, he recognizes the problems and the needs of the various groups and they, happily, can look to him for counsel and leadership in all their activities. The Association is particularly fortunate to have him as its leader at this time. Mr. Phillips is a forward-looking, progressive leader who has the courage to promote and advocate a constructive program for the schools of the state. Fortunately, he has the happy faculty of being congenial and fair-minded under all circumstances. Under his leadership the Association should have one of its best years in its history.

In his brief inaugural message at Asheville he set certain objectives which should be achieved during the year, as follows:

1. I hope we shall continue and even enlarge upon the participation of the full membership of our Educational Association. Eighteen thousand members all with their shoulders to the wheel can pull a heavy load.
2. We shall continue to cooperate with other agencies, feeling that in many respects our main power lies in educating lay groups who in turn will help fight our battles for us.

3. You will be expected to help write our legislative program. When we have agreed on general principles, I trust that we can rely on a strong Legislature Committee to "speak our piece" before the powers that be. It is already projected that we shall work closely with the Board of Education and thereby give them opportunity to push our cause before the legislature.

4. It is entirely possible for us now to return to extended district meetings in the fall.

5. I hope we may make further plans toward establishing an assembly ground.

6. It is my dream that we shall have our debt entirely paid by this time next year and that we can burn the mortgage on our building at our annual meeting in 1947.

7. I should like for us to add the following services: (a) A research department, (b) An enlarged field service, (c) Perhaps a reduction in the advertisement in our magazine and a continued improvement, though it has reached a very high quality during the past year, (d) More help to departments and divisions, (e) More money for district and state meetings, (f) Additional financial help in our cooperative study in the Southern States program.

8. If these additional services are to be provided, it may be necessary for our membership dues to be increased. We shall be conferring with you along those lines.

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GRADUATION TIME AGAIN

We are in the midst of the time when boys and girls and young men and young women are graduating from the high schools and the colleges in North Carolina. To many this may seem just another year, and there may be somewhat a feeling of indifference or apathy on the part of the public. However, it must be realized that for those who graduate this is one of the most significant milestones or events in their lifetime.

Whatever else may be said about the situation today, it certainly must be recognized that the times of today are unique. During the last four or five years many amazing and startling events have been claimed in the brief time of half a decade. During this time the world has witnessed or has participated in some of the most significant and far-reaching events of all history. Now those who

graduate from high school and college, too, are facing the world at a time when there is greater unrest and uncertainity than at any other time in the history of mankind.

The boys and girls who sit through graduation exercises today will hear the orators proclaim that the world has truly made a mess of world affairs, and, in a sense, the human race has been thrust almost to the brink of destruction, to the point of self-suicide. However, the young people do not fully comprehend the heavy burdens of human relationship, and it is true, too, that the youth of today, no doubt, still have that undaunted faith in the eternal order of things, and, too, they have the courage to trust in their own skills and the benedictions of God.

It is hoped that the youth of today will look on this atomic age as the door to new and greater opportunities and as the chance for man to bring himself even closer to God because he knows more of the secrets of the Almighty than the people of other years ever knew.

Concerning the young graduates of today, the Kannapolis Independent recently expressed these profound truths:

> They have learned in that world of theirs, if you choose to call it such, that knowledge cures many things. They have learned that knowledge is indestructible and ungovernable. The secrets of splitting an atom can not be kept by one country any more than the secrets of spinning and weaving cotton could be kept by one country. They have learned if they applied themselves, that the historic inventions men originally rigged up for the purpose of killing other men have eventually been turned into instruments for mankind as a whole to use in bettering his lot. So it was with gunpowder. So it was with ships and airplanes.
>
> And if they enter this muddled adult world without absorbing too much of the old folks' fear and inhibitions, there is no cause to worry as they step across that threshold. The only danger is that they might attempt to adapt themselves to the thinking and the doing of the new "world" as they find it; it would be much better for them to bring the thinking and the doing of their school world into ours.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Sports Results

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

The results of the baseball games played on May 25th, were as follows: Cottage No. 1 defeated Cottage No. 4 by the score of 6 to 4. Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 10 by the score of 12 to 3. The Indan Cottage defeated Cottage No. 5 bl the score of 10 to 2. Cottage No. 11 defeated Cottage No. 14 by the score of 13 to 8. Cottage No. 2 defeated Cottage No. 3 by the score of 2 to 1.

In the softball league Cottage No. 6-A defeated Cottage No. 13 by the score of 27 to 9. The Indian Cottage defeated Cottage No. by the score of 32 to 2. Cottage No. 11 defeated Cottage No. 6-B by the score of 55 to 12. Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 10 by the score of 23 to 11. Cottage No. 14 defeated Cottage No. 7-B by the score of 23 to 10. Cottage No. 9 won a forfeit game from Cottage No. 4. Cottage No. 7-A team defeated Cottage No. 1 by the score of 20 to 2. Cottage No. 2 defeated Cottage No. 3 by the score of 36 to 15.

Movies for the Past Month

By Gerald Johnson, 9th Grade

During the past month we have had some very good motion picture shows at the school. The first week, May 2nd, we saw the show entitled "Blood on the Sun." James Cagney was the star of the show. On May 9th, we saw "Harvest Moon." Dennis Morgan played the leading part in this show. On May 16th, "Music for Millions" was the feature, in which Margaret O'Brien played the leading part. On the 23rd, Jane Withers was the star in "My Best Gal."

All of the boys enjoyed these pictures. We hope to see many more good shows.

Memorial Day

By Robert Fogle, 9th Grade

On May 30th we shall pay tribute to those who have made the supreme sacrifice for our great country. There is no better way to repay those who gave their lives than to vow that their deaths were not in vain.

Many have gone down in the Halls of American History. They have given their lives in the service of their country. Many homes were broken by the great war that recently ended. Quite a number of our friends and relatives died in service.

On Memorial Day we should try to pay our humble tribute to those who have died that we might live in peace.

Boy Scouts Win Blue Pennants

By James Hensley, 9th Grade

On Friday, May 10th, eight Boy Scouts from the Jackson Training School went to Camp Cabarrus for the week-end. While in camp, the boys slept in tents and cooked their own food.

The boys worked hard for the blue pennants and won them. The local scouts made the higest score in the

district, which was 970 points out of a possible 1,000.

By winning out in the district contest they were entitled to spend the next week-end at Morrow Mountain. Our boys again came out of the various contests with the highest score. They made 760 points out of a possible 800.

The New Tenth Grade

By Jack Benfield, 9th Grade

We are glad to know that some of the boys at the Training School have completed the ninth grade work and are ready to go to the tenth grade. These boys have worked hard, and we are proud to see them go up to a higher grade.

They will have a credit of five units, as follows: English, Science, Mathematics, Citizenship and Physical Education.

The boys are glad to have the chance to go to higher grades in their school work.

B. T. U.—Junior Group

By Donald Redwine, 5th Grade

First on our program, Kenneth Staley called the roll, and asked how many chapters in the Bible we had read during the past week. The lesson for the day was about Dr. George W. Truett.

His full name was George Washington Truett. That was a big name, and he had to live up to it. He was born in a one-room log hut. George walked two miles to school. He graduated from high school and began teaching in a one-room schoolhouse.

George became a Christian early in life. He told God, "Whatever you want me to do, I will do it." When Truett moved to Texas, he joined the church. Later he became superintendent, although he was not a preacher. Soon the whole congregation of the church felt that God was with young Truett. He once thought of becoming a lawyer, but he remembered what he had promised God. Truett moved to Dallas, Texas, and became famous as the pastor of the First Baptist Church of that city.

Ninth Grade Physical Education

By Hugh Cornwell, 9th Grade

For the last week the boys in the ninth grade have been going to the gym, and played table tennis which they enjoy very much. Mr. Walters has been telling them how to play right and reading the rules to them. Every cottage is supposed to have a table, and every boy is supposed to be able to play if he has been doing right.

Essay on Patrick Henry

By Harvey Leonard, 9th Grade

Patrick Henry was born in Hanover County, Virginia May 29, 1736. He had keen powers of observation and remarkable conversational ability. He left school at an early age but was instructed by his father who was a well educated man. In 1760 he went to practice law upon promising to continue his studies, and he kept this promise. He suddenly found himself a power in the community. In May, 1774, he was elected a delegate to the First Continental Congress. He made the most famous speech of his life in

1775 at the Virginia Provincial Convention, as follows:

"There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are already forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring the clash of resounding arms. Our brethrens are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains or slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

In 1799 he was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates, but died June 6, of that year. He was buried at Red Hill, located about 30 miles south of Appomattox. On a slab of marble which covers his grave is the inscription, "His fame is his best epitaph."

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HITLER'S DESK LIES FORGOTTEN IN RAIN

A scratched and battered desk lies in a shell crater in the heart of Berlin—just another piece of junk on a dump heap. Heads of state once stood in front of that desk, trembling.

It is Adolf Hitler's desk, lying out in the rain, unnoticed. Souvenir hunters no longer show any interest in it, though there still is about eight feet of good wood that can be pried loose.

In only eleven months—since Berlin fell—this happened to the Fuehrer's most interesting possession.

The desk was dumped unceremoniously off the veranda of the Reichschancellory, a battered empty hulk of former grandeur that even the touring parties don't take much interest in any more. Russian guards have thrown the Reichchancellory open to all and sundry, though they still block the way to the ill-fated air raid bunker where Hitler is supposed to have ended his life with Eva Braun.

The guards think it is a little curious how everyone ignores that desk. Lying beside it is a big chunk of the huge red marble slab that one rested on it, a garnish touch of gothic beauty. Two old and cracked vases that once flanked it lie there too.

—Selected.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

We were delighted to receive excellent reports on John and Charles Allen, former students here, who are now attending Edwards Military Institute, at Salemburg, where they are making fine records.

John Allen was admitted here, April 17, 1944, and his brother, Charles, came to us, June 1, 1944. John was in Cottage No. 1 and was employed as office boy. Charles was a member of the Cottage No. 3 group and was employed in the printing department. During their stay with us these boys' records were very good, both in their work experiences and in the classroom. Both boys were permitted to return to their home in Fayetteville, September 4, 1945, and shortly thereafter they were enrolled at E. M. I.

Mr. J. W. Hines, our school principal, recently received a letter from Col. J. V. Baggett, superintendent of Edwards Military Institute, which reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr Hines: John and Charles Allen are making two of the very finest boys we have. Their grades are most excellent and their conduct and attitude are as perfect as one could ask or wish for. We have never had two boys more satisfactory in every respect than John and Charles Allen. It is a great pleasure to have them in our school, and I have no doubt whatever but that they will make ideal citizens when they get out in life. Yours very truly, J. V. Baggett."

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Several members of the School's staff of workers recently received invitations to the commencement exercises at the Norwood High School which were held on May 22nd. Luther B. McIntyre, a former student at this institution, was a member of this year's graduation class, and we are proud to announce that he graduated with high honors, being the valedictorian of the class.

Luther entered the Training School, November 17, 1941 and was conditionally released, January 9, 1943. He was a member of the group of boys in Cottage No. 2. His work experiences while with us consisted of employment on the barn force and in the textile plant. He also helped out in the projection room each week at the showing of motion pictures.

Shortly after returning to his home in Norwood, Luther started regular school attendance. At the same time he was engaged in part-time employment in a textile plant, and as one of the projectionists in the local theatre. Progress reports coming to us from time to time stated that this lad was making a very fine record at home.

Just a few days ago, Superintendent Hawfield received a letter from Mr. Otto B. Mabry, superintendent of public welfare in Stanly County, in which he had some nice things to say about Luther. Mr. Mabry's letter, dated May 23rd, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: As you recall, Luther McIntyre was discharged from Jackson Training School on June 26, 1944. He came home and re-entered the Norwood High School, where he graduated last night as valedictorian of his class. He won the key as being

the outstanding student of the graduating class, and his name will be placed on the placque in the school. I am very proud of the record Luther has made since returning, and I take time to write to you after reading several editorials in the papers concerning your school. It only goes to prove that sometimes what you see in print is not true. Yours very truly, Otto B. Mabry."

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Lyle Hooper, a former student at the Jackson Training School, called at The Uplift office recently. This young man, who is now twenty-five years old, was admitted to the institution, January 2, 1936, and was permitted to return to his home in Asheville, February 1, 1937. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 4 group.

Upon going back home, Lyle attended the Asheville public schools, and graduated from high school in June 1940. He attended Duke University for one year before enlisting as an aviation cadet in the United States Army on July 29, 1941.

Lyle attended army flying schools at Lancaster and Ontario, California. He graduated from Lancaster in August, 1942, receiving his commission as a second lieutenant He was then stationed at an army air base at Savannah, Georgia, for a period of six months.

Going overseas in September, 1943, Lyle saw active service in England, France, Germany and Austria, as a member of the Ninth Air Force. He was pilot of a fighter plane.

At the time of the German surrender he was stationed at Brunswick, Germany, and he stayed there as a member of the United States Army of Occupation until October, 1945, at which time he returned to this country.

His next assignment was to Key Field, Meridian, Mississippi, where he attended a tactical and reconnaissance school. He graduated from that school after having completed a three months' course.

In February, 1946, Lyle received a terminal leave of absence, most of which he spent with relatives and friends in Asheville and vicinity.

At the time of his visit with us Lyle was wearing the following ribbons and badges: Pre-Pearl Harbor, American Theatre of Operations, European Theatre of Operations, British Distingushed Flying Cross, Belgian Fourreagere (Battle of the Bulge), one Battle Star and the Victory Ribbon.

We were delighted to see Lyle, and he seemed equally pleased to renew old friendships among the members of the School's staff of workers who knew him as a boy.

Although he had very little to say concerning his experiences on the various battle fronts, we managed to secure enough information to assure us that he was quite active during the greater part of his stay overseas, and that he had acquitted himself in a most creditable manner.

Along with hundreds of other former students, Lyle played an important part in the great struggle against tyranny and greed. We are very proud of all of them.

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We received a letter a few days ago from Banks P. McKnight, a former member of our printing class, who

has been in the United States Navy for quite some time. He came to the School from China Grove, September 1, 1942 and was conditionally released, December 13, 1943. While at the institution he was in Cottages Nos. 1 and 13.

For quite some time after returning to China Grove, Banks was employed in a textile plant. We do not know the exact date of his enlistment into the Navy, but we are quite sure that he has been in service for at least one year. He has attained the rating of second-class seaman. His letter, written at Pearl Harbor, and dated May 17th, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Just a few lines to let you know that I am getting along all right in the Navy. At present I am stationed on a repair ship in Pearl Harbor. I like the Navy very much and am going to do my very best to make a good record.

"The ship on which I am now stationed is called the 'U. S. S. Bellerophon'. It is supposed to be back in the States sometime between the first and the fifteenth of July. The ship I was on before coming aboard this one was scheduled to go to the atomic bomb tests in the South Pacific. I was transferred to this one just a short time ago.

"Some of the places over here are really very nice, and I have seen some interesting sights. But taking them as a whole I'm not too fond of the Hawaiians. I haven't seen any place that I would trade for the good old U. S. A., especially that part called North Carolina.

"Please remember me to Mr. Hawfiedl, Mr. Fisher, and to all the rest of the folks I knew at the School. If it is not too much trouble, how about sending me a copy of The Uplift once in a while. I would appreciate it very much.

"Right now I can't seem to think of much news to write, so this will be about all for this time. The best of luck to you. Your old friend, Banks McKnight."

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A SEED

A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever;
Forever old and forever new,
Fickle and faithless never.
Plant lilies and lilies will bloom,
Plant roses, and roses will grow,
Plant hatred and hatred to life will spring,
Plant love and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

—Selected.

DISCOVERING A MAN

By Peggy Mowery, in Sunshine Magazine

Dusk was creeping out of the Pennsylvania hills and settling over the little coal-mining town. At the ball field across the river the floodlights were beaming, and the Monon Cubs, junior champions of the valley, were gathering for a final practice before the Tri-State meet. Larry had just stepped out of the door of his home when up came big Dave Shepherd.

"For one of your size, Larry," greeted Dave, "you turn in a bang-up job behind the plate. A lot of us are expecting you to land in the big league some day."

The expectant look of delight at the compliment was lacking in Larry's face. Instead, there was a surly mien.

Dave sought to try again. "I figured you might like a new set of catcher's harness for your trip to the tournament, Larry." His gray eyes were friendly and smiling as he held up the outfit.

Larry's eyes were clinging hungrily to the new layout—steel mask, guards protector, superb leather mitt. He wanted these things more than anything else in all his life. Ever since the accident at the mines, so long ago he could barely remember it, things had been pretty tight for him and his mother, and he had been ashamed of his old, patched-up harness. And now this fine outfit, the finest that money could buy—

But it was a gift from an enemy. That's what Dave Shepherd was—an enemy at this house. Before he came around, everything had been fine there. It was just right, the two of them, "Mom" and himself.

Big Dave waited. His smile slowly faded as he regarded the sturdy, fatherless boy who stood there so silent. "Why, Larry," he said, "you want it, don't you?"

Larry shook his head and then looked away. He disliked hurting a person who tried to be nice to him. A hard lump of misery came up in his throat as he heard his mother with the dishes in the kitchen. He had kept her from knowing that he disliked Dave Shepherd. His refusing the gift would show her as plain as day that he and this man couldn't live under the same roof, and she would be torn up dreadfully. And he had noticed, she had seemed a lot happier lately.

Big Dave drew his unwanted gift back. "I've sort of had a hunch, Larry, he said slowly, "that you didn't want me coming here." The hurt in his face tugged at Larry. "I wish we'd had a talk before things got this bad. People can't be friends unless they get acquainted, and—you and I might be friends!"

Larry looked unseeingly at the lighted ball park. A few minutes ago his head had been full of the exciting trip out to the Tri-State meet—out of the imprisoning hills, to that great, fine challenging world where he dreamed some day to go. Now his mind seemed a blank.

Big Dave put a foot on the front step. "I can't much blame you for feeling about me like you do, Larry,"

he said. "You and your mother have been very close to each other, the way it usually is in homes where one parent is missing—and you feel you'd lose her if—well, if—"

Larry blinked and swallowed hard, wishing he could be friends with a man so understanding. It wasn't that Dave Shepherd, who lived in a nice stone house, and was timber superintendent for a mining company, had anything wrong about him as a man. He wasn't really old yet, only thirty-five, and a person had to admit he was straight and sober and gentleman-like. His sawmill outfits back in the timbered valleys, kept him outdoors mostly, and he always seemed to have a whiff of the woods and hills about him.

Years ago, people said, Dave Shepherd had been a crack young shortstop on the Monon High team. He was the most promising young player, they said, that the valley had ever turned out, by a mile and a toad hop. But for some reason he had never left the hills. He had hung up his spikes and gone to work for the mines. Something sad and puzzling, they said, had happened.

Larry had heard all this about Dave Shepherd, and he had rather liked the story. If only he could like Dave Shepherd! The hurt of losing "Mom" — well, a fellow could stand up to 'most any hurt if it made things happier for "Mom." But to live in the same house with a person that he did not like, just wouldn't work.

Dave was absently toying with the tiny gold baseball bat on his watch-fob. "When you get through high school in just another year, Larry," he said, "you'll be wanting some college, and a try at big league ball. When that time comes, you'll remember how your mother stuck with you all these years; how she gave up having any life of her own because of you, like here tonight, and you just won't pitch off and leave her alone in the world. You'll want to shoot square with your mother, of all people on earth. You'll want her to have a nice home and the best of everything. So—you'll get a steady job at the mines and stay right here. Larry, can't you see this coming on?"

Larry winced at the prophecy, and the dusky hills around the little town suddenly seemed like a great imprisoning fence against the sky. Yes, it was true; he could never pitch off and leave "Mom" sitting alone in a side-street cottage. If she and Dave Shepherd—well, then he'd be free. But you couldn't make yourself like somebody. You couln't be honest friends just because it would pay off.

Big Dave pushed back his hat, and there was a deep sadness in his eyes, as though remembering some old unhappiness. "It's a bitter business, Larry," he said, "when a fellow has to give up all the things he's planned on and day-dreamed about. The reason I know is that I went through it myself."

Larry looked up. In swift flashes he was remembering the stone house, the frail, gray-haired woman he'd seen there so often rocking on the front porch, and Big Dave waving to her as he came home. Just like "Mom," Larry thought—she'd been left alone early, with a son to bring up; she had gone through bad times until Dave was old enough to take hold; she'd had no one but him. Larry understood

now. Dave Shepherd had hung up his shining spikes because of his mother!

As Larry thought of the heart-breaking price that the crack young short stop had paid, he was shaken with pity for the gray - eyed man standing there by the steps. Once Dave Shepherd too had planned and daydraemed, but he had given it all up, college and the big league play, and all so quietly that people hadn't even guessed why.

Larry heard footsteps. The screen door behind him opened, and he knew that his mother was standing by the honeysuckle trellis, looking down at him and Dave Shepherd. He felt his last seconds draining away, and he reached out for the gift blindly — wanting to shield his mother, but afraid that he had discovered Big Dave too late. Over and over the thought was jigging through his mind that it wouldn't be hard to like a man as big and fine as Dave Shepherd. It couldn't possible be hard to get along with a man who played the big game of life as square as Dave Shepherd had done.

"Why, Dave!" he heard his mother say, as Dave put the new catcher's harness in Larry's hand; "that's exactly what Larry's been wanting!"

The joy in his mother's voice went all through Larry. He hadn't the least doubt in the world now but that he and big Dave would hit it off all right.

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WOMAN TEACHERS

Parents have given little thought but some educators view with growing concern the preponderance of woman teachers in the nation's school's. They fear the effect of too much femine influence in the development of youth.

Woman, they pointed out, began taking over America's education system in the 1860's. By 1880, only 42.8 per cent of public school teachers were men; in World War I, the number dropped to 14.1 per cent. By 1940, they had increased to 22.2 per cent, but World War II cut them back again to less than 15 per cent.

Educators are agreed low salaries are primary responsible for men deserting the classrooms for better paying jobs in business and industrial fields.

Association with male teachers is important in development of youth, educators say. They point out if boys and girls see only how women translate ideas into patterns of life, they're apt to get a distorted viewpoint. Some educators and psychiatrists believe over-femine classrooms are responsible for girls swooning over singers and movie actors.—Exchange.

FAITH--A SAVING GRACE

By Jacob H. Shafer

Imagine with me a little settlement by the seaside, long before the days of the radio, peopled with sea-faring folks.

We wish more particularly to look into the home of a certain mother and her sons, Harry and Joe. The father is missing. He had been a sea-faring man and many years ago, when the children were mere tots, he sailed away and never returned. Joe grew into young manhood and soon he, too, went to sea and never came back. But the mother had faith that Joe would some day return.

Harry, too, became a young man and soon he would go away to sea. Mother could not bear to think of Harry going away like father and Joe, who never came back, and did all that she could to dissuade him, but still all the time holding to her faith that Joe would return.

At the darkest moment when it seemed that Harry, of necessity, would have to leave home, some strangers were seen within the little town, and soon it was learned that a life-saving station was to be erected at that spot on the coast.

This gave many men work and Harry also got a job. Then after the work was completed, Harry was appointed captain of the life guards, and his mother was very happy that she could have him at home, since she was getting old, and father and Joe were gone.

Day after day, in his new job, Harry searched the horizon with his glass, looking for vessels in distress. All went well that summer. Late in the fall, in the short, dreary days of November, the sea rose up in wild fury. In the middle of one afternoon, Harry saw off there on the edge of the horizon, a vessel in distress. "All hands to the life-boats," he ordered. The people of the village came to the shore. A great moment of activity and anxiety was on, for soon the boatmen were well on their way to save the crew of the sinking ship. Harry's mother prayed for the safe return of her boy, and holding to her faith, waited patiently there on the shore.

When the men reached the floundering vessel it was found that their boat could not hold the entire crew; one man had to be left behind. The members of the crew tied him to the mast so that he would not be washed overboard while they were taking the others ashore.

The day was well spent by the time they got their boat to shore. Night was coming on, but they must go back for the man left behind on the sinking ship. Hearing this, the little mother asked Harry not to go. "Think of your father and Joe," she said. She tried to tell Harry that he, her only comfort and support, should let some of the others take his place. Harry tenderly but firmly, replied, "This is my job, mother. They don't need me when all goes well." And pushing off the boat, they were soon out of sight, for darkness now covered the scene.

The storm had grown worse, and now that night had fully come, the sea lashed in a great fury.

The men on the shore muttered among themselves. Some said that no boat could "live" on a sea like that. It was just such a night as this when the old "Chatham" went down off Kinghead Bay. But our little mother stood back and held to her faith and belief in the safe return of her boy.

After waiting what seemed a long time, one of the men called out to see if they might by any change be within hailing distance. He cried out, "Ahoy, there." But no answer came back. "It's no use," they said, "they can't make it." The sea now had become even more furious. The "storm king" in his fury was roaring and howling. The sky was inky black. The mother, however, clung to her faith. Even while thinking of her husband who might have perished on just such a night as this, and then thinking of Joe, who had been gone these many years, she was still hoping and trusting for his return some day—holding to her faith.

Again one of the men called out more lustily than before, hoping by this time to get an answer if the boat was still afloat: "Ahoy, there." In all eagerness they listened for a reply. No reply came, but again he called: "Ahoy, there." They listened, and out of the blackness of the night and the roar of the sea they heard the reply. "Ahoy, there."

Some one said, "Ask him if he has his man." Again the man on the shore cried out: "Have you got your man?" All ears strained to hear the answer, and back from the vaulted blackness came these words: "Yes, and tell mother it's Joe!"

Thus again do we see faith triumphant. So, my frinds, let you and I have faith—a supreme faith in God, in our country and in ourselves, because "Faith is a Saving Grace."

———:———

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The begger is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

—James Russell Lowell.

GUARDING A TRUST

By Bishop Freeman

There are no alibis for the betrayal of a trust. This is widely recognized as axiomatic. In a letter written by an old man to his youthful follower he concludes his epistle with these words: "Guard that which is committed to thy trust." He had given him admonitions concerning his conduct, but he concludes his remarkable letter with a solemn warning about the sacredness of a trust.

We are being constantly reminded today in all concerns of our life that our very security is in the hands of those to whom great responsibilities have been given and in whose keeping is reposed a weighty trust. Now and again we have startling examples of the violation of a trust, with the attendant evils that follow it. The tragedy of such a situation is not only in the impaired confidence of a multitude of men and women, but in losses that are tragic in their consequences. To all of us are given definite commitments in the form of trusts. Beginning with youth, we become guardians of the precious things of the home. This is a trust that has solemn and fine implications. To every son and daughter of a household is given in trust the guardianship of those ideals that concern the integrity and the fine things of home life. A betrayal of such a trust affects the innocent and ends frequently in disaster and bitter disappointment.

A second obligation in the nature of a trust comes with the acquisition of knowledge. Cultural advantages carry their own responsibilities. It is normal to expect more of those who have had such advantages than of those who have been denied them. The stored-up treasures of the mind constitute a possession that lays upon those who enjoy these weighty obligations.

A third trust, and that not a mean one, concerns our citizenship in the state. If we are beneficiaries of the government under which we live we have an obligation to maintain its integrity unsullied and unimpaired. If we are the recipients of its privileges and advantages we are the guardians of its finest traditions and ideals. We need to be reminded of this frequently, especially so in these troublous times. He is an unworthy trustee of the state who is indifferent to his civic obligations. The greater the advantage the larger the opportunity afforded us, the weightier the responsibility.

Fundamental to these several trusts which we commonly share is that which is indispensable to them, namely deepened moral and religious convictions. It is unlikely that we shall hold with intelligent zeal and fine consecration these several trusts unless they are sustained by the unfailing recognition of deep religious ideals and convictions. Washington's great affirmation is pertinent, namely that the security of the state resides in the recognition of moral and religious principles. We must not forget that this nation has been sustained and buttressed by an unfailing faith and trust in God. We passively recognize this in all civil relations, and, indeed, in all our legal contracts.

There is urgent need for a fresh recognition of this in a day of changing ideals. Our unchallenged power, our great wealth, our incomparable resourcefulness, yes, and our advancing culture, are insufficient in themselves to guarantee to us the things we hold most dear. A nation without moral and religious ideals cannot survive.

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PEOPLE WILL TALK

You may get through this world but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues will have something to do,
For people will talk.

If quiet and modest you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool,
For people will talk.

If generous and noble they'll vent out their spleen,
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean,
If upright, honest, and fair as day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneaking way,
For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain;
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,
For people will talk.

If threadbare your clothes, or old-fashioned you hat,
Someone will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited whatever they say,
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they critize then in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made,
For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;
Of course, you will meet with all kind of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it ain't any use,
For people will talk. —Scottish Rite Bulletin.

LORD OF THE WORLD

By Rev. Raphael Collins

A great deal has been made recently of the things we do not know about man. A best seller of not long ago spent many dark pages on detailed statements of the damage our ignorance has done. Institutes of human relations have been set up in great centers of learning to weave our piecemeal knowledge into durable fabric, and scientists have been busy with every detail of man's physical life. For all our awakened interest in the study of man, the main point has been overlooked, namely: that the essential thing to know about man is what he is.

We must at least know the nature of man before we can intelligently discuss any detail of his life. If this is not known, there can be no real knowledge of the powers of man: we may be impatient with them, as a child is angry with a toy bird because it will not sing; or we may overlook them, as a starving man might sit down to die on a priceless antique chair, not knowing its value in terms of money and food.

The very necessity of nature itself guarantees the different actions of a pet monkey and a canary bird, but man has to know what he is and where he is going; he must choose a goal for his actions and point them to that goal.

Only by knowing such a goal, fitted to the kind of nature he has, can a man determine whether his life has been a success or a failure, for it is only in terms of a human goal that a human life can be judged.

Some view man as a mere animal, a nice, bright, friendly animal, to be sure, but no different essentially from the rest of the animal world.

This would seem to place man low enough in the scale of things to satisfy his bitterest enemy; but another group has found a still more insulting estimate of man. Man is only a machine, necessarily producing the acts he does, the thoughts he thinks, the struggles he puts up, the illusion of love much as a sausage machine turns out is products if the right material is fed into it.

The knowledge of human nature is not so difficult to come at. All we need do is to look at human actions all about us, or, indeed, within us. We may whip a puppy for chewing up shoes, but we are not silly enough to whip a tree for crashing through the roof in a storm; we know some little bit about these different natures by the way they act.

We are not surprised that lilacs do not sing, though we expect song from a bird; and we are sure that no amount of careful watering or fertilizing will make a sidewalk any longer.

The activities of things and animals describe what they are. To ask what is a man is only to ask what does a man do. For instance, man alone speaks, has a moral sense, holds to religious ideals, can learn, cook his food, concoct weapons and so on. To these are added the long list of outstanding human achievements.

We must keep in mind the high position in the world God has given us.

We must keep in mind what we are, and where we are going. Whereas animals are not responsible for their actions, man is responsible for his. He must choose a goal for his actions and point them at that goal. For he is lord of the world.

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The real sources of joy in this life are not the results of easy tasks, but of hard ones.—Sir Wilfred Grenfel.

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PREHISTORIC FOSSILS DISCOVERED IN DARE COUNTY

(Catawba News Enterprise)

A couply of Dare Countys earliest residents have been unearthed in an oil prospect well being drilled near hear by the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey.

Geologists identified the microscopic fossils as hyphopyxa christareni and brysox. The first was described as a little one cell animal similar to an amoeba, except that hyphopyxa made himself a castle of limestone which was his fortress against the larger inhabitants of that era.

That form lives in the prehistoric seas of several million years ago, and obtained its food from the sea waters in much the same way that an oyster or clam does today.

The other little fellow, also an early settler in these parts, was brought to the surface by the drill of the test well after having been embedded for millions of years in one of the rock layers making up the gigantic layer cake of the earth's crust.

The dimunitive fossils, remains of once living organisms, are the work ing tools of the geoligist in his search for oil. The geologic age of the rocks in which the drill is cutting is indicated by these small fossils, since it is known that the life range of many of them was relatively short, perhaps a few hundred thousand years. By the presence of these tiny forms of pre-historic life, geologist can determine with reasonable certainty how close the drill is to rocks that might contain oil. For instance, they say, it is known that rocks in Mississippi and Louisiana, which are the source of oil fields there, lie only a few thousand feet and, in some instances, only a few hundred feet below rock beds containing hyphopyxa christareni. Whether oil will be found in corresponding beds in the Standard of New Jersey well at Cape Hatteras remains to be seen.

TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE

By Rex Green

I once heard a man ask, in the midst of one of his educational lectures what was the most important thing in this world. He not only asked it, but he offered two shiny ten dollar bills to anyone of his teen-age listeners if they could give him the correct answer. Having just recovered from quite a serious accident, and, of course, ever conscious of my financial instability, I immediately responded with the answer, "Health is the most important thing in my life." My answer was regarded as incorrect, along with the many other futile attempts to answer his challenge. Having received no satisfactory answer to the question, our speaker finally informed us that "Time" is our most valuable asset.

In reading an article the other day I found where the author stated: "Our most important job in this world is to prepare us for the next world." That statement, I'm sure,, is directly co-related to the lecturer's statement, for without time we could not make this preparation. We can not just simply say that we are either going to go to Heaven or to Hell, and then live as we choose and hope for any results, for we may choose to go to Heaven but lead a sinful life, or we may say we are going to the latter, but choose to lead a Christian life and end up in Heaven. You see, it is not the individual statement or the choice that is the final factor of determination. It takes "time" all our life, in fact, to determine which will be our ultimate destination. We have to use this time during our life that we may effectually prepare our final abode.

We, the inmates of this institution, should be ever aware and ever appreciative of the fact that we have the opportunity to use this time, for the above mentioned preparation, so much better than those on the outside. We are fortunately restricted to quarters a certain portion of every day and every evening. During this time we have the opportunity, if we choose to use it, to form a solid foundation and build our lives daily for our life to come. People on the outside have invitations on every corner for them to spend their evenings or spare time, and few of them use one tenth of the time we are alloted for constructive purposes because of this. The thing that they will not realize is that they do have a place, the same as do we, that they could be studying, reading the Word of God, or engaging in any constructive project. There are those of us in here that may choose to use this "time" for wasteful purposes, the same as outsiders do. Each day that we do this is one day lost, never to be regained. Yes, even each hour or minute. Time does not wait for us. It is the only thing in which we have no choice or controlling power. Everything else is given or afforded to us to waste, to have or to hold. Obviously now is the time that we all should start using our time to some good advantage, and realize what great benefits can be derived by so doing.

In closing I would like to offer a

poem that will illustrate the above:

"We live life by the minute,
Sixty precious seconds in it.
Ours to do with as we choose,
We may win or we can lose."

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"What you'd do tomorrow, do today;
What you'd do today, do right away."

———:———

WHAT THE NATION SINGS

(Concord Tribune)

"One-Zy, Two Zy," is not what you might think it is, a mathematical problem, but a popular song. This is the way it is listed in the advertisement by a Concord music house and published in the Tribune. Companion piece, on the other side of the record is, "Shoo Fly Pie," and at the moment favorite in the most inconsistent of all places, restaurant juke-boxes, which also grind out the plaintive tones of "I'm a Big Girl Now," along with, "Someday," "Shame on You," "Paran Pan Pin," "Bumble Boogie," and "Money is the Root of All Evil."

"Atlanta, Ga," is another, so is "Coax Me a Little," and "Everybody is Saying Hello Again." A "singing army," so the old saying goes,"is a fiighting army." And there is that axiom in parallel about books which might be retranslated into, "Let me hear what a nation sings and I will tell you what it thinks." Immediate reaction of the cynic, let alone the music critic, is apt to be, "Heaven help the nation and the thinking," but really the situation as it may seem, for there has to be a post-war reaction in music, just as there is one in morals and in general culture, including books, dances and in the styles for women, who are making more and varied experiment in the art of wearing less where more used to be expected.

Today's popular music does not make sense when it come to words and titles, but neither does the world of which the music is a reflection. And if we are to have "escapist" books and movies, we might as well have the same in music. There just isn't any way to return to the calm security of "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," and that once daring hit, "Its Three O'clock in the Morning." That's the time some folks start going out, and who wants to come home before the milkman gets there?

THE WHISPERER

(Selected)

The Whisperer sallied forth one lovely morning on customary mischief bent. He was not a conscious criminal, but just a weak and foolish person who had yielded to a vey bad habit. He met a happy youth swinging along. "Why do you laugh?" he asked. "Because everybody loves me, and I love everybody," the youth answered. "What nonsense," scoffed the Whisperer. "Can you measure people's love with a tape-measure? Can you weigh it on the scales. Then how can you know that love exists? Maybe there is no such thing. You'll learn about things as they really are some day." The youth began to think Doubt was injected into his heart, which began to poison his happiness.

Then the Whisperer met a young man whose face reflected the high purpose of his soul. He accosted him: "Why so brisk and strong this morning?" The young man made answer: "My employer trusts me. Business is good. I am making my way in the world." "Well," drawled the Whisperer, "I happen to know your employer, and I warn you not to be too sure about him. They say he is deceitful, and that he has no use for men in his service, who are too ambitious. Be on your guard. Besides, it is rumored that he is seriously involved: he may go to the wall any day. Then where will you be?" The young man instantly felt a dead weight on his heart, and his face was anxious as he turned away.

Next the Whisperer found a fair maiden sitting on the steps of her home, blushing over her first love-letter. "Why are you blushing?" he demanded cynically, "and why do you look so self-conscious and confused?" She replied, "I am self-conscious because I am reading a love letter." "Indeed! Did the world ever know a man true to a woman? Do you know what that young man is doing at this moment? You do not really know he can be trusted, do you? All I can say is, be careful, don't be too sure." With a sarcastic laugh he went on his way. He did not really intend to do evil; it was just that his soul was twisted. But the maiden wept.

A sunny-faced old saint now encountered the Whisperer. "Why do you hum that tune?" he asked. "Did you know that the author of that hymn proved unworthy of confidence?" "I did not, nor do I know it now," replied the saint. "But I do know you. I know that you are a gossip and a mischief-maker. I know that with your subtle poison of mischief-making you are ruining the lives of both young and old in the community. It is an unspeakable pity that you cannot find a better way in which to spend your time."

Then the sunny-faced saint plodded on happily, humming his tune of trust. He met the maiden on the steps; he overtook the young man waiting for his car at the street corner; he found the youth loitering on the way to school. To each one he spoke radiant words of cheer and help. He re-awakened the spirit of joy and high purpose in their hearts, and sweetened all the bitterness that the Whisperer had brought into their lives.

A YEAR OF PEACE

(The Stanly News & Press)

A year ago this week the fighting forces of Germany agreed to lay down their arms, and once again the quiet of peace spread over Europe. The war had been a terrible affair, and men marveled at the strength of the civilian populations in bearing up under the burdens of war. It was the feeling in May, 1945, that within a reasonable lenght of time, civilian life would return once again to normal, and that the conquering armies would restore order to a shattered continent.

But 12 months have passed, and if there is one fact which stands out above all others, it is the fact that while our armies were trained to win wars and our diplomats and leaders had been able to maintain unity among allies in time of stress, none were prepared to restore order out of chaos.

Conditions in Germany, Italy and other parts of Europe are still bad even after a year. The progress which has been made is hardly notlceable, and if reports are tru millions will starve to death before another crop can be gathered. Stable governments have not been set up, and the three big allies are not in agreement on many items of procedure.

We have the feeling that we cannot expect any rapid improvement in conditions, and we are certain that the leaders in all nations are puzzled as to the course to pursue. The attitudes which brought about the war in the first place are still predominant, which means that if the countries in Europe had the strength, we could well expect another conflict in the near future.

It seems to us that before anything worthwile can be accomplished it will be necessary for Russia, Britain and the United States to settle their "sphere of influence" problems, and come to a thorough understanding of what each wants. Then they will be in a position to deal with the problems of the other nations. As it is now, they are trying to deal with the problems of other nations, and yet their own differences rise up to handicap them at every step.

Truman, Stalin and Attlee will have to stay in conference many days in the course of a year if we are to bring order to a chaotic world.

Democracy does not mean "I am equal to you." It means "You are equal to me."—James Russell Lowell

MARKS OF A GOOD CITIZEN

(The Speakers Library)

There are many marks which a citizen might have which would cause him to stand out as a good citizen.

My good citizen would be one who was keenly interested in education. Somehow as citizens we do not fully realize the importance of this great field of life development. Most of our church schools need capable men who are willing to give of their time and energy to guide and help develop the personalities of our young people. No greater work could any man find than this, and it would pay the most adequate returns.

It would be well for our good citizen to be interested in our public schools. We hand our children over to these public institutions so that they might be educated. Great care should be taken to see that they are placed under the guidance of well-equipped and capable teachers. These teachers can help our children so that they will have the proper ideals in their lives. They can, in a great measure, make or mar the young lives which are given to them to instruct.

Our good citizen should have an interest in the welfare of his community. He might discover whether his community is really a fit place in which to rear boys and girls. Perhaps he will find that there are diseased spots which should be cleaned up. There may be some dens of vice, gambling joints, bootleg establishments, which are a menace to the welfare of human life, and which should be gotten rid of by drastic methods. Our ideal citizen would not think only of the evils. He would also think of the good. He would lend his influence to make the good best possible.
better and to make his community the

The good citizen is one who works for the good of his whole state. He thinks not alone of himself, his family and his community, but he also thinks of others. He has learned that no man liveth unto himself. To do so would be selfish. He gives of his time and energy to do what he can to raise the moral tone of the state a little higher. Soon we shall discover that our good citizen has gone beyond the borders of his state and is thinking about the nation. He is really interested in human welfare everywhere. He is one who possesses an international mind.

Our good citizen will give time to think through some of the political problems which confront our country. He will know something about the complexities of the liquor question. He will examine all phases of the problem, so that he may be able to talk intelligently about it. He will try to find out somthing about the tariff question, which has created a great deal of discussion of late. He will also endeavor to read and understand our intricate problem of immigration. He will study the candidates who are running for office. He will go to the polls and vote for the best man who will in his judgment render the best service.

WISE WORDS OF A WISE FATHER

By Grenville Kleiser

It was Lord Chesterfield's fondest desire that his son should be a real gentleman, a delightful companion, and an example of the fine art of graceful living. To this end he wrote his famous "Letters to His Son."

These intimate personal letters, not originally intended for publication, can be read by young men and women today with great benefit, since they treat of principles of life and character as endured as the stars.

In one letter he wrote:

"Let me most earnestly recommend to you to hoard up, while you can, a great stock of knowledge."

He thought a knowledge of men and the world was more important than of books, and urged his son to look into people as well as at them.

Saving of time he recommended thus:

"Put every moment of your time to profit of some kind, since time wasted is irrevocably lost. I would pass some of my time in reading, and the rest in the company of people of sense and learning, chiefly those above me."

Again: "Take care to be very clean, well-dressed, and genteel; to have no disagreeable attitudes, nor awkward eccentricities."

He continued: "Merit and good-breeding will make their way everywhere. Knowledge will introduce you, and culture will endear you to the best companies."

"You should have," he told his son, "an absolute command of your temper, so as not to be provoked to passion upon any account; patience to hear frivolous, impertinent, and unreasonable remarks; with tact enough to refuse, without offending; or, by your manner of granting, to double the obligation."

"There is hardly any place," he said, "or any company, where you may not gain knowledge, if you please; almost everybody knows some one thing, and is glad to talk about that one thing."

Here are some of his wise counsels:

"Do not be discouraged by the first difficulties."

"Never be ashamed nor afraid of asking questions."

"Consult different authors upon the same facts."

"Avoid speaking of yourself if it be possible."

"Neither retail nor receive scandal willingly."

"Keep an account in a book of all that you receive, and of all that you pay."

"Mind your diction."

"Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are apt and very short."

"There is nothing so delicate as your moral character."

"Study the mind and heart of man, and begin with your own."

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Our old friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, made his regular monthly visit to the Training School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Rev. Charles Reichard, assistant pastor of the Dilworth Methodist Church, of that city, as the guest speaker at our afternoon service. For the Scripture Lesson he read Mark 1:14-20. In his message to the boys he called special attention to Jesus' words: "Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men."

Rev. Mr. Reichard served some time as a chaplain in the United States Army, and he told the boys of a number of interesting experiences in the Philippine Islands, New Guinea, New Caledonia and in other places in the South Pacific.

In his experiences in various military posts, the speaker said that he had had many opportunities to observe the native children and had spoken to them whenever he could get a group of them together. He spoke of conditions existing in those countries, and how the children lacked practically everthing that was needed to help them develop into strong men and women. In this country, he added, we sometimes think most unfortunate conditions exist, but when we see the great need among the children in the South Sea Islands, we find that those little boys and girls have to get along on about one-tenth as much as our poorest children have.

Such conditions bring to mind this question, said the speaker: Why has God given us so much and so little to the rest of the world? The answer in very plain: God has given us plenty in order that we may grow and be able to help those less fortunate than we. God calls on us today not to grumble, but to be thankful for what we have, and to make the best use of it.

In commenting upon the incident when Jesus called the fishermen of Galilee to follow him, the speaker said that he spoke to them in words like this: "Follow me, and I'll make you to become something worthwhile in life." We all need someone to follow, but we must be sure we are following the right sort of leader. The Master gives us a plain way of living right. Any man can become a success if he will only follow Christ.

Rev. Mr. Reichard then pointed out the value of discipline, stating that it is the only thing that can keep us fromfalling down. Discipline was a most important factor in the training of the members of all the armed forces of this great country. It finally brought about victory. The most valuable thing to men and women is the discipline received in early years. Life is made up of numerous "tough spots," and the proper kind of early training is the only thing which will enable us to get safely over them.

The speaker then told the story of a flyer in his outfit somewhere in the South Pacific. The young soldier called "Red" was an excellent flyer. Although he was rated as one of the best, he was very modest. In many conversations with the chaplain, it was plain that he was ever mindful that he was trying to "become some-

thing" in life. He flew many successful missions. He modestly told the chaplain that he hadn't done so very much, but that he had tried his best.

"Red" was finally shot down, mortally wounded. The chaplain went to see him. Here is what he told the chaplain: "The past is behind—the future is ahead. Tell all the boys back home to keep moving ahead, for there is nothing behind."

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Reichard told the boys to fly each mission in life so well that the last mission will be certain to be successful. The going may be pretty tough at times, he added, but with Jesus as the pilot, there can be no doubt as to the success of the mission.

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GROWTH

Many a tree in the forest
Unseen by human eyes
Pushes up to the sunlight,
Lifting its arms to the skies.

Swayed by the summer breezes,
Lashed by the winter's strife,
It follows the law of nature,
And growth is its life.

Many a man unnoticed
Struggles bravely on,
When days seem dark and bitter
And strength seems almost gone.

But lifting his questing spirit
Into God's realm secure,
Faith is the law of his nature,
And growth of his soul is sure.

—May Stafford Hilburn.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week of May 26, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Frank Andrews
Maynard Chester
Dean Harris
Ray Marion
Harry Matthews
William Speaks
James Teague

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnette
Hubert Black
William Britt
Paul Church
Horace Collins
William Doss
Thomas Everheart
Franklin Hensley
Jack Lambert
Clay Shew
William Smith
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
Robert McDuffie
James McMahan
James Norton
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Donald Stack
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Thomas Childress
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Talmage Duncan
James Dunn
Robert Fogle
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
John McKinney
Lloyd Perdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Joseph Bean
Herman Hughes
William Hunter
James Hunt
Lacy Overton
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner

COTTAGE No. 5

George Byrd
Charles Gibson
Connie Hill
Rodney Mintz
George Swink
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Fred Ganey
John Gregory
Robert Mason
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Ralph Gassoway
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall
Hubert Pritchard
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

J. C. Alley
Albert Allen

Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
James Couthen
Charles Francis
Defoye Inman
Thomas Stallings
Vernest Turner
Robert Trout
James Upright
Jack Wilkins
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
William Faircloth
Leslie Gautier
Thomas Hyder
David Isenhour
Lee Lockerby
Kenneth McLean
Benny Riggins
William Smith
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Andrews
William Black
Terry Hardin

COTTAGE No. 14

Howard Hall
Howard Holder
Roy Marsh
Lawrence Owens
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
William Caldwell
Henry Coffey
Alvin Fox
Jack Green
John Green
Howard Herman
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
David Kinley
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Zeb Presson
Charles Rhodes
Carl Ransom
James Shepherd
Solomon Shelton
Ralph Stewart
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Ray Covington
Robert Elder
Carl Hull
William Harding
Harvey Jacobs
Morrison Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Samuel Lynn
Donald Moose
Robert Phillips

INFIRMARY

David Brooks
Dwight Murphy

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of June 2, 1946

June 2—Thomas Styles, Cottage No. 14, 14th birthday.
June 2—Robert Mason, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
June 3—Glenn Matheson, Cottage No. 6, 11th birthday.
June 4—Joe Currie, Cottage 11, 16th birthday.
June 4—Donald Carter, Cottage No. 13, 14th birthday.
June 5—Arthur Lawson, Cottage No. 7 12th birthday.
June 6—Jimmy Smith, Cottage No. 4, 13th birthday.
June 7—Howard Hall, Cottage No. 14, 15th birthday.

JUN 8 '46

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 8, 1946 No. 23

COMMON THINGS

The things I prize of greatest worth,
Are just the common things of earth:
The rain, the sun, the grass, the trees;
The flowers, the birds, the glorious breeze;
Clouds that pass, the stars that shine,
Mountains, valleys—all are mine!
Rivers broad, and open sea,
Are riches none can take from me.

Oh, God is here on every hand—
Upon the sea, upon the land.
And day by day my thanks I give
That with these common things I live.

—Leonard G. Nattkemper.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS— J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Raymond Byrd, Thomas Cottrell, Gerald Johnson, Harvey Leonard, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

SPORTS WRITER—Raymond Byrd.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—James Hensley.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Charles Francis, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Herman Hughes, Charles Moore, Robert Trout, Vernest Turner.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE BUILDER

O builder, will you build a house for me,
With windows wide and tall, that I may see
The distant woods, the nearer cedar tree?
O builder, will you build it strong and fine,
With sturdy walls to shelter these of mine
With grace and beauty in each lovely line?"

"Oh, that," said he, "I'll do right readily;
A labor of delight 'twill surely be!"

"O builder, will you build a home for me,
Where love and happiness will ever be,
Where all who dwell will live in harmony,
And those who come will always welcome find?
A place of peace, with voices ever kind
To soothe the weary heart and troubled mind?"

"Ah, that, alas, I cannot do," said he;
"Of that you must yourself the builder be!"

—Selected.

MR. J. C. FISHER, ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT

Mr. Jesse C. Fisher began his duties at the Jackson Training School on June 1, 1909, and on May 31, 1946 he completed thirty-seven years of consecutive service at the school. He has the distinction of having been employed at the Jackson Training School longer than any other individual. He also has the unique distinction of serving as the only assistant superintendent the school has ever had.

Mr. Fisher is a native of Cabarrus County. He was born in the Poplar Tent section of the county, and is a son of the late George Ephraim and Annie Mae Cress Fisher. He attended the public

schools of Cabarrus County. At an early age he moved with his parents to Concord, where he lived until he entered employment at the Jackson Training School. He was married to Miss Jane Powell at Whiteville, N. C., and they have one son, Jesse C. Fisher, Jr., who was born June 2, 1931.

When he first began his work at the school he served as printing director and relief cottage officer. His first work was to help with the publication of The Uplift. At that time the magazine, which was a monthly publication, was printed in an old wooden shack which had been moved from out on the farm up to the campus. All the type had to be set by hand, and it was printed by a hand-operated press. Around two thousand copies of the publication were printed, and they all had to be addressed by hand. All this was a slow and tedious process that required a great amount of patience and long hours of drudgery. It was possible to accomplish the work that was done only because Mr. Fisher and those who worked with him had a firm determination to do the best they could with what they had. He has seen many improvements in the print shop from the day he first began until the present time when the work is done by linotype machines and other electrical printing equipment.

The records show that Mr. Fisher was first designated assistant superintendent in the biennial report that was made to the Board of Trustees for the biennium ending November 30, 1922. This means that he has served as assistant superintendent for a period of approximately twenty-four years.

In recent years, while Mr. Fisher has continued to maintain an intimate contact with the printing department, he has assumed many other duties, all of which relate to the general welfare of the school. Throughout the years, he has witnessed the induction and treatment of almost six thousand boys. He has seen these boys come to the institution and remain here until they were ready to go back out into society, and he has observered many times the delightful expressions of boys who were on their way back out into the world to live as decent and respectable citizens.

In recent years a good part of his work has related to the health program of the school. He has taken a great bit of interest in the program and has worked tirelessly towards the maintenance

and improvement of the health of all the boys. His guiding philosophy in diagnosing the numerous ailments of the boys has been to give every boy the benefit of the doubt, and he has maintained the attitude that he would rather have a boy impose on him than for him to be inconsiderate or unfair to any boy. Down through the years there have been many boys who were greatly indebted to Mr. Fisher for taking care of their eyes, teeth, ears, tonsils and other health needs. In his work with the boys he has developed an almost professional skill in diagnosing ailments and treating boys, though he has never assumed to be a professional practitioner. His work has necessitated numerous trips with boys for special treatments to hospitals, doctors' offices, and the Orthopedic Hospital in Gastonia. It would not be possible to calculate the time that has been spent in this activity.

Mr. Fisher has assumed the responsibility of serving as a clearing house for the miscellaneous wants and needs of the other workers of the school. This has necessitated that he make many trips to Concord, Charlotte, and other nearby cities. This has involved the purchasing of a multitude of small and seemingly trivial articles, but without which it would have been impossible for the school to have operated.

He has a unique mechanical talent. He enjoys the distinction of being almost a genius in repairing and operating delicate machines, motors, clocks, and other small types of equipment. He has always had a lot of satisfaction in tinkering with any of the school's equipment that has needed repairs or mending.

Mr. Fisher has for many years operated the motion picture projector. He has assumed this as a sacred trust, and there is never any doubt on the part of his fellow-workers as to whether or not the "show will go on."

He has always taken a great delight in his class of boys in the Sunday school, and he has always been very faithful and regular in his attendance at the Sunday school.

When he first came to the school there were practically no conveniences whatever. There were no electric lights and no running water. It was necessary to light the boys' bedrooms with lanterns, and the water had to be carried from open wells. Along with the others who worked at the school he went through the dis-

couraging experiences of the early history of the school. He lived through the years when the school was prosperous and also when there were the financial depressions. He was with the school when there were pleasures and joys and when there were sorrows. Through all these years his chief concern has been that the life of some boy would be made happier and better. Not only has he been keenly interested in the development of the boys, but he has been deeply concerned with the happiness and welfare of the other workers of the school.

Mr. Fisher states that his greatest satisfaction throughout the years has been to have the boys who have been discharged from the school come back for return visits, and to realize what a great part the school had in rehabilitating and reclaiming these boys. In the early history of the school, when transportation was very limited, not many boys were permitted to come back for visits, but in later years the number of visits of former boys have greatly increased, and it has been the greatest thrill of his life to look into the faces of boys who were making good in the world, because they had a new chance at the Jackson Training School. It has been one of Mr. Fisher's chief concerns to pause by the side of a boy who needed the advice and encouragement of an older person, and try to help such a boy get on the right track. There is no doubt but that many boys have been greatly benefitted by his wise counsel and his tireless effort.

* * * * * * * *

NEW SCOUT TROOP ORGANIZED AT SCHOOL

On Friday, May 31st, a new Scout troop was organized at the Jackson Training School, to be under the direction of Mr. Earl Walters as Scoutmaster. This is our second Scout troop, and it is designated as Troop 61, and it operates under the Central North Carolina Council of Scouting.

At the first meeting there were thirteen boys present, and these, together with five or six others, will form the troop, in which there will be three patrols. Several of those coming into this troop are boys who have been in the Cub Scouting program for several

months, and the prospects are excellent for another strong troop at the School. As a whole, the boys who make up this troop are some younger than the boys in Troop 60, which has been operating for several years. Of course, all the new scouts will begin as Tenderfoot Scouts, and it is hoped they will work their way up through the ranks as quickly as possible.

Mr. G. E. Ashwill, the Chief Scout Executive for the Council, was present at the organizational meeting and gave some very helpful assistance towards the organization of the troop. The boys were told that Scouting is for their personal improvement and happiness and that every boy in the troop would be expected to live up to the highest ideals of Scouting in all his experiences and relationships at the School. Scouting at the Training School offers an excellent opportunity for the boy who can show himself worthy of the privileges of Scouting.

Through the assistance of Mr. Hiram Caton, who has given many years of youthful service in Scouting to the county, the Kiwanis Club of Concord has agreed to purchase for this new troop the following items: a troop flag, patrol flags, patrol leader handbooks and other material. This is a contribution which is genuinely appreciated by the boys and we hope that they will show themselves worthy of this courtesy on the part of the Concord Kiwanians.

It seems reasonable to assume that there are enough dependable boys at the Jackson Training School so that two good troops may be operated. It is not intended that one troop will compete against another, but rather it is hoped that the Scouting program at the School will be expanded and offered to larger numbers of boys.

Mr. Earl Walters, who works with all the boys at the School day in and day out, has many admirable qualities for the Scouting program. Through the years ahead he should prove himself to be one of the finest leaders in Scouting to be found in the Cabarrus district. Scouting offers to him another privilege for service to the boys in a character building program. He will be assisted in his work as Scoutmaster by a troop committee that will be announced later.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Memorial Day Program

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

On Thursday of last week we celebrated Memorial Day by giving a very impressive program in the auditorium. The stage was decorated with flowers and the flags of the United Nations.

Superintendent Hawfield was in charge of the program. After the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," he led the entire group in the pledge of allegiance to the flag of our country.

A group of boys then sang two hymns. The first one, "Lead On, O King Eternal," was dedicated to the memory of the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and the other, "God of Our Fathers," to the memory of General George S. Patton, Jr., General Buckner, and others who gave their lives in the Second World War.

Mr. Hawfield then made a short talk on the significance of Memorial Day, pointing out several reasons why we should pause on this day and pay tribute to all those who have given their lives to this great country of ours.

Kenneth Staley read the famous poem, "In Flander's Field." This was followed by "America's Answer, read by William Smith. Gerald Johnson read a poem entitled "The Unknown Soldier."

With the audience standing reverently, Mr. Godown read the names of twenty-one former Jackson Training School students who were killed in action or who died while in service during World War II.

Following the singing of "Abide with Me," Garvin Thomas blew "Taps" and Mrs. Liske played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Mrs. Dotson Leaves the School

By James Hensley, 10th Grade

On Saturday, June 1st, Mrs. James Dotson, a member of our teaching staff, left the Training School to join her husband, who is living in Boone. Mr. Dotson served in the United States Army for some time. He returned from overseas last year and is now discharged from further service.

Mrs. Dotson was the teacher of the fifth grade, and we all hope that she and her husband have the best of luck and happiness.

Clean-up Campaign

By Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade

Lately we have been cleaning up around the school. We have been cleaning up our school department, the cottage lawns and the school grounds.

Mr. Hines has appointed some boys in both the morning and the afternoon school sections to do this work. The boys in the morning group and the jobs to which they are assigned are as follows:

Lower Hall — Solomon Shelton, Odell Cain and Charles Gibson. Upper Hall—Donald Redwine, William Jenkins and Russell Beaver. Base-

ment—James Hammond, Thomas Staley and Kenneth Dillard. Mowing lawn—J. C. Rhodes. Keeping Paper Off Lawn—Clifford Martin and Bernard Webster. Cement Steps—Clifford Martin and Bernard Webster. Wooden Steps—James Walters, Alvin Fox, Hubert Pritchard and Rufus Driggers.

The boys in the afternoon and the jobs to which they have been assigned are as follows:

Lower Hall—Howard Hall, Thomas Corley and Robert Holland. Upper Hall—Ray Burns, Bernard Hiatt and Clay Shew. Basement—Thomas Hyder and Lindsay Elder. Mowing Lawn —James Carterette. Keeping Paper Off Lawn — Paul Denton. Wooden Steps—Bernard Webster, Lloyd Perdue, Leroy Shedd and Clyde Hill.

These boys have been doing a very nice job.

Some sixth grade boys, under the supervision of Mr. Corliss, have been washing and cleaning the walls in the halls of the school building. They now have these walls looking very good.

We now have some new curtains for the stage in the auditorium. They go all around the sides and the back of the stage. They are called cyclorama." Other curtains, called "borders," hang down from the ceiling. Our school auditorium looks very nice now that it has been painted, new curtains put up, pictures properly placed, and the floors waxed.

We hope the boy will take advantage ofour nice clean school building and will take good care of it and see that it is kept clean.

We wish to thank Mr. Hines and Mr. Corliss for their cooperation in getting this cleaning done.

The New Tenth Grade

By William Smith, 10th Grade

The following boys of the Jackson Training School are taking their second year course in high school; Gray Brown, Hugh Cornwell, Jack Benfield, Robert Fogle, Thomas Wansley, Kenneth Staley, Garmon Hubbard, Douglas Mangum, James Hensley, Gerald Johnson, Harvey Leonard, Robert Lee, and William Smith.

The tenth grade has just begun in our school. The boys appreciate the efforts Mr. Hawfield, Mr. Hines, and Mrs. Baucom have put forth to add the tenth grade. At the fall term, next September, these boys of the tenth grade will have toward their high school credits, seven units. They will have English I and English II, Mathematics I, History I, Science I, Biology or Science II, and Physical Education. Physical Education is taught by Mr. Earl Walters. These boys will be able to enter the eleventh grade home room when they go home.

The tenth grade will be taught by Mr. Hines, Mrs. Baucom and Mr. Walters.

Sports Results

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The results of the baseball games for June 1st are as follows: Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 13 by a score of 12 to 5. Cottage No. 9 defeated Cottage No. 14 by the score of 22 to 0. Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 5 by a score of 15 to 0. Cottage No. 16 defeated Cottage No. 4

by a score of 5 to 2. Cottage No. 17 defeated Cottage No. 3 by a score of 4 to 3. Cottage No. 2 defeated Cottage No. 1 by a score of 6 to 4. Cottage No. 16 defeated Cottage No. 11 by a score of 7 to 4 in a make-up game.

In the softball league the results are as follows:

Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 5 by a score of 17 to 11.

Cottage No. 9 defeated Cottage No. 4 by a score of 32 to 7. Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 13 by a score of 18 to 5. Cottage No. 6-A defeated Cottage No. 3 by a score of 11 to 10. Cottage No. 17 defeated Cottage 6-B by a score of 34 to 1. Cottage No. 2 defeated Cottage No. 1 by a score of 17 to 9.

Items of Interest

By Kenneth Staley, 10th Grade

The first grade boys are very busy painting and drawing circus animals which they plan to use in a circus program. They plan to do stunts, etc. Some of the animals they are drawing are lions, bears, zebras, horses, and elephants. They are drawing the animals on cardboard and then cutting them out. They plan to give a parade. I am sure this program will be a success.

The second grade boys have been busy changing their spring scenes to a farm scene. They have also been repotting their flowers and painting their flower pots.

The fourth grade has made a splendid health poster showing the different kinds of vegetables, such as tomatoes, peas, corn, potatoes, and celery. All of the vegetables and fruits are marching toward Health Town, which is a quart of milk.

The boys of the barn force and work lines have been harvesting oats. This is a very busy season for them.

Mrs. Dotson gave a picnic for her Cub Scouts recently. All the boys had a very good time.

Miss Holloway, matron of Cottage No. 3, is taking her vacation. Mrs. Isenhour is acting as substitute matron in her absence.

We now have a fountain on our school ground. It was installed last week, beside the auditorium.

Mr. and Mrs. Horne, officer and matron of Cottage No. 7, are on their vacation. During their absence, the boys are staying in other cottages.

The boys went swimming at recess last week. All the boys were glad to get to go swimming.

The boys wrote their letters home. All the boys enjoy letter-writing time because they like their chance to write home.

Some of the Boy Scouts went to Charlotte Friday and helped load some goods. The school received some of these things .

The New Scout Troop

By William Smith, 10th Grade

The Jackson Training School has formed a new scout troop. Mr. Earl Walters is the scoutmaster. It is Troop No. 61. The troop to start with

will have thirteen boys, and later on there will be some more boys to join. The boys who have joined are: Hubert Pritchard, Robert Mason, Jerry Oakes, Clay Shew, Richard Davidson, James Dunn, James Wiles, Charles Lyda, Clifford Martin, Benny Riggins, Jack Lambert, Harold Kernodle and Donald Stultz.

The troop will hold its meetings once a week. Mr. Walters said that he hoped to have the boys a uniform of their own, or of the school's, in the near future.

We hope the new scout troop will be a success.

To join the scouts a boy has to prove himself worthy of it. When he gets in, he has to keep proving himself worthy.

MASTER TRUTH

There is more light than shadow;
There are more smiles than cares;
More grass grows on the meadow
Than brambles, weeds, and tares.
There is more song than weeping;
There is more sun than rain;
There is more golden reaping
Than lost and blighted grain.

There is more peace than terror;
There is more hope than fear;
There is more truth than error;
More rights than wrong appear.
On the long road to glory
We climb more than we fall;
And by large the story
Comes out right after all.

—Clarence Edwin Flynn.

BROKEN HOMES CAST SHADOWS

By Lois Cranford

One-half of the juvenile delinquents who have appeared in North Carolina courts during the past five years have come from broken homes, Professor Wiley B. Sanders of the University of North Carolina revealed this week upon completion of a study made on the subject of juvenile delinquency for the State Department of Public Welfare.

The principal conclusion which we have drawn in this survey," Dr. Sanders observed, "is that any forces which tend to preserve the family life in a community tend to prevent juvenile delinquency as well."

Records of the marital status of parents were available in 8,508 of the 12,024 individual delinquents handled by the juvenile courts in North Carolina from July 1, 1939, through June 30, 1944. Dr. Sanders discovered that parents of these delinquent children were living together in only 50.5 per cent of the cases, which means that 49.5 per cent of all delinquent children in the state come from broken homes and are thus handicapped in their efforts to become good citizens of their communities, Dr. Sanders stated.

Divorce, separation and desertion accounted for 16.3 per cent of the broken homes, the report shows. In 15.9 per cent the father was dead, and in 8.1 per cent the mother was dead. Both parents were dead in 3.4 per cent of the cases.

For almost two years, Dr. Sanders has spent much of his time in compiling data on the children of North Carolina who are brought before juvenile courts. He has carried on this project in addition to his full-time job as professor of social work at the University. Within the next few months, Dr. Sanders' findings during the five-year period, as compared with records of a previous five-year period, will be published in book form.

This publication will complete a 25-year study of juvenile courts in North Carolina, the first of which was a ten-year study of Negro children financed by a Rosenwald Fellowship. The study covered the 1919-1929 decade. The second publication was based on similar findings over the next five years, and the present study brings the survey up to July 1944.

Dr. Sanders believes that the North Carolina figures dating back 25 years are the most complete history of the work of juvenile authorities available to any state in this country.

Never before in North Carolina, according to Dr. Sanders, has a comprehensive study dealing not only with individuals but with the juvenile court system as a whole been made. Previous studies have dealt only with selected groups of deliquent children, such as those in institutions or those facing a single court. Dr. Sanders' study is recognized by juvenile authorities as the first thus far undertaken in the state.

The State Department of Public Welfare made this study possible by furnishing to Dr. Sanders a file card on which pertinent data was recorded for every boy and girl brought be-

fore juvenile courts in the state over this five-year period. In addition to vital statistics such as name, age, misdemeanor, previous court record, and disposition of the case, additional information as to the type of home of the delinquent, whether or not parents were living together, and reason if separated, which parent dead, etc., is recorded on the cards.

This survey is also the first in this state to draw comparison of rural juvenile courts and city juvenile courts as regards the rate of broken homes.

In this phase of the study the rate of broken homes among delinquents in cities of 10,000 or more population is compared with the rate in 43 rural counties having no town or city of more than 2,500 population. Rural delinquents came from broken homes in 48.3 per cent of the cases, while city delinquents have a broken home rate of 54.7 per cent. Divorce, separations, and desertions accounted for 13.3 per cent of the broken homes for rural delinquents and for 19.2 per cent of broken homes for the city delinquents.

In the 8,508 cases, two-thirds of the total handled, the known family status included 4,710 white children, 3,818 of which were boys; and 3,798 Negro delinquents, 3,189 of which were boys.

For white children the rate of broken homes was 40.8 per cent; for Negro children, 60.2 per cent. Divorce, separation, and desertion were listed as the cause of the broken homes in 14.6 per cent of the cases involving white children, and in 18.2 per cent of those involving Negro delinquents.

This study shows that more of the Negro delinquents' fathers were dead (18.7 per cent) than fathers of white delinquent children (13.6 per cent) while 5.0 per cent of the Negro children had lost both parents, as compared to 2.1 per cent of white cases.

Negro delinquent girls came from broken homes in 68.1 per cent of the cases, significantly higher than the rate of 54.5 per cent for white girls.

The study further revealed that 251 of the children, all but 38 of which were Negroes, were illegitimate children.

Separated parents proved a major factor in the delinquency of young Negro girls living in the cities. Less than one-third of those tried before the city juvenile courts over the five-year period came from homes where both parents lived, Dr. Sanders noted. This was the case for 28.9 per cent of the city Negro girls as compared with 45.8 per cent for rural girls.

———:———

A statesman thinks he belongs to the nation, but a politician thinks the nation belongs to him.—Exchange.

UNDERSTANDING THE CHILD

(The Connie Maxwell)

One can hardly pick up a paper these days without reading some reference covered by the heading above. It is not just in the social work of the child welfare publication, but in so many of the popular magazines. Something must have come over the people, since the educators, parents and such multitudes of our people are interested in the subject.

The discussions have been excited by the numerous books on psychology that are offered these days. Much of it is technical, some of it is merely theoretical, but there is a great residue that suggests earnestness of mind and heart on the part of those who are writing. Those who have been working with children through a few decades can easily recall the days in which there was practically nothing upon the subject. In the school room and in the old-time children's institute it was not clearly understood that each child should be studied for individual trends, tendencies and preferences. Only the idea of mass treatment and mass rules seemed to have prevailed. Children were dealt with in groups and a rule was made to apply to twenty-five or to one hundred without allowance for differences among children. The importance of studying the child individually seems to have appealed to few persons.

The new knowledge, which has resulted from devoted study and from honest experience in striving for the best management of children, has brought us to the philosophy that one has done little for a child unless he has managed to get from him some response in the way of understanding. Great emphasis used to be given to the expression, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." The rod is not as popular as in former days for neither teachers nor parents believe so strongly in its efficacy. Teachers and parents have pretty generally discovered the fact that in many cases it is just the most inadvisable method in the world to use a whip on the child's back. The rod may not get in the heart to do it any good. What is put on the outside may never get on the inside. We may supress or compel and secure resentful obedience, but that is a far different thing from getting a child to have a change of heart with regard to what he has done and with regard to what shall be done in the future. Little is done for the child if he does not have his own consent to make change. How is that change to be secured? Evidently it must usually be had by getting the child to understand. And the explanation or appeal that will bring one child to understand may have the very opposite effect upon another. So if we can understand the child in such a way as to know what his young mind is thinking and what his young heart is longing for, we may apply the remedy that may be needed for a difficult situation.

The conduct of a grown person is determined by what he cherishes in his heart and mind. He cannot deceive people for a great length of time as to what is in his heart. So

if we are to get children to mend their ways, we usually must, first of all, be sure that we have their consent as to the mending process. The scriptural principle with which we are all familiar ought to make such appeal to him as will excite his favorable response. Another proof, if we needed one, is that the best wisdom in the world may be had from the Bible. —*The Connie Maxwell.*

———:———

WATCH, AMERICA

Where the northern ocean darkens,
Where the rolling rivers run,
Past the cold and empty headlands,
Toward the slow and westering sun,
There our fathers, long before us,
Armed with freedom, faced the deep,
What they won with love and labor,
Let their children watch and keep.

By our dark and dreaming forests,
By our free and shining skies,
By our green and ripening prairies,
Where the western mountains rise;
God who gave our fathers freedom,
God who made our fathers brave,
What they built with love and anguish,
Let their children watch and save.

—Selected.

MOTHERS AND JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

(The Charlotte Observer)

It is no happy experience to reflect that something has come over far too many of the mothers of this country to interfere with their fundamental homemaking and child training responsibilities. We ascribe it to the times and to the customs of this age and let it go at that.

These times and these customs have for a fact, reacted upon motherhood with a pernicious impact.

They have forced masses of women into the atmosphere of our work-a-day world, and for this they are not to be censored.

Economic pressures rather than personal inclinations have been in many of these cases the contriving as well as the controlling factor.

Even so, these are not the only, nor perhaps the major, influences, which account for a sort of faded glory to be hanging around the heads of modern mothers. In the cases of all too many they have lost their old-time attachments to their paramount concern.

The consequences of this desertion of the responsibilies of their own firesides are alarming. Upon what other factors in our modern life is the laxity in the morals of today's youth to be laid than at this point?

The American home has within late times become invaded by various distracting influences which tend to break it up and it is the one human institution upon which through the ages the structure of a stable and moral society rested.

Against the poundings of contemporary life, this ancient citadel of decency and Democracy, of right living, of religion, of conscience and of character in our national life has sadly and seriously crumbled.

Except for this wreckage which has been made of the American home by whatever evil influxes you may care to designate, the nation's standards of moral idealisms and of spiritual understanding would not today have had their flags dragged so humiliatingly in the dust.

Mothers who are sensitive to their superior obligations to their children must have an awareness of their responsibility for much of what has happened in this regard.

In forgetting moments, multiplying into months and then into years, they have left their own throne seats in their homes and their children, leaving these latter to be brought up, trained and instructed, guided and influenced by proxies.

In North Carolina we have lately been shocked by some authentic findings as to the increase of delinquency among juveniles in this state.

These studies show that there has been an increase in mischief-making and evil-doing among white children of 41 per cent during the 30-month period following the nation's entry into the war.

And here is the most desolating of all these statistics. White girls show-

ed the highest rate of increase in delinquency, namely 46 per cent.

If it is assumed that no one has a more contagious influence over the boys than the father, it must be equally true that no one has such a powerful influence over a girl as her mother.

The above statistics are preaching our modern mothers some harsh truths.

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A HALF MILLION FOR YOU

In his stimulating book, "Life Begins at Forty," Walter B. Pitkin says that we all come into the world with a certain chance of acquiring a working capital of a round half million. No, not dollars—hours! Those hours will be paid in full if we are skillful enough and lucky enough to stick around until we reach the age of three-score years and ten.

Our greatest sin is the measure of everything in terms of money. We should get off the money-standard, and on the time-standard in our thinking. The art of living is the art of getting the most out of the minutes that are ours. How to make every minute count for happiness, for growth, for service, for peace and contentment—that is our real objective.

The man who burns himself out piling up wealth and then spends the sunset of his life sitting on the porch of a sanitarium watching the healthy poor go by—has failed. He has failed in his use of time—the minutes that came to him bright and shining right from eternity—just as they come to you and me. In his accumulation of millions of dollars he has sacrificed thousands of hours of happiness. For time, not money, is the stuff of which life is made.—The Silver Lining.

YOUTHFUL OUTLAWS

(Waynesville Mountaineer)

We see by the Asheville Citizen that the school children of that city are offering a real problem by their unruly conduct and that there have been meetings held of the parents, teachers and student groups as well as law enforcement officers. Now do not get us wrong, we approve of meetings of such kind. They often air out hidden causes and help bring about a better understanding between the young and the adult groups.

But to our mind they do not get at the root of the problems. These young people who are arrogant in public, who do not respect the property rights of others have not had the proper training at home. The parents need to be brought into a meeting and shown their short comings, or better still to be visited in the homes and shown their responsibility.

No matter what the changes that come in this turbulent world, no matter how chaotic conditions, there are some things which never go out and never change. Character and respect for other people are as essential to the making of a good citizen as they were in the days of our forebears. There is nothing new in child psychology to take the place of teaching a child self control. You may call it by many new names, and present it in new angles, but the fundamentals of truth and character remain the same.

So we suggest that the parents of these unruly children be given a stiff lesson in their duties as parents as a beginning toward helping the children to better conduct.

THE GIFT OF YEARS

The years take many a toll I'm loathe to pay;
They line the face and silver-dust the hair,
And yet all silent each year will lay
A gift against some future dark despair—
A gift so hidden in the heart or mind
It lies unnoticed when the fee is paid
But, oh, how many wintry times I find
New courage that some other year has made!

I then remembered some old hour as bleak
As this when hope and even prayer was dead,
So now I wait that certain rosy streak
Of light I know will come. New faith is fed
When one may smile upon forgotten fears!
They bless us quitely, the passing years.

—Dorothy Calloway.

THE BREAD PILOT

By Carroll Van Court

In one of our western cities there lives a man possessed with great influence and wealth. With it all, he has contentment. He also has many ardent friends who add much to his enjoyment of life, and learn from him things they never forget.

Not so long ago, one of this man's neighbors asked him the secret of his pleasant lot in life. The man smiled, and said, "I lay the best part of my life to my hobby."

"Hobby!" exclaimed the surprised neighbor. "I thought perhaps it was your success and wealth. Pray, what is your hobby?"

The man smiled, "Piloting bread ships," he replied.

The neighbor could not understand. He knew the man had attained great financial success, and seemed to enjoy life to the limit, which seldom resulted from fiancial possession. The man continued.

"You see," he said, "when a degree of success came to me, I became worried, and my mind was not at ease. One day I sat down to take a look at myself—how far I had come up the ladder, and why? I discovered that many of my acquaintances had figured in my affairs. Many had done me important favors, which helped me in my struggle to succeed. I decided that my friends were largely responsible for my success. The phrase, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters,' came to my mind again and again. Those good people had cast their bread upon the waters, and I had picked it up and profited by it. And, I concluded, it was now 'many days,' and the 'bread had not returned again. It was high time I was doing something about it.

"I pictured to my mind numerous little loaves of bread sent floating out to sea in many directions by kindly, thoughtful people to help others in need. And then and there I decided to pilot some of that bread back upon the waters to those who had helped me."

The man paused. He was in a serious mood, but he quickly smiled again, and the neighbor, encompassing the thought of piloting the "bread," smiled too.

"I have spent quite a sum of money," said the man, "trying to find my old friends who did me a good turn. They have scattered over the world far and wide. But, to be a good pilot on the good ship Gratitude, I have to find them, you know, no matter what the cost. And I have discovered, to my dismay, that some of them were destitute!" The man spoke the last word with a quiver.

"Destitute!" echoed the neighbor.

"Yes—but not now!" exclaimed the man, his face elated as that of Santa Claus. "It is about time I was paying my debts to my friends!" he said with emphatic self-reproach. Then came a broad smile again as he concluded, "I have never had so much fun in all my life as I have since starting my hobby."

The neighbor shook the man's hand heartily. "I give up," he said; "I can't think of a better hobby in all the world. I have some bread to send out, too!"

TERRA CEIA, TULIP CAPITOL OF THE STATE

(We the People)

One of the most unique communities in America is found near Washington in Beauford County. Every year approximately 10,000 visitors flock to Terra Ceia to revel in the beauty of acre upon acre of blooming tulips, iris, narcissus, peonies, and gladoili. Each April visitors gaze in rapt attention upon waving fields of bright and multicolored beauty.

Lifelong residents were amazed when the little Dutch colony settled near Washington and demonstrated to the skeptics that flowers could be grown between seasons, and grown with profit. Terra Ceia is now one of the showplaces of North Carolina. Each springs the fertile black soil produces millions of blooming tulips and other flowers.

Tulips are the prize crop for the colony. Each acre yields approximately 120,000 bulbs annually. Thousands of dozens of the colorful tulips blooms are picked from the fields and rushed by express to northern market each year. A large percentage of the blossoms are not harvested however, but allowed to bloom in the fields, to be sacrificed for the young bulbs which are planted the following year.

When the colony's homeland was overrun by the Nazis, the bulb imports were cut off. Because of prices in America, Terra Ceia could not afford to keep bulbs. They sold too high. But stocks were not wholly depleted, for, according to one resident, people will want more flowers now that peace prevails throughout the world. Terra Ceia will see to it that the people's floral wants are satisfied.

The little Dutch colony thrives, and now that the war is over more emigrants are expected to make their homes in Beauford County. Terra Ceia has its own school, and the teacher doubles as pastor of the Dutch Reform Church. Residents in the little community do not devote all of their time to the raising of flowers, but plant such crops as corn and beans in the same field where the tulips and other flowers bloom every spring.

The land taken over by the colony was reclaimed as a result of the drainage project in Beauford County. The soil is black and fertile, characteristic of eastern North Carolina's coastal areas. Originally, the land now occupied by Terra Ceia, was used for the raising of tobacco and corn. The thrifty Dutchmen soon showed that crop rotation and cultivation could also produce a profitable income from the raising of flowers in addition to the regular agricultural crops.

Co-operation, and not Competition, is the life of trade.
—William C. Fitch.

A MORNING PRAYER

By Rev. Norvin C. Duncan in The Morganton News-Herald

Our Father, who art in Heaven, and who art in every place; Thy glory is in all the world, and Thy truth endureth from generation to generation, and even forevermore.

Help me this day to realize the presence in which I continually dwell; in Thee I live, and move, and have my being. Fill me with Thy fullness, Lord that in me there may be light, love, and power. Give me faith to apprehend and appreciate Thy love and power in enlightenment, in healing, in strength, and service. Thou hast the power; Thou art perfect love, and Thou art willing to give Thyself for the life of the world, and for me. Give me such yearning, such faith, and such obedience as shall enable me to receive that which thou offerest continually.

Help me this day to live according to Thy will. Make known the truth to me, and give me grace and courage to be obedient to the highest and best which I may know. Help me to obey when it is right to obey; help me to rebel when rebellion against littleness, ignorance, prejudice, narrowness and injustice is nessary.

Save me, O Father, from pride, prejudice, littleness, narrowness and bigotry; suffer me not to try to place Thee and Thou Love within the small compasses of doctrines and dogmas, and the traditions of men, but let me live in the largeness and freedom of Thy Truth.

I would give myself to Thee this day, body, soul, and spirit. Take me as I am and make me more like Thee, and more fit for Thy service. Quicken my spirit and move my will, that in all things I may move in harmony with Thy will. Take such things as I have; take what is restored, what is built up, what is redeemed from sin and diseased and make them all Thine, and consecrated to Thy service.

Keep me from bitterness and from wrong thinking; keep my spirit sweet, my hopes high, my faith deep, my outlook bright—by Thy gracious indwelling; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

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The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus— seen when all around is dark.—Crowell.

"WILD KING" TAKEN IN DEN

(Mooresville Enterprise)

Military police last night took custody of the self-styled "Wild King," a slight 20-year old Virginian whose domain was a hilltop cave in the Estaline Mountain section of Augusto County for the year he hid from the army.

Scrubbed and shorn of the matted hair and beard he wore when a deputy sheriff and an F. B. I. agent surprised him in his well-stocked hideout Thursday, Lunsford Sprouse looked tamely unregal when the M. P.'s left with him for Richmond. He is charged with desertion.

His explanation of why he stretched a 14-day furlough from Camp Blanding, Fla., in March, 1945, into 14 months of a hermit's life was that he was afraid of the consequences when he found he was going to be late getting back to camp.

"I don't have anything against the army," he said. "But when I missed my bus to go back I was afraid to go.

So he went up into the hills to an almost inaccessible point about eight miles from his father's home at Fordwick in the western part of the county. He dug a cave near the top of a peak, lived mostly off the land, slept on a sack of leaves and strummed his guitar. Occasionally, he said, two of his brothers, Denny and Wesley Sprouse, 11 and 12, would bring him food.

He was lolling on his bunk, strumming his guitar when Deputy Sheriff Harry Hildebrand came up to him, the last few hundred yards of their trek almost vertical climb. He said he was the "Wild King" and surrendered quietly.

Sprouse's cave was rigged for living. He had plates, cups and saucers, a metal breadbox which yielded a five-pound haunch of mutton. And around the cave the blueberry crop looked promising.

He was brought to the jail here, given a bath, a shave, and his foot-long hair trimmed and borrowed clothing replaced the remnants of a tattered army private's uniform.

Sprouse, one of 12 children, is the son of Malcolm Sprouce who is employed at a cement plant at Fordwick.

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"Health is the thing that makes you feel that now is the best time of the year."—Franklin P. Adams.

TRUE OR FALSE?

(The Orphans Friend)

The other day at the Orphanage a lady of the staff told The Orphans' Friend that she had just read something very fine and sent it down. The name of the author is not given, but surely some one should have credit for such an uplifting sentiment which we herewith pass on:

On the "greenback" of a one dollar bill is a pyramid under an eye: the pyramid of human society with God's eye over all. Above it in Latin is, "He nods approval on our beginning," and below, "The New Order of the Centuries". Our Founding Fathers of America knew the apex of society could be no man nor government; it must be God. Above all human beings, above all human relations, is God above all human relations, is God. That was the new factor, the "new order," the seal of democratic freedom.

In the welter of world-wide unrest and fumbling all sorts of panaceas are being prescribed, some of them very definitely coming under the head of "Axe to Grind." They run the gamut from financial to fantastical, based largly on effects rather than causes. The pall of fear that was born among creatures of tooth and claw in primordial time and which has never left the earth since, has lived in the back of men's minds from the beginning. Laws, property, taxation, rationing, all have proper place in the proper way in human economy, but none of these are first things. They relate wholly to the realm of substance and become things of evil when divorced from the spirit that underlies them.

There is just one First Cause, just one Source, and it is not wealth; it is not power as men react to it; it is not state. It is the One God, the source of all that is.

About the time that people began thinking that behind some man-made fortress they can rely on gun, strategy, or any other scientific war thing, along comes a radar like device that bares his secrets or a super bomb that slays him by the thousands; something newer and bigger is spawned to see the latest defensive one better and render it obsolete. This is true of war on the battlefield, on the seas or in the air—or in the no-longer-safe realm of home-life; it is true of business and social life.

The dollar so widely worshiped is worse than nothing when out of its sphere and trying to play God. The dollar is a real necessity and we cannot do without it. But the dollar tells us many lies and we believes them, even when we know deep down in us that they are lies.

Man's real and only bulwark is God and that is all that can save him.

Now read that anonlmous quotation referred to and give it honest to-goodness meditation.

"To live is not sufficient, we need also the joy of living."
—Dr. Flexis Carrel.

BIBLE TEACHING

(Stanly News & Press)

The thought has been expressed in these editorial columns many times in the past that the solution to many of the local, national and international problems rests in a thorough knowledge on the part of all people of the teachings which are laid down in the Bible. That, of necessity, calls for a consistent program of Bible teaching in lands which are supposed to be Christian and a strong missionary program in the lands which worship in a manner which is not regarded as Christian. The missionary effort is, in reality, the heart of the Christian religion.

It seems to us that if we are to effect such a missionary movement, we need to make our Bible teaching program here in this land as strong as possible.

Those persons who attended the special service at the First Presbyterian church Sunday evening were impressed with the fact that the community is in agreement that the Bible course in the high school is providing the children with an inspiring knowledge of the Bible. The good work of Miss Peebles, the teacher of the Bible, received high praise, and the fact that the money needed to finance the course came from voluntary contributions indicates that quality of instruction is very satisfactory.

One speaker on the program pointed out that the "Study of the Bible as a subject," is perhaps the most effective way to obtain a thorough knowledge of it.

The church school is really not in position to do a very effective job in teaching Bible because the time which a pupil spends in church school is limited to less than an hour a week. Although we admit that this is a fact, we want to raise the question as to whether the church is doing all that it is obligated to do in the matter of effective religious instruction.

The churches can accept the situation as it is and feebly protest that there is nothing which they can do about it. But that is not the attitude which they should take. The Bible course in high school here was born out of a need, and yet it does not meet the need fully.

The churches, as we see it, have the obligation to give every child and young person in the community effective instruction in the Bible, and the obligation is one which members of the church should assume.

"The greatest pleasure that I know is to do a good action by stealth and have it found out by accident."—Charles Lamb.

SOAP

(Greensboro News)

Soap plays a large and necessary part in the game of life although admittedly a member of the scrub team.

One of the first things you can remember having heard some one tell you was to be sure to use plenty of soap and water and not fail to wash behind the ears. Now you're admonished to go easy on that soap, its all we've got in the house or not to use that guest soap. I've just put in the bath room, company's coming tomorrow.

While soap in general has its troubles, it is undoubtedly shaving soap which gets in more scrapes.

All sorts of perfumes, scents and aromas are given to soap, but in most instances even its best friends won't tell it about them. Soap in later life, is likely to go all to pieces, and that's when it gets completely out of hand. Soap also has its inconsistensies: You use it to wash dishes with yet if you leave the soap alone long enough nothing can get dirtier.

Soft soap is made in a pot and that's exactly where politicians who use so much of it ought to go. The only thing 99 99-100 per cent pure about most of the soap we've encountered is the bunk in the radio programs which it sponsors. Even soap that floats will drift away from you.

Soap is the easiest thing we know to slip between your fingers, and even when your foot finds it, it's next to impossible to get a toe-hold. Soap, if it would really come clean with you, would have to admit being the cause of many a person's downfall.

Soap is sometimes used to wash youngsters' mouths out with, but youngsters' can get back at the soap by blowing bubbles. The best thing eyes can do is to stay shut to soap unless they wish to smart under their mistake.

If soap really is a cake, as most people refer to it, it must be a layer cake, layer of soap and a layer of dirt.

And now if you don't like any or everything we've said about soap, why just go ahead and wash your hands of the whole suddy business.

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"Without sentiment there would be no flavor in life."
—William Thackeray.

MORE DIVORCES

(Stanly News & Press

A member of the jury functioning in the Superior court term this week expressed amazement at the ease and speed with which divorces are granted. By noon Monday 25 couples had been legally divorced, perhaps the largest number ever granted at a single term of court in Stanly county.

The law of the state is very simple. If a couple live apart for a period of two years, it is no trouble to get a divorce if the defendant in the action offers no objection.

The news story concerning the "divorce" session of the court gave no revealing facts about 24 of the cases, and very likely none of them were revealed in the trials, but in one case, the full story is known. The plaintiff declared that "he married his wife, an Indian, while under the influence of liquor. He said that he remembered nothing of the marriage trip to South Carolina, or of the marriage ceremony performed there."

One naturally wonders what kind of official it was who would marry a couple, one of which was so drunk that he did not know what he was doing. Which brings us to the point that we want to make.

We may expect the number of divorces to increase steadily until the time when we put more restrictions on the institution of marriage. The laws should be so drawn as to make marriage the serious proposition which it is.

Marriage is the institution, or business, for it is a business, for which we make no pretense of training our children. It is a tragic situation, revealed partially in the divorce courts, and many of the ills which afflict this country spring from the laxness which characterizes our marriage laws and our failure to provide our young people with definite training for marriage.

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BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of June 9, 1946

June 9—Billy Jenkins, Cottage No. 7, 12th birthday.
June 10—Billy Andrews, Cottage No. 13, 17th birthday.
June 10—John McKinney, Cottage No. 3, 11th birthday.
June 11—Billy Black, Cottage No. 13, 16th birthday.
June 11—Clay Shew, Cottage No. 1, 12th birthday.
June 14—Thomas Chavis, Cottage No. 17, 13th birthday.
June 14—Horace Collins, Cottage No. 1, 13th birthday.
June 14—Ellis Sylvanus Robinson, Cottage No. 2, 15th birthday.

ALTERNATIVE TO OPA

(Lexington Dispatch)

Many citizens have joined in the well-organized cry to abolish OPA and let "nature take its course." Perhaps a good many have not considered very thoughtfully what the "natural course" might prove to be. It is true that some can manage to cast the recollection back to the end of World War I. But even that could hardly afford a comparable picture of the possibilities. Then things just went out of sight without anything like the present pressure. There is a great accumulation of buying power now and this is accelerated by an artificially created sentiment on which much cash and effort have been expended.

The Salisbury post sets out what it thinks will happen, thusly:

To all intent and purpose the House of Representatives has abolished OPA. If the Senate concurs, "dog eat dog" will replace "hold the line" as the national economic slogan.

Unless you have a direct wire into the Senate clockroom, there is not much you can do about it.

But mark this down in your little account book: if OPA goes out the window, your savings are going out the the window after it, and your standards of living, at best, will be hanging on the sill within six mounths.

Things are bad as they are. There is no mistake about that. But get a clear picture of existing conditions in your mind. You may want to hark back on it before 1947 as a picture of "the good old days."

OPA has been about as bungled as any government policy known to modern history. Those who yammer for its abolition have talking points which stretch end to end would reach back to twenty-five cent turkey gobblers; but all that can be substituted for OPA if it abandoned is the law of the jungle.

Better sharpen your claws and grow a heavy coat of hair.

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"Most fears are actually generated by too much reading, thinking and talking."—Dr. Henry C. Link.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. McMurry Richey, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord was the guest speaker at the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 22nd chapter of I Kings.

In his message to the boys, Rev. Mr. Richey told them that instead of preaching a sermon he was going to point out to them several important Biblical characters mentioned in the verses just read.

The speaker first called attention to the fact that the events pictured in this story happened about twenty-eight centuries ago. He further stated that most everything in those days was quite different from the things of today, but by carefully studying the Scriptures, we find that human nature was just about the same as we find it in this modern age.

In referring to the different characters in the story, he first told of some very interesting things about Jehoshaphat, the king of Judah. We read that Jehoshaphat went to visit Ahab, the king of Israel. Jehoshaphat had married Ahab's daughter, and he seemed to be trying to arrange a friendly alliance between the people of the two kingdoms.

After feeding his visitor exceedingly well and otherwise showing him the finest of hospitality, Ahab suggested to him that they combine the forces of their domains and go and capture the territory known as Ramoth-Gilead.

At first, Jehoshaphat, although willing to help his father-in-law, had some doubt as to whether he should agree to the plan. He asked Ahab if he had prophets who might tell them what to do.

Ahab then gathered together four hundred of his prophets, and asked them wheter or not he should go against Ramoth-Gilead in battle. They all advised him to go.

Jehoshaphat was still unwilling to accept the advice of these prophets, and he asked Ahab if he had another wise prophet who might be able to tell them what to do. Ahab replied that there was a prophet of the Lord, named Micaiah, of whom they might enquire of the Lord what to do. He added, however, that this prophet had never prophesied any good concerning him, but evil. Jehoshaphat insisted that Ahab send for Micaiah, and it was done.

Micaiah came before the two kings and told them that he would advise them as to what the Lord would have them do, and told them that it would not be well for them to battle against Ramoth-Gilead.

King Ahab then became angry and had Micaiah cast into prison.

Disregarding the words of the prophet of the Lord, Jehoshaphat and Ahab led their armies into battle. Ahab, fearing that he might be slain, had Jehoshaphat put on his robes. This deception did not work well, and Ahab was fatally wounded.

In speaking of the four hundred prophets, Rev. Mr. Richey stated that they told their king to go into battle because they knew that was what the king wanted to do. They were definitely false prophets.

If we of today are not very careful, said the speaker, we can be led to play the part of those lying prophets.

We can also play the part of Ahab. In some ways he was a pretty good man who had some conscience and some religion. While he did consult the prophets, he did as he pleased anyway.

We, too, can do that, added the speaker. We can play around a little with religion, and still live an evil sort of life. We can hear and read what the Bible and the church tells us about the right kind of living, and then go on and do as we please.

In speaking of Jehoshaphat, Rev. Mr. Richey pointed out that it was quite plain that he did not want to go into battle in the first place. He was pulled into warfare by another, because he was weak. We can readily see that his conscience bothered him a little, for he caused Ahab to send for Micaiah, even after the other four hundred prophets had told him to go against the army of the neighboring country.

Rev. Mr. Richey then called attention to another interesting character in the story—Micaiah, a prophet of the Lord. Here was a man who, when summoned before the kings, boldly told them that he was going to say just what the Lord told him to say. He told Ahab what God wanted done, and it caused him to be cast into prison with just bread and water to eat. He was a man who had character and conscience. He was not going to let even a great king cause him to do wrong. His only desire was to remain true to God.

In some way, at some time, continued the speaker, those who disobey God are punished. This is illustrated by the fact that Ahab had disobeyed the Lord, and the night following the battle, he died.

The same is true in life today, said Rev. Mr. Richey. The person who refuses to obey the will of God will certanly be punished. There is no escape for one who persists in wrong doing.

In conclusion, the speaker stated that the person who does right will find that he will have the joy of a good conscience, clean hands and a pure heart. These are the rewards God has promised His children who choose to do His will.

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The world is blessed most by men who do things, and not by those who merely talk about them.—James Oliver.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 2, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Frank Andrews
Maynard Chester
Dean Harris
Harry Matthews
Ray Marion
William Speaks

COTTAGE No. 1

Hubert Black
William Britt
Carl Church
Horace Collins
William Doss
Raymond Harding
Franklin Hensley
James Jones
Jack Lambert
Clay Shew
Billy Smith
Harry Thompson
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Ray Burns
Gerald Johnson
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
Robert McDuffie
James McMahan
William McVicker
Eddie Medlin
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
William Bates
Thomas Childress
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Glenn Evans
Robert Fogle
Jesse Hamlin
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Lawrence Littlejohn
John McKinney
Lloyd Perdue
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Joseph Bean
John Fine
Robert Hogan
Herman Hugnes
William Hunter
Coy McElvin
Lacy Overton
Roy Swink

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Gibson
Connie Hill
George Swink
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Coy Creakman
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Fred Ganey
Clyde Hoffman
Lester Ingle
George Jones
Jerry Oakes
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
Charles Sellers
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
Wiliam Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Ralph Gibson
John Hill
Franklin Stover
Reuben Vester
James Wilds
Billy Jenkins

William King

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
J. C. Alley
Charles Angel
Albert Allen
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Defoye Inman
Charles Francis
Thomas Stallings
Vernest Turner
Robert Trout
Jack Wilkins
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE No. 10
Arthur Ballew
Robert Gordon
Bernard Hiatt
Hoyt Mathis
Ray Roberts
Donald Stultz
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Bryant
James Carterette
Thomas Hyder
David Isenhour
Lee Lockerby
Benny Riggins
William Smith
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
Willam Andrews
Willam Black
James Hensley
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14
Howard Hall
Eugene Martin
Roy Marsh
Charles Moore
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best
William Caldwell
Jack Crump
Harry Coffey
Alvin Fox
Jack Green
John Green
Howard Herman
Marcus Hefner
David Kinley
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Evan Myers
Charles Rhodes
Carl Ransom
James Shepherd
Alvin Stewart
Solomon Shelton
Ralph Stewart
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Ray Covington
Thomas Chavis
Robert Elder
William Harding
Morrison Jacobs
Richard Johnson
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Ray Orr
Bennie Payne
Robert Phillips

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
Norman Hentschell

"Twas her thinking of others that made you think of her."
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

JUN 15 '46

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 15, 1946 No. 24

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DAD

Always my counsellor, always my friend,
Always with patience his help would lend,
Always at hand when lifes problems I met,
Throughout all the world my best friend yet,
Always consistent understanding my mould,
Midst all my sorrows as true as gold.
Always the first to wish me luck,
Always the first to praise my pluck,
Always at hand to give a tip,
Usually saying "Keep a stiff upper lip."
The same old sport, this Dad of mine.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS— J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Raymond Byrd, Thomas Cottrell, Gerald Johnson, Harvey Leonard, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

SPORTS WRITER—Raymond Byrd.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—James Hensley.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Charles Francis, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Herman Hughes, Charles Moore, Robert Trout, Vernest Turner.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

WHAT FATHER USED TO SAY

Said old Crankmire at the table in a reminiscent way:
"More and more I keep repeating things my father used to say.
Though at first I little heeded (as if youngsters ever do),
Still today I hear him saying:
'Here's a bit of counsel true:
Never judge a man by color, race or form of faith and prayer.
Never cast upon another a burden you should bear.

" 'When you set your hand to labor give your best to every task.
Never be ashamed to answer if, who did this? men should ask?
Sell your strength and skill for money, but give value in return.
Never ask the world to give you what you will not work to earn.
Oh, I know this sounds like preaching, but long after I'm away
You may sometimes tell your comrades what your father used to say.

" 'There are always din and clamor, and the vulgar and the loud.
There are always rabble-rousers who keep stirring up the crowd.
But alone, and by his fireside, every father, when he can
Tries his best to teach his youngster what it is that makes a man.
And these things that I've been telling are repeated every day.
By the humblest and the greatest with: 'My father used to say'."

—Edgar Guest.

FATHER'S DAY

The third Sunday in June is Father's Day the country over, and that is the time when people, out of the abundance of their love, pay homage to the fathers of the land. This is the day when people express gratitude to the fathers of the household who have borne the brunt of the burdens during the year so that family life has been kept secure and steadfast, and so that the necessities of life have been provided with the passing of the days, weeks, and months.

Today the world is in the midst of a time when, in many homes,

the young fathers have been the objects of hero worshippers because they are the veterans of warfare. Over and over again the Dad in the home has been regarded by his young son as the great hero who covered himself with fame and glory in the heroic struggle through which the world has passed in recent years. Father's Day is a most appropriate time for expressing to the fathers the sincerest thanks of everyone for all that they have done during the intervening months. It is true that no matter how strong or how powerful any person may be, it does not mean that at some time or other—yea, even at frequent intervals—he needs the cheering words of encouragement or a pat on the back for his efforts. The Dad in the home may be very courageous so that he may be somewhat of an eternal spring or fountain of parental power, yet there is always a danger that the heavy burdens of the everyday work-a-day world may be too heavy for him to bear alone, and thus it is that every father should be given the encouragement which can be so easily given by his companions in the home. No one should neglect his or her father or fail to remember him on Father's Day.

In some of the homes the fathers have distinguished themselves and have become famous and illustrious. In other homes the fathers have been humble men who have worked day in and day out, without any fanfare. Their work, as a rule, has gone unnoticed by the public gaze, but they, too, have been faithful and steadfast. There are those humble fathers who have for twelve months trod the dusty roads of parenthood and through toil and sweat have borne the burdens which were theirs. They have been true to every sacred trust which has been placed in their hands, and they deserve the commendation of all.

Unfortunately, there are homes in which the fathers have faltered and failed. There are some homes where the fathers have brought shame and sorrow and anguish and even disgrace to their families. Instead of sharing the burdens of parenthood, they have, in fact, made these burdens greater. This is the part of tragedy, and there can be no justification for it. The true and upright Dads are those who by thrift and foresight have provided for the everyday needs of their families; they are those quiet and unassuming men who have stood at their posts of duty and have assumed the most arduous duties that are entailed in parenthood. They have

furnished the dynamics of life for their household; they are the men who have stood as leaders and as royal directors in all the activities of life about them; they have been the symbols of security and of stability for those who looked to them for these rights.

The mother has her own peculiar spheres of activity, and her duties to be performed. She has her everyday harassments to be endured; but, somehow or other, she was made to have friends to share and children to cheer, and hands to help and voices to encourage her in her rounds of routine. While these things happen to the mother, the father moves along with his burdens and his needs and his heavy loads, and most of the time he is silent through it all.

It will be very heartening to the father to have the mother of his children and the children of his heart to offer their sincere praises and adulations on this day so that he may have from them some simple evidence, either tangible or otherwise, that they do not know how in the world they would get along without him.

* * * * * * * *

TWENTY-NINE OTHER BOYS JOIN FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

We are delighted to announce that on Sunday, June 9th, twenty-nine boys from the Training School were baptised and received into membership of the First Baptist Church of Concord. This is an announcement which we are very happy to make, because we think it is a very profitable experience for these boys, and we feel sure it will mean much to them in the years ahead, as well as while they are here at the School.

It was through the interest and efforts of Rev. Erbert Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, that this important event took place at this time. For a period of about two months, with his help, the various staff members at the school have been working on this project. At one time it was thought the boys might be ready to be received into church membership about Eastertime, but there were so many unforseen interuptions happening then that it was impossible for the boys to be baptized. In a sense, this has worked to the advantage of the boys and the staff members, too, because it has given us a little more time in which to meditate and to try

to be as certain as is humanly possible, to be sure that the boys are measuring up to the desirable standards of Christian conduct before having their chance of becoming church members. After all, becoming a member of the church is something that should always be considered as sacred and reverent. Extreme care should be taken to see that the boys who do join the church are those boys who are really trying to show their companions and their supervisors by their conduct that they want to live as they should.

We who work here at the Training School are delighted to have a part in arranging for some of the boys here to join some of the churches. At no time do we ever attempt to dictate to a boy as to what church he should join, but we try to get him to make his own decision, without any pressure or restraint. We do feel that every boy should sometime or other become a member of a church, because always the best people in a community are those who have aligned themselves actively with some church. By this, of course, we mean every boy should dedicate his own life to the ideals of the Christian program so that he would be worthy of all that church membership means to anyone, and by this we mean, of course, that no boy should join the church unless he is ready, in his attitudes and his faith, to join.

We hope the boys who joined the church will make good church members while they are here, and then we hope, too, that when they go to their homes they will continue in the Christian fellowship of some local church. We feel sure that any boy who dedicates his life here to the church and then goes home to become an active church member at home, will have a much better chance to make a successful adjustment at home. He may even be a great inspiration to his own parents. Then, too, we know from experience that a great many boys, before coming to the training school, have not had proper encouragement towards Christianity and towards becoming members of some church.

Those who joined the church last Sunday were:

Charles Bryant
Horace Collins
Thomas Corley
Glenn Evans
Johnny Gregory
Ralph Gassoway
Clyde Hill
Harold Kernodle
Bobby Kerr
David Isenhour

Jack Lambert
Harvey Leonard
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Edward McCall
John McKinney
Lloyd Perdue
Hubert Pritchard
Benny Riggins
John Roberts
Ray Roberts
Leroy Shedd
Donald Stultz
William Smith
Charles Todd
Bernard Webster
James Wiles
Howell Willis
Keith Yandle

FLAG DAY

June 14th is Flag Day. The people of the United States on June 14th will again observe Flag Day with appropriate formality. It is a day on which the people of the nation will renew their loyalties to the American flag, and rededicate themselves to all the flag itself symbolizes.

On Flag Day this year the people of America will have every right to be proud of their flag. Because of the great achievements of this nation, our flag now stands at the pinnacle of its fame and glory. Not only is the American flag highly regarded by the people of this nation, but wherever the Star and Stripes float on the breeze, it is the symbol of hope to mankind throughout the world. The great military strength of this nation was demonstrated on the battlefields of the world and the victories which we achieved were victories that were won not for this nation alone but for free peoples everywhere. The American flag is great because of the military might of this country, but it is even greater because of the noble impulses which have prompted the actions of this government in its conflicts with the tyrants of other nations.

This year as the people of America look on the flag and as they contemplate all it symbolizes, they, of course, at this period in our history, will be reminded of the bitter struggles and heroic sacrifices of the soldiers in our armed services. This year they will accord to the flag, in humility and reverence, all of the praise and homage that is due to a flag that has been a crusading banner in the conflicts of the world. On this day in 1946 we will remember those soldier boys who gave their lives that the banner of freedom

might wave "over the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Their sacrifices will not be unnoticed at this time. Here in America we will dedicate ourselves to all that the Stars and Stripes mean to the world, and we will resolve that no matter what comes we will stand by the flag. We join with John Nichols Wilder in his poem, "Stand by the Flag," as follows:

Stand by the Flag

Stand by the flag! Its stars like meteors gleaming,
Have lighted Arctic icebergs, southern seas,
And shone responsive to the stormy beaming
Of old Arturus and the Pleiades.

Stand by the flag! Its stripes have streamed in glory,
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
Of Freedom's triumphs over all the globe.

Stand by the flag! On land and ocean billow
By it your fathers stood unmoved and true—
Living, defended—dying, from their pillow,
With their last blessing passed it on to you.

Stand by the flag! Immortal heroes bore it
Through sulphurous smoke, deep moat and armed defense;
And their imperial shades still hover o'er it,
A guard celestial from Omnipotence.

Stand by the flag though death shots round it rattle,
And underneath its waving folds have met,
In all the dread array of sanguine battle,
The quivering lance and glittering bayonet!

Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning!
Believe with courage firm, and faith sublime,
That it will float, until the eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of Time!

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Sports Results

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The results in the baseball league for June 8th were as follows:

Cottage No. 17 defeated Cottage No. 1 by a score of 8 to 3. Cottage No. 13 defeated Cottage No. 5 by a score of 11 to 5. Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 3 by a score of 10 to 0. Cottage No. 4 defeated Cottage No. 14 by a score of 16 to 5. Cottage No. 9 defeated Cottage No. 11 by a score of 9 to 7.

The results in the softball league were as follows:

Cottage No. 2 defeated Cottage No. 5 by a score of 30 to 5. Cottage No. 6A defeated Cottage No. 1 by a score of 25 to 6. Cottage 13 defeated Cottage No. 5 by a score of 20 to 5. Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 3 by a score of 12 to 10. Cottage No. 9 defeated Cottage No. 11 by a score of 20 to 1. Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 7B by a score of 34 to 18. Cottage No. 7A defeated Cottage No. 17 by a score of 25 to 8.

Flags in United States History

By Garmon Hubbard, 10th Grade

June 14th marks the day known as Flag Day in the United States. In spite of its short national life, the United States has produced an astonishing number of flags. The idea of representing the United States by "Stars and Stripes" started in Philadelphia in colonial days.

It is said that, at a dinner on December 13, 1775, Benjamin Franklin suggested adopting for the use of the colonies the flag of the East India Company that had horizontal stripes and the union of England in the upper corner. Just such a flag was used for the first navy ensign.

June 14, 1861 at Hartford Conn. was the first time Flag Day was observed.

News Items of Interest

Douglas Mangum, 10th Grade

Some of the boys have been cleaning up the grounds. They have been doing a pretty good job keeping the paper picked up. We certainly do appreciate how nicely some of the lower grades have been cleaning up.

The first grade put on a little circus in their room. They had a lot of the posters they had drawn put up on the board.

Our Devotional

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

The devotional in our tenth grade class room holds the interest of every boy. Our devotional is taken from a book by Robert Lee Dougherty. The book is "Jesus Speaks." The author of this book makes it seem so livable. Mr. J. W. Hines, our principal, reads it to us, and we all get a lot out of it. The book is wonderfully worded. It tells the words of Jesus as he speaks.

One of the beautiful paragraphs in the book is as follows:

"As John lowered me beneath the waters of the river Jordan, I knew that my life was fully in the hands of Him above. As I emerged from the river it was with a fervent prayer that henceforth His will might be wholly done."

The temptation of Christ was beautifully worded, also. It tells of Christ going out into the wilderness and his thoughts lingered along two roads. One road would lead him to the adoration of an evil and selfish people or the other would reap a life of scorn, rejection, and death. Which did he decide to do? He took the road to rejection and death for the people of the earth. He said that he saw upon the snow-capped peak of Lebanon a cross casting its shadow far down the plains, and he knew that he had not come into the world for his own glory but for the glory of Him who sent him.

He said that when he was crucified that he was tempted to walk away and go back to the carpenter shop, but God spoke to him and he knew that God had sent Him that He might receive others.

The words that Christ spoke about The Kingdom of Heaven are as follows:

"The Kingdom of Heaven is a world of twice-born men. I have commanded men to be born of water that they might also be born of God's spirit. All of the sins and evils of the world come from men's hearts. When the power of God purges a soul of its iniquities, the world becomes a new place. That is why I have said,"The Kingdom of God is within you."

Shocking Oats

By Garmon Hubard, 10th Grade

During the past two weeks the barn force boys, along with the work lines, have been shocking and threshing oats. The tractor force boys and the carpenter shop boys have been helping in this work.

10th Grade Memory Work

By William Smith 10th Grade

The boys of the tenth grade are doing their memory work. To get an extra grade in English, they will memorize the 1st, 19th, 121st Psalms. For memory work, they also have "Abou Ben Adhem" "The House by the Side of the Road" "To a Post Office Inkwell" and limericks as follows: "The Tutor," "The Hindoo," "In Quebec," "The Smile," and "The Face." We hope all the boys will work hard for the extra grade Mr. Hines and Mrs. Baucom has given them a chance to learn.

More Boys Join Church

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

Sunday night, June 9, 1946 a group of boys from the training school were baptized into the membership of the First Baptist Church in Concord of which Rev. E. S. Summers is the pastor.

This experience should follow up anyone's repentance to their Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

The boys who were received into the membership of the church are

listed elsewhere in this issue.

We all want to thank Mr. S. G. Hawfield, Mr. J. W. Hines, and any other officers here at the school for the work they did in helping these boys not only in their spiritual improvement but also in their school work and vocation training.

We hope God's blessings will be with all these boys all through life and they may help others realize their need of Christ's love. We want all of these boys to make good here at the school and out in life.

The Picture Show

By Jack Benfield, 10th Grade

The boys of the school were entertained Thursday night by a picture show. This was not an unusual thing because we have a show every Thursday night. The name of the show for Thursday night was "George White's Scandals." The boys like the shows very much and are thankful that they have the privilege of seeing them because it is educational as well as amusing. The boys look forward to seeing the next show every time.

Friday Morning Chapel Program

By Gerald Johnson, 10th Grade

Our chapel program was given by Miss Oehler and the third grade boys. To begin with, the entire group sang "This Is My Father's World." Then the 3rd grade boys repeated for the Scripture Lesson the first 16 verses of the 5th chapter of Matthew. The Lord's Prayer was prayed. After this, the third grade boys sang four songs. They were: "Work for the Night Is Coming," "'Tis Spring Time," "Birds Return," and "Follow Me Full of Glee." Solomon Shelton recited the poem, "Wonderful World," which was followed by four other poems. They were: "The First Bluebird," by Floyd Bruce; "The Swing," by Billy McVicker; "The Turtle," by Hubert Black; and "The Crow," by Thomas McGee. The third grade sang three other songs. They were: "What They Say," "Sing Thou, Merry Bird," and "The Mower's Song." After this, the boys displayed some drawings that they had drawn. The first one was the library by Hubert Black. The others were the swimming pool by Thomas Chavis; the auditorium by Ben Wilson; the radio station by Keith Yandle; the playground by Jimmy Wiles; the store by William Doss; the picnics by Odell Cain; and our friends by Daniel Johnson. We then had seven poems given by the grade. They were: "The Hayloft," byHenry Coffee; "The Woodpecker," by Jimmy Wiles; "The Cricket," by Howard Hall; "Mud," by Charles Sellars; "Feet," by Floyd Bruce; and "Going Fishing," by Robert Mason. Then a group of the boys said the poem, "Over in the Meadow." Billy McVicker and Thomas McGee then sang a duet entitled "Daisy." The grade sang two more songs entitled "Summer Time" and "Twilight is Falling " which ended the program. Mrs. Liske accompanied the boys at the piano. All the boys enjoyed the program.

QUARTERLY REPORT TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

By S. G. Hawfield

At the beginning I should like to report that the enrollment at the Training School June 1, 1946 was 337. Since our enrollment three months ago was exactly the same, this means our population has remained the same. During the past quarter there have been 46 admissions and 46 separations. I should like to explain that during this past quarter we have had only two boys admitted who were under twelve years of age. This means, of course, that if the same procedures have been followed as were in operation a year or more ago we probably would have had an increase in enrollment during this quarter. In other words, the fact that we are getting practically none of the 10-12 age group has served to keep our enrollment at a stationary level.

In the second place I should like to say I think our program during the past quarter has been stronger and has produced more satisfactory results than at any other time since I have been at the School. This, of course, can be accounted for by several reasons, but in the main there are two—first, the fact that we have a nearly complete quota of workers; second, we have had increased recreational facilities.

Since we have more staff members, of course they have been enabled to work with less strain and stress and with shorter hours than formerly and these facts together have contributed to the happiness emotional stability—the morales of even the workers themselves. The boys, of course, have been the benefactors of these improved conditions. This is in conformance with the proposition that whenever the school has attempted to operate with an inadequate staff and with hours that were too long, the boys themselves suffered, and in the end they paid the price.

During the past quarter I have had the privilege of observing the boys of our school in numerous activities and many routine experiences which have tended to improve both their characters and their mentalities. For instance I have listened to groups of boys as they have presented their programs on the stage at the school auditorium, and I have been greatly delighted with the improved quality of the programs which the boys themselves present from time to time. Their programs consist of readings, songs and dramatizations, and it is possible to observe the inherent desire of many of the boys to do things for the pleasure of others and for their own self-improvement. They have demonstrated that they want to show to the world that they want to be somebody, and that they are important individuals in society. For many of the boys, the opportunities we give them here for these wholesome and cultural activities are their first such privileges.

Likewise, I have listened to the boys as they have presented they splendid programs over the radio. So many of

the boys have acquired the ability to present their parts with great ease and personal satisfaction to themselves. They are having these radio experiences at a time in life when they will, no doubt mean very much to them.

Likewise, I have observed the boys as they have gone about their work on the campus and farm from day to day, and I have also noted their behavior on the athletic fields and playgrounds, and I have been particularly delighted with the good sportsmanship and the alert participation of such a large percentage of the boys. I feel certain that when we have our competitive sports limited to the various cottage groups as we do now, instead of competing with outsiders we are doing by far the best thing for these boys. As our program now is, almost every boy has an opportunity to play some game instead of sitting passively on the sidelines and watching some well-developed athlete perform.

Most important of all, though, I have observed the boys in the classrooms of the school, and I have noted with pleasure and pride the good work that has been done by the teachers of the school department. It is a matter of no little satisfaction to know that the boys of the school now are having such good opportunities in school, and it is easy to observe that so many of the boys here are in very urgent need of improved education instruction. While we have made considerable improvement, there is still room for other progress, which we hope to make in the months ahead.

In reporting particularly about the boys, however, I would not be true to the trust that is bestowed on me as superintendent of this institution if I did not tell also of some of the activities for the spiritual development of the boys here. Recently, eight or ten boys from our school joined one of the Methodist churches, and at the present time there are about thirty-five other boys in line for becoming members of the First Baptist Church of Concord. It is true that most of these boys have had their first encouragement to become members of the church and to line up with the spiritual forces of the state and nation. We are convinced that the school has a sacred obligation to help these fine boys who have made up their minds that they are determined to lead a better life in the future.

On May 21st I had the opportunity to present some plans for the school for the next ten years to the members of the Planning Committee of the Board of Correction and Training. All of you have copies of this report, and no doubt have had an opportunity to read and study the contents of the report. In the first place, I wish to say I attempted as best I could to forecast some of the physical needs for an improved program here, but at the same time I attempted to indicate some of the other needed improvements for strengthening the actual program of treatment for the boys. In other words, I had a feeling then, as I do now, that it is not possible to foresee what great things may be done in the way of erecting new buildings or making additional improvements without at the same time understanding that there are improvements which need to be made in the actual treatment program at the school. I am particularly anxious that the mem-

bers of the Executive Committee, as they think of the physical needs of the school, will see at the same time that we need to make improvements in the intangible aspects of our program.

In this connection I wish to offer what I think would be a very significant explanation regarding this report to the Planning Committee. To some it may seem that the requests were entirely too extensive. It might have been I could have said that it would be possible for us to move along for the next ten years with our facilities about as we have them now, and I could at the same time have had a feeling that we could be on a par with many other institution of the land. However, it seemed to me that it would have been very foolish not to have recognized that improvements can be made here, and it would likewise have been foolish not to ask for these improvements at a time when so many improvements would be made at other state institutions, because of the fact that there is so much surplus money now in the state treasury. In other words, I should not like for it to be said five, six, or ten years hence that this institution should have made certain improvements at a time when other institutions were getting their share of the funds. The fact that so much was requested for this school does not indicate that our conditions are so terribly inferior to those of other plants. I hope the members of the Executive Committee will see the significance of this statement and that they will help, as far as possible, towards obtaining the necessary funds for these and probably other improvements which can be made, to the end that this institution will be secondary to no institution in the nation.

I should like to have any suggestions which the members of the Executive Sommittee, or any others, may have to offer regarding the contents of the report as submitted to the Planning Committee.

In the school department one of our good teachers resigned to go and be with her husband who had returned from service. This position has been filled by another well-recommended teacher, who has the highest certificate offered by the state.

In recent weeks we have secured some new stage equipment for the school auditorium. This consists of a cyclorama and overhead borders. The stage now presents a much more attractive and cultural appearance than it formerly did. I am sure this will add to the general morale and behavior attitudes of the boys.

Just recently we have found it possible to introduce the tenth grade, in which there are about twelve boys. This is regarded as a very notable achievement in the history of the school. These boys, of course, have fine potentialities for becoming successful students in other schools and continuing their educational careers. They offer to us the best opportunities we have for achieving good results on the investments that are being made.

In this connection I wish to explain that under the present set-up we have a very fine arrangement for operating the school library. The library has been thoroughly re-organized in conformance with modern library procedures, and the boys are making full use of this facility.

I am delighted to report that we have just organized a new Boy Scout

troop at the Training School. This troop will offer opportunities to some of the younger boys for whom Scouting will be a new experience. Several of the Scouts are boys who have had successful experiences as Cub Scouts. The troop is designated as Troop 61 of the Central N. C. Council, and it will be under the direction of Mr. Earl Walters as Scoutmaster. We are very hopeful of the good results that can be obtained through this organization.

Recently Mr. Walters has been taking groups of boys to see some of the baseball games over in Concord. These are experiences which thrill the boys, and we are delighted for them to have a chance to see the play life of the outside world. Then, too, we know every boy likes baseball, and as he watches the professional player he learns some of the finer points himself.

Out on the farm there have been the usual activities for this time of year. We have had an abundant production of some of the early garden vegetables such as sugar peas and Irish potatoes. We have already begun to gather some fruit from the orchard and dewberries from our dewberry vines. We are beginning to have good prospects for other garden vegetables such as snap beans, butter beans, okra, cucumbers, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, etc. Right now we are in the midst of harvesting the grain crop. Some of the grain was used for ensilage for filling the silo, but we are reaping most of our grain and it will be threshed later on. We have in all about 275-300 acres of grain. For us the spring season has been favorable.

We are now at the threshold of a time when we are going to build a new barn for our herd of beef cattle. Recently we have been assemblying the necessary lumber and materials for the erection of this barn. It will be erected at what is known as the Kennedy place on the back side of the farm, and it will be large enough to provide comfortable housing of all our beef herd, of which we are now very proud. Carpentry work on this barn will be done by the supervisiors boys in the carpenter shop. Most of the lumber for the erection of the barn was cut on the school farm.

I am delighted to report that we have been enabled to purchase the following equipment for the school: a new International truck, a new trailer wagon, and we are in the process of purchasing one new car. This equipment is greatly needed and will add to the equipment which we now have.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of June 16, 1946

June 16—Eugene King, Cottage No. 10, 15th birthday.
June 20—Billy Phillips, Cottage No. 2, 13th birthday.
June 21—William Hunter, Cottage No. 4, 15th birthday.
June 21—Joe Lee Bean, Cotage No. 4, 13th birthday.

RELATIONSHIP OF THE INSTITUTION TO THE COMMUNITY

By H. V. Bastin, Superintendent, and Elizebeth Broecker, Director of Case Work, Louisville and Jefferson County Children's Home

The term "institution" covers many situations not contemplated in this paper. Our remarks are directed towards those institutions giving training and care to delinquent, neglected, truant, and dependent children, where the family situation is such that they should be separated from the family and where foster home care has proven inadequate or insufficient to cope with the problems presented by the child. We are certain that no child should be in an institution because of the lack of a suitable family of his own, if a proper foster home can be secured in wich the child can make a reasonable adjustment. We are not in agreement with the idea that the court is able to decide, at the time of the removel of the child from his own home, whether the child should go into an institution, foster home, or to a relative. The decision should be based on a case work study founded on thorough medical, psychological, psychiatric, and social knowledge of the child and his family. This is ordinarily not available to the Juvenile Court. The child should be committed by the court to a welfare agency that is properly equipped to study, place and supervise the child.

We believe that happy childhood is the most cherished and valuable possession of the American people; that every resource of the state should be available to our children in need of it, not only from the humanitarian standpoint but for social and economic reasons, as being to the best interest of the state and its people. Any denial of handicapped children of needed services because of a lack of suitable appropriations is short-sighted and cruel on the part of law-makers and tax-payers, and in the long run will be productive of a more costly procedure by the way of courts, jails, work-houses, reformatories, prisons, mental hospitals, and if none of these, relief from social agencies in varying degrees.

The handicapped child cannot be expected to lift himself over the fence by his own bootstraps into worthwhile citizenship. Where his own family cannot or will not give him suitable care, he must have the aid, guidance, advice and training given by an agency.

It has been thoroughly demonstrated that many handicapped children who have to be removed from their own family because of neglect, delinquency, or abuse, can be provided for more satisfactorily in well chosen and well supervised foster homes. The institution is no place for such children if they can adjust in foster homes. However, for those children for whom adequate foster home care cannot be found, and for children who do not respond to foster home care or who would benefit more by group care, then the institution has a real service to offer.

All early institutions in the United States were created to meet an emer-

gency when the citizens realized that children should not live in alms houses and county jails. At that time this was a forward movement. However, the real needs of the children cared for in these institutions were lost sight of as, at the time, it seemed sufficient if children were housed, trained, and out of the way. It was not until the early part of our present century that many forward-looking citizens, and institution employes, thinking together, sought to give these children the guidance that so many of the difficult adolescents needed to meet life in our complex civilization. Therefore, it should be the aim of all modern institutions to participate in community planning, have a good understanding of the services offered by the community, and develop their services to prepare children for return to the community as worth while individuals. All institutions should have their roots firmly planted within the community.

One of the fundamental considerations in the setting up of an institution for the training of handicapped children is the fact that such children should be trained to go back into the community as quickly as is consistent with the best interests of the child and community, and they should not remain for an unduly long period of time in the institution. Therefore, the program of the institution should be as nearly as possible similar to the program available to children living in the community so that as these children go back into the community from the institution they do not go into a strange place with little or no understanding of the requirements of them or of their opportunities to progress.

The child needs to learn self-control, how to get along with others, to judge more clearly for himself, to learn proper values, and have an opportunity to learn, through cause and effect, what happens under certain conditions when he violates the law.

Unless we have qualified and well selected personnel living closely with the children daily we cannot hope or expect to bring out the best in the children with whom we are working. We need persons who are emotionally stable, physically well, with good judgment and understanding sympathetic but not emotional. We need always to be striving for higher standards but this is possible only through the cooperation of the community and the institution's board and staff.

The social workers have the responsibility of organizing community rescources for the better social adjustment of the child upon placement, through relationships with all agencies, churches, court, school, and individuals who have known the child prior to commitment, and the preparations of these agencies and groups for the acceptance of the child back into the community as a normal individual, so that they can guide the child to accept his proper place when he returns.

School

The school program of the institution must be on a plan broad enough to meet the needs of all children in the institution. There are exceptionally bright children who can advance rapidly if the institution is provided with adequate teaching facilities for such children; there are exceptional children by way of

emotional disturbances; there are many children who have high academic ability and low performance ability. When this situation is reversed and the child has low acadademic capacity with high performance ability, this presents another problem that the institution must meet. There are many borderline children, or even high grade morons, who may come to the institution and these in turn have certain possibilities. All of these must be explored and provided for if the child is to become a self-supporting, satisfactory citizen.

The number of children in the institution who have exceptional capacity for unusual development in professional, vocational or trade accomplishments is sufficiently large not only to justify but to make positively necessary the adequate meeting of this phase of the traning program. Stimulating opportunities along these lines have demonstrated the truth of this statement. Many such children have made amazing progress and have become outstanding citizens because of the opportunities for specialized training while in the institution.

It is unfortunate that few of the institutions training handicapped children in this country are provided with a training program not only as good as the public schools but one which is much more highly specialized and equipped to meet more fully the needs of the child. If it cannot do this it had better be closed altogether for it is is definitely failing in the purpose for which it exists. An institution that is properly organized, equipped and functioning, will send but few children back into the community without having developed in them a desire and willingness to continue in school. It is the responsibility of the institution to awaken the consciousness and the realization on the part of the child of his need for a more thorough preparation for life in the community, and to the extent that the institution fails to awaken this conscious knowledge and desire, it has failed.

In order to break down the barriers between institutions and the community and to develop good relationships, the school, for instance, should participate in all public school competitive activities such as athletics, music contests, art, spelling, etc., and other activities that may be customary in the vicinity of the instituton. After careful preparation and the development of a suitable morale, institution children can compete with other schools in such activities on a satisfactory level, which goes far towards developing self-confidence and a belief in their own abilty to compete with normal children in other activities of life after leaving the institution.

At time of placement, the social worker needs to cooperate with the school system in supplying reports and evaluation of the child's progress and adjustment while in the institution.

Psychological Services

Each child after commitment is studied as to his level of intelligence and achievement so that his individual needs may be best provided for in school, the work program, at the institution or in a foster home. A further clinical understanding of the child may be acquired through case conferences involving the school psy-

chologist, psychiatrist, social worker and others who have a contribution to offer. The successful psychologist must have knowledge bar beyond the ability to give psyehometric tests; she must be able to understand the various implications in the child's history and definitely be able to assist in the selection of a training program for the child.

Medical Care

Few handicapped children coming to an institution are in a satisfactory physical condition. Through inadequate diets, improper and unsanitary living conditions, and neglect, such children are almost invariably in need of major medical, dental, eye, nose, and throat study and treatment. The handicapped child, if he is to catch up with the normal child in the community, must progress in the institution at an accelerated pace. Unless these physical needs are immediately taken care of, the child cannot meet the pace necessary for his proper progress in the institution. Discouragement and pessimism will soon set in anl definite failure will result. Adequate medical care should provide for routine examinations, use of community consultant services, and treatment, and the establishment of preventive care habits in children and families.

Psychiatric Services

The services of a competent psychiatrist are essential because many children have acquired twisted habits of thinking, hatreds, fears, and animosities as a result of their previous experiences of neglect and rejection—a feeling of being unwanted and unloved. While psychiatry is a new profession, it has demonstrated its worth and no institution should be long without the services of a well trained psychiatrist, to work directly with children and as a consultant with the staff. The psychiatrist who works with children needs specialized training.

Recreation

Many of the children coming to an institution have had woefully inadequate individual and group recreational outlets. Any institution undertaking to meet the needs of children sent to it must provide an adequate and well rounded recreational program to meet and arouse the interest of all children. Many studies have been made that show that children in institutions are handicapped and inadequate in group games, in individual activites that give pleasure, social security and a background for leisure time activity. All types of group games and competitive sports, swimming, handicraft, creative skills, and character building interests should be fostered. The social worker must know all recreational facilities available in or near the child's home and before placement of a child should arrange for the child to meet the leaders in these recreational centers. The child needs to be guided to the facilities and assisted in being assimilated into them.

Religion

The religious training of children in institutions so often is entirely neglected or, at best, placed in the hands of superannuated ministers and

priests or volunteer religious workers, and as a natural consequence, their religious development is frequently negative. The religious program in the institution can be very fine, stimulating character, offering opportunities for participation on the part of the child, and that will bring about permanent corrective results. There should be in every institution religious training opportunities for the child equal to the best in the community and these religious training programs should be on such a basis as to permit the child individually to participate in the program so that when he goes back into the community he will not only find himself at home in a church of his choice but he will find a wealth of interests and satisfaction in going to this church.

The children in the institution can well be offered the opportunity of being members of the appropriate church of their choice in the community from whence they came, or the church of the same faith in the neighborhood of the institution, to the end that the religious ties of the child will not be scattered and chaotic, but definite, precise and intimate. Certainly any institution having a group of handicapped children will find Protestants, and other faiths of sufficient number to make imperative the employment of a properly trained priest, minister and rabbi to attend to the spiritual needs of these children. These persons should be able to take the children to their respective churches while in the institution, and should also be able to bring about the cooperation of volunteers from the various churches in the neighborhood of the institution. The chaplain, priest or rabbi should have a knowledge of, and contact with, community religious centers, the church of the child's faith, and other resources, and see that the child is made acquainted with, and the community prepared to receive the child after placement.

Social Service

Perhaps one of the most valuable, professional services that should be available to the institution dealing with the handicapped child is the professional social worker. The social worker is the one person who should follow the child throughout the various placements, dealing with the child from the time of commitment until released from care. Through the social worker the child is enabled to carry to each new situtation at least one person with whom he is familiar and at ease. The social worker is the institution's link between the individual child, his home and the community.

The social service department should be part of the institution's program with adequately trained and experienced social workers under competent supervision and in direct relationship and responsibility to the institution. A detached social service program undertaking to meet the needs of such children becomes top heavy and thoroughly inadequate to function properly because it is too much detached from the immediate problems at hand. The social worker must know his children intimately, must be thoroughly aware of the progress being made by the child while in the institution; he must be in a position to assist in the guidance of the child while in the institution; he must know the parents and relatives of the child, and while the child is in the institution he must be able

to interpret the child's progress and needs to the family, the family situation to the child, and to assist not only the child in rehabilitation but the family as well. The failure of the child to adjust with his family and in the community may be the fault not only of the child but of family and the community as well. Frequent, patient and skillful contacts are necessary. The social worker must be able to break down antagonisms, jealousies, conflicts and rejections. All of this takes time and persistent effort.

The governing authority of the institution should have the right and responsibility to modify and change the child's situation when and as it appears desirable. The institution, through its social service department, should have available foster boarding homes for such children as have no family connections ready to receive them and yet who have satisfactorily completed the training program offered by the institution and shown they were ready for community placement. Any institution that undertakes to operate without such an arrangement is like a physician who can write prescriptions but who has no pharmacist or stock of drugs at his disposal to have prescriptions filled.

Children in the institution should have reasonable and frequent opportunities to leave the institution for visits to relatives and friends who are able and willing to take responsibility for them. Many of the older children should early develop the self-control necessary to warrant their going into neighboring communities without supervision, to attend picture shows, church, athletic and other events. It is altogether a mistaken idea that children can be shut up and isolated in an institution for a period of time—12, 15 or 18 months or longer—and then suddenly be thrown into the community without any previous experience in meeting the community situation successfully.

Morale and loyalty are foundation stones in any enterprise before success can be achieved. Therefore, it is essential that the institution be able to develop, coordinate and vitalize interest, loyalty and morale in the institution for handicapped children. The child who hates, mistrusts and dislikes the institution cannot be benefited; in fact, such children will most likely have their delinquencies and problems intensified. Participation by the child in every possible competitive activity involving his own school and neighboring schools goes far towards developing these loyalties.

One of the most valuable relationships between the child in the institution and the community is through the alumni of the institution. If the work of the institution has been well done those who leave the institution will leave with a kindly feeling toward it. They will communicate these feelings to others with whom they come in contact. Confidence, respect and stability result thereby. As the institution progresses favorably in the esteem of the community, the respect of the alumni for the institution increases. Those who have occasion to return to the institution for visits will bring a message of good cheer, optimism and encouragement to the children. Those who leave the institution for successful lives should be encouraged to return for occasional visits.

The budgets of most institutions in this country undertaking to train the handicapped child are thoroughly inadequate to provide the services suggested above. The attitude of the taxpayer and community leaders generalby throughout the country is one of prejudice, suspicion, fear and intolerance towards the children in institutions. In many cases the disinterest and antagonism on the part of the community towards children is so great that many children are commited to the institution not with any idea of help in correcting their inadequacies but rather to get rid of them from the community. Therefore, it must be apparent to anyone thinking seriously about the matter that the successful institution must, as a precedent to success, have established and maintained relationship with community agencies on a level that will break down the prejudice of the community towards these children, and will also stimulate their willingness to contribute not only financially but by kindness and a spirit of tolerance make the return of children to the community thoroughly welcome and happy.

Many institutions have been deprived of a board of directors in the interest of so-called modern streamlining in government, and in this deprivation have lost one of the most valuable agencies in interpreting the institution to the public and in developing relationship between the institution and the community. Employes of the institution, and particularly heads of departments, should not only be permitted but encouraged to have strong connections with various social agencies, groups and activities in the community. The institution should have representation in the various civic, luncheon and social clubs in the community. Employes should participate on committees of other agencies and community activities. Unless the institution employes have strong, vigorous and vital contacts with the various groups and agencies in the community, the children under their leadership and guidance in the institution cannot fail to suffer.

A recent study of training schools throughout the United States has shown that in less than a half-dozen states are the parents required to participate in the cost of maintaining the children in the institution. Among the notable exceptions are California, New Jersey, Oregon and Louisville, Kentucky. Parents who are not required or invited to participate in the financial responsibility of their children frequently lose that vital interest that grows out of sacrifice for the welfare of the child and soon look forward to the child's return to the faimly, not with the idea of helping the child but of the child's contributing to the family income.

It might have been well if the title of this paper were reversed with the emphasis put on the community in relationship to the institution. All too often communities feel that they have done everything that is necessary once they have set up an institution and provided funds for the operation. But since an institution is a dynamic organism, it needs all of the encouragement for growth and all of the interests in its development that a human being requires. The whole course of institutional life might be changed if the community at large knew more and was help-

ed to care more about what is being done for its children today in institutions it helps to support. It is unfortunately true that this interest on the part of the community must be stimulated by the institution personnel and board, and every contact with the community should strengthen this bond.

The writers of this paper have been associated together for the past twenty years in an institution popularly known as Ormsby Village, whose ideals and objectives are those set forth in this paper.

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THINGS HAVE CHANGED

How well I remember,
Though memories do fade,
The old time get-to-gether
And the barrel of lemonade;
When folks were folksie people
An met you with a grin,
Always glad to shake your hand
No matter where you'd been;
And all the neighbors called
Whenever you were ill,
Old Granny did the dodctoring
And never sent a bill.

There's been a heap of changes
Since happy days of yore,
My girl was thirty-seven then—
Now she's twenty-four!

—Fern E. Garwood.

SUGGESTIONS REGARDING TRAINING SCHOOL'S PERSONNEL NEEDS

By S. G. Hawfield

It seems that it would be very desirable for the institution if some form of a merit system or civil service with a salary schedule could be established to be applicable to the present staff and particularly to the new members. Under merit system a civil service program, it would be possible to give recognition and promotions to people who do commendable work.

In this connection it should be stressed that the hours required of staff members should be curtailed to be more in line with the hours of the workers in other professions and vocations. It has been possible at the Jackson Training School recently to reduce the hours of the workers somewhat, but under the present arrangement there are still grave impositions on the workers who spend as much as seventy-five hours per week.

Likewise, it should be stressed that the salaries of the workers should be increased over what they now are. The institution can never hope to attract into its personnel people who have special abilities and adequate training if the salaries remain as low as they now are. For instance, at the present time the salaries of the teachers at the Jackson Training School are higher than those of the other workers, but they are no higher than those of the public school teachers. In fact, the teachers at the Jackson Training School spend longer hours each day and teach more days in the month for their monthly salaries than do the teachers in the public schools, with equivalent pay. Then, too, we are face to face with the fact that the teachers in all the teaching units in our vicinity of the state have supplements over and above the state salary schedule. This means that we are facing an unfair situation on a competitive basis, and none of this takes into consideration that the teachers in the school department of the Jackson Training School who deal with emotional and mental problems should have superior abilities and special training. It would be the wise thing for the state to offer special salary inducements to secure the services of outstanding teachers.

At the Jackson Training School we are now in need of the services of a vocational education coordinator or a vocational guidance person. Back of this lies the fact that the trade training of our boys is inadequate because so little is ever taught them regarding the history and the theory of the different trades. We have some excellent department workers, but they are men who could not be regarded as instructors in their field.

At the Jackson Training School there is also a definite need for an industrial arts teacher for cabinet work and also for the training in the elementary handicrafts such as basketry, rug making, etc.

At the Jackson Training School there is need for the services of a psychiatrist. Frequently the staff

members admit that they face problems which they are unable to solve because of their limited training in this field. However, it would be absurd to employ a highly trained psychiatrist who might spend an hour a week with a boy and have it so that the same boy would spend all the rest of the time under the guidance and the influences of untrained staff members.

At our training school it is felt that we need the services of a full-time chaplain. Much more needs to be done towards the adequate spiritual development and religious training than we are able to do.

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FRIENDSHIP

In these days of world rancor and universal distrust among men and nations; how delightful it is to pause, even if it be but for a moment, and count your friends. How often we hear it said: So and so has a host of friends; well, a host is a multitude, so ought we not conclude that they are speaking of acquaintances instead of friends—for instance, a friend is the one who will go the last mile with one; one who will share the last loaf of bread (if necessary); who will do countless things which money cannot buy; who will give of himself without stint. Happy is that man who has one or two such friends, and rich indeed is he who can count one for each finger on his right or left hand. The writer Melmoth, speaking of Friendship, said: Though judgment must collect the materials of the goodly structure of Friendship, is is affection that gives the cement; and Passion as well as Reason should concur in forming a grim and lasting evaluation." True friendship is worth the price if we are willing to pay it, and Shakespeare gave us a very definite thought upon which to ponder when he said: "The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."—Albert Knight.

THE MOST RADIANT CHRISTIAN

By Harold Dye in The Baptist New Mexican

"Make me walk."

They were the first words ever spoke. Baby eyes misty, he looked up into the face of his mother.

"Make me walk."

He asked it of every doctor.

"Make me walk."

It is his prayer today, though he is a man, twenty-nine years old. His attempt to walk is a pitiful struggle. He cannot talk unless love tunes your ear so that his pitiful, wrenching words finally reach your soul. It is hard for him to even feed himself.

Through an accident of birth, David Coleman was cheated of the heritage of youth, its bouyancy, vigor and vitality. Other boys ran and played; he sat with soulful eyes watching their darting movements, twitching legs that could not carry his slender form, and shaking fingers that could not hold a ball held him to his chair as a trap would hold a furry rabbit in the woods. Years passed by—long cruel years that laughed at his misfortune, and would not hurry while he prayed. Twelve years old. He wanted to be a Boy Scout. I was scoutmaster at Montezuma, where his father was dean of the college, and where grade and high school pupils were shuffled together. I remembered how I took up his case with Boy Scout headquarters and a mental test was arranged so the paralyzed boy could become a First Class Scout though he could not hike and he could not swim.

He is the most radiant Christian I have ever met. He is a soul-winner who has led dozens to trust Christ though he could hardly speak. I would rather have him praying for me than to have any church I knew on its knees in my behalf.

David Coleman has asked no odds of life. Though few of his customers know of his handicap, he is the proprietor of a flourishing magazine agency.

THE FIVE AGES OF MAN

"Daddy, I know how to do everything, said the little boy of 6.

"What I don't know isn't worth knowing," said the youth of 20.

"Well, anyway, I dod know my own trade from A to Z," said the man of 35.

"There are very few matters, I am sorry to say, that I am really sure about," said the man of 50.

"I have learned a bit, but not much, since I was born; but knowledge is so vast that one cannot become wise in a short lifetime," said the man of 65.—Sunshine Magazine.

HONEST CAB DRIVER REWARDED

(Exchange)

We all know very well, having on the best authority, that "honesty is the best policy" but sometimes one wonders if it pays high dividends.

A sordid view, perhaps, but when one reads of a woman who found a $5,000 diamond and restored it to the owner as soon as she found her, receiving $20 "reward," a bit of doubt about the old copy book maxim is excusable. In fact, when valuable articles, often large amounts of currency, are found by honest people and restored to their owners, the tag line is only too often that they are given some extremely paltry sum in recognition of their honesty.

And so, when Max Rosenberg, cab driver, of the Bronx, New York, recently found jeweled valued at $22,500 in his cab, and got $10 when he turned it over, it seemed to be the same old story—but this time it wasn't. The owners in this case were classy people. Yesterday Rosenburg appeared before the police department's property clerk. Also present were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schine, owners of the jewelry, and an insurance man. Everybody shook hands; Mrs. Schine identified the jewel box, then the 16 pieces of jewelry inside.

Then the insurance man handed the cab driver a check for $1200. He swallowed and blinked. Then Mrs. Schine asked him if he would prefer money or jewelry. Max said his wife, Rose, would probably prefer jewelry. He selected the pearl necklace and Mrs. Schine told him the earrings went with the necklace. The money, said Max, would be banked for a college education for his son, Frederick, not quite three years old. Nobody asked him whether his wife would now want a new gown or two to go with the pearls. Right now, though, Max is pretty happy.

So honesty is not only the best policy, but sometimes it is even the best-paying policy.

BE GRATEFUL TO GOD

You must be grateful to God, obey His laws, love and imitate His infinite excellences. The works of God are full of wonders and beauties. But God Himself is greater than His works. If you were delighted and charmed with a curious instrument, or with a piece of exquisitely wrought machinery, would you not like to know its contriver and builder? Such is your Maker; and he who does not know Him, though he may know everything else, is ignorant of the greatest and best part of all knowledge. If a man be blind, he but loses the outward light. But if he is "without God," he is a wanderer and a solitary in the universe, with no haven or hope before him.—Horace Mann.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read II Timothy 4:7-8, and the subject of his message to the boys was "How to Win in the Race of Life."

In a few introductory remarks, Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys that he wanted to call their attention to four laps in the great race of life, as follows:

(1) Live Respectably. It is our duty to live so that people will respect us. There are certain people that we like, but we do not respect them. The man who will always demand the respect of others is the one who will not take an unfair advantaye of another, and will try to live honorably at all times. A drunkard or a thief or a liar or an unfair person cannot be respected.

(2) Live Helpfully. We should not live individually, but should develop the habit of helping others. Life is a sharing proposition. We should strive to be unselfish at all times. Service to others is what makes life worth while.

(3) Live By Faith in Jesus Christ. If we have sucessfully made the first two laps in the race of life, there comes a goal in view, and we then become eager to finish the race as a winner. The race is only half finished. We need power to endure to the end. It is necessary that we have something to hold our interest until the race is completed. The study of God and His way with men is never uninteresting. Unless we can get the power of God to strengthen us, we shall certainly lose the race.

(4) Living for Christ. To complete the fourth or this last lap is to win in the race of life. If we live for Christ, ours will be a worthwhile life. Such a life includes church membership; the true worship of God; reading and studying the Bible; helping others to serve and honor God.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers stated that it was his earnest hope that every boy within the sound of his voice would put forth every effort in his power to run successfully in the great game of life, and, when the race is over, to gain the reward God has promised to the faithful.

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"Truth is not only violated by falsehood; it may be equally outraged by silence."—Unknown.

WHEN DADDY WAS A BOY

"When I was just a little boy,"
I've heard my Daddy say,
"I had a lot more things to do
Than youngsters have today!"
An' then he goes right on an' tells
About the chores he did—
An' you can bet he makes it sound
Like he was quite a kid!

He had t' feed a dozen cows,
An' milk 'em twice a day;
He always had some horses, too,
That needed corn an' hay;
He watered 'em an' curried 'em,
An' kept their stables clean;
An' there was other little jobs
T' scatter in between!

He had t' saw up logs, an' then
He had t' split 'em, too,
So they'd go in th' kitchen stove;
An' then he wasn't through
Until he'd carried in th' coal,
An' carried out th' ashes,
An' filled th' water pails an' pans—
An' wiped up all th' splashes!

If Daddy had t' do so much,
An' go t' school all day,
I don't see how he ever had
A bit o' time t' play;
But proba'ly he thought his work
Was such a lot o' fun
That he just worried every night
For fear he might get done!

—Lawrence Hawthorne

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 9, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 1
William Britt
Horace Collins
Jack Lambert
Clay Shew
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2
Gerald Johnson
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
James McMahan
James Norton
Knox Norton
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3
James Arrowood
Thomas Childress
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Glenn Evans
Robert Fogle
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
John McKinney
Lloyd Perdue
Clifton Rhodes
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5
George Byrd
Charles Gibson
Rodney Mintz
Glenn Rice
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6
Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Fred Ganey
Clyde Hill
Lester Ingle
George Jones
Robert Mason
Glenn Matheson
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7
Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Ralph Gassoway
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall
James Wiles

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
J. C. Alley
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
James Couthen
Charles Francis
Vernest Turner
Robert Trout
Jack Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
Joe Currey
Charles Davis

Donald Fagg
William Faircloth
Leslie Gautier
Thomas Hyder
Lee Lockerby
Edward Morgan
Kenneth McLean
Calvin Owens
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
Bennie Riggins
William Smith
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Andrews
William Black
Earl Grant
Terry Hardin
James Hensley

COTTAGE No. 14
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best
William Caldwell
Jack Crump
Harry Coffee
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Jack Green
John Green
Robert Holland
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
James Peterson
Zeb Presson
Charles Rhodes
Carl Ransom
James Shepherd
Solomon Shelton
Ralph Stewart
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Ray Covington
Thomas Chavis
Robert Elder
Carl Hull
William Harding
Richard Johnson
Morrison Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Robert Phillips

INFIRMARY
Lloyd Sain

ON SELF-RELIANCE

A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. Whoso would be a man, must be a nonconformist. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 22, 1946 No. 25

Boys in the Field at Harvest Time.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

BOYS AND MEN

Into every youngster's life walks a grown-up now and then
Who will long be remembered as the friendliest of men.
He was first to take a boy to a ball game or a show,
Or to teach him arts and skills which he fairly ached to know.
And there's nothing to be found in the goals which mortals plan
Holding more of joy and pride than to be that sort of man.

Every one of us recalls, at the tables where men chat,
One in boyhood's long ago who provided ball and bat,
Or, remembering the need for an understanding friend,
To make happier a boy, had the time and means to spend.
Still we see his hand outstretched; still we praise as best we can,
One who took us to his heart and was that sort of man.

He'll remember you till death; write a book of you or song.
He'll relate how much it meant on the day you chanced along.
He'll pass on the skills you taught to some lad who needs his aid,
And some boy afraid of life will no longer be afraid.
This has been a youngster's need since the race of man began:
A grown-up for his friend who is just that sort of man.

—Edgar Guest.

HARVESTING TIME AT THE SCHOOL

For a period of about five weeks the boys here at the school, together with the staff members who work on the farm, have been busy harvesting grain. This year we had at the school over three hundred acres of grain. Some of the grain was oats, some wheat, some barley, and some a mixture of these. About three weeks were spent with the reapers, reaping and shocking the grain. For about two weeks the thresher has been in constant operation.

This year we have what is probably the best grain production of any year in the history of the school. Already over six thousand

bushels of oats have been threshed, and we will have from two to three thousand more before we finish. We have about twelve hundred bushels of barley and rye grass, and we will thresh out about two thousand bushels of wheat. Some of the wheat was used in the dough stage to fill two silos. If all the grain had been harvested and threshed, the entire production at the school would have been about ten thousand bushels.

One of the School's Grain Fields

The boys and the men have stayed at the harvesting work very faithfully, and the weather has been ideal for harvesting, except that it has been terribly hot on some days. We have tried to give the boys a break and let them go swimming as often as possible. We are sure all the boys and the men, too, will be very happy when the harvesting and threshing are finished.

We have been using reapers, a stationary thresher, and a combine. For transporting the grain from the fields, we have been using a tractor and a trailer wagon, three big trucks and several wagons with teams.

In this issue of **The Uplift** we are carrying three pictures of the

Aerial View of Grain Fields—Harvest Season—Looking Northeast from the J. J. Barnhardt Farm.

grain fields which we think our readers will find very interesting. The largest picture is an aerial view which shows a large portion of the grain fields with the shocks of grain being visible.

* * * * * * * * *

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

In the Himalaya mountains of eastern Asia stands Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world. Its majestic summit points towards the heavens to the dizzy height of 29,141 feet. It extends so high that the entire mountain peak is covered with ice and snow, and through the year it is constantly swept by blinding snow blizzards.

For many years daring men have stood at the foot of this great mountain and have dreamed of conquering its dangerous slopes and planting their feet upon its highest pinnacle. For many years men have organized expeditions and have equipped themselves with all the instruments and all the devices known to science, and they have gone out to become the masters of this great giant mountain.

Although they have encountered in these expeditions great obstacles and grave dangers, men have tried their wits and their skills again and again, because there was some mysterious fascination which urged them on and on.

Perhaps the most successful climber and explorer ever to attempt to reach the top of Mt. Everest was George Leigh-Mallory. He became famous as a very daring person, skilled in all the arts of mountain climbing. Although he was never designated as an official leader of an expedition, it is said that his marvelous climbing accomplishments and his flaming spirit made him the outstanding figure among those who attempted to conquer Mt. Everest.

At one time someone asked him why men were willing to incur the dangers of mountain climbing and attempt such hazardous adventures. They asked him why men ever attempted to climb Mt. Everest, and Mallory answered simply, "Because it is there." It happened at one time that he made a desperate effort to get to the top of Mt. Everest. He put into the expedition all that he had, but his best was not good enough and he failed. Again, later on, chagrined at the failure of his first effort, Mallory determined to have

one more fling, because the mountain seemed to be his more than any other. He had pioneered the way towards the top, and he had blazed the trails over the difficult boulders. His flaming spirit had been the driving force in his life, and the conquest of the summit was the dream of his life.

On his last trip he advanced to where he was probably only eight hundred feet below the final pinnacle. Then it was that he and his companion were swallowed up in the mountain mist, and they were never seen again.

It seems to many people in life that there is an unconquerable desire to climb difficult mountains, even though great risks are to be taken and many obstacles to be overcome. In some unexplainable way it is easily noted that almost every small child has an insatiable desire to climb up on things, to take chances and to get to the top. A tiny child climbs up on furniture, rocks, boulders, and trees, and frequently he falls and gets hurt, but he always climbs again and again, because of some sort of challenge that cannot be explained. It seems to be the product of something that gets hold of the spirit and drives one onward and upward.

So it is in the everyday world, in the everyday affairs of life—there are other obstacles to be overcome and other situations which call for the adventures of the flaming spirits—the adventures of those who dare. For instance, the story is told of a person who was once an insurance salesman. One day he was seen to be carrying under his arm a heavy book and someone sneeringly asked him if it was a dime novel. The explanation was that it was the book, "History of Insurance in America." This young man was deeply interested in this book because he wanted to learn all he could about his work so that he might be adequately prepared for the day of promotion which would inevitably come, in his company. The day of promotion did come, and he reached the highest position in his company, because he liked his work.

So it is in every walk of life, the person who succeeds is the person who likes his job and is constantly thrilled with the opportunities which he finds in his work. To such a person there is never such a thing as counting the hours or watching the clocks or hoping for the day when there will be nothing to do. Those who succeed in life are always those who are willing to pay the price of doing a

job well, or rather of doing whatever needs to be done, and if a person does not have that innate and inherent passion or zeal for noble achievements, no one else can ever thrust it upon him. It is something that dwells within and moves and stirs the spirit.

In almost every community there are those tragic characters who waste away golden opportunities. They are those people who have never exerted themselves and have never done any great amount of work towards the welfare of mankind. For such people it is a foregone conclusion that they will never work. Then, too, there are those other characters who are always looking for an easy job with lots of pay. Frequently, they are heard to boast of the fact that they have a position in which there is little work and big pay. It is just the thing for which they have been seeking throughout all their lives, and they soon develop the notion that they are getting something for nothing. This principle has never strengthened character nor begotten high ideals in life.

One of the difficult things among human beings is for them to become masters of themselves. All too often, people are prone to cater to whims and to follow the lines of least resistance. Too many are looking for excitement and entertainment in which there is involved no amount of personal effort. This cheapens life at its very foundation. A great teacher of other years was known to have a motto which made of him a great person, and his motto was this: he denied himself of some pleasure every day of his life in order that he might be certain that he was the master of his will. By this process, he kept his will in training always, so that he could do even those things that he should do when great effort was involved.

In conclusion, there are thousands of instances in which people have had their souls inspired to do great things in life. They have dreamed dreams and seen visions and they have encountered the challenges of the world about them. They have gone out to do the best they could. These are the people who have been the backbone of our civilization and who have carried the banner onward and upward in the struggle for a better world. They are the ones to whom civilization will continue to look for leadership in the days that are ahead.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

More Boys Released

By Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade

Recently, several boys were conditionally released to go to their homes or to live with other people. These boys and the places to which they went are as follows:

Thomas Stallings, Greensboro; Robert Long, Winston-salem; Lee Lockerby, Raleigh; Claude and George Bridges, Cliffside; and James Cartrette, South Carolina.

We hope all of these boys will get along fine, and we wish them the best of luck.

A New Teacher

By William Smith and Kenneth Staley 10th Grade

The school recently received a new teacher in the place of Mrs. Dotson. Miss Jenkins, the new teacher, came to us from the Winecoff School, near Concord. She has taught there for one school term. She taught the sixth grade. Before going to Winecoff, Miss Jenkins taught in the rural schools at Franklinton for nine years.

Miss Jenkins received her A. B. degree in grammar grade education from the Eastern Carolina Teachers' College, Greenville.

We are very glad to have Miss Jenkins with us.

Sports

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The results of last Saturday's contests in the baseball leagues were as follows:

Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 5 by the score of 11 to 2. Cottage No. 11 defeated Cottage No. 4 by a 5-4 score. Cottage No. 15 won from Cottage No. 1 by the score of 10 to9. Cottage No. 2 defeated Cottage No. 14 by a 17-0 score. Cottage No. 3 defeated Cottage No. 13 by the score of 10 to 8.

Following are the scores of the games played in the softball league:

Cottage No. 15 won from Cottage No. 1 by a 22-1 count. Cottage No. 2 defeated Cottage No. 14 by the score of 12 to 11. Cottage No. 4 defeated Cottage No. 11 by the score of 18 to 16. Cottage No.9 won from Cottage No. 7-A by a 22-8 score. CottageNo. 3 defeated Cottage No. 13 by the score of 14 to 3. The Indian Cottage defeated Cottage No. 7-B by the score of 27 to 11.

Improvement in the Laundry

By Gerald Johnson, 10th Grade

On June 4th, the school laundry received a new extractor. This machine was purchased from the American Laundry Machinery Company. It is much safer than the one we have been using. This extractor automatically stops when a lever is pushed down. It will make one thousand revolutions per minute.

This is a fine machine, and the laundry boys are trying to take good care of it.

The Radio Program

By Garmon Hubbard, 10th Grade

Mrs. W. M. Morrison's second grade boys gave the regular weekly radio program on Tuesday of last week. They began the program by singing "The Grand Old Flag." This was was followed by a poem, "Hats Off." The boys then sang the following group of songs: "Our Own Dear Country," "There Are Many Flags," "Red, White and Blue," "Flag of Our Land," "Stars and Stripes," "America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The boys then recited a number of poems. They were as follows: "The New Flag," "We Stand Together for Liberty," "I'm Thankful for My Country's Flag." Olin Sealey then told the story of the flag.

The Picture Show

By Vernest Turner, 9th Grade

The name of the picture shown at the school on Thursday night of last week was "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier." The story was about a family of people which lived along the coast. These people were very poor, but they had their hearts set on having a soldier in their home for a Sunday dinner. They had very little to eat. The children picked berries and sold them in order to get enough money to buy a chicken.

The soldier came, and every one had a wonderful time.

The New Ninth Grade

By Zeb Presson, 9th Grade

The new ninth grade is composed of the following boys: Frank Andrews, Robert Dula, William Epps, Eugene Grice, Herman Hughes, Robert Hogan, Luther Hull, D. B. Jones, David Kinley, Charles Moore, Zeb Presson, William Speaks, Garvin Thomas, Vernest Turner, Frank Westmoreland, Elzo Fulk, Marshall Lamb, William Arrington, Jerry Ray, Lloyd Sain and Harry Matthews.

The boys in this new ninth grade will study Mathematics, English and General Science. Mrs. Baucom, the teacher, says that we are getting along very nicely.

Most of the boys have taken interest in the three new subjects.

The boys in the old ninth grade have gone into the tenth grade. They are making a success of it.

We shall be proud to say that we were in these higher grades when we leave the school.

News Items

By Vernest Turner, 9th Grade

Mr. James H. Hobby, our dairyman, has returned to the school after spending a week's vacation in New Bern. During his absence Mr. Sam Kennett had charge of the dairy boys. The boys all hope that Mr. Hobby had a fine vacation.

Mr. Earl Walters, our physical education director, was all smiles as he handed out cigars on Monday of last week. The boys and the officers are congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Walters upon the birth of a baby boy. He has been named Philip Earl Walters.

Mrs. Beaver, matron at the administration building, has gone on her va-

cation. Mrs. Isenhour is working in her place.

Mr. anr Mrs. J. P. Horne, officer and matron in charge of Cottage No. 7, have returned from their vacation. While they were away the boys of that cottage were sent out to the other cottages.

We were sorry to hear of the death of Mr. T. D. Chaney, of High Point. He was a brother-in-law of Mr. Frank Liske, our bakery instructor.

Friday Morning Chapel Program

By Jack Benfield, 10th Grade

Mrs. W. M. Morrison's second grade boys gave the chapel program on Friday of last week. It was dedicated to Flag Day.

The stage was decorated with vases of beautiful flowers and a number of flags of many countries.

First, the audience sang "America," after which we pledged allegiance to the flag. The boys who had marched upon the stage, carrying small American flags, then came off stage. Each boy placed his flag in a large red, white and blue stand in the center of the stage.

For our devotional we read a selection responsively, "A Challenge to Youth." This was led by Mrs. Morrison. Mr. Hines led us in prayer.

A group of boys recited the poem, "Hats Off," in unison. They then sang "Our Own Dear Country" and "When Borne by the Red, White and Blue."

Then Billy Smith, Andrew Daw and Hubert Pritchard gave the poem, "Flag Day." This was followed by the song, "There Are Many Flags in Many Lands," by the second grade boys.

John McKinney then gave a talk on "The New Flag." Then the boys of the second grade sang George M. Cohan's popular song, "You're a Grand Old Flag" and "The Red, White and Blue."

Wade Cook then recited the poem, "We Stand Together for Liberty." As a response, the boys of the second grade sang "Flag of Our Land."

As a closing song, the entire audience sang "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The Friday afternoon class presented the same program. Mr. Hawleld and a few other visitors were present. Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Hines made timely remarks on the significance of Flag Day.

We want to show our appreciation to Mrs. Morrison and her boys for these splendid programs.

———:———

Circumstances may make a man, but circumstances never made a man out of unprepared material.—Selected.

COMMUNITY OF EFFORT

(The Christian Index)

The four men who brought the helpless paralytic to Jesus demonstrated a community of effort which all of us need to learn. Here was a neighborly cooperation on behalf of an individual which was in accord with the statement regarding Jesus, "He went about doing good." All life is an experiment in this kind of effort. It is so in the home, in the state, in business, in school and in church. No one man can do all that is necessary—four men working together may accomplish a required task.

Getting an education, for instance, is an endeavor requiring community of effort. The four corners of this venture are the pupil, the home, the school and Christ (for Christ cannot be left out of this life venture.) Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a pupil on the other end may have been the beginning of a university education, but not many would want to be as individual as that today. However, YOU must be there. That's your corner. You cannot be eliminated.

Christ Home Week has given us a good opportunity to realize that the home needs to be taken into partnership in so many of life's activities, if not all, indeed. For one, I'm in favor of all the sentiment we cherish regarding the Christian home, my home, your home. Every child has the right to be born right, to have the best possible home in which to be reared, to come to at night, to go out from in the morning, to bring friends, to develop a sence of mission for life, to get a foretaste of that other "home not made with hands."

Community of effort always carries with it the idea of working together. That takes training and training is so often another word for hard work and so many do not like to work—much less work hard. Then, there is the compulsion of voluntary effort. People cannot be forced to volunteer; and the volunteer is so much more effective as a worker.

Your church, my church, is set for defense of the gospel; for the imparting of that kind of knowledge which will help people to have the right spirit as they work together with and for the Lord, with and for the people. We are "bound up in the bundle of life together with the Lord." We do our best only when we know Him and live in the consciousness of His presence.

———:———

"It is not by the gray of the hair that one knows the age of the heart."—The Sandhills Advocate.

A GROWING STATE

(The Asheville Citizen)

North Carolina sent 292,000 men and women to the armed forces and "lost" 303,000 other persons to out-of-state migration, many of them to war plants from 1940 to the middle of 1945.

In the same period, however, the State registered a natural population increase (representing the excess of births over deaths) of 364,000 persons. This, as the Census Bureau reports, was the fourth largest gain made by any state in the country.

The two sets of statistics make interesting reading. The first suggests —in fact, proves—that North Carolina suffered a net population loss in the war years. Yet the proof provides only a fleeting thesis for students of population statistics. Most of the veterans will return. Many of the migrants will be back. The Census Bureau study was made before the end of the Japanese war. It merely reflects a wartime shift of population whose true significance cannot be weighed until the nation settles down to normal ways of living, perhaps a year or two hence.

The socalled "natural increase" is of much more moment. It reveals that North Carolina is still one of the fastest growing states. In fact, we have moved up from fifth to fourth place since the last count was made.

North Carolina and the South are still the great human reservoirs of the United States. We are exporters of population. Yet the striking fact is that in both military and civilian contributions to the population shift, we can still reproduce an excess over the individual losses.

Outstripped only by New York Pennsylvania and California, all three much larger states, North Carolina is on its way to a permanent high ranking in the list of the most populous states. This in turn raises a myriad of problems some of which may become acute in the approaching years.

For instance, the large natural increase means an additional burden on public schooling, for the growth is in the educable ranks of the population. Yet already we are spending proportionately more of our income on education than most larger and wealthier states outside the south.

Again, the increase is significant in terms of public health. Even now North Carolina is sadly deficient in number of doctors and number of hospital beds in ratio to population. Though the fourth most rapidly growing state, we are 42nd in the number of hospital beds per 1,000 population.

Behind education and health, finally, is the economic position of the State. Rapid population growth means that there must be a constant expansion of employment opportunities, both to support larger families and to provide jobs for a population which is predominantly "young" and thus employable.

All of these factors boil down, after the confusion of figures is skimmed off, to one inescapable conclusion: North Carolina is growing by leaps and bounds; it must plan actively and intelligently how to cope with the growth which has been thrust upon it.

THE PAY OFF

(The Boys' Messenger)

Among the most deluded class of people on earth are those who persist in trying to get something for nothing. It can't be done! Still there are those who spend an entire lifetime trying to get something without paying for it. It's a game that can't be beat, but a lot of people play it.

We get nothing upon this earth that we do not pay for. Everything has its price and we pay—there is no way out of it. But still there are those who attempt to beat a game that is as certain in its results as is the certainty that might will follow day—and that is pretty certain. So is the fact that we must pay for the things we get while we are here.

The poor deluded soul who keeps putting nickels in the slotmachines is among that class of people who try to get something for nothing, and end up with nothing or something. The would-be promoter who concocts a plan to take people's money on some fraud scheme is among those who try to get something for nothing. Those who bite on his proposition are as a rule among those who are attempting to take a profit they did not earn.

Jails are full of people who try to get something for nothing and are paying for it. Graveyards are full of those who tried to beat the game and did not make it.

The cashier who ran off with his bank's funds and was not caught by the law enforcement agencies paid just as surely as he would have if he had been arrested, tried and sentenced for his misdeed. He spends his entire time in fear and fear is one of the most terrible payments a human can make.

The school boy who cheats in his classes pays off even if the teacher does not catch him, for when the time arrives that he needs to draw from the resorvoir of knowledge the things he cheated in while in school, he comes up short in his capabilities and pays off because he cannot hold the job he is supposedly trained to do.

The fellow who is after "something for nothing" is the same fellow who stops you on the street with the query "Brother, can you spare a dime?" He is the failure; this fellow who thinks he can get anything out of his life without paying for it.

The law governing the truth of the statement that we pay for everything we get even more certain in its application that the long recognized law of self-preservation. There have been cases where persons failed to recognize the self-preservation law, but not to this day, since the beginning of time has there ever been written in the record that one solitary human ever got anything for nothing.

The pay-off comes in some manner and comes just as surely as does the changes of tide.

WHEN KRAKATOA EXPLODED

(Selected)

Terrible as the effects of the atomic bomb were on Hiroshima and Nagaski, that was not the worst blast the earth has ever seen. People a few miles away were hardly aware of this explosion. Almost immediately after it was over, survivors began rebuilding these cities.

It was on August 27, 1883, that the greatest blast in the world's history took place. On that date Krakatoa, an island about 18 miles square in the Sundra strait in the Dutch Indies, blew up. Sound waves were noted 3,000 miles away. The great waves in the sea, caused by this terrific explosion, reached the shores of four continents and were recorded 8,000 miles away. An air wave caused by this blast traveled around the world several times.

Early in the spring of 1883 there were warning signs. Smoke and steam poured from recent fissures in the rocks. The heat finally became so intense that the natives had to leave the island. By now the Dutch realized that this was not the usual thing. Krakatoa's rumblings had grown to a continuous roar heard along the entire coast of Java. The terrible noise increased until a deafening explosion was heard.

Under the combined weight of Krakatoa and the volcanoes Dananan and Perbowaten, the subterranean pocket of white hot lava had been building up an enormous presure. Finally, with all the fury of a hell unleashed, a stream of lava burst forth with a deafening roar. The ocean rushed into the opening. On contact with the lava, the water became superheated steam which broke down barrier after barrier of rock, making the opening wider and wider.

Then on the morning of August 27th, the ocean reached the volcanic center of the island and attacked the molten cores of the two volcanoes. The heart was ripped out of Krakatoa and 14 cubic miles of rock streaked upward into the sky, in the most terrible blast in all history. It was not until some years after 1924 that Krakatoa again became a tropical jungle complete with orchids, butterflies, snakes and birds.

———:———

Solitude is as needless to the imagination as society is too lonesome for the character.—Jane Russel Lowell.

THAT'S RIGHT, BOY MAKES HIT WITH WRONG SPELLING

(Mooresville Enterprise)

David McDonnell, like a lot of us, can't spell well. But, he unlike the rest of us, is capitalizing on his inability.

David, 13, an eighth-grader, lives in power, a small northern-Montana town, which had no newspaper. So he started one.

His father, Joseph McDonnell, loaned a typewriter and mimeograph outfit. A drug store extended credit on a ream or two of paper.

After a week of scurring about with pencil and pad and a 20-hour shift in the mimeograph department, The Power hit the streets.

The Power was at first a one-page 9 X 14-inch sheet. Circulation—a few. Cost—five cents per copy or a quarter for six weeks.

The town's first paper became an instant success largely because of unorthodox spelling in the new paper. Such as:

"Hulp the cruppled child by contribution to the marck of dines;" "Take yor close to the school house;" "David Iron has did discharge papers;" "Mr. Derrill Matchers' school bus brok doun and he had to work tell four o'clock;" Mr. Jacob Heinen butchered a 600-pound cow;" "The Aragon ballroom os open eery Saturday night;" "Localy cummunitty announces;" "their" for "there" "buy" for "by," etc.

The paper is a crusader, with "more power to you" as its slogan. In one issue the editor says: "Let's build a recreation center—there is not one thing to do in Power and it would attract more people to Power."

When David bought a dictionary and used it, subscribers wrote beef letters, threatening to cancel. So now the dictionary is gathering dust and David is making money while the circulation of The Power—now two pages and colored—spreads to California, Texas, North Dakota and Minnesota.

But David may learn to spell in spite of himself.

"My teacher gives me all the words I mispel in my paper the next week for spelling lessons," he explains.

"I have a little plant in the corner of my heart called Reverance, and I must need to water it once a week."—Emerson.

SALT — MOST USEFUL OF ALL MINERALS

(The Gilcrafter)

Many are the legends and uses of salt, the most common and most useful mineral in exisence.

The Romans, Chinese and the Great Moguls used salt as money. Even today in parts of Africa, Mexico and the South Sea Islands, it is used as payment for goods.

The superstition that spilling salt will produce bad luck is probably due to the sacred character of this mineral in early times. To primitive people, salt represented something imperishable and which would keep food from spoiling; hence, the sacred significance.

Over 5,000 years ago the Chinese produced salt by boiling and evaporating the ash from sea weed. Hardly more than 100 years ago, American Indians evaporated sea water or brine from salt springs in open trenches to secure this important mineral. Little change was made in the manufacture of salt until 1886, when Joseph Duncan, an American, developed the vacuum pan process—still used today.

As civilization has progressed, the greater has been the demand for salt. At the present time over 4,000,000 tons of evaporated salt are required annually for farm, home and industrial use.

Salt contains two elements which are important to industry—sodium and chloride. Sodium is used in the manufacture of dyes, insecticides, photographic materials and in making tetra-ethyl lead used in high-powered gasoline.

Chloride, in the form of chlorine gas, is used to destroy bacteria in drinking water, to make hydrochloric acid, fire extinguisher fluids, refrigerants and anesthetics.

Over 300,000 tons of salt are required annually for curing hides and skins for leather. Rayon is manufactured by means of caustic soda, derived from salt. Likewise from salt comes sodium peroxide, with which millions of yards of cotton fabric are bleached. From hydrochloric acid, another salt derivative, and acetylene gas, comes neoprene, synthetic rubber.

Salt is almost indispensable in the cooking and preparation of food. But salt does more than make food palatable. It is actually necessary to preserve and promote health. Salt enables various glands to hold the amount of water they need for proper functioning. Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association and Hygeia, has this to say: "Sodium Chloride, or common salt, ranks first among all the salts in the human body, both in quantity and in its value to the body's nutrition.

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Friendship is the highest degree of profection in society.

A STORY OF INDUSTRIAL RELATION

(The Speakers' Library)

The following incident tells a story of industrial relations—of the right kind so vitally needed at this time if we are to go forward successfully with our full employment and reconversion programs and share in the national prosperity that is within our grasp if we will but work together.

An acquaintance tells me that when he was talking with a man who works in one of the war industries in a neighboring city he asked him what kind of a crowd they were to work for.

"They're fine, especially the foreman in my department who respects his men and they know it; and you can bet we respect him."

All men desire the respect of their fellows. One cannot progress very far without it; so all of us strive in various ways to obtain that possession. Some seek it by trying to impress others with their personal importance, some by hard work and by "sweeping" their way through, others by cultivating the art of good fellowship above all else; but there is another way, the one employed by the foreman we have mentioned, which has never been presented as a formula. One of the surest foundations on which to build for the respect of men is first to respect them. Respect what is good in them and let them feel this respect—they in turn are pretty apt to give their respect.

If it is natural for a man to approach others, seeing first the virtues with the faults as of secondary consideration, he likely will find that men are seeing his virtues, first, and he will win from the start a favorable handicap toward winning their respect.

That Lincoln was a rail splitter was of no more lasting consequence than that he was tall instead of short —but that he knew men and because he respected them was the big thing, which combined with his intellect, made him the great American.

This simple personality item so productive of peaceful industrial relations might be put on the records.

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Brutality to an animal is cruelty to mankind; it is only the difference in the victim.—Lamartine.

WHY GOOD MEN ARE HARD TO FIND

(The New York World-Telegram)

President Truman often complains that he has a hard time finding able men who will accept difficult government positions.

Why should that be, in a country of so many talented and patroitic men?

Perhaps an explanation can be found in something which the President did this week.

First, let's go back a few months, to a time when the President was under heavy fire from Congress and the press for the low calibre of his then recent appointments. It was politically important to the President at the time that he send to the Senate one nomination that would be wildly acclaimed. So the President and Secretary of the Treasury Vinson persuaded North Carolina's former Governor, O. Max Gardner, to accept appointment as Undersecretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Gardner must have agreed to take the job with much reluctance, since he had turned down several attractive offers of high places in the Roosevelt administration. The appointment was highly applauded, for Mr. Gardner's reputation as a man of good financial sense, and administrative competence was widespread. The Senate quickly and unanimously approved his nomination. Mr. Gardner gave up his business interests and a lucrative law practice and went to work.

Come now to this week—Thursday—when the President chose Mr. Gardner's boss, Fred Vinson, to be Chief Justice of the United States. That gave an opportunity for the logical promotion of Mr. Gardner to the chief Treasury post. But instead the President left Mr. Gardner sitting where he was, and placed above him that old Missouri friend, John W. Snyder. By no yardstick of financial experience, adminisrative ability, or even of service to the Democratic party, could it be said that Mr. Snyder had a claim to preference over Mr. Gardner—and in saying that we're not speaking ill of Mr. Snyder. Mr. Gardner's only disqualification is that he's not a member of the White House inner circle.

The President might well ponder: How can he expect good men to be eager to enter his administration when they see a man of Mr. Gardner's stature being dealt around in this manner?

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Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in a stranger's garden.—Douglas Jerrold.

ATOM IN AIR MAY PROVE REAL PERIL TO HEALTH

(Mooresville Enterprise)

German scientists found that airborne radio - active materials can cause cancer of the lung and American investigators appraise this as something which "should be of interest" to researches in atomic energy.

The German researchers were reported by a group of American scientific and technical investigators who unearthed many Nazi scientific secrets while the war was still on.

One team of investigators learned from scientists of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Germany that the Germans had investigated the cause of lung cancer among certain groups of minors in the Reich.

The German investigators reached the conclusion that the lung cancer "was caused by breathing radium emanation and other radio-active material present in the air in some of the mines."

In the official War Department "Smyth Report" on American studies leading to the development of the atomic bomb, note is made of the health hazards associated with work on radioactive materials.

It was stated that radioactions from such materials "have deadly effects akin to the effects of X-rays."

The Smyth report said that the amounts of radioactive material produced by the atomic-spliting of uranium in a relatively small chain-reacting system "may be equivalent to hundreds or thousands of grams of radium."

(The amounts of radium used in hospitals and in ordinary physical measurements usually comprise but a few milligrams. A milligram is one-thousandth of a gram).

Among the instruments used by the health division of the atomic bomb project was one called "sneezy" which was designed to measure the concentration of radioactive dust in the air.

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I love to be alone, I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude.—Thoreau.

JOBLESS FUTURE

(Stanly News & Press)

General Omar N. Bradley, veterans' administrator, said this week that 4,000,000 veterans will be unemployed by next fall unless new jobs continue to be created. This statement by a man who is in close touch with the situtation is certainly not as encouraging one, for that many unemployed able-bodieod men will serve to create an unhappy and unfortunate economic situation in this country.

Of the 12,000,000 men who have been discharged from the services, 9,000,000 now have jobs, which is the encouraging side of the picture.

A brief study of the situation reveals that it is artifically created, and could be rectified if the proper authorities would clear up some of the bad spots in our economic set-up. For instance, millions of people are wanting to build homes, but there is no material with which to build them. If some of the unemployed would go to the woods to cut timber, if others would work at saw mills, and in lumber plants, then lumber would soon be pouring out of mills. The same thing is true at brick plants. The material and machinery for making brick are available—the only thing lacking is labor.

Somewhere along the line action is needed and no one seems to be doing anything about it.

General Bradley need not be greatly disturbed about the country's ability to provide jobs, provided the men who are unemployed are willing to work. This statement, of course, is based on the assumption that the powers in Washington will not place obstacles in the way, something at which they have been very adept in recent months.

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THE BIBLE IS THE BOOK

A noted orator asked Dickens for the most pathetic story in literature, and he said it was that of the Prodigal Son. Mr. Coleridge was asked for the richest passage in literature, and he said it was the first sixteen verses in the fifth chapter of Matthew. Another asked Daniel Webster for the greatest legal digest, and he replied that it was the Sermon on the Mount. No one has equaled Moses for law, nor David for poetry, nor Isaiah for visions, nor Jesus for ethics, nor Peter for holy zeal, nor Appollos for fiery oratory, nor Paul for logic, nor John's statements of sanctified love. What a rediculous statement that to study the Bible "marks a step backward in education!" God's Word is the very greatest of all books, and its Author the very greatest of all teachers. We do well to stay close to its pages. It is The Book.—Christian Action.

THE GOLDEN RULE

(Selected)

Jimmie heard Mr. Thomas working in his garage next door, so he skated over to visit with him.

"Hello, Mr. Thomas. Are you fixing a flat tire?"

"No, Jimmie, I'm getting out my fishing tackle. You know spring is the time to go fishing.

"What is this for?" asked Jimmie as he pointed to a box of queer things he had never seen before. Mr. Thomas told him how he used each one, and let Jimmie put them in the right places.

"Do you like to go fishing?" Mr. Thomas asked.

"I have never been. I'm going to ask my dady to take me some time.

Just then Jimmie heard his mother calling. As he hurried off he called back, "Hope you catch a big fish and let me see it."

After dinner that evening Mr. Thomas came through the hedge and called to Jimmie's daddy. For quite a while the two men talked. Then when Jimmies daddy came into the living room he asked, "Jimmie, how would you like to go fishing tomorrow.

"Do you think we could, Daddy?"

"Yes. Tomorrow is Saturday, and Mr. Thomas has asked you and me to go to the lake and fish all afternoon. He said you helped him fix the fishing tackle and he thought you ought to help use it."

Jimmie was almost too excited and pleased to talk. A little later he said, "Mr. Thomas remembers what boys like, even if he does not have one of his own, doesn't he Daddy?"

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HOW HE DID IT

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate
And never, as people do now,
Did he note the amount of calorie count;
He ate it because it was chow.

He never concerned while at table he sat
Devouring a roast or a pie
As to whether it held the glandular fat
Or was one or two vitamins shy.

He cheerfully chewed every species of food
Unworried by troubles or fears
Lest his stomach be hurt by some fancy dessert,
And he lived for nine hundred years!

—M. R. S. in Chicago Tribune.

HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF HAPPY

(Selected)

Do something fine for some one you do not like and see what a change it makes. After that you will not find so many things in him that you dislike. If you are jealous of some one, help that person to enjoy the things he has which makes you jealous. If there is some one who makes your world seem dark and gloomy, do something to make that person's world brighter and more cheerful. You will be surprised how lovely your world becomes, and how nice it is to have in your world the person whom you thought was making it gloomy.

No, we cannot wash our minds with soap and water, but there are ways of cleaning our mental lenses so that we can see folks as they really are and so we can enjoy them. You know, if having to wear glasses when we are young can teach us to keep our mind lenses clean, too, maybe having to wear them isn't so bad after all.

A ONE-WAY TRAFFIC LANE

Did you ever think of Life
As a only a one-way track?
That you're bound for the Beyond—
And there's no coming back?
That the minute you drew breath
You boarded an out-bound train
That's headed for eternity,
Never to return again?

But to make the trip more pleasant,
As you travel day by day,
Try sowing seeds of Kindness
Along life's rocky highway;
So when the journey's ended,
And you've reached Life's other sphere,
The world will hold you blessed
For your "sunshine" scattered here.

—Fern E. Garwood.

SAYS CARELESS GI LOANS WILL BREED TROUBLE

(Mooresville Enterprise)

James W. Rouse president of the Baltimore (Md.) Mortgage Bankers Association, declared the G. I. lending program has dangers which must be recognized and the problems solved.

"If we don't solve the veterans' housing problems justly and reasonable,," Mr. Rouse declared, "we will have planted a bitter grudge in the hearts and minds of the most vital and vigorous group of men in the country." He spoke at a Chicago mortgage bankers' clinic.

Responsibility for making the program work rests on the lending interests of the county, he said, adding "whether we like it or not, whether we wanted it or not and howeyer it may have got there, it is ours."

Among the dangers Mr. Rouse said he saw in the G. I. lending program were 10 per cent financing which, he asserted, elminates any margin of value protecting the security of the mortgage and relieves the usual borrower motivation to protect his cash equity.

He added that many veterans were buying property with little conception of the obligations they are assuming merely because they must have a place to live.

"Appraisal practices have become so loose," said Mr. Rouse, "that in many areas they approach the scandalous. From an economic standpoint there is danger that we may build a real estate financing structure so artificial and unstable, so far in excess of the values on which it is built, that it will collaapse of its own weight.

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PRINTING

In me all human knowledge dwells;
The oracle of oracles:
Past, present, future, I reveal.
Or in oblivious silence seal,
What I preserve can perish never—
What I forego is lost forever.
I speak all languages; by me
The deaf may hear, the blind may see,
The dumb converse, the dead of old
Communion with the living hold.
All lands are one beneath my rule,
All nations learners in my school.
Men of all ages everywhere
Become contemporaries there.

—James Montgomery.

U. N. OUTLIVING A CRISIS

(Selected)

Reports from Teheran that Russian forces have evacuated Aberbaijan Province look like the beginning of the end of the Iranian problem in the United Security Council.

But this crisis will have elements of mystery in it until questions as to who really had authority to speak for Iran, and when he had it or had it not, are cleared up. Ambassador Hussein Ala has been both supported and repudiated by sources in Teheran. There seems to have been a split not only as between the Azerbaijan revolutionaries and the Iranian Central Government but even of some sort within the Central Government itself.

One thing remains to be said, in any case. Had the Iranian crisis been handled only through regular diplomatic channels, it might have proved still more explosive. The U. N. was hardly ready to tackle so confused and provocative a question. The Security Council's rules of precedure had not even been worked out when the Iranian case was thrust upon it. Nevertheless, if the Iranian crisis is not yet completely settled, it now looks as if it will be—and that the United Nations will be still with us afterward.

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WHAT WE SAY

If all that we say in a single day,
With never a word left out,
Were printed each night in clear black and white,
'Twould prove queer reading, no doubt.

And then, just suppose, ere our eyes we could close,
We must read the whole record through;
Then wouldn't we sigh, and wouldn't we try
A great deal less talking to do?

And I'm quite sure that many a kink
Would be smoother in lifes tangled thread,
If half that we say in a single day
Were left forever unsaid.

—Nat. Mut. Benefit News.

THE FUTURE WE FACE

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

Soldier, do you recall the America you saw in your dreams overseas? They were placid dreams of homeland rich in joy and achievement—an America awaiting you with open arms, ready to accept you into the blessed society of civilians, ready to hand you a job to do for yourself and for the common good.

Look now about you. How fares the land which bloomed so bright in memory? Where is the serenity you longed for in those hectic days along the road to Berlin? Where is that unity of purpose which in former days harnessed the energies of all Americans into one great national will? You will look in vain for it, for it is gone.

The truth is, soldier, that America has faltered. The determination which held her people together from the time of Pearl Harbor until the last foe surrendered in Tokyo Bay has vanished like dew before the June sun. Each day brings new tidings of the alarming malaise which has stricken America. Strikes, governmental indecision, and a wavering foreign policy are symptoms of the malady. In human beings of every age and condition one can observe the prevailing conclusion.

Let us face the sad facts, soldiers; this is not the sort of world you conjured up in your dream of home. It is a sadder world, and it is not much wiser. Depressing as the reality is, it will avail you nothing to curse your fate and to bewail the world's madness. You must use your will and energies to direct the interests of your country back into wholesome and productive channels, holding always to the bright promises which kept your spirit alive during the years overseas.

America has faltered, but if you and the rest of her citizens will display the courage, the sacrifices, and the good will toward each other which you attained in the war years, there is still hope that the dream you dreamed can be translated some day into reality.

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"When you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on."

GEM CUTTERS BEGIN TREK BACK TO ANTWERP

(Exchange)

Half of the world's diamond industry has returned to this historic European trading center, in the year since the end of hostilities in Europe.

Control of the world diamond market has been centered in the dim-lighted little offices and shops along Antwerp's ancient Rue Du Petlican for 500 years, but the war scattered the industry to the four corners of the earth. Merchants in Palestine, Brazil, Canada and the United States grasped feverishly for the market during the war years, but it came home to Antwerp again—and quickly.

During 1945, even though half the year was crippled by war, Antwerp exported almost $20,000,000 in diamonds. In the first two months of 1946 almost half of that value was exported, mostly to the United States.

"It is the cutting and polishing that counts," says Albert Rudelsheim, general manager of the Belgian diamond industry syndicate. "The diamond cutters in Palestine or South America may have two or three years experience, but in Belgium it is a closed industry, passed down from father to son. Our diamond cutters profit from 500 years of experience."

Diamonds have character," says Juda Polax, secretary of the syndicate to which every diamond merchant in Belguim belongs. "It takes a man who understands diamonds to bring out that character.

Diamond cutters and polishers in Belguim make from 2,000 to 4,000 francs a week (about $40 to $80) which is about twice the average wage in the country.

"There has never been a strike in all these 500 years," Polak says.

The industry is controlled by a National Commission of Workers and Merchants. Any differences that might arise are settled amicably by this body.

Rudelshiem says that the world production of diamonds is 95 per cent controlled by the Diamond Trading Company of London, which ships jewels in the rough from South Africa, British Guiana, Brazil and the Portuguese and Belgian Congo.

"The Belgian Congo is the greatest producer of rough diamonds," Rudelsheim says, "But they are mostly industrail diamonds."

Before the war 95 per cent of the products sold by the Diamond Trading Company went to Antwerp, but Belgian merchants now are handling only about 45 per cent.

"In 1939 we were employing 30,000 people," Rudelsheim told me, "Now about half that number. In less than a year we should be approaching prewar times again."

You can never have a greater or a less dominion than that over yourself.—Leonardo Da Vinci.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, was the guest speaker at the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Isaiah 40:26-31. As a text for his message to the boys he selected the 26th verse—"Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by numbers: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth."

The speaker began by calling attention to how small we ourselves are in this vast world of today. Many people, he continued, limit their lives to a great degree by their ways of thinking and their ways of living. Too many of them depend entirely upon what they can pick up easily.

In the Scripture Lesson just read, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, Jehovah is calling upon the children of men to turn from their evil ways of living. He is urging them to rise higher and obtain some of the realities in life.

So it is with us in life today. We must think clearly upon the great questions which confront us. We need to rise above our present way of living.

We must first think of the great power of God and what it means to us in our everyday life, said the speaker. We frequently try to use our own powers, but find the results not so good. The only source of strength upon which we may rely is God's wonderful power.

When we look upon nature we are reminded of the extensive power and the majesty of our Heavenly Father. Again, looking into the heavens, we see His great and marvelous works. Day by day we see countless things that should remind us of the power of God. Look into all the beauties of the earth, with its trees, flowers, etc. We see God in those things because we know they are His works. Beholding all these wonders we cannot help realizing the smallness and the weakness of man and the great power of God.

We must also realize the strength to be received from a greater knowledge of God as revealed to us in the Bible. It is a great human mistake to assume that God, with all His might and power, is going to be unmindful of the little things of life. God is ever conscious of the things taking place throughout the world. When we are tempted to question this we must stop and realize that God knows each individual in the world, and that He alone can help us.

We are often discouraged because some of our plans do not work out as we had thought they would. Too many of us are disappointed because we fail in some things. Just because we do fail occasionally, we should not give up hope. We should work all the harder in order to succeed in later efforts.

Rev. Baumgarner then stated that what God wanted to impress upon the Israelites, He wants to impress upon us of this day and time. He wants us to be conscious of the fact that He

knows our every thought and act. It is our duty, therefore, to live in such a manner as will be pleasing to God. The prophet, Isaiah, said, "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." These words should give us courage to follow the will of God and attain the high place in life that He wants us to assume.

The speaker next pointed out that the great God of the Universe is one who looks down into the world and sees us as we actually are. Our closest friends do not always know what is within our hearts and minds, but there is nothing that we can keep from God. There are no heights too great for us to undertake if God is with us. He is our strength and our power.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then pointed out some of the things of which the people of Israel knew, just as the youngest school boy or girl of today knows of many important events in our country's history. The Israelites knew about Noah, David, the Red Sea, the Jordan River, Jericho, etc. They could not have let their minds dwell upon those things without realizing the great power of God. Whenever we see men and women whose eyes and thoughts are lifted heavenward, we know that they are fully aware of the glory of God.

As we have our hearts filled with the love of God, we should be willing to share it with others, continued the speaker. We should be more eager to live as God would have us live. We should endeavor to build strong characters, so that as the world sees us it will know that we are men of God.

To learn to know God, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, in conclusion, is the most valuable lesson we can learn. By so doing we can rise to far greater heights. If we would be honest with ourselves, we know that we could not have done anything really worthwhile if God had not given us the power to accomplish.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of June 23, 1946

June 23—Lee Lockerby, Cottage No. 11, 16th birthday.
June 23—Miley Gunter, Cottage No. 11, 14th birthday.
June 23—James Arrowood, Cottage No. 3, 14th birthday.
June 23—Dwight Murphy, Infirmary, 16th birthday.
June 25—Melvin Norris, Cottage No. 13, 17th birthday.
June 26—Howard Manus, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.
June 26—Hubert Black, Cottage No. 1, 14th birthday.
June 26—Danny M. Hayes, Cottage No. 5, 14th birthday.
June 28—Thomas Hutchins, Cottage No. 10, 14th birthday.
June 29—Jack Benfield, Cottage No. 15, 16th birthday.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 9, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Frank Andrews
Maynard Chester
William Epps
Dean Harris
Major Loftin
Ray Marion
William Speaks

COTTAGE No. 1
Carl Church
Paul Church
Horace Collins
William Doss
Raymond Harding
Franklin Hensley
James Jones
Jack Lambert
William Smith
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 2
Ray Burns
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle

COTTAGE No. 3
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmage Duncan
Glenn Evans
Robert Fogle
Daniel Johnson
James Maloney
Lloyd Perdue
Clifton Rhodes
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4
William Arrington
Joseph Bean
John Fine
Robert Hogan
Herman Hughes
William Hunter
James Smith
Roy Swink

COTTAGE No. 5
George Byrd
Curtis Butcher
Ralph Medlin
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 7
Glenn Davis
Ralph Gibson
Ralph Gassoway
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavey
Hubert Pritchard
Jimmie Wild
Reuben Vester

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
Charles Angel
Albert Allen
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Charles Francis
Hubert Inman
Defoye Inman
David Johnson
Vernest Turner
Robert Trout
Jack Wilkins
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11
Leslie Gautier
Miley Gunter

Thomas Hyder
David Isenhour
Kenneth McLean

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
Earl Allen
William Andrews
Donald Carter
Earl Grant
Terry Hardin
James Hensley

COTTAGE No. 14
Carl Ballew
Lee Bradshaw
Elbert Gentry
Howard Hall
Donald Hendrix
Clyde Hill
Roy Marsh
Eugene Martin
John Moretz
Lawrence Owens
John Roberts
James Shook
James Smith
James Swinson
James Walters
Thomas Wansley
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Crump
Alvin Fox
Jack Green
Carl Holt
Marcus Hefner
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Charles Rhodes
Carl Ransom
Alton Stewart
Ralph Stewart

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Robert Cannady
Ray Covington
William Harding
Morrison Jacobs
Richard Johnson
Harold Kernodle
Samuel Lynn
Benny Payne
Robert Phillips

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
Lloyd Sain

———:———

IF YOU STAND VERY STILL

If you stand very still in the heart of a wood,
You will hear many wonderful things—
The snap of a twig and the wind in the trees,
And the whirl of invisible wings.

If you stand very still in the turmoil of life,
And you wait for the voice from within,
You'll be led down the quiet ways of wisdom and peace
In a mad world of chaos and din.

If you stand very still, and you hold to your faith,
You will get all the help that you ask;
You will draw from the Silence the things that you need—
Hope and Courage and Strength for your task.

—Selected.

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JUL 1 '46

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 29, 1946 No. 26

THE CREED OF THE FAMOUS FOURTH

It is the birthday of America!

Today, as I think of my country, I make my faith in her an article of my creed.

This land of mine was garnered in the long ago by the hard labor and courage of my ancestors. They tapped its mines, explored its forests, planted its soil, founded its cities. They wrote its laws, fought its battles, established its schools and its churches. They welded its scattered parts into a single nation.

So, because of them, I believe in America.

In the years since, a host of other men and women have labored to pass this nation on to me, greater than they received it. For their sakes, I believe in America.

Today I hold in honor those who seek unselfishly to hand America on to the future, better than it came to them.

Because of these, I believe in America.

Let the white eagle scream! — P. R. Hayward.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS— J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Raymond Byrd, Thomas Cottrell, Gerald Johnson, Harvey Leonard, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

SPORTS WRITER—Raymond Byrd.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—James Hensley.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Charles Francis, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

The Glorious Fourth! Aye, truly styled
The "glorious," for no other day
Since Freedom on the world first smiled
Has o'er man's fate had greater sway.

'Twas on this day our fathers met
In solemn state, as fit their cause,
And in undying language set
Their protest 'gainst despotic laws.

They braved the Old World's wrath and hate;
They cast all precedent aside
And raised the pillars of our state
That still endure, our boast and pride.

Then let us celebrate their deed
And keep the day with speech and song,
And sow anew the precious seed
From which has sprung our Union strong.

Fling out Old Glory to the sun;
Let bells rejoice and cannons roar;
Rehearse the tale of triumphs won
And swell the cheer from shore to shore.

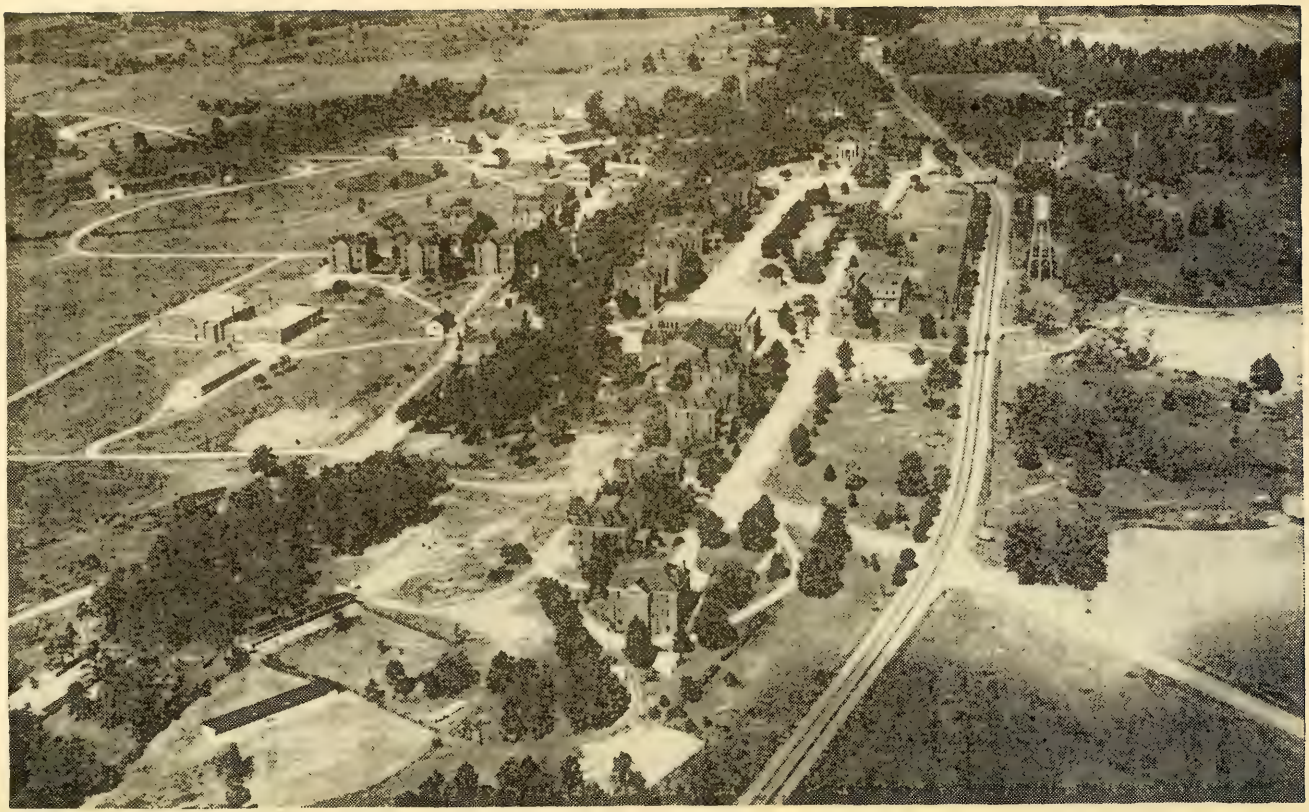
Show all mankind we still hold dear
The liberty our fathers gave;
Proclaim its blessings far and near
Till earth no longer knows a slave.

—Charles Thomas Duvall.

AERIAL VIEW OF THE CAMPUS

On page four of this issue of **The Uplift** we are carrying an aerial view of the campus of the Jackson Training School. This picture was taken from a southern point over the campus looking north.

This picture gives a clear view of the entire campus, and it is pos-



Aerial View of Campus and Buildings.

sible to note the location of all the principal buildings except the Indian Cottage, which is just outside the picture, to the left. One observes in the picture very distinctly the row of cottages, beginning with Cottage No. 10 and extending on up by the school building through the middle of the picture. On the left it is possible to note the rear view of Cottages Nos. 11, 13 and 15 and the front view of Cottages Nos. 12 and 14. Beyond this group of cottages may be seen the infirmary, the trades building, the granaries and the horse barn.

In the left foreground the poultry houses are visible. In the left center one observes the gymnasium, the swimming pool and the cannery. In the distant left background one observes the maternity barn, the dairy barn and the straw barn.

On the right hand side of the picture one notes very clearly the position of Highway 29, which traverses the campus in a northerly direction toward Concord. In the center background, on the left side of the highway, there is visible the Administration Building, and on the right side of the highway are located the water tank, the King's Daughters Chapel and the memorial bridge. Almost in the center of the picture there appears the school building, which is located in line with the cottages. Nearby and to the right may be seen the textile unit, and on the left there appear the laundry, the bakery and the ice-plant.

From this aerial view, it is possible to note how extensive the school campus is. Generally, the people who pass along Highway 29, and never stop to drive into the campus, do not realize how much territory the various buildings at the school cover. The school campus is much larger than most people realize, and generally they are amazed when they drive about on the various roadways of the campus and see how many buildings there are and how extensive the grounds are. The entire campus covers about fifty acres.

* * * * * * * *

INDEPENDENCE DAY

July 4th, the birthday of our nation, is just around the corner. Reverently and yet with hearts full of the sentiments of patriotism, we shall celebrate this great anniversary in our history. In imagi-

nation we shall attempt to stand again in the presence of the founding fathers and to pay honor and tribute to their memory. We shall, as far as we are able, lavish our homage upon them for their magnificent courage and vision and particularly for the faith which they exhibited many years ago in the destiny of this American republic.

On July 4, 1776, which was 170 years ago, the delegates who had assembled in Philadelphia from the thirteen American colonies declared themselves to be free from their mother country, Great Britain. Under instructions from the delegates assembled there, Thomas Jefferson, then a very young man, with his facile and eloquent pen had composed the words of the Declaration of Independence, and on July 4th the delegates voted to declare themselves free and independent.

As we ponder this significant event at this time, we think it was more or less a routine occurrence, but when it is viewed in its setting of that day, it must be recognized that it was a very courageous and almost a fatal thing to do. As a matter of fact, the colonists who did this thing became traitors to the government which was then in control. In a sense, they could have been regarded as disloyal deserters, and the only thing that saved them to the ranks of patriots and heroes was that in the years ahead, from 1776 to 1781, they were able to fight successfully the Revolutionary War and emerge as victors. Today we owe a debt of gratitude to these far-sighted men who staked their lives and their property upon the cause of liberty and freedom.

Since 1776 America has led the age-old, never-ending and never-despairing fight for human liberty. Dictators and tyrants have hated this nation ever since, and they have continued again and again to plot against this country, but all who have hungered for freedom have turned to this nation for guidance and inspiration and for sustenance. Sometimes this nation has faltered and hesitated, but it can be truthfully proclaimed that we have never failed in the end those who trusted our nation as the "last best hope of earth."

America is generally regarded as the capital of democratic government in the world. While there have been many instances in which the operations of our government have been feeble or imper-

fect, yet it can be cheerfully and boastfully asserted that here we have the purest brand of democratic government in all the world. It is a kind of democracy which has functnoned well throughout the years, and yet we in America have not attempted to impose this government by force upon the other nations of the world. While it has been good enough to be exported, we have sought to cultivate and promote it for ourselves as an example to other nations.

Today the leaders of this nation, including particularly Secretary of State James F. Byrnes and his immediate colleagues, are engaged in a titanic struggle to blueprint some sort of plan to maintain and preserve the peace of the world. Other nations today are looking to America as the leader of the moral forces, to the end that a successful formula for peace may be found and that future wars may be outlawed. The fate of freedom today hangs perilously in the balance, and it is hoped that America will be so magnificent in her leadership and so transcendent in her ideals that she may point the way to a glorious era of universal brotherhood and peace.

This year, as we celebrate July 4th, it is the hope and prayer of every true American that the banner of peace may fly over all the other flags and emblems, and that the world may know war no more.

* * * * * * * * *

A TRIBUTE TO A. S. WEBB

On Thursday, June 20th, Mr. A. S. Webb, former superintendent of the city schools of Concord, passed into the Great Beyond. To those who knew his condition, his going was not entirely unexpected, though it can be said that the members of his family and the community at large were unprepared for the sudden departure of this saintly man and of this great leader.

Much has been said and will continue to be said by way of eulogizing Mr. Webb and his good works. Yet there is little danger of the eulogies being too extravagant, because in his goodness as a Christian gentleman, Mr. Webb deserved all the praise that may be given to him. Concord and the State of North Carolina are greatly indebted to him for the masterful work which he did as an educator and as a school leader. He held high rank among the educational

leaders in this state and won for himself the praise and admiration of all those who knew him in the work. It can be asserted without any hesitation that he made a grand success as a school man.

Only a few months before Mr. Webb became critically ill, the people of Concord honored him by naming one of the elementary schools for him. All down through the future years, the Webb Primary School will stand as a perpetual memorial to the memory of this beloved school man. Concord has much to be thankful for in that it extended to Mr. Webb this signal honor while he was still alive and while he could listen to the many complimentary statements about him and his work. This was worth more to sustain his morale than all the flowers that were laid upon his grave, and it was most appropriate that he should have the privilege of listening to the tributes of his friends and fellow workers.

Mr. Webb contributed much to the educational progress of the City of Concord, and he contributed much to the community life of the city. He was able to do so much because in his soul there was such a vast storehouse of honor and integrity. There was an eternal fountain from which flowed the stream of good works, which characterized his life among the citizens of Concord. He was reared in the home of saintly and God-fearing parents, and as a child he participated in the family worship which was observed at the hearthstone, so that his faith from childhood on was firmly rooted in the eternal verities of life. Yea, his faith was anchored in the Rock of Ages, and always he weathered all the storms of life with calmness and serenity of spirit.

No doubt, early in life he acquired the purpose and the vision which have been so eloquently expressed in these lines from William Cullen Bryant's "Thanatopsis:"

> "So live that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan that moves
> To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Among his fellowmen, Mr. Webb was recognized as a safe and at the same time as a capable leader. He never did the things that were sensational or spectacular, but he was noted for always being faithful at any post of duty. He never sought to do the showy things in life, nor to occupy the front seat in any parade, and though he possessed a deep sense of humility, in the councils of men he was unafraid. Truly, his life and his activities among his fellowmen were without guile and without malice.

To his friends he was noted for his many deeds of good works. It is certain, beyond any doubt, that he did many small things to brighten the pathway of others—things that were unknown to those about him. For many years he carried heavy responsibilities and encountered difficult burdens. He bore these like a man and most of the time he carried the load all alone and in silence. He not only carried his own burdens, but he was also accustomed to bearing the burdens of those about him. To him this was the essence of life, and richly did he bless his fellowman. He was so entirely unselfish that he never allowed the thoughts of himself to become obstacles in his purpose to do kind deeds for others and for his community.

The departure of this great man is a cause for deep sorrow in the community. Those who are left to mourn, weep, not because he wasted life's opportunities, nor because his work was unfinished, and neither do they weep because he was unprepared for eternity; rather, there is universal sadness because the community has lost a friend and because in the family there are those who looked to him implicitly for sustenance, care and protection. He will be sadly missed, but all because he fulfilled all these duties and responsibilities so successfully and so superbly.

An editorial in **The Charlotte Observer** on June 23rd, in part, paid this eloquent tribute to Mr. Webb:

A Nobleman Passes

Mr. Webb's innate modesty and humility kept him, as he wanted to be kept, out of the spotlight, but in his profession and among the people of Concord who knew him best, he was recognized for his genuine worth.

Not only so, but in his personal character, he was a nobleman. He was a man of saintly virtues, one of that rare kind who walk

the Master's way and do the Master's will as if such were his first nature.

The world pays, proportionately, too much attention to the high and mighty in their respective estates and gives too much acclaim to the great and powerful, as men measure mere earthly greatness and power, giving all too little consideration to the Christly kind of man which Mr. Webb was, one who always went about doing good, one who, by precept and example, pointed the world to higher and nobler levels of living, and one who must have had unspeakable satisfaction in simply being good.

Immeasurable is the influence of a life like his, of the intangible yet permanent values which he left by his godly walk and conversation, the uplifting, ennobling inspiration to thousands of boys and girls who came within the touch of his profession in the schoolroom and who can never forget his kindliness, his sympathy, and Christian helpfulness.

After all, gianthood in man is laid upon the foundations of such gentleness as was his.

The Concord Daily Tribune of June 21st eulogized the work of Mr. Webb in these words:

A Truly Great Soul

Mr. Webb never amassed a fortune in silver and gold, in houses and lands, but he chose the better part—a life of unselfish service to childhood, to his community, his church, and his God.

In the truest sense of the word, Mr. Webb was an educator. He did not confine his instruction to the printed pages of text books, but taught by example rather than by precept. Because he loved all the children in this city, rich, poor, good or naughty, they looked on him as a loving father, rather than a pedagogue, and they loved him. They were always sure they would get a square deal from him and be fairly treated even on those rare occasions when he had to punish any of them.

The teachers who worked with Mr. Webb, always found in him a sympathetic and understanding friend, and they, like the children, loved him. Mr. Webb's unfailing tact and ready sense of humor helped smooth out the bumps that are sure to come in the path of any executive, of school, business, or government.

Nowhere will Mr. Webb's loss be more keenly felt than in Central Methodist Church. For more than a quarter of a century, he had taught the Susannah Wesley class of women, was

faithfully at his post Sunday after Sunday and was a living example of the lessons in Christian living that he taught. As a member, and at one time chairman, of the board of stewards for many years, Mr. Webb helped guide the destinies of the church, financially and otherwise.

All who knew him will agree that his life was a sermon and a benediction, his death a triumph of righteousness and Christian faith, and we are confident he has gone to receive the eternal reward of the blessed.

In conclusion, we call to mind the words of Alfred, Lord Tennyson's poem, "Crossing the Bar," because we think this vividly expresses the sentiments which are appropriate to one so noble as A. S. Webb.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

"For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Items of Interest

By Robert Lee and Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

Mr. Frank Liske's father died suddenly on Wednesday of last week, and Mr. and Mrs. Liske left immediately for his home. We extend our deepest sympathy.

Mr. Earl Walters, our physical director, is spending a week's vacation away from the school. We hope he has a very nice vacation, and we shall be glad when he returns.

Mrs. Baucom says that we have 2, 500 books that have already been accessioned, but she still has more than two or three hundred that have not been accessioned.

Mr. J. C. Fisher, our assistant superintendent, went to Raleigh on Tuesday of last week to get a new automobile for the school. He returned with a new 1946 model Chevrolet.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Russell, officer and matron in charge of Cottage No. 6, have left for a two weeks' vacation. Mr. Kennett and Mr. Rouse have been substituting at the laundry during Mr. Russell's absence.

Mrs. James K. Peck, matron in charge of Cottage No. 1, has been in the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, for the past few days. We hope she will get well soon. Mrs. F. W. Pharr is substituting for her as cottage matron.

The boys at the dairy have been busy all the week cleaning the walls and roof with Armour's L. X. Cleaning Powder. This work was done so that the dairy can be repainted. After the cleaning was done, the roof was sprayed with DDT to kill the flies. The dairy boys are doing a fine job in keeping the barn in good order.

Mrs. J. C. Baucom, our librarian, has been getting some books from the old library for use in the present library. This was made necessary by the fact that the ninth and tenth grades have been added to our school system. Some of the books that were brought over were those by William Sidney Porter (better known as O. Henry), William Shakespeare, Edgar Allen Poe, John Milton, James Fenimore Cooper and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. These books are for the use of the ninth and tenth grade boys.

Lawrence Littlejohn and William Phillips have made bulletins for the library on a couple of the authors. These authors are Sanford Tousey and Stephen W. Meader. Some of Tousey's books are as follows:"Stagecoach Sam," "Ned and the Rustlers," "Old Blue, the Cow Pony," "Trouble in the Gulch" and "The Twin Calves." Some of Meader's books are as follows: "Shadow in the Pines," "The Sea Snake," "The Long Train Roll," "Model Tommy," "Clear for Action" and "Who Rides in the Mountain." Two of his books are being repaired. They are "Who Rides in the Dark"

and "The Bat." We hope the boys enjoy reading these books.

Radio Program

By Gerald Johnson, 10th Grade

On Tuesday of last week the radio program was given by the third grade boys. The first thing on the program was a group of songs. They were "The Mowers' Song." "Follow Me, Full of Glee," "Sing,Thou Merry Bird," "What They Say" and"The Summer Time."

Mr. Hawfield, our superintendent, then made a talk.

One of the men at the radio station made a record of the program and gave it to the boys.

All the boys enjoyed going to the radio station, and they appreciated the help of Mrs. Liske, who arranged the program and played the piano.

Our Work In Art

By Clyde Wright, 6th Grade

Recently the boys in the special sixth grade have been doing some poster work. We have been drawing maps and scenes from our history study.

Some very good posters were made by Bobby Kerr, Talmage Duncan, Clifton Rhodes, Bobby Jarvis and Lawrence Littlejohn.

This is very interesting work and we enjoy it very much.

The best posters are: "The Crusaders," "Balboa," "Columbus Before Queen Isaballa," "The Lost Colony," "A Colonial Home," "The First Thanksgiving," "An Upland Valley," "The Rock of Gibraltar" and "An English Landscape."

The best maps are the ones of Italy, British Isles, United States, Spain and France.

A Good Time

By James Hensley, 10th Grade

On Thursday night of last week, a group of Training School Boy Scouts showed some Scouts from Kannapolis through various places about the school. They showed them the farm and playgrounds. They also took their visitors swimming. Then they gathered together in the school building and sang some songs. Following the singing, ice cream and cake were served.

We think the visting Scouts appreciated this visit.

My Work

By Clifford Martin, 6th Grade

At the school I have a very good job. I work in the school department in the morning. The first thing I do is to take the daily reports to the office. Then I go after ice-water for Mr. Hines and his class. After this, I sweep the steps and pick up paper around the building. It is also my job to issue pencils, paper and other things to the different rooms. From then until dinner, I run errands. I go to the office to buy stamps and mail letters and have papers and other things run off for the special sixth and tenth grades. In this work, I am trusted a lot with money and checks. I like this job very much.

A Worthwhile Hobby

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

Recently, Mr. Hines and some of

the boys of Cottage No. 3 have been working on a very beautiful collection of pictures. They are pictures of ships. There are pictures of practically every kind of ship.

There are some pretty pictures of the old-time clipper ships and of modern ships, also.

There are some small pictures of Chinese junks that are very pretty.

It is a grand collection of pictures, and we have a good time working with them. We are stringing them in groups and hanging them on the wall in a small upstairs room.

There are about 220 framed pictures in all.

A New Hobby

By Hugh Cornwell, 10th Grade

I have a new hobby which is very interesting and very enjoyable. It is collecting coins. I think it is going to be a good hobby. I am going to collect all the coins I can, especially foreign coins.

I wrote some time ago about my other collections, airplanes and stamps. However, I am going to let them go for a while and work on this new hobby of collecting coins. It will be harder to get a coin collection than a stamp collection, but that does not matter.

While I am proud of my stamp collection, I like collecting coins even better. I am going to give my stamp collection to a friend when he goes home.

Tenth Grade Chapel Program

By Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade

The chapel program last week was given by the tenth grade boys. We began the program by standing and singing one stanza of "Trust and Obey." The scripture recitation was given by four boys, Jack Benfield, Gerald Johnson, Thomas Wansley and Harvey Leonard. They recited the first, the nineteenth, the ninety-fifth and the hundred and twenty-first Psalms. Following this, everyone stood and repeated the Lord's Prayer. We remained standing and saluted the flag.

Three poems were next on the program. They were: "Abou Ben Adhem," by Harvey Leonard; "The House by the Side of the Road," by Robert Fogle; and "To a Post Office Inkwell," by Gerald Johnson.

In our literature work we have been studying a story, "Silas Marner," written by Mary Ann Evans. In writing this story she used the pen name George Eliot. The tenth grade boys gave a synopsis of this story by relays.

This was followed by limericks by five boys, as follows: "The Tutor," by Kenneth Staley; "The Hindoo," by Thomas Wansley; "In Quebec," by Jack Benfield; "The Smile," by Wm. Smith; and "The Face," by James Hensley. After these, everyone stood and sang three songs.

A group of tenth grade boys then presented a play entitled "The Lamp Went Out." The four characters in the play were as follows: "Evelyn Devere," played by Gray Brown; "Mrs. Devere," played by Thomas Wansley; "Ralph Grayson," played by Kenneth Staley; and Herbert Vanderslice," played by Harvey Leonard.

There were no speaking parts in

this play. The characters acted in pantomime as the reader read the story. Mr. Hines was the reader in the play.

The play completed the program. We wish to thank Mr. Hines for letting us have this program and for helping us so much.

Birthday Party

By William H. Smith, 10th Grade

The May birthday party was attended by about thirty boys. They were as follows:

Lacy Overton, Ollie Daw, J. W. Smith, Robert Furr, Claywood Sparrow, Russell Beaver, Alton Stewart, Lawrence Owens, Henry Coffey, Glenn Evans, Robert Lee, John Hill, William Baynes, Solomon Shelton, Carl Church, Fred Ganey, Charles Lyda, Harrison Dula, Harvey Purdy, Robert Fogle, Ralph Seagle, Thomas Hyder, Howell Willis, Edward Stone, Garvin Thomas, Harrison Minor, Curtis Butcher, Paul Allen, Ray Naylor, Franklin Stover and Jack Wilkins.

At the party they served cake, ice cream and Coca-Cola. The boys played ball games, went swimming and had races.

The boys seemed to enjoy every minute at the party. They were all treated alike, and they behaved themselves very nicely.

Parallel Reading

By Douglas Mangum, 10th Grade

The boys in the tenth grade have eight standard books to read. They will be required to read four books on the following subjects: (1) Travel; (2) Biography; (3) History; (4) Long Poems or Collection of Poems.

Out of the following elective subjects, four books must be chosen: (1) Fiction; (2) Bible; (3) Civics; (4) Myths; (5) Science; (6) Arts, etc.; (7) Drama; (8) Essays.

When we report on a book we tell the name of the book, author, important characters in the book, the characters we like best, and tell why we like them. Next we must tell a short story of the book in our own words, and the most interesting part of the book.

After this is done, we are ready to start on another interesting book.

A Special Privilege

By Kenneth Staley, 10th Grade

The boys of the Jackson Training School were very fortunate to have the privilege of staying up on Wednesday night of last week to listen to the radio broadcast of the fight between Joe Louis and Billy Conn.

Most of the boys were disappointed that Billy failed to win the heavyweight championship title from Joe.

We boys would like to take this opportunity to thank those who made it possible for us to enjoy this great sporting event.

The Picture Show

By Garmon Hubbard, 10th Grade

The picture shown in the auditorium on Thursday night of last week was entitled "It's in the Bag." This is a Columbia production, starring Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Sidney Toler and William Bendix.

The story goes something like this:

Fred, an owner of a flea circus, thought he had inherited twelve million dollars from his uncle. After obtaining credit on the strength of his supposed inheritance and spending huge sums of money, he found that all his uncle left him were a phonograph record and five old chairs.

Fred played the record and heard the voice of his uncle telling him to look into the upholstery on the seat of one of the chairs for the money. He had already sold the chairs to five different people. After considerable trouble, he got the chairs back. He found thirty thousand dollars in one of them.

The boys enjoyed this picture very much.

Our Sunday School

By Gray Brown, 10th Grade

Every Sunday morning, all of the boys at the school must be in the auditorium at 9:30 o'clock, for an hour of Sunday school. The boys come and bring their quarterlies with them.

New quarterlies are issued to the boys every three months. They are published by the David C. Cook Pubben quarterlies according to their grad lishing Company. The boys are given quarterlies according to their grade rating in school.

The boys in all cottages study the lesson for the coming Sunday for thirty minutes or more each week, usually on Friday nights. They are assisted in these studies by the officer or matron of the cottage.

When we meet in the auditorium each Sunday morning, the program is opened by singing the "Gloria Patri." We then sing two hymns. Following this, Mr. Hawfield talks to us for a few minutes before leading us in prayer, at the close of which the entire audience repeats the Lord's Prayer.

Mr. Godown then calls out the classes, and the boys and their teachers go to the schoolrooms or to other places for discussion of the lesson for the day. Each officer and matron at the school teaches a class.

At 10:20 the bell rings for us to return to the auditorium. After everyone is back in his place, Mr. Hawfield announces who the preacher will be for the afternoon service. After the singing of another hymn, we all repeat together the closing benediction and then return to the cottages.

The boys at the school all look forward to the preaching services on Sunday afternoons. The first three Sundays of the month, different ministers from Concord conduct the services at 2:00 p. m.. On the fourth Sunday of the month, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, comes at 3 o'clock, bringing a minister or a well-known layman of that city as guest speaker.

News from the Fifth Grade

By Glenn Evans, 5th Grade.

On June 17th, Miss Jenkins, the new fifth grade teacher, came back from a visit to Washington, D. C.

We have been studying art lately. The fifth grade boys are going to make a mural about history. They are drawing pictures of Columbus, log cabins, covered wagons and Indians.

Miss Jenkins brought the class two

goldfish. We appreciate them very much.

Our Biology Work

By Jack Benfield, 10th Grade.

The tenth grade, which was started the first of June, is well underway in its work. One of the subjects in this grade is biology. Lately, in our biology class, we have been studying and making posters on "The Flora and Fauna of the World." In connection with our studies, everyone in the class has done some reference work on "Life on the Poles," "Deep Sea Life," "High Mountain Life," "Desert Life" and "Strange Life on Certain Islands."

We have also been studying the lives of some important men, such as Dr. Beebe and Admirals Peary and Byrd.

We have learned through Dr. Beebe's discoveries there are many very interesting forms of life in the deep sea. Boys working in groups of two have been making posters on some very interesting rare life. Some of these are: "Surface Water Life," "Tropic Life," "Desert Life," "Island Life" and "Mountain Life."

The boys are enjoying the study of this unit very much.

Sports Results

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade.

The results of the baseball games played at the training school on June 22nd are as follows:

Cottage No. 4 defeated Cottage No. 9 by the score of 7 to 6. Cottage No. 10 won over Cottage No. 3 by a 10-8 count. Cottage No. 2 won from Cottage No. 11 by the score of 3 to 1. The Indian Cottage boys defeated the boys from Cottage No. 14 by the score of 6 to 4. Cottage No. 13 won a 7-1 victory over Cottage No. 1.

The game between the Receiving Cottage and Cottage No. 14 will be played some time during the week.

In the softball league the scores were as follows:

Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 7-B by the one-sided score of 50 to 5. Cottage No. 5 won from Cottage No. 7-A by a 16-14 score. Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 3 by the score of 16 to 14. Cottage No. 2 defeated Cottage No. 9 by the score of 11 to 9. The Indian Cottage won from Cottage No. 14 by the score of 31 to 6. Cottage No. 13 defeated Cottage No. 1 by a 12-4 score.

Both teams from Cottage No. 6 were idle because of the absence of their cottage officer, Mr. J. W. Russell.

To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CORRECTIONAL SCHOOLS

By Samuel E. Leonard, Commissioner of Correction

North Carolina's training schools for delinquent children exist for two reasons—to give the youthful offender a chance to develop in a new and carefully controlled environment, and to give an opportunity for working with the children's families during their absence in order to provide better home conditions to which they may return.

The schools exist both as a protection to the public and as an answer to special unmet needs of certain children, some which needs they seek to supply. They are not, and should not be, used as a last resort in the control of a difficult problem. Correctional institutions should be so equipped and staffed that they will be in a position to render necessary services for children with behavior problems, and commitment, when necessary, should be made immediately whether for the first, second, or third offense.

The schools are not schools for the feeble-minded, and feeble--minded children, though delinquent, are not eligible for admission, according to the statutes. North Carolina is greatly in need of a school for the defective delinquents to fill the gap between the training schools for delinquents and the institution for the feeble-minded.

Despite the length of time a child remains in a training school, he still requires skillful help when he returns to his own home. In North Carolina the local agency that works with the family in preparing it to assume responsibility for helping the child make a good adjustment is the county department of public welfare, and it must follow up the program of training received at the school.

Such efforts require the closest of cooperation and integration between the training schools and the county departments of public welfare, since the work of the former in redirecting the child must dovetail with the work of the latter in improving home conditions and supervising the child on his return. Only by careful attention to the responsibilities of each can this two-way, cooperative program operates successfully. The State Department of Public Welfare through its field social service work service assists materially in this cooperative program.

North Carolinas present capacity for retraining 1,365 youthful delinquents is not in any need of expansion except at Morrison Training School for Negro Boys. The war years, during which it has been impossible to conduct the necessary repair operations to plants and buildings, have, however, brought the state face to face with the need for spending an estimated $840,000 in replacing outmoded or condemned buildings and equipment.

In view of the report of the inspection of Samarcand by the State Fire Marshal, the Board of Correction and Training is faced with the building of a new institution for white girls. The buildings are of wooden construction, two-story, and are condemned

as to occupancy because of fire hazards. They are temporary buildings; they are old; the upkeep is prohibitive; they were illegally built; and they do not come up to the minimum legal safety requirements.

To the replacement estimate must be added $320,000 considered necessary to erect the Negro girls' training school which has been established by the General Assembly but which has had to operate during the war in temporary quarters. An outlay of approximately $1,100,000 for modernization and replacement will put the state's juvenile training schools in first-class physical condition.

A conservative estimate of North Carolina's capital investment in the physical facilities of the schools is $2,698,000, to which could be added the $6,000 valuation of equipment at the temporary Negro Girl's School.

The physical plant is only the shell, however, within which the program of re-training youthful delinquents is developed. The quality of the work of each institution is determined primarily by the staff. All the institutions are under-staffed in terms of regular personnel and there is great need of such specialists as caseworkers, teachers without other responsibilities, and a psychologist. Moreover, increased attention needs to be devoted to bring all the schools maintained by the correctional institutions up to the state educational standards and to develop facilities for correcting all remedial physical defects of the boys and girls before they are released.

At the present time the schools must call on the counties to assist in financing major surgical operations and other health programs that call for unusual expenditures. This should not have to be done, and furthermore, no child should be permitted to leave any training school until he has undergone a careful and complete physical examination and pronounced physically fit insofar as the medical department can make him so. To carry out this directive, a large increase in funds will be necessary in the medical department for both equipment and services.

The State Board of Correction and Training, under which the institutions have made rapid progress, believe that increased funds for the training program are even more essential than are funds for buildings if the institutions are to carry out their responsibilities for re-directing delinquent boys and girls. It must be remembered that they are schools and should be staffed and operated as such. Each and every activity must be conducted on an educational-retraining treatment basis.

Most of these children have been misfits in the public schools. They need especially prepared teachers whose salaries are necessarily higher than the regular teachers. They need more personal attention, hence must be in smaller classes. The schools have a wonderful opportunity for a weel-balanced training program. They have the academic, the vocational, a sort of theory-apprentice system and since the schools are custodial, the 24-hour program can be adapted to the training needs of the children. The need is the required number of qualified workers.

Children coming before the juvenile courts in the counties, whom it has

been decided will benefit from a period at the training institutions, are placed in charge of the county superintendent of public welfare for transportation to the school. Before any boy or girl is accepted at an institution, a thorough case study is made and complete information filed with the school by the home welfare department. The school, in turn, sends reports on the child's progress under school regulations to the county welfare superintendent who is thus in a position to work with the family in preparation for the return of the boy or girl to the community.

Without this transfer of information the school would be handicapped in handling the child because of insufficient knowledge of his case. Without it the welfare agency would not be able to try to correct detrimental home conditions before the youth is released from the institution.

Without any change in factors that contributed originally to the youth's delinquency, the time spent at the training school would often become valueless.

By proper modification of the home influences and preparation of the family to assume its responsibility for the conduct of the child, the months of institutional experience can be solidfied into a pattern that develops in adulthood into upstanding, law-abiding citizenship.

The fact that the institution has complete control of the child after admission and is not subject to distracting influences in its program of retraining makes the work of the school considerable easier than that of the welfare superintendent. The county official has to take into consideration the reluctance of the family to alter its habits or standard of living to provide the normal, wholesome atmosphere necessary for the child after release from the institution.

In coordinating the work of the institutions with the county departments of public welfare, quarterly meetings have ben arranged in which the heads of the schools get together for discussion of their mutual problems. Occasional meetings of county welfare superintendents of the area served by the school are held to acquaint the local officials with the facilities and policies of administration of the institutions. Any change in administrative procedure or in admission rules inaugurated at the institutions is sent immediately to all welfare departments and juvenile court judges in each county of the state.

Many persons still think of schools for juvenile delinquents in terms of the old ideas of reformatories—a concept which has no place in modern methods of handling delinquency. North Carolina's program ranks with the best and most modern in the nation. There are now five permanent training schools. A sixth is to be build soon for Negro girls thus giving boys and girls of both races equal facilities—a goal which has been sought for more than a third of a century.

The student capacities are as follows: Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord, 500 white boys; Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount, 180 white boys; Morrison Training School, Hoffman, 250 Negro boys; State Home and Indus-

trial Training School for girls (Samarcand Manor)', Eagle Springs, 300 white girls; Dobbs Farms, Kinston, 75 older white girls; and State Training School for Negro Girls, 60 girls in temporary quarters at Rocky Mount.

The State's facilities for re-direction of youthful delinquents require both more adequate personal and physical inprovement. What is needed just as much is a thorough understanding by the people of each community that a training school is not alone sufficient for a delinquent youth. There must also be work in the community and with the family to alleviate the cause that led originally to the child's maladjustment nda antisocial behavior. The child must be accepted back in the community, not as an ex-delinquent but as a future citizen. He must be given work and must be trusted. Juvenile delinquents result when communities do not make adequate provisions for meeting the needs of children and youth. The level of any community can be determined by social adjustment of its children.

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WHAT TONI THINKS OF AMERICA

I believe in what I can see with my eyes: the hills that are green in the springtime, the brook I fish in, the ocean where the the waves roll over me. I believe in the sun that gets up with me in the morning, and the night that I see from my bed.

I believe in what I can feel with my hands: the walls of the house that shelters me, the thick fur on my dog's neck, the warm wool of my sweater and mitts, the cold of the snow.

I believe what I hear with my ears: the crackle of the fire that cooks my meals, the shouts of the men at their sports, the crunch of the wheels in the sand, the lambs that bleat in the spring, the songs we sing.

I believe in the people I know: my mother and father, because they are wonderful, and because they love me; my friends, because they are not sissies; my doctor, because he laughs a lot, and only hurts when he has to.

I believe in America because I live here: I am happy here. I can be a pilot, or a fireman; I can build the biggest bridge in the world if I want to; I can be the captain of a ship. I can be as big as anybody else—in America. I like it here.—Toni Taylor.

THOSE INTERESTING OBSTACLES

By W. W. Browne in Good Business

They crashed head-on. Fortunately, both were going slowly. A reporter pushed through the gathering crowd expecting to hear an argument, because the fellow in the smaller car was so obviously at fault.

The man emerging from the big car glanced briefly at the other driver, then at his own car, which was damaged beyond immediate use. His rotund face bore an expression of pleasant anticipation. The other man was apologizing profusely, assuming entire blame.

"Quite all right, old man," Mr. Big Car told him. "It shouldn't cost much to fix it up. And you never can tell—it may prove interesting.

The two men exchanged cards, compared driver's licenses, and seemed the best of friends as they took the same cab. They hastily summoned wrecker went to work on their cars.

From the garage attendant the reporter learned the identity of Mr. Big Car. Days later he found the man's remark hammering insistently at his mind. He went to the man's office; it was a picture of prosperity and good taste. Although he had made no appointment, he waited only a moment until he was able to introduced himself.

"My name is Browne, Mr. Stevens," the reporter said.

"Browne, Browne," Stevens said absently. "Have we met before?

The reporter assured him that they had not, but his smile expanded.

"Well, well, young man, sit down," Stevens commanded. "This should prove interesting. What can I do for you?

The reporter fumble for words, but finally managed, "Why do you think this should be interesting?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he answered quickly. "When-ever I have some particular or important goal in mind, and something unexpected takes place to detour me, I have found it to be almost invariable interesting, broadening, and usually to my owm ultimate advantage. I was just about to leave to do something I have long wanted to get at when you appeared out of thin air to stop me. But what had you in mind? You aren't interested in my pet philosophies?"

"I saw the accident the other day, heard your remark that it should be interesting, and it has been hounding me ever since. I fail to see—"

"Oh, I get it!" He was looking more closely at the reporter's card. "You must be one of those writer fellows. Your curiosity is overgrown."

Browne explained that the occasionally wrote features, and asked him to continue.

"Well, I'll tell you," he began again. "When I was a youngster, I got that idea of things. Guess it started when I was a kid on the farm. We had a lane through the woods to the cow pasture, and one of my jobs was to get the cows. I was small and always kept pretty well in the lane, but on one occasion a storm had blown a large tree across the way, and I had to go around it. On the way I discovered a cave, just a few feet off the path.

Boy-like, I explored it, and found it had been occupied at various times by small animals. It was very interesting to me. Later I fixed it up inside, and my friends and I spent many a happy day camping out in my cave."

Stevens stopped, and dreamed. The reporter waited.

"My father was sort of a farmer-philosopher. He often reminded me that the tree across my path—an obstacle at best—was really a good thing, because it guided me from the beaten path to something that had been there all the time, something I later found interesting. I sort of got the habit of watching all through life for the obstacles that may lead to something interesting, useful, or beautiful; something that otherwise would go unnoticed unappreciate."

"What specific examples can you cite?" asked the interesting reporter.

"I could name dozen of them," was the reply. "But I imagine what you want is important ones. As you know, my company handles chemicals. When I was in school, I wanted to be a bookkeeper. But there were so few who wanted that course that the school decided to drop it, and I forced to take a semester of chemistry. The obstacle in this case diverted me to a study I loved, and my life's work.

"I have long since begun to realize that there is a divine hand behind seeming accidents that appear as obstacles. I have watched people who seemed to get all the 'breaks' I never got. Most of them are stagnating, growing old before their time, because things have come to them too easily. They have missed most of life's little pleasant surprises and lessons because they have never found it necessary to stay off the beaten path.

"For instance," continued Stevens, "I had an employee who had lots of ability, but somehow he never seemed to go up. I wanted all of my employees to advance, to fulfill the best there is in them. When a man stays in the same position without inprovement too long, I begin to keep an eye on him.

"One day I called this chap into my office, and told him of the necessity of mastering stenography in his job. He said he could not handle it, and I let him go. He failed to get another position, but did what I had hoped—went to business school and learned stenotypy. Some months later I sent for him, and offered him a much better position than he had previously held. He turned it down. He had found a position as court reporter at a handsome salary. The young man was buying a home, and really enjoyed life. I had given him an obstacle, and it made a man of him."

The phone interrupted. Stevens turned to the reporter again as he hung up. "There's another small example," he went on. "That call was from a man I've been wanting for months to see He's in town for only a few hours. If I had been out of the office—which your coming prevented—I would have missed him. Whatever happens, I believe is for the best if we just wait with faith for the best to appear. Long ago I adopted a special name for what most people regard as obstacles in the path of life. I have learned that they are not obstacles at all, but privileges."

Stevens seemed in no hurry to chase

the reported out, so the latter put one more question; "What would you say was the most interesting obstacle in your life?"

Before Stevens could reply, the buzzer sounded, and the office girl announced that Mrs. Stevens would like to see him. He indicated that the reporter should wait, then introduced him to his wife. She had the poise and personality that would be the envy of many more youthful women.

"This is the answer to your last question," said Stevens with a broad smile.

"But I don't understand," exclaimed the reporter.

"I shall explain," said Stevens, his hand resting on his wife's arm. "You see, almost twenty years ago I tried to get a job with this company I now own. At that time this little lady was secretary to the boss. He refused to see me. He gave her orders to keep me out. I was sure if I could talk to him I would be able to sell myself. She was the only obstacle—and I wanted several times to wring her pretty neck. Instead, I decided I would have to sell myself to her first. I tried it!"

The two stood looking at each other for a second. Just seeing them told the reporter the whole pleasant story. He felt it was the time to leave, but Stevens spoke again:

"When just one 'Obstacle' can hold life's charm for twenty years—well, deliver me from the too-placid life. I welcome obstacles—the things that take me to all the fine sights that cannot be seen from the main path!"

———:———

TOMORROW

When day is done and night comes on
And the moon afloat is shining,
When memories take you back again,
Don't waste your time in pining;
For what is done cannot be undone,
No need for you to sorrow,
Let each mistake open up your eyes—
And don't make the same tomorrow.

The day is gone and cannot be recalled
But another soon will be dawning;
Take heed of the errors of your ways
And start afresh in the morning;
Don't awake the past from out of its sleep
Or you'll only trouble borrow;
Make sure you're right, then go ahead—
And watch your step tomorrow.

—Fern E. Garwood.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

By Richie Waddell in Boy Life

The mid-west farmers found John a good blacksmith to turn to when in trouble. He shod horses, fixed their wagons, and repaired their plows. And plows were a source of real trouble to early American farmers. They were made entirely of wood and were constanly breaking. One day John and a neighbor stood looking unhappily at a broken plow that the neighbor had brought to the small shop.

"Can you fix it, John?" asked the neighbor.

The blacksmith grinned. "I guess it will stand one more fixing. What makes them break so easily?"

"The soil here is different from the kind you had back in Vermont," conjectured the neighbor.

"Soil is soil," John replied.

"No," said the neighbor, "this western clay is damp and hard. The wooden blade of the plow can only take so much of a strain—then, wham!—it's busted again."

After his customer departed, John puzzled over the remarks. He walked to the open door and looked thoughtfully over the wide prairies. Food was needed, he thought, and something ought to be done to make farming easier and better, if these great prairies of the West were to be made valuable.

John returned to his forge. He welded an iron frame into the form of a plowshare and fitted it over the wooden blade. The neighbor looked upon the contrivance with doubt, and in less than a week was back in the shop. The wooden blade was smashed and the iron frame was bent.

The problem was far from being solved. John surveyed the failure with mixed feelings. His impulse was to pack up his belongings and go back to Vermont. But he liked the great prairie land, yet he knew if the tough sod could not be worked to produce food, there was little chance for a successful colony. He realized that a plowshare must be strong enough to turn the sod, and flexible enough to shake off the clinging soil.

"That's it!" he exclaimed suddenly one evening after long study; "something strong and flexible." For days he mulled over the problem. He did not attempt to repair the broken plow. When its owner called, the blacksmith said, "It isn't ready yet —the next time I fix it, it will never break again." The man grinned.

John was walking the floor of his little shop pondering how he could repair the plow. His eyes wandered about the shop as the glow of the forge the shop as the glow of the forge lighted up the cast-off materials hanging on the walls. Leaning up against the wall in the corner was an old saw blade, broken but still bright and shiny. He picked it up. It swung back and forth in his hand—and did not break! Flexible—and strong! John almost shouted at the thought. He went quickley to his forge, and worked like a man possessed of a revolutionary idea.

The early hour of the morning

found John still at the forge. The neighbor darkened the doorway, and John quickly covered up his precious object. When the customer inquired about the plowshare, John excitedly told him he was trying to fix it.

"Let me see it?" asked the neighbor.

"Not until it is finished," protested the blacksmith.

Some days later John sent for his neighbor. He produced a crude implement that looked impossible to the neighbor. The two men hauled it to the field.

John waited anxiously as the man hitched his horse to the plow. "I've got all my hopes and dreams hitched to that plow," he said to the man quitely. He had labored many long hours without rest on his new idea. He stood silent but his heart was pounding as the horse pulled the plow over the field. It left in its wake a furrow deep and straight. He could no longer restrain himself. "How is it?' he called after the man excitedly.

"Great, John, great!" the farmer called back. "Look," he said a moment later as he pointed to the clean steel blade; "not a bit of soil sticking to it !"

John Deere had found his success. He had created the first steel plow, and his dream would come true—the great farm lands of the West would become the breadbasket of the world.

And today, the hungry peoples everywhere can know that the plow which turns the good earth from which first comes man's sustenance, is the brain-child of the curious village blacksmith.

CHEERFUL RESOLVE

I've reached my three score years and ten
The Bible limit; so what then?
I've still ten fingers, all my toes,
See with my eyes, scent with my nose.
Should I bring walking to a stop,
All my activities let drop?
Have I delayed my flight to long,
Or should I go on with a song?

For I still love to laugh and joke
And play at games with friendly folk.
Perhaps the good Lord wants me here;
Thinks maybe I can spread some cheer
In all this time of want and gloom;
Feels that there still is lots of room
For greetings gay and laughter sound,
So maybe I'll just stick around!

—Anna H. King.

DEBATING WITH HIMSELF

By Earle LeRoy F. Wilber, Jr.

The fellow who debates with himself.

He tells endless stories about the uninportant happenings in his past, interrupting himself at intervals to argue, "no, it didn't happen on Wednesday, it was a Monday. I distinctly remember that it was a Monday because I had just" And the poor helpless victims of their owm politeness must listen to him.

And the fellow a couple of doors down the street sees you in a new suit, he tells you solicitously that if you had only consulted him he could have introduced you to his clothier where you could have gotten the same suit for $28.75 instead of paying the ridiculously high price of $32.00.

Then, of course, there is the automobile driver who ridicules a woman driver—and tells you women have no right to drive a car while, he, himself, with you in the front seat with him, passes cars on the right hand side and decides the car ahead is going much too slow; and half way up a hill takes your life in his hands as he starts to pass the car. And he will lean out of the window and roar at a woman driver, "Ya gotta Sears and Roe Buck licence" when she pulls out from the curb—and he, himself, passes a red light —so engrossed is he, at chiding the fair sex that he curses inward when he gets a ticket. Then we come to the man who insists that his wife let him pack the trunk of the car with all the things essential for the picnic and when the family spreads out the table cloth on the grass at the lake to eat—his wife finds the silverware missing and they all have to eat the "salads" with their fingers—while he is making up an excuse to still hold his prestige as man of the house.

And so—On gose the world

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It is rare that the public sentiment decides immorally or unwisely, and the individual who differs from it ought to distrust and examine well his own opinion.—Thomas Jefferson.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the school last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Ficklen and Miss Carolyn Churchman, also of that city. Rev. Mr. Ficklen, who is pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, of Charlotte, was the guest speaker at our regular afternoon service.

For the Scripture Lesson, the speaker read Joshua 1:1-10, and the subject of his inspiring message to the boys was "One More River to Cross."

Rev Mr. Ficklen served as chaplain with the United States Army, with the rank of captain. He was with General Patton's Third Army in the European theatre of action.

There is always one more river to cross in life, said the speaker. Just when we think everything in running along smoothly, other difficult problems arise.

He said this was quite true in the battle area in Europe. Starting out from Cherbourg, the Third Army had to cross a river. Then, just about the time the American forces seemed to be rolling along good, they would find another river to cross.

Rev. Mr. Ficklen stated that while they were in Metz, Germany, the order came for the big guns, tanks, trucks, etc., to proceed through Luxembourg. They expected to have to fight their way across the Rhine River. Suddenly word was received that General Patton had crossed without any fighting.

The same thing often happens in life, said the speaker. Quite frequently when it seems that we are about to be confronted by an extremely difficult problem, we become excited or afraid. Most of the time, if we will just keep plugging along, day by day, doing our best every step of the way, we generally find that the problem is not there.

Sometimes, when confronted with problems, we find that we do not have the proper tools or equipment with which to work. It is then that we have to do the best we can with what we have.

He then told of a time when the men in his outfit were striving to cross a German river. They were busily engaged building a pontoon bridge. German gunners on the other bank kept firing at them all day. The Americans solved the problem by completing the bridge during the night.

On another occasion, said Rev. Mr. Ficklen, a lieutenant in charge of a huge tank-retriever came up to one of the bridges the Americans had built. The guard told him that he could not cross the bridge because his retriever was too heavy. The lieutenant replied: "I've just come from General Patton. He said that he did not care how I got across here, just so I gained the other side. If your bridge is not strong enough, build another, for I'm going across in just a little while." He got across.

Life is sometimes like that, added the speaker. We come up against something we think is too large to handle. Instead of giving up, we should talk it over with the Lord. If

we then tackle the problem, armed with the strength of God, we are certain to succeed.

Rev. Mr. Ficklen then stated that the army to which he was attached made a number of different river crossings. They crossed the Seine, the Rhine, the Danube and others.

These were difficult problems, said he, but the very worst problem, or river to cross, in all Europe, was called SIN.

This was illustrated, he added, when he and other members of the Third Army saw where the Germans had set up a number of their wicked concentration camps.

Enumerating a number of the atrocious sight which met their gaze when they visited those places, Rev. Mr. Ficklen said he asked himself this question: "What kind of people are those who would do this sort of thing?" He stated that the very first thoughts that ran through his mind as he looked at the ghastly sights, were: "This is the country where the famous Martin Luther took his great stand for Christianity. Here, also, is the German province where, for many years, the people have staged the well-known 'Passion Play'. Much of the world's finest music and art were produced here."

The sordid scenes which he viewed in Germany, said the speaker, very clearly showed just how low human nature will fall when the people forget God. In Germany the people, in their haste to follow the power-crazed Hitler, forgot all the fine things about their homeland. They forgot God. By so doing they deteriorated into vicious people of the vilest type.

Somewhere out into the future, Rev. Mr. Ficklen told the boys, God has placed a sort of "promised land" or certain opportunities for them. He told them that God's plan for their future far exceeds their most golden dreams.

On the way to this future, he added, will be many obstacles or rivers to cross. But he said that he would give them his word of honor as a gentleman, that if they would only let the Master guide them, they would find all obstacles could be surmounted and success would be theirs.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Ficklen asked the boys to let Jesus Christ take over their lives and lead them to whatever promised land which may be waiting for them. He assured them that with Jesus as their leader, no river would be too difficult to cross.

The victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work.—Sarah A. Bolton.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 23, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Frank Andrews
Maynard Chester
Dean Harris
Major Loftin
Ray Marion

COTTAGE No. 1
Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
Horace Collins
Franklin Hensley
James Jones
Jack Lambert
Benson Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 2
Harvey Arnette
Ray Burns
Fred Coats
Robert Furr
Gerald Johnson
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
Robert McDuffie
James McMahan
William McVickers
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3
James Arrowood
Thomas Childress
James Christy
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Robert Fogle
Daniel Johnson
Lawrence Littlejohn
Lloyd Purdue
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Benjamin Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4
Harrison Dula
John Fine
Judson Finch
Robert Hogan
Herman Hughes
William Hunter
Lacy Overton
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Robert Thompson
James Wigginton

COTTAGE No. 5
George Byrd
James Cauthen
Charles Gibson
Connie Hill
Earl Hoyle
Ralph Medlin
Robert Porter
Glenn Rice
Ralph Seagle
George Swink
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6
Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Clyde Hoffman
Earl Holleman
George Jones
Glenn Mathison
Jerry Oakes
James Swinson
William Ussery
Leroy Wilkins
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 7
Ralph Gibson
Jerry Peavy
Hubert Pritchard
James Wild

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
Charles Angel
J. C. Alley
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Kenneth Dillard
Charles Francis
Lester Ingle
Vernest Turner
Jack Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 10
Arthur Ballew
Robert Gordon
Bernard Hyatt
Howard Jones
Charles Lyda
Harry Matthews
W. C. Mills
Donald Stutz
Garvin Thomas
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Bryant
Donald Fagg
Leslie Gautier
Miley Gunter
Thomas Hyder
Edward Morgan
Kenneth McLean
Benny Riggins

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Andrews
Donald Carter
Earl Grant
Terry Hardin
James Hensley
Garmon Hubbard
Melvin Norris
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14
Carl Ballew
Howard Hall
Clifford Martin
John Moretz

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
Jack Crump
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Jack Green
John Green
James Johnson
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Zeb Presson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Ralph Stewart
Robert Wicker
Carl Holt

INDIAN COTTAGE
Robert Cannady
Ray Covington
Thomas Chavis
Carl Hull
Allen Hammond
William Harding
Richard Johnson
Morrison Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Donald Moose
Benny Payne

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
Lloyd Sain

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When you define liberty you limit it, and when you limit it you destroy it.—Brand Whitlock.

C364

THE UPLIFT

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VOL XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 6, 1946 No. 27

JUL 6 '46

A PRAYER

They call me old, my hair is white—
I cannot work by candlelight;
But from my heart, dear God, I pray—
Please do not let my soul turn gray.

I want to see by the light within,
The beauteous world we're living in.
Let me cheer sad hearts by word or look,
As the fairies did in the story book.

I want to live so that when I'm gone,
And the influence of my life lives on,
'Twill be to cheer or light the way
For some who might have gone astray.

—Marie Hazelwood.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is something that money can't buy,
You can't win money, you lose if you try!
It's something quite near, it's worth any cost.
You don't learn true friendship, till it's about lost.

A pat on the back, enough for a friend,
A pal who will stick until you're darn near the end.
A smile of gladness, a word in your trend,
That is the meaning of having a true friend.

Showing regard when a friend is around
Taking him in as a real friend on the ground;
Showing respect when he's trying to talk;
Sharing the honey and the hard knock.

Lending a hand if a friend is in need,
Giving your all, if your all does a good deed;
Knowing your friendship is, up to the end,
That is the meaning that goes with a true friend.

Staying close by when he's lonely or blue,
Trying to cheer up his low spirits anew;
Shaking his hand and with him being frank,
Saying to him he can turn and on you bank.

All of these things are what makes a friend,
If you can do all this and stick to the end;
You'll then know just what I'm talking about,
And friendship is something you won't be without.

Nurse it and feed it and keep it alive,
It's good in a palace and swell in a dive;
Be true to your heart—you'll learn in the end
You've won more than friendship—you've won a friend!

—Selected.

Boys, Officers and Administration Building at Assembly Time.

In this week's issue of THE UPLIFT we are presenting for our readers a picture of all the boys at the Jackson Training School. This picture not only shows the student body but also a large number of the male staff members. In the left background stands the Administration Building, and in the right background is the home of former Superintendent Charles E. Boger.

This photograph was taken in December, 1939. At that time the enrollment was approximately 450. The boys are grouped according to the cottages. At the time the picture was made there were sixteen cottages in operation. The custom was to have all the boys assemble in front of the Administration Building at the beginning of the activities for the day, and again after the noon lunch period. It was the custom to detail first the school section, then to assign all the other working groups to certain work details.

In the background it is possible to note the appearance of a number of the male staff members of the school. They have assembled in order that they may assume responsibilities for the different detail assignments for the day.

The Administration Building is a rather large building and stands at the head of the campus. It was reconstructed in the year 1922 and was erected at that time as a memorial to the late James W. Cannon. The funds for this building were given by Mrs. J. W. Cannon. This is a two-story building with two wings extending to the rear. There are rooms on the basement level of each wing making the wings of the building three stories high. Standing at the front of the building are four beautiful Ionic columns. These serve to give the building a very attractive appearance.

The building serves to house the administrative offices, an apartment for the superintendent, and dormitory rooms on the second floor for various workers at the school.

In the right background is the beautiful home of Mr. Charles E. Boger, former Superintendent of the school. This building is the private property of Mr. Boger, and since his retirement in 1942 he and his family have continued to reside there.

* * * * * * * *

BARN UNDER CONSTRUCTION FOR THE BEEF HERD

At the present time Mr. A. L. Carriker, Mr. Paul Cruse and the

boys of the carpenter shop department are in the midst of constructing a new barn for the school's beef herd. The school now has a herd of between eighty and ninety, and it is our purpose to have this building constructed in time for use next fall and winter so that the beef cattle will not be forced to stand out in the cold, unprotected.

The main part of the barn is twenty-eight feet wide and eighty feet long. Over this is being placed an octagon-shaped roof, in order that it will be possible to store a large amount of straw and hay to feed the cattle during the winter months. The main part of the building will be supported by large cedar posts which have been concreted in the ground and extend up to the roof. This is a rather unique type of building, and Mr. Carriker, Mr. Cruse, and the boys are enjoying their experiments with it. In the main part of the building there will be placed the hay loft, about eight feet from the ground, and this will keep the building from being open and cold during the winter months.

On the east side of the barn there is being erected a large shed, twenty-feet wide, and running the entire length of the barn. The shed will also be supported by cedar posts which have been anchored in the ground.

It will require the men and boys several weeks yet to complete this building, but it is one that will fulfill a very great need, because the size of the beef herd, no doubt, will be increased in future years. It is anticipated that on a later date the beef herd will consist of approximately 150 cows.

* * * * * * * *

MR. CALDWELL SUCCEEDS MR. BASS AS TEACHER AT THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

For two and a half years Mr. Joe N. Bass has been teaching the seventh grade at the Jackson Training School. Recently, Mr. Bass found it necessary to resign his position in order that he might be in his home with his mother, whose health is very poor. The school regrets very much that Mr. Bass found it necessary to give up his work, and we wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation for his services here at the school.

Mr. Bass came to the school at a time when help was very short, and he fulfilled a very urgent need on the staff. During his stay here Mr. Bass was always on the job, and he proved himself to be very dependable. He not only had his teaching duties, but he helped with the playground supervision, substitute cottage duty, and with other responsibilities connected with the school's infirmary, particularly at night. There was always a feeling of certainty that Mr. Bass would be on the job and would always be available when needed. This is a quality which is most desireable, and in his case it has been genuinely appreciated. We wish for Mr. Bass good success in life, and we shall look forward to his visits at the school in the future.

Mr. Bass has been succeeded by Mr. James F. Caldwell. Mr. Caldwell is cordially welcomed into the fellowship of those who work at the school, and we look forward with pleasure to having him with us.

For the last two years Mr. Caldwell has taught in the Hartsell High School of Cabarrus County. He is a graduate of Erskine College, Due West, S. C. with an A. B. degree. In addition to his duties as teacher, he has served as coach of the various athletic teams of that school. Mr. Caldwell is particularly interested in sports and games, and his certificate is in the field of social studies. Mr. Caldwell has a class A certificate issued by the North Carolina Department of Education. He comes highly recommended, and we feel sure he will be a valuable addition to the school. In addition to his teaching duties here, he will also assist with the custodial care in some of the cottages, particularly cottages two and three.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of July 7, 1946

July 8—Charles Francis, Cottage No. 9, 15th birthday.
July 9—James McMahan, Cottage No. 2, 13th birthday.
July 12—Edward Lee Johnson, Cottage No. 9, 14th birthday.
July 13—Jack Wilkins, Cottage No. 9, 16th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Sports Results

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The games played last Saturday afternoon in the baseball and softball leagues were those games on the regular shedules that were rained out on May 4th.

The results of the baseball games were as follows:

Cottage No. 9 defeated Cottage No. 5 by the score of 12 to 2. Cottage No. 1 won from Cottage No. 14 by a 12-7 score. Cottage No. 3 defeated Cottage No. 11 by the score of 7 to1. Cottage No. 4 won from Cottage No. 10 by a 10-9 count. Cottage No. 15 defeated the Indian Cottage by the score of 6 to 3.

Following are the results of the games played in the softball league:

Cottage No. 13 defeated Cottage No. 2 by the score of 20 to 17. Cottage No. 15 won from the Indian Cottage by the score of 21 to 8. Cottage No. 6-A defeated Cottage No. 6-B by a 21-3 score. Cottage No. 1 defeated Cottage No. 14 by the score of 10 to 8. Cottage No. 3 defeated Cottage No. 11 by the score of 12 to 8. Cottage No. 7-A defeated Cottage No. 7-B by the score of 20 to 2. Cottage No. 9 won from Cottage No. 5 by the score of 15 to 7. The game between Cottage No. 10 and Cottage No. 4 was postponed.

The Radio Program

By Clyde Wright, 6th Grade

The radio program last week was given by a group of first grade boys, under the direction of Mrs. Hawfield.

The following boys sang on this program: Bernard Webster, Donald Branch, Franklin Robinson, Earl Helleman, Ralph Gassoway, Robert Driggers, Robert McDuffie and Donald Carter.

The group first sang "Thank God for Little Children" and "My Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me."

Donald Branch and Robert Driggers sang "Little Drops of Water." Ralph Gassoway and Robert McDuffie sang "The Father's Care."

Mr. Godown gave a talk about the work that Mr. Fisher, our assistant superintendent, has done for the Jackson Training School.

The Picture Show

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The feature picture shown at the school on Thursday night of last week was "The Thought of You," starring Dennis Morgan.

It was the story of a soldier who had just returned from Alaska. When he came back to Pasadena, California, to visit his professor at California Tech, he met a girl who used to work in a local soda shop.

His pal, "Fixit," went with the girl's friend.

Dave Stewart was the name of the soldier in the picture.

When the girl, whose name was Janet, invited him home to dinner it caused much disturbance among the members of the family.

The next day, which was Thanks-

giving Day, Janet and Dave went for a drive in the mountains. After they returned, they visited Janet's girl friend, Cora, and there they found Fixit.

Dave and Janet got home at three o'clock in the morning, and Janet's mother scolded her for staying out so late.

Dave had to report to San Diego for special training. His furlough was extended twenty-four hours, and he and Janet were married.

Janet's sister, Molly, took Dave's letters and hid them, and when Dave called, Janet found out about it. She went to San Diego to be with Dave, and they spent the night on the beach.

Janet went back and lived with Cora because she didn't want to hear her mother and sister complaining about her marriage with Dave.

The day that Janet's baby was born she received a telegram saying that Dave had been wounded in North Africa.

On the same day, Molly's husband came home. She had thought he wouldn't come back, so she didn't write to him.

When Dave came home safely with Fixit, everything turned out all right. Cora and Fixit were married, and Janet's family accepted Dave as their son-in-law.

The comedy shown on the same program was entitled "Life with Feathers."

The boys enjoyed these pictures very much.

New Books

By Gerald Johnson, 10th Grade

Recently, the school received some new books for the different class rooms. These books are: Arithmetic books for grades 6, 7 and 8;(2) "Keys to Good English," for the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th grades; and "Child's Health," for grades 2 to 7.

The boys are going to try to take very good care of these books and make them last a long time. These books will help us to learn more because they will challenge us to do our best.

Our Tenth Grade English Work

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

We have been studying an interesting unit in our tenth grade English literature. Unit seven is "Stories of Other Days." In this unit are many interesting stories. Some of them are as follows: "Horatius," by Thomas Babington McCauley; "The Lady or the Tiger," by Frank R. Stockton; "Heroes, Ancient and Modern," by Wang Chung; "Classic Myths," by different writers; "The Daughters of Zeus," by D. O. S. Lowell; and one of William Shakespeare's plays, "Julius Caesar." All of these are interesting stories.

We have also been doing a unit on poetry. Some of the poems are as follows: "The Barrel Organ," by Alfred Noyes; a group of limericks, which are: "The Face," by Anthony Euwer; "The Smile," by Anthony Euwer; "In Quebec," by Rudyard Kipling; "The Hindoo," by Cosmo Munkhouse; "The Tutor," by Carolyn Wells; "At the Crossroads," by Richard Hovey; "The Prisoner of Chillon," by Gordon Lord Byron; and "Enoch Arden," by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

We have also written our letters

home for this month, and our report cards were enclosed. We all hope we received good reports and are going to try our best to complete the tenth grade work by the last of August. We all enjoy our work in English grammar and literature.

My Scrapbook

By Clyde Wright, 6th Grade

I think every boy should plan to own his own home when he grows up. Sometime or other a boy thinks about building a home. For the past week or two, two other boys and I have been working on a scrapbook of the different kinds of homes. We enjoy seeing the different kinds of modern homes.

The boys who are helping me are Clifton Rhodes and Lawrence Littlejohn. We enjoy making our scrapbooks very much.

Best Reports

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

Always when report time comes, it is nice to know who made the best records. The following boys have made the best grades for May and June: Charles Todd, first grade; Olin Sealey, second grade; Van Robinson, third grade; Howard Manus and Robert Gordon, fourth grade; Glenn Evans and Thomas Chavis, fifth grade; Thomas Childress, sixth grade; Major Loftin, seventh grade; William Speaks, ninth grade; and Harvey Leonard, tenth grade.

All these boys have been doing fine work, and we hope they will keep it up.

My Scrapbook

By Kenneth Staley, 10th Grade

I have a very interesting scrapbook on boxers. My hobby takes me away back to the boxers of olden days. I have pictures and write-ups from the olden days of boxing right up to the present day boxing. I have taken a great interest in my scrapbook. I am looking forward to getting many more autographs and pictures to add to my collection.

News Items of Interest

Recently, Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys have been reconditioning the pavilion. They are repairing the walls and painting them, as well as making other necessary repairs. For the first time, screens are being put on the windows.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Liske, officer and matron of Cottage Number 10, are away on their vacation, and while they are away the boys of their cottage are staying in the other cottages. Mr. Sam Kennett is substituting for Mr. Liske, who is in charge of the bakery.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Russell are back from their vacation. They are the officer andd matron of Cottage No. 6. While they were away from the school, they went to Florida.

Mr. D. H. Wilson, one of the night-watchmen at the school, is on his vacation. Joe Spears is substituting for him.

Last week four boys went home. They are as follows: Curtis Butcher of Cottage Number 5, who went to

his home in Mt. Airy; Jesse Black of Cottage Number 10, who went to his home in Gastonia; Thomas Hyder of Cottage Number 11, who went to his home in Hendersonville; and Jack Wilkins of Cottage Number 9, who went to his home in Elkin. We wish all of these boys the best of luck in every good undertaking.

Were boys ever proud to get new shades in the class room? Well, the boys of the 10th Grade wish to thank Mr. W. M. White for their new shades.

The boys of the barn force, as well as some of the boys of the work line, are still threshing grain. It is a busy time for them; They are almost through now.

Progress Reports

By Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade

Recently, there has been a young lady at the school making progress reports on the boys. This young lady is Miss Fran Thompson. She is a senior at the W. C. U. N. C., in Greensboro. Her home is in David son.

Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, Commissioner of Correction and Training, recommended Miss Thompson to do this work. Mr. Hawfield approved of the idea, with strong admiration for it.

Miss Thompson is making progress reports on every boy that has been at the school six months or more. She interviews them to see how they are getting along, what type of work they are doing, the kind of work they would like to do, if they are skillful in anything, if they have a hobby, what did they do to be admitted to the school, why they did it, what they plan to do when they go home, their family's problems, how their families get along, whether they live clean and decent, or whether they live in wrongness and filth, what grade they are in school, what grade they were in when they were admitted, and many other things.

These progress reports are sent to the welfare officers of each boy. This gives the welfare superintendents a chance to know what kind of progress the boys from their communities are making.

These reports are also put in with the boy's record here at the school. This is a great help to the officials here at the school when they get ready to consider the going home of a boy.

Miss Thompson is also talking to the teachers and work supervisors at the school to get an all-around view of each boy at the school. She is interviewing them to find out how they work, how they behave themselves in the cottage, and how they get along with other boys.

While interviewing Miss Thompson, I asked her for her opinion of the school. This is what she told me:

"The school is really just wonderful. When I came here, I expected to see three or four buildings and at least a place small enough to find my way about without too much trouble, but that impression was easily changed. I just looked around and was lost—even before I found my way into the Administration Building. There is no need to explain how I wandered around at first and asked every help-

ful person I met just what and where this and that was. I like the place a lot. Everyone has been so nice and friendly. I could not help but enjoy it, and I am looking forward to the rest of the summer and meeting all the boys whom I have not yet met.

We boys are glad she is here for Miss Thompson is doing a very nice job. We all appreciate her kindness in making these progress reports on the boys.

LEST WE FORGET

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

How often we think of David's admonition. How often we say the words; yet, how prone we are to forget.

God is constantly reminding us of his love for us, and of his providential and watchful care over us. We see it. We acknowledge his love for us. We have pledged and promised that we would return his love; that we would show our gratitude for his goodness toward us, by walking with him, and living for him.

"Lord, spare my life—shield me from these missiles of death —I'll give my life to thee."

We have made promises like that. Do you recall the time? Do you dare forget it now?

"Lord, bring my boy back to me. I'll be a better Christian, a better mother."

We heard a mother make that promise, and what's more, God heard it. The boy was spared and reached home safely. But the mother forgot.

How often our discouragement, with all its demoralizing and disintegrating, is the price we pay for forgetfulness.

How can we forget all his benefits?

He has redeemed and ransomed us with his own blood.

He has endowed us with his own life;

He has called us by his own name;

He has given us his own spirit.

He has prepared for us a place in his own home.

How can we forget?

How ungrateful we are.

And, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."—Baptist Standard.

OFFERS SOLUTION

(Catawba News-Enterprise)

Bernard Baruch, spokesman for the United States, made it clear to the world that the United States is absolutely sincere in its effort to create a world of peace when he outlined his plan for control of atomic energy before the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission last week.

The elderly statemen said the United States is ready to destroy its existing atomic bombs and cease to manufacture them when "an adequate system for control of atomic energy, including the reunciation of the bomb as a weapon, has been agreed upon and put into effective operation and suitable punishment set up for the violation of the rules of control which are to be stigmatized as international crimes."

History was made Friday when Baruch spoke, for it was the first time a world power had ever had such a weapon at its command, and the first time any nation had ever made such an offer to bring about world peace.

Mr. Baruch made it clear, however, that there must be no veto power among the United Nations on this matter of control of atomic energy. The necessity for this provision is clear; for the United States could not risk any kind of protection to a country which chose to violate any of the rules governing the use of atomic energy.

The United States has opened the door to all nations to change the mortal fear that must be present in the unrestricted use of the greatest of scientific discoveries into the good that can come from the use of atomic energy for the benefit of all mankind.

The success of the proposal will depend upon the reception accorded it in all of the United Nations. World peace depends upon eliminating the deadliest weapon ever devised and it can only be accomplished by worldwide agreement.

Some men have hundreds of reasons why they cannot do what they want to do, when all they need is just one reason why they can.—Selected.

GETTING THE WORST OF IT

(Evangelical Messenger)

One day a boy with a basket on his arm went to the door of a home and asked the lady if she wished some berries. He had spent several hours gathering them, and now he was looking for customers.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket to measure the berries, while the boy remained at the door whistling to the canary bird in its cage.

"Don't you wish to come in and see that I measure your berries correctly?" asked the lady.

"I'm not afraid," answered the boy. "If you cheated me, you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it?" said the lady in surprise; "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," replied the boy, "I would only lose some of my berries, but you would make yourself dishonest. Wouldn't that be getting the worst of it?"

The lady knew that the boy was right, for no one can do a wrong without getting the worst of it in the end. When a boy slights his work because he thinks no one will know about it, he is forming a habit which will cause him to lose a great deal later in life. The one who does his work to a finish will step ahead of him, and he will miss the chance for promotion.

We are cheating ourselves when we pretend to know more than we do, for when responsibilities come we will not be equal to them. Our friends will give us work to do that they think should be easy for us, but we fail because we did not know as much as they thought we did. We have deceived them, and we get the worst of it.

SEA FEVER

I must down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sails shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.
I must down to the sea again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the brown sprume, and the sea gulls crying.
I must down to the sea again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover,
And quiet sleep and the sweet dream when the long trail's over.

—John Masefield.

WORSE THAN WAR

(Mooresville Enterprise)

Since the first automobiles were made 50 years ago, the number of traffic deaths on U. S. streets has mounted each year with deadly regularity. It reached an all-time high of 37,000 in 1941.

Because of gas rationing and the tire shortage, it declined temporarily during the war to 24,000 in 1944. Despite the decline, there were three U. S. auto accidents causualities for every U. S. battle causualty in war years.

Within a few weeks after V-J-Day the upward climb began again. In August, 1945, the month the war ended, the total of traffic deaths jumped 26 percent over the August figure of the preceeding year. By November it was up 40 per cent. By February of this year, it was pushing the 1941 record again, and still counting.

Was war the only thing that could keep traffic deaths down? President Truman hopes not.

Starting May 8, he announced a three-day President's Highway Safety Conference would be held in Washington. Invited were Senators, Representatives, mayors, traffie engineers and commissioners of all cities over 25,000. A total of 1,500 would assemble in the Federal Departmental auditorium. Their purpose: "To make our streets and highways safer for motorist and for the public."

It was nothing new for Truman to be working for highway safety. Three times during his Senate career he had introduced bills calling for national standardization of driving tests. Twice the bills went through the Senate, but were killed in the House.

I ASKED THE SEA

I asked the sea to tell me if its brine
Had drawn its bitterness from tears of man,
And if the breaker's loud and ceaseless whine
Could be his wretched cries since time began.
I asked it, too, if sorrow were more deep
Than those unfathomed depths within the sea,
And if the width which spanned its mighty sweep
Were wider than an endless grief can be.

It answered, with a swirl of foam and spray,
That soil where tears are shed is fresh and sweet,
And earth which hears our cries both night and day
Is silent as the hush of idle feet,
And sorrow's depth no deeper than the grave,
And grief no wider than the pain it gave.

—Gurre Ploner Noble.

WHAT MONEY CANNOT BUY

(The Speakers Library)

We have been passing through an era of rather extreme materialism. Religious and spiritual values have been at a discount in Russia and Germany, where for many years religion —the church as an institution—was all but taboo.

In this country during the long years of depression, men's minds, perhaps quite naturally, thought in terms of material things and since the war it would seem that most everybody has been out to get all possible for himself in the way of money returns. We have heard almost exclusively about men's rights and very much too little about their obligation.

At any rate, and be that as it may, let's turn our attention to some of those things in life that are of vital importance—things money cannot buy.

Money cannot buy the things that are not seen, which lie back of every human being and make him and what he does worthwhile.

Money cannot buy the inspiration that enables a man to develop his business plans.

Money cannot buy a reputation—cannot buy the gift of courtesy, organizing capacity, a sense of the fitness of things, nor any of the things that lie back of a man and make his success.

Money cannot buy the inner qualities that make it possible for a man "to work out his own salvation."

The things that money cannot buy, the things unseen in the market place, are mostly the result of inner resolve and the ability to see and apply the bigger and lasting values in the pursuit of one's objective, which, in the case under discussion, is success in one's work.

Money cannot buy ideas, nor can opposition nor competition smother them. After all is said and done, business success is due to "the thing behind the man." Surely there is a man behind the business—and there is a "thing behind the man"—a "thing" that money cannot buy—unseen but truly the cause for all his success. The "thing behind" is always greater than the thing that appears, and causes it to develop.

———:———

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Selected.

HEADING STRAIGHT

By Bert C. Brown, in The Ohio Mason

"And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, we will eat our own bread, and wear out our apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach. In that day shall the branch of the Lord be beautiful and glorious." Isa. Chaper 4.

These are days of strain, these are days of waiting which requires patience. With a scarcity in all lines of things we need, and are used to having. With a scarcity of grain, and lesser loves of bread. Also in these days when women are wearing slacks and overalls and are quite independent of men. We are again reminded of Isaiahs words. What he means by taking away our reproach" can be translated into "gaining favor in the sight of God." If we are going straight, we can see only the goodness, but we will also see others helping to bring this world back to a somewhere near normal state. The vast majority of people don't know of a time when the necessity for clear thinking and heading straight were so essentail to getting us all back to a near normal level.

We hear of juvenile delinquencies, of traffic accidents and many more labor disputes, with strikes, which affect everybody, and a shortage of the necessities of life.

We hear of people starving. We hear pleas for Americans to help feed the starving, and in the same breath, comes word that bread is going to be scarcer and grains are to be cut more, while beef will not be had on the market. All these things make one deeply wonder. "Is American Heading Straight?" Are we playing into the hands of the profiteer or are we heading straight to get us all out of this dilemna. There is just as much in the world, as there ever was, except houses. They are not, because none have been built in the last five years and due to the Army deployments, the demand has increased for houses, that are not here.

Yet the nefarious profiteer makes you believe the shortage exists in everything. Quite a good alibi for raising the price of strawberries to 70 cents a quart, or cucumbers to 20 cents a pound. Cantaloupes to 12 cents a pound. Apples 15 cents a pound, etc.

Did these things become so scarce during the war or after it. O, yes, there are a whole lot of things not mentioned that are out because manufacturers were making war goods, for five years, and did not produce auto's, refrigerators, radios, and washing machines. But still they all had a big supply on hand which they kept to get a high price for after the war was over. It may be good business but it is certainly questionable, for these moneygrabbers to hold things up, so that the veterans when mustered out would have to pay a higher price for things they have to get. Is it time for that day when "the Branch of the Lord shall be beautiful and glorious."

It is far from it with such things going on as in these days.

Christianty is always "Heading Straight" because there, the branch

of the lord is "beautiful and glorious," all day, and all night, because the profiteers and gamblers are absent. They serve only the Lord and it lives throughout time and space, without any need for taking away reproach.

It is time for us ot get back to the practice of the Golden Rule. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

This is a path, when you are once on it, will show you that you are heading straigh. For it is God's Plan or Life.

DOWN ON THE FARM

Down on the farm, 'bout half-past four,
I slip on my pants and sneak out of the door;
Out of the yard I run like the dickens
To milk ten cows and feed the chickens,
Clean out the barn, curry Nancy and Jiggs,
Separate the cream, and slop the pigs,
Work two hours, then eat like a Turk
And, by heck, I'm ready for a full day's work!

Then I grease the wagon and put on the rack,
Throw a jug of water in an old grain sack,
Hitch up the horses, hustle down the lane—
Must get the hay in, for it looks like rain.
Look over yonder! Sure as I'm born,
Cattle on the rampage and cows in the corn—
Start across the medder, run a mile or two,
Heaving like I'm wind-broke, get wet clear through.
Get back to the horses, then from recompense
Nancy gets a-straddle of the barb-wire fence.
Joints all aching and muscles in a jerk,
I'm fit as a fiddle for a full day's work

Work all summer till winter is nigh,
Then figure up the books and heave a big sigh.
Worked all year, didn't make a thing!
Got less cash now than I had last spring.
Now, some people tell us that there ain't no hell,
But they never farmed, so how can they tell?
When spring rolls round I take another chance,
While the fringe grows longer on my old gray pants.
Give my s'spenders a hitch, my belt another jerk,
And, by heck, I'm ready for a full year's work!

—Exchange.

THE LAW OF GIVE AND TAKE

(Sunshine Magazine)

Samuel Crowther, well-known journalist and writer of business topics, tells of a chat he had with Henry Ford during the dark days of the depression. When he asked Mr. Ford, "What would you do if you were on the streets and could not find a job?" the answer came without hesitation:

"That could not happen to me. I would make my own job. I would just take any row of not too big houses and, starting at the top of the street, begin to fix and tidy up everything that I saw wrong, and without asking for pay. I know that before I reached the end of the street, housewives would be out asking me to do their odd jobs.'

Anything but convinced, Mr. Crowther remarked, "It seems to me that before you got very far, the housewives would be telephoning the police that a secondstory worker was sizing up their premises."

"That is where you are completely wrong," went on Mr. Ford. "You have the cart before the horse, like everyone else. When people say they want work, they mean they want wages, and because they put wages ahead of work, they do not get either jobs or wages. There is always plenty of work to do, and any man who wants to work will find someone anxious to pay him wages. If, during what people call bad times, men just pitched in and cleaned up things, there would be so much work that before we knew it we would have good times. The trouble is that nobody believes what I've just been saying, and so when they are out of jobs, instead of looking for work, they stand around waiting for wages."

And Mr. Crowther soliloquizes, too many people put wages ahead of work. They think in terms of "How soon will I get a raise?" instead of "How much work can I do today?"—and thus forget the Emersonian law of compensation, that life is a matter of give and take.

YOU WERE MADE TO LEARN

Be sure you learn something every day. When you go to bed at night, if you cannot think of something new which you have learned during the day, spring up and find a book and get an idea before you sleep. If you were to stop eating, would not your bodies pine and famish? If you stop learning, your minds will pine and famish, too. You desire that your bodies should thrive and grow. But if you do not feed your minds as well as your bodies, they will stop growing; and one of the poorest, meanest, most despicable things I have ever seen is a little mind in a great body.—Horace Mann.

THE LOST COLONY

(Lost Colony News Bureau)

The sixth season of Paul Green's great symphonic drama, the Lost Colony, got under way on Roanoke Island Sunday evening at 8:15 o'clock with the 229th performance of the play which more than 400,000 persons came to North Carolina to see during the five years immediately preceding America's entry into the war.

Shortly before the curtain went up on the season's premiere of the drama, brief exercises were held from the Lost Colony stage in the Waterside Theatre at old Fort Raleigh. The ceremonies were marked by a brief address by Governor Cherry, who was presented by former Governor J. M. Broughton of Raleigh, chairman of the Roanoke Island Historical Association which annually sponsors the summertime production of the epic play. Green who flew here last week from Hollywood, where he is doing movie scripts, was presented to the audience.

At 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, religious services conducted by the Rt. Rev. Thomas C. Darst, retired bishop of the eastern diocese of the Episcopal Church, formally opened the 65-day celebration on the island in commemoration of the 359th anniversary of the attempted establishment here of the colony which disappeared into the wilderness.

The celebration will continue through September 2, with religious services each Sunday in the Waterside Theatre, the observance of special events from time to time and the presentation each night except Monday and Tuesday of Green's Lost Colony. The drama is to be performed 49 times during the summer, and following its premiere will run through the following Sunday without interruption, then settle down to the regular schedule of five performances a week.

Poignantly depicting the story of Raleigh's Lost Colony, the drama is preformed by a cast of 200, most of them native islanders, but others come from 27 states and the District of Columbia to take roles in the show. It is replete with colorful costumes, powerful music—with songs by the famed Westminister Choir—and pantomime, and embodies a deeply religious theme. Drama critics have adjudged it the best summer theatre production in America.

———:———

Public opinion is a compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy, and newspaper paragraphs.—Robert Peel.

FRITZ KREISLER ON SPENDING

(Western Recorder)

In this day when individuals and nations are advised to spend money to splurge in order to gain wealth—ideas altogether contradictory to the Bible, to the simple, homely philosophy of Poor Richard's Almanac, and the underlying basis on which our nation was founded, and at a time when so many foreign isms are creeping into our thought streams, we have run across some reassuring words by Fritz Kreisler, himself a foreigner who has now become a naturalized citizen. Mr. Kreisler has so much common sense in his reasoning. He has so much consideration for those who stand in need. He recognizes that there are others in the world, and we should live for these others.

Speaking on the subject of Spending, he wrote, "I have found a way to solve this problem for myself, and to keep my conscience free from contamination: I never look upon the money I earn as my own. It is public money; it belongs to the public. It is only a fund entrusted to my care for proper disbursement.

"So I never spend earned money in high living or for my personal pleasure. If I did, I should feel guilty of a heinous crime. How can I squander money on myself when there is so much misery, so much hungry in the world? As a matter of a fact, to be perfectly healthy the human body does not need much. We artificially create and increase our needs; develop costly habits, then feel miserable when we can not have things.

"I am constantly endeavoring to reduce my needs to the minimum. I feel morally guilty in ordering a costly meal, for it deprives some one else of a slice of bread—some child, perhaps, of a bottle of milk. So many people go hungry in the world every day, even in this big beautiful America. My beloved wife feels exactly the same way about these things as I do."

Concluding his remarks he says, "In all these years of my so called success in music, we have not built a home for ourselves. Between it and us stand all the homeless in the world." How different from the "Get all-you-can" philosophy reeking from the radio by highly paid vendors of unessential wares which they make glorious and make appear to be necessary by their mirage of words! Never a thought of others!

There is more wisdom in public opinion than is to be found in Napoleon, Voltaire, or all the ministers of state, present or to come.—Talleyrand.

JEFFERSON'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY

(Sunshine Magazine)

After the Continental Congress had long debated the subject of independence, it appointed a committee, consisting of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Robert Livingston, and Thomas Jefferson, to draw up a declaration to which they might affix their names. Four days before, Richard Henry Lee had offered this resolution: "That the united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britian is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

On the day before the appointment of the committee to write the declaration, Mr. Lee was called home by the illness of his wife. Had it not been for this, doubtless he would have been made chairman of the committee, and would perhaps have written the declaration. As matters were, Thomas Jefferson, the youngest member of the committee, was asked to write the document. Adams and Franklin made a few alterations in the paper as Mr. Jefferson wrote it, and thus there came into being what is considered one of the most important paper writen by the pen of man.

Thomas Jefferson had not been a member of the Congress long when he was called upon to write this memorable paper. In one of the rooms in Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, is preserved the body and seat of the gig in which he rode to Philadelphia only a short time before he was called upon to render this service. It took him ten days to make the journey, which can now be easily made in two hours.

Jefferson had been appointed as a member of the Congress only a short time before, to fill a vacancy caused by a resignation. He remained a member only a few months. But Jefferson was ready for his opportunity.

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Dynasty and empire come and are gone. Conquerors ride and ride no more. A gun speaks and a gun is silent; and time, the slow tendril, conceals the green years. What endures, then? Art, music, literature and the imperishable convictions of the soul. A beautiful painting, the Mona Lisa smile, the fragrant June night filled with melody, renewing its message a thousand times; a book, constant companion, important adjustments to living things and dreams. These things stay and will always stay. They will die only time dies. All our instincts reach out and embrace them.—Selected.

WHEN LINCOLN WAS A BOY

By Samuel B. Pettengill, D. D. G. M.

Have you ever been along at night in primeval wilderness? There are not many places now where virgin timber stands untouched by axe or saw.

One such place is Turkey Run State Park in Indiana. I was there one September. It told me something about Lincoln. I pass it on to you.

Toward midnight I went into the woods alone far from sight or sound of the nearest human being. A huge harvest moon in a cloudless sky sent long pencils of light down through the foilage of the forest. The gigantic tulip trees and sycamores stood in a hush of attention as if listening for the remotest whisper from earth or sky. They reached almost as high as an eight-story building before sending off their lowest branches. The massive trunks, glistening in the moon-light, seemed like the columns of some temple of the Egyptains when men worshipped forty centries ago.

A curious sensation came over me. I felt my utter insignificance — the merest speck in space, and yet, with that feeling of littleness, another quite different. It seemed that I could reach up past that leafy ceiling to the quite stars; that I could reach down through the cool earth to the roots of those Titans of the forest as they sought and found the sap of their sustenance.

The patience of the stars, the calmness of the sleeping earth, the massive strength of those mighty trees, the clean tang of the midnight air,— all these entered through some window I did not know I had. I hope you have all felt these things, if only once in a lifetime.

And then, as I stood there, I thougnt of Lincoln when he was a little boy in Indiana six score years ago. It occurred to me, with a significance I had never realized, that when he was a lad it was primeval forest everywhere, not at Turkey Run alone; that every night when he was a little boy and everywhere when he was alone in the woods he must have sensed those same impalpable presenses; that what was to me an unforgetable hour was to him the constant companionship of all his impressionable years.

The friendliness of trees! We have lost something in this age of brick and steel and concrete. Not so in 1816. Trees made the flat boat that gave safe passage acrose the Ohio to little Abe and his sister Sarah, to his father and Nancy Hanks. Trees made the "half-faced" cabin—open on one side to the bleak wheather — where they spent their first Indiana winter. Trees fed the fire that gave them warmth, and lighted the pages of the Bible. Trees made for them their bed of leaves. Trees gave them sugar of the maples, the brown nuts of Autumn. Trees drove out the mosquitoes with their pungent log-fire smoke. Trees drove back the wolf and the panther with their glowing pine knots. Yes, and trees made for them crude chairs, tables, beds, axe-helves, ox-yokes, cradles, coffins. Little Abe with a whipsaw helped fashion one of these

pioneer coffins. In its embrace a pioneer woman "went over Jordan."

Trees were friendly things.

"Such were a few of the many, many things the moon might have told little Abe Lincoln, going on eight on a winter night on Little Pigeon Creek, in the Buckhorn Valley in Southern Indiana—a high quarter moon with a white shine of thin frost on the long open spaces of the sky." You will find this in Carl Sandburg's "Prairie Years."

And then I thought of how little schooling the world has said Lincoln had—Little Abe and Sister Sally tramping hand in hand over rough trails to school—four miles and back—eight miles a day. Not much schooling there for two little children.

But suddenly I felt less sorry for Abraham Lincoln. Everywhere he went were the trees of the primeval forest—tulips, sycamores, oaks, elms, maple, beeches walnuts. Everywhere that sence of peace, that feeling of being close to God. And I knew then that the statement in the books that Lincoln had little schooling was false, that he was at school many and many an hour when the boy of today is teacherless, learning the toughness and tenderness of trees, a lesson from the great Book of Life that never needs reversion.

I understood better than the saying of the pioneers,—"The cowards never started and the weak never arrived." I understood the "railsplitter" better and America better in the big timber at Turkey Run.

TRAGEDY OF THE BROKEN HOME

We are glad to note the growing concern over the tragedy of the broken home. The broken home has proved to be a hotbed of vice and crime. It is from it the juvenile delinquent is not only developed but is made into a hardened criminal. Orphanages are literally swamped with applications for the child victims. Every church and every pastor should be so concerned that they would do something about it. It is big enough to challenge all who are in the least concerned about the future. The following statistical facts do not paint a rosy picture of the future: "One out of every 29 people in the United States does not believe in the existence of a personal God; one out of every 27 people in the United States is a criminal; one out of every 16 between the ages of 40 and 50 is addicted to drink; one out of every 12 children in the United States is illegimate; only one out of every 10 reads the Bible; one out of every six marriages ends in divorce; one out of every five American mothers destroys her offspring before birth; one out of every four families suffers the consequences of a major crime; and one out of every three American marriages is childless."

—Charity & Children.

SOMEBODY TO HOLD ON TO

(Exchange)

A man was once telling of an incident which set him to thinking. He was standing in a crowded streetcar and felt someone clutch his arm. On glancing back his eyes met the stare of a woman of another race who said to him," Excuse me, I had to hold on to somebody."

This incident is really a parable of life. How many there are today who are discouraged, frustrtrated, lost, and jammed in the crowed thoroughfares of life who need somebody to hold to. There are many displaced individuals in the world, thousands of them, young and old, who have nobody to hold on to. They have lost those whom they usually held on to. Happy are they if they find someone else.

Many people are looking to our country, and our people to help feed them and feed those who are hungry. Much of the world is in need. How much it means if our country will not fail them. There are many in our country who want some friend to help them. There are times in the life of each of us when we feel desperately in need of somebody to hold on to. Maybe someone is turning to us for that somebody. Shall we fail him or her?

This is a parable worth thinking about.

Take the flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman was ever arrayed with jewels. Once shaken, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as carefully as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven.

On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes, trees blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger or by the warmth of your palm all the delicate tracery will disappear.

So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character which, when once touched, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn or broken, will never be embroidered again.—Selected.

A NEW STORY ABOUT THE LITTLE RED HEN

(Mooresville Enterprise)

In breeding chickens, the first may be last and the last may be first. In other words, just because a hen has laid more than 300 eggs in one year, does not mean that she is the best hen in the flock.

Sgt. Sam Childs of Brightwater Farms at Hendersonville is back from the war and once again at his old job of keeping his flock laying at better than an average rate of 250 eggs per hen per year.

Here's what Sam found out about chickens before he went to the Army, as related by C. J. Maupin, Extension poultry specialist at State College.

Sam had twelve hens in a pen and they were all bred to the same male. The R. O. P. records of these twelve hens showed the following production of eggs, 228, 239, 242, 254, 261, 277, 283, 268, 288, 304, and 312 eggs. Now which was the best hen in the lot from a breeding standpoint? Which one would produce a family of the highest egg-laying qualities as measured by the record of her daughters?

The only way that Sam could answer the question was to trap-nest the pullets raised from these hens, and that's just exactly what he did.

The little red hen, who had laid only 228 eggs, or the smallest number for the group, came through with flying colors and produced by far the best family of daughters with the highest average record. The lowest rating went to the hen laying 268 eggs. Next to the lowest rating went the hen laying 312.

Just ask any good poultry breeder how complicated is this matter of breeding chickens for egg production. Of course, they take into consideration a number of points besides egg numbers.

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Things that we desire most often mislead us most.

We crave possession of things that others own, only to find that such possessions have a false glamour of which we soon tire after having obtained them.

Things that we enjoy most, cost us most—in time wasted, in money squandered, in opportunities lost.

Things obtained without a struggle, or sacrifice, or work, usually prove worthless; otherwise someone would have put up a good fight to hold on to them.

It's only the things that we develop and acquire through toil, and study, and hard application of perseverance and determination, that possess a lasting value.

And it's strange, but true, that the things that hurt us most, invariably teach us the most.—Selected.

THE PRAYER ON SIGNAL HILL

(The Reformatory Herald)

Dr. Frank C. Lauback, as a young missionary, went to work among the Moros, a tribe of people living on the island of Mindanao, Philippines. These people were Mohammedans. He planned to start a Normal School. But there were not enough Moros who could read and write to make teachers of them. So he had to begin by teaching them their A B C's. It seemed a waste of time, that he, a scholar with a Ph. D. degree should thus waste his time. He felt it was beneath his his dignity as a learned man.

He says that one night he was praying on Signal Hill, telling God how discouraged he was and how the Moros hated every Christian. Then his own lips seemed to be saying to him, "Frank, you have failed because you don't really love those Moros. You look down on them with your white superiority; you think because you are educated and they are ignorant you are better than they are. If you can forget yourself and remember how I love them, they would love you back."

This was the turning point in his life. He changed his whole attitude. He asked to study their Koran with them. He gained their confidence. They in turn asked him to teach them his Bible. But they had no language. Dr. Laubach discovered they had twenty-two sounds. He picked out twenty-two letters from the English alphabet and put with these twenty-two sound and soon developed a basin for a language. In a short time he had taught the Moros to read. He became highly honored.

Because of his great success with the Moros his system of language was used in many other countries. He was called to many places in Asia, Africa, South America, and the islands of the Pacific to introduce his simple phonetic method of language teaching. It was my privilege to have a short visit with him and his wife two summers ago. My sister-in-law worked under him in Mindanao for sometime before the last war.

The seed which this great man sowed in Mindanao has grown into much fruit. It fell on good ground. At first he had failed. The seed took no root. He was not a good sower then. But after the experience at Signal Hill he became the true friend of the Moros and they received his teachings, just as the good soil receives the good seed.

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The public buys its opinions as it buys meat or takes its milk, on the principle that it is cheaper to do so than to keep a cow. So it is, but the milk is more likly to be watered.—Samuel Butler.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Dr J. L. Vipperman, pastor of Long Creek Memorial Baptist Church, Dallas, N. C., was the guest preacher at the Sunday afternoon services last Sunday. Dr. Vipperman's visit to the school had been arranged by Mr. H. L. Rouse and Mr. J. P. Horne. The school appreciates the interests of these men in making it possible for Dr. Vipperman to be at the school, the boys were delighted to have him.

Dr. Vipperman talked to the boys regarding the seventh verse of the third chapter of St. John, the words of which are: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, 'Ye must be born again.' " He explained to the boys that this was the first sermon that Jesus ever preached, and when this sermon was preached it was delivered particularly to Nicodemus.

The preacher praised the teachings of the Bible and the importance of this sacred book in the spiritual life of the human race. It was explained that the Bible is not a natural but a supernatural expression of wisdom; it is not a human but a superhuman document. It is a vast storehouse from which man may learn all the lessons of the Christian life. It was pointed out that the Bible was not created by man alone and that it is not the product merely of education nor of ignorance, but it is an outpouring of the teachings of God.

It was explained that on one occasion two companions were passing a lonely island. One asked of the other what book he would rather have if he were banished to the island to live the rest of his life alone. One person preferred Shakespeare while the other said he preferred having the Bible because it was such a treasure of religious literature.

Dr. Vipperman explained that even before the world was created, God existed, and with Him was Jesus. At that time there was no world, no Bible and even no angels, and this was the boundery of eternity before time began. Then it was explained that after the Resurrection will began eternity after time. It was explained in this connection that human beings are immortal and that at the Resurrection they rise from the dead to spend eternity according to the ways in which they have spent their lives on earth.

The speaker explained to the boys, too, that there is a constant conflict in the world between the right and the wrong, just as there is in the natural world a contest between light and darkness. He advised that every boy be careful about the way he spends his life and that he strive diligently to be a Christian. He explained to the boys that no spoken words could ever be called back, and no misdeeds undone, and no missteps in life ereased. In the end, those who spend their lives in sin go into eternal punishment, while the saints receive as their rewards eternal life. Every person, before he can fulfill entirely the standards of Christian living, must experience the regenerative power of rebirth in Christ the Lord, for after this rebirth he is then a new creature.

Dr. Vipperman urged the boys then to strive always to be loyal to the teachings of Christ. A person can so direct his life that he will find himself preferring to do the things that are Christlike, or else he can purpose in his heart to do wrong.

In this connection, it was explained that even a common hog may be placed in a fine parlor, but that the animal still remains a hog, because he is never able to raise in his own strenght above this low level.

The teachings of God, which were described as God's light to the world, are always eliminating the dark places of sin, so that light becomes the symbol of heaven, and darkness the symbol of hell.

Finally, the speaker explained that after a person has experienced the new birth there is a spiritual force in his life which may be defined as upper gravity, pulling one higher and higher towards heaven and towards the holiness of Christ himself.

Dr. Vipperman was accompanied to the school by Rev. O. B. Reel. whose home is also at Dallas, and who has just completed his theological training at the Baptist Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky.

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I PRAY

I pray, good God, for soul content,
A smile to meet each day's advent.
A heart dependable and true,
A will to fight each battle through.
Each day I'd rise with thought serene,
To meet my task with vision keen.
And tho' the sun should fill the morn,
No clouds should make the day forlorn.
I pray, good God, that by Thy art
The sun may shine within my heart.
The passing shadows life shall bring
I pray may leave no lasting sting,
But merely help me better know
The meaning of my neighbor's woe.
And as I take my humble way,
Along the path that Thou didst lay,
I would that I might gladness lend,
A word, a thought unto a friend.
That when the final night shall fall,
And close my eyes upon it all,
I pray I leave no guilt nor guile,
And meet the future with a smile.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 23, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE
William Epps

COTTAGE No. 1
Lyndon Barnette
Hubert Black
William Britt
Carl Church
Paul Church
Horace Collins
Thomas Everhart
James Jones
Jack Lambert
Clay Shew
William Smith
J. W. Smith
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2
Harvey Arnett
Ray Burns
Fred Coats
Robert Furr
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Howard Manus
Robert McDuffie
James McMahan
Eddie Medlin
Ray Naylor
William Phillips
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3
James Arrowood
William Baynes
Thomas Childress
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmage Duncan
James Dunn
Robert Fogle
Jesse Hamlin
Daniel Johnson
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
John McKinney
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Benjamin Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4
William Arrington
Joseph Bean
John Fine
Robert Hogan
Herman Hughes
William Hunter
James Hunt
Lacy Overton
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Robert Thompson
James Wigginton

COTTAGE No. 5
George Byrd
James Couthen
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6
Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Fred Gainey
John Gregory
Clyde Hoffman
Robert Porter
Louis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7
Ralph Gibson
Edward Gwinn
Arthur Lawson
James Wild

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
Charles Angel
J. C. Alley
Albert Allen
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Charles Francis
Hubert Inman
D. B. Jones
Edward Johnson
James Norton
Vernest Turner
Robert Trout
Lester Ingle

COTTAGE No. 10
Howard Jones
Robert Gordon
Harry Matthews
W. C. Mills
James Hensley
Arthur Ballew
Kenneth Wells
Robert Hamm
Garvin Thomas

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Bryant
Charles Davis
William Faircloth
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Andrews
Donald Carter
Earl Grant
Terry Hardin
James Hensley
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14
Howard Hall
Thomas Hutchins
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Charles Moore
Lawrence Owens
John Roberts
James Smith
Thomas Styles
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best
William Caldwell
Jack Crump
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Jack Green
John Green
Carl Holt
Marcus Heffner
David Kinley
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Alton Stewart
Solomon Shelton
Ralph Stewart
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Ray Covington
Allen Hammond
William Harding
Morrison Jacobs
Douglas Mangum
Bennie Payne
Robert Phillips

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
Lloyd Sain
Clifford Shull

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About things on which the public thinks long it commonly attains to think right.—Samuel Johnson.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 13, 1946 No. 28

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Small Boys Enjoying Softball.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS— J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Raymond Byrd, Thomas Cottrell, Gerald Johnson, Harvey Leonard, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

SPORTS WRITER—Raymond Byrd.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—James Hensley.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Charles Francis, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Herman Hughes, Charles Moore, Robert Trout, Vernest Turner.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE BOYLESS TOWN

A cross old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated noise;
The town would be so pleasant, you know,
If only there were no boys.
She scolded and fretted about it, till,
Her eyes grew heavy as lead.
And then of a sudden the town grew still,
For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street
There wasn't a boy in view;
The baseball lot where they used to meet
Was a sight to make one blue.
The grass was growing on every base
And in the paths that the runners made.
For there wasn't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.

The dogs were sleeping the live-long day.
Why should they bark or leap?
There wasn't a whistle or call to play,
And so they would only sleep.
The pony neighed from his lonely stall,
And longed for his saddle and rein.
And even the birds on the garden wall
Chirped only a dull refrain.

The cherries rotted and went to waste,
There was no one to climb the trees;
And nobody had a single taste
Save only the birds and bees.
There wasn't a messenger boy—not one;
To speed as such messengers can,
If people wanted their errands done,
They sent for a messenger man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise;
There was less of cheer and mirth.
The sad old town since it lacked its boys
Was the dreariest place on earth.

The poor old woman began to weep,
Then woke with a sudden scream.
"Dear me, " she cried, "I have been asleep,
And oh! What a horrible dream."

—Selected.

———:———

SOFTBALL AT THE TRAINING SCHOOL

In recent months, the physical education program at the school, including all sports and games, has been on a broad basis. It has offered participation in various games to the smaller and undeveloped boy as well as to those who are active and vigorous. The very fact that a boy participates in sports tends to develop his muscles and his ability to coordinate.

The other angle of this program is that all sports and games provide excellent opportunities for character development and also for training in all of the characteristics of a good citizen.

Every boy needs to learn to play some game, and he should carry the "play" attitude throughout his entire life. A person who is able to play games and enjoy them, tends to keep young and healthy.

Softball is one of the most liked sports at the school. It is played

Group of Boys Playing Softball.

during recess, after supper, and on Saturday afternoons. Each cottage has at least one softball team represented in the league that plays on Saturday afternoons. There are sixteen softball teams in the league. Most of these teams are made up of the younger and smaller boys. Nevertheless, it is by no means a sissy's game. Quite a bit of rivalry exists among these teams, when the signal, "play ball," is given. This game tends to aid the boys in coordination, quick thinking and sportsmanship. There are no "Babe" Ruths or "Ty" Cobbs in the groups at present, but by the improvement shown in their ability, who can tell but what we may come up in the future with a major leaguer.

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SOME NEW IMPROVEMENTS IN THE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Beginning July 1st, we have had at the Jackson Training School a new teacher for the seventh grade. This teacher is Mr. James F. Caldwell. The boys at the school have been delighted to have Mr. Caldwell, and he has made an excellent beginning in our school. We all feel he is going to be a valuable addition to our program and that he will not only help with the school work but that he will also be a great help to the boys in their various games and sports.

During the last two years Mr. Caldwell taught in the Hartsell School of Cabarrus County, and in that school he served as coach for the teams of the school. In the various county tournaments his school always made excellent records. Naturally, the boys all look forward to having him assist them with their playground activities, and all of us know how important this is in the life of the school. Mr. Caldwell is a graduate of Erskine College, located at Due West, S. C., and he has a class A certificate which was issued to him by the North Carolina Department of Education. Therefore, his coming to the school has added a higher professional standard of training, which is so valuable to the school.

The boys who work in the carpenter shop at the school repainted one of the classrooms, and this was assigned to Mr. Caldwell and the seventh grade boys. Since the room has been repainted a very light color, it is now neat and clean and is very attractive. Mr. Caldwell and his boys plan to display some of their school work and to place

some pictures on the walls to make the classroom attractively interesting. This room was previously occupied by some of the other high school boys who did their science work there under the direction of their teacher, Mrs. Baucom.

The classroom previously occupied by the seventh grade and located near the library, has been assigned to Mrs. Baucom and her high school classes, particularly to the students in science. This room is much more conveniently located for Mrs. Baucom, since she also serves as the school's librarian. This places her near to all her work, including classes and library work.

The boys of the carpenter shop gave this classroom a thorough overhauling, including a new paint job. The walls and the woodwork were painted white, and the bulletin boards have been reconditioned. This makes the classroom much lighter and much more attractive. Mrs. Baucom and her boys have already put on display many interesting pictures and drawings, and they are now situated so they can do many other things to make their classroom a place of interest and a center of many learning experiences. As soon as they can they plan to have a museum in which they will display rock formations and other interesting collections, all definitely related to their school work.

All the boys have been pleased with these new changes, and they are very happy to know that the school is on the upgrade and that the boys here are having these excellent opportunities in their school work. We believe the boys are going to show their appreciation by applying themselves more diligently and more earnestly to their work from day to day.

* * * * * * * *

ANNIVERSARY OF FRENCH INDEPENDENCE DAY

What July 4th is to the people of the United States, July 14th is to the people of France. It is the natal day of their national independence, dating back to the year 1789. This significant date in French history marks that fateful day when the middle and the peasant classes embarked on a program of open rebellion against the monarchial groups which had for almost two hundred years held them in virtual bondage. This event in French history has been

known as the French Revolution, and in large measure it parallels in principle and issues the American Revolution which preceded it by only a few years.

In reality, the French Revolution had its beginnings when an angry mob stormed the famous state prison at Bastille and freed their fellow sufferers. Following this for some time, violence reigned throughout France, and mobs composed of those who had formerly been oppressed by greedy and merciless Royalists raged uncontrolled through the streets of Paris and other cities, pillaging, burning, and murdering as they went. To them, their destitution and poverty had become unbearable, and their inner resentments were so deep and so violent that many chose to die in their struggle for liberty, equality and fraternity. In America, the colonists declared themselves free and independent from the mother country, announcing the fact that they would endure the horrors of a war for freedom's sake. The life of the average pioneer was not greatly affected one way or another by the changes of the Revolution. On the other hand, the French people were confronted with an internal problem and they sought a way of escape from a tyranny that had reduced the country to bankruptcy and had plunged the working classes into utter misery. This was a dark and fearful era in the lives of many of the Frenchmen. It is known as a time when in many instances the dogs of the noblemen and feudal lords fared better than the people themselves, and there was a great and irresistible movement for a new day, and the people rallied around the watchword, "Liberty, Equality and Freedom."

Some time prior to the Revolution, a Frenchman described the condition of the people as follows:

> "Our country people live in frightful poverty, without beds or furniture; most of them during half the year without even the barley bread and hay which is their only food, and which they are obliged to snatch from their children's mouths in order to pay the taxes."

It is a matter of record that the French farmer at that time was paying more than eighty per cent of his income in taxes and in feudal fees which dated back to the Middle Ages. There is little wonder, then, that there was great suffering and misery, and there

was widespread unrest among the people because of the injustices and inequalities. A great storm of protest and resentment was gathering, and it seems that the King of France was utterly blind to the potential danger and the consequences which confronted his rank.

In France there was demand for a new form of government to be established under the new constitution. At that time the constitution of the new American republic was widely read in France, and made a deep impression upon these people. In America the offices of the state were open to all, regardless of their birth, and constructive reforms were carried out on behalf of the people. When the French Revolution got under way, the rich and the poor "danced and wept for joy," and swore devotion to their country and its laws. Under the new conception of democracy, the right of franchise was made available to every male citizen, including the peasants and laborers, as well as the middle class. After several years of conflict when thousands lost their lives and many hundreds were sent to the guillotine, the class of nobility was abolished and the French monarchy was overthrown. The people were bold because they had suffered so fearfully. When the King of France at one time sought to close the doors to the delegates of the National Assembly, the fiery Mirabeau cried out to a messenger of the king: "Go tell your master that we are here by the will of the people and we will be removed only at the point of a bayonet."

During the period of the Revolution, some of the nobles were more liberal than others, and they set the noble example of renouncing their feudal rights. Amidst the wildest enthusiasm, men weeping and embracing one another, one nobleman after another gave up some extensive privilege until finally a decree was passed in the General Assembly which aimed at abolishing entirely the feudal system. That wild night of August 4, 1789 saw the beginnings of equality among Frenchmen.

With the establishment of a new form of government and the adoption of a new constitution, the French people embarked on a new era in their national life. In the constitution, the immortal part of the document was the "Declaration of the Rights of Man," which included the following points:

1. All men are born free with equal rights.
2. All citizens have the right to take part in electing representatives to make the laws.
3. Every person shall be free to speak, write, or print his opinions, provided he does not abuse this privilege.
4. The amount of taxes which a person may be called on to pay shall be based on the amount of wealth that he possesses.

The Declaration of the Rights of Man came to be regarded as the charter of democracy. The equality of all men in the eyes of the law represented the essence of the new democracy.

In France, the Revolution was in reality born of the travails of human suffering and misery. There was widespread disregard for the common rights of others. However, the visions of a new day were implanted in the hearts of the French people by such great thinkers as Rousseau, Voltaire, Danton and Robespierre.

In recent years the French nation has been on the brink of utter ruin and destruction. During the heyday of his reign in Europe, Hitler declared that the democracies as represented by France were weak and decadent and that they were helpless in solving the problems of their people. When the German army, with all its imperial might, struck against the French army, which was then weak and unprepared for war, it required only a few weeks for the victorious Germans to march across France. In France there was internal strife and disunity. There was no leader who could command the respect of either the citizens or the army, and the nation suffered a humiliating defeat. However, before the conflict in Europe was ended, France had been liberated by her former allies, and many of the Frenchmen again realized the ambition of their lives—to fight once more the cruel Nazi oppressor.

It seems now that France is once again on the road to redeeming herself in the eyes of the world, and that once again she is destined to occupy her rightful place in the councils of nations. If the people continue to have the privileges of the ballot and proper information, they will work out their own plan of salvation as it applies to their government, and once again the tricolor will float in the breeze as a symbol of liberty, equality and freedom, and the notes of "The Marseillaise" will resound again across the hills and in the halls of France.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Items of Interest

By Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade

We all regret very much that Mr. Bass has left the school. We hope Mr. Caldwell will do a good job, and we are sure he will.

The boys and officers have finished harvesting wheat and oats. They finished last Friday. All the boys are glad to see this job finished.

Miss Jenkins, our new fifth grade teacher, seems to be getting along nicely with her new work. We hope she likes it here at our school.

The carpenter shop boys have been repairing the seventh and ninth grade rooms. They are painting them, fixing the floors, varnishing the desks and chairs, and placing pictures up in the room.

We were certainly happy that the boys of the special sixth grade gave their chapel program on Wednesday of last week. This gave the visitors a chance to see the program. We had some visitors in the morning and afternoon.

There have really been some good volley ball teams at the school this year. The boys play after school. One team won five games one afternoon and lost none. The other boys are going to have to do some playing to catch up with this team.

The sixth grade boys are really beginning to like their science work. They have been studying "Animals and Their Food," "Man and His Food" and "Useful Substances for Food." They are looking forward to studying the rest of the book.

The seventh grade boys are exchanging rooms with the ninth grade boys. Mr. Caldwell, our new teacher, has charge of the seventh grade. Mrs. Baucom will have the ninth grade in the old seventh grade room. She will also have her tenth grade classes in her home room from now on.

Recently, the special sixth grade boys have been having contests. The first was an arithmetic contest. Norman Henschell won first place in contest. He was followed by Talmadge Duncan, Lawrence Littlejohn and Bobby Kerr.

The second one was a timed contest. This was to see how much work the boys could do in a certain length of time. Harold Kernodle won first place in this contest, followed by Bobby Shepherd. The boys enjoy these contests very much. They hope to have more like them.

New Boys at Our School

By Lawrence Littlejohn, 6th Grade

On July 1st, there were seven new boys admitted to our school department. They had been in the Receiving Cottage for two weeks. Two of them were placed in the third grade. They were Jack Jarvis, from Wilkes-

boro, and Ralph Cranford, from Wadesboro. Leon Martin, from Gibsonville, entered our fifth grade. Three of the boys were placed in the sixth grade. They were Earl Kinlaw from Lumberton, Philip Kirk from Salisbury, and King Watkins from Clinton. Robert King, from Burlington, entered our ninth grade.

We are glad that these boys are making a good start, and we hope that they will make good records here at our school.

Radio Program

By Gerald Johnson, 10th Grade

Since last week we celebrated the 170th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the radio program was a patriotic one.

First on the program, a group of boys sang two songs. They were "America" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Then Jack Lambert gave a talk entitled "Why We Celebrate the Fourth of July." Mr. Hines then gave a talk entitled "Independence Day." The program was ended with the singing of two other songs. They were "America, the Beautiful" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." The boys who sang were Talmadge Duncan, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Clyde Wright, Jack Lambert, John McKinney and Jesse Hamlin.

Our Picnic

By Kenneth Staley, 10th Grade

Last Sunday, the boys of Cottage No. 3 went on a picnic. They went to the pasture and played baseball and softball. Some of the boys were catching fish while others were wading farther up the creek. The cottage officers then called for the boys to come and eat. After eating, they played some more before going back to the cottage.

All of the boys enjoyed the picnic very much.

Chapel Program

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The chapel program for July 3rd, was presented by the special sixth grade boys, under the direction of Mr. Hines.

First on the program was a song, "America, the Beautiful," by six boys. They were Jack Lambert, Talmadge Duncan, Bobby Joe Duncan, Clyde Wright, James Dunn and Jesse Hamlin.

James Dunn read the Scripture selection and led in repeating the Lord's Prayer.

The six boys then sang another song, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Nine boys presented a play, "I Am an American." Howard Herman, Glenn Evans, James Shook, William Brooks, Donald Stultz, Harold Kernodle, Ray Roberts, Bobby Kerr and Jack Lambert were the ones taking part in the play.

Twenty boys from the special sixth grade then presented a flag drill which was composed by Mr. Hines.

Then the boys presented a pageant, "America Marches On." It was about the Declaration of Independence.

Last on the program was the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" by everyone.

The stage was decorated with a

mural about our state and posters of famous early Americans.

The Story Hour

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

Each night after our devotional at Cottage No. 3, we have a story period. It usually lasts from fifteen to thirty minutes. The boys tell of books and stories they have read.

Everyone enjoyed hearing a second grade boy tell the story of "Silas Marner" recently.

Some of the sixth grade boys told of "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson, last Tuesday night.

We all enjoy hearing what the other boys have learned, and we always learn from others.

Mr. Hines has been reading us a book about worn door-steps. It tells of the steps to many public places and what they mean. It also tells of the people who helped to make those worn door-steps.

New Log Cabin Under Construction

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

Mr. T. R. Adams and his Receiving Cottage boys have been working on a log cabin for the School's use for parties and weekend pleasures. The cabin will consist of a boys' bed room, officer's bed room, kitchen, and dining room. It will be laid of brick, and the structure will be of logs. The cracks will be filled with cement. They plan to erect the chimney out of flat granite rock and line it with hard brick. The cabin and playground will be on about three acres of cleared land. They have cleaned and walled a spring for drinking water and are fixing a place to swim. The cabin is being built at the south end of the Barnhart Farm on Coddle Creek. We do not know when the cabin will be finished, but we hope it will be before long.

Party

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

Saturday, June 29, five of the matrons who have Sunday School classes here at the school treated their classes to a weiner roast. These matrons were as follows: Mrs. Beaver, Miss Holloway, Mrs. Spears, Mrs. Isenhour, and Miss Jenkins. They had twenty boys present, and their guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield, our superintendent and his wife. They had weiners, sandwiches, cold drinks, and ice tea. The boys certainly did appreciate the grand hospitality on the part of these matrons and want to show their deepest appreciation.

How I Spent the Fourth of July

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The Fourth of July was a day of fun for me.

In the morning I played ball with the rest of the boys in my cottage.

At 9:00 the whole school went to the pond to seine it. Fourteen boys started, but before they finished they had three times that many in the water, seining.

Some very nice fish were caught, including some large bass, one large carp, and several large goldfish. We stayed at the pond until noon.

When we returned to the cottage we had a good dinner after which we

went to the ball grounds for a track meet.

We had some races and dodgeball tournaments. The whole school participated in these.

We stayed at the track meet until about 3:00.

After the track meet, we had a long swim which everyone enjoyed.

After the swim, we again played softball. We had a good time playing until supper was ready.

After supper we had a very pleasant surprise. We had a watermelon, cantaloupe, peach, and banana feast. All of us enjoyed this feast very much.

All the boys had a happy holiday and a grand time playing and fishing.

Fish Pond Is Being Cleaned

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

July 4th, the boys at the school had a good time helping seine the big fish pond down in front of the dairy barn. Every one of the cottages were present, but only a few of the larger boys and best swimmers were selected from each cottage. Mr. T. R. Adams and his boys did the digging to drain the pond. All the time they were digging the rest were seining. We caught enough fish for the school to have a fish dinner. We also caught a number of large goldfish and some big bass. After the pond was drained, Mr. Adams and his boys cleared the bottom of all the trash. They intend to turn all of the big bass back into the pond when they fill it back up with water. We surely did have a good time and were glad to have the opportunity to help with the seining.

Track Meet

By Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade

On July 4th, all of the cottages met over at the ball ground for a track meet. The boys in each cottage would race to see who would win. All the boys in one cottage ran together to see who the first and second best runners of the cottage were. Then these boys ran the winners of another cottage. They just kept running until they got the first and second best runners at the school.

The two best runners in each cottage were as follows: Cottage No. 1, Jimmy Jones and Lindon Barnett; Cottage No. 2, Carlton Pate and Ray Burns; Cottage No. 3, Kenneth Staley and Robert Lee; Cottage No. 4, Eugene Grice and Burton Routh; Cottage No. 5, George Swink and Earl Hoyle; Cottage No. 6, William Ussery and Rufus Driggers; Cottage No. 7, Claywood Sparrow and Eugene Murphy; Cottage No. 9, Robert Trout and Knox Norton; Cottage No. 10, W. C. Mills and Harry Matthews; Cottage No. 11, William Faircloth and James Phillips; Cottage No. 13, Melvin Norris and Terry Harding; Cottage No. 14, David Eaton and Howard Holdder; Cottage No. 15, Marcus Heffner and Jack Benfield; and Cottage No. 17, Luther Hull and Robert Elder.

Then in the final contest, the first winners in each cottage ran. The champion runner of the school was Marcus Heffner.

The second race included the second best runners in each cottage. The winner of this race was Knox Norton.

The Show

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The name of the show last Thursday night was "An American Romance," starring Brian Donlevy. It was the story of a foreigner who was admitted into the United States.

He went to Minnesota to find his cousin who worked in the open pit iron mines. He found his cousin and got a job in the mines using the name of Steve Dangos.

Steve became interested in steel and went to the district school to ask the teacher to tell him about steel. He fell in love with her, and she inspired him to go up in the steel industry.

Steve went to Pittsburgh and went to work in the steel mills. He became foreman of the open-hearth furnace and sent for Annie, the school teacher, to come to Pittsburgh.

Steve soon became the foreman of the rolling mats where the steel was rolled into shapes.

He became acquainted with a Mr. Clinton, and they started to experimenting with automobiles.

They invented a car that had a safety steel top and a design years ahead of the automobile industry.

When he tried to sell it, the automobile industry turned it down, and he started his own factory.

He became one of the leading car manufacturers. When the war broke out, he had just retired after a dispute in his management.

When the war broke out, he came back to help turn out planes for the government.

The comedy was "Screwball Squirrel.

All the boys enjoyed this show very much.

Dodge Ball Tournaments

By Gerald Johnson, 10th Grade

Thursday, July 4th, the boys enjoyed playing dodge ball. We played a single elimination for each cottage. The first games that were played were Cottages 1 and 2 of which No. 2 was the winner and Cottages 3 and 4. No. 3 was the winner. The second games played were Cottages 5 and 6, No. 5 being the winner, and Cottages 7 and 9, No. 9 was the winner. The third games were Cottages 10 and 11 and Cottages 13 and 14. Cottages 11 and 13 were the winners. After this Cottages 15 and 17 played and No. 17 won. Then Cottages 2 and 3 and Cottages 11 and 13 played. No. 2 and 11 were the winners. Cottages 2 and 17 then played for the championship. No. 2 came out the winning team. Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Walters were timekeepers.

Sports Results

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The results of the baseball games played on July 6th were as follows:

Cottage No. 2 defeated Cottage No. 9 by the score of 12 to 4. Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 4 by a 15-0 score. Cottage No. 17 won from Cottage No. 11 by the score of 10 to 2. Cottage No. 3 defeated Cottage No. 5 by a 16-1 score.

In the softball league the scores were as follows:

Cottage No. 2 defeated Cottage No. 9 by the score of 13 to 3. Cottage

No. 6-A won from Cottage No. 9 by the score of 5-2. Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 14 by the score of 25 to 2. Cottage No. 4 defeated Cottage No. 6-B by the score of 20 to 6. They also defeated Cottage No. 6-A by the score of 19 to 1. Cottage No. 7-B defeated Cottage No. 11 by the score of 12 to 9, also won from Cottage No. 17 by the score of 22 to 9. Cottage No. 3 won from Cottage No. 5 by the score of 22 to 11.

A Nice Collection

By Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade

Last Saturday Cottage No. 14 boys had a big thrill. One of the boys, David Eaton, from Greensboro, caught a four foot snake. It was a water moccasin. He caught it down at the pond that had been drained off July 4th. The boy caught the snake in his hands and brought it up to the cottage. Then we killed it.

The fun had not come yet. We decided to cut it apart. When we did, we found 43 small snakes. This was really a thrill to all of the boys. One of the boys called Mrs. Baucom, our 10th grade Biology teacher, and asked her if she would like to have them. She came out immediately to get the snakes. She took them down to the school department and pickled them. They are now in the library so that the rest of the boys can see them.

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9 LESSONS IN LIVING

Learn to laugh—a good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend to your own business. Few men can handle their own well.

Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is like a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn to say kind things—nobody ever resents them.

Learn to avoid nasty remarks—they give neither the hearer nor the speaker any lasting satisfaction.

Learn to stop grumbling. If you can't see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide aches with a smile—nobody is interested anyway

Learn to keep troubles to yourself—nobody wants to take them from you.

Above all, learn to smile. It pays.—Selected.

FAITH OF AN AMERICAN

(The Baptist Courier)

To some, America is home. To some, America is life. To some America is opportunity.

To me America is all of this and a part indelibly etched upon my consciousness, an open-eyed view into the future.

I write as a train carries me to a hospital in my home state. My tour of duty is over.

What does America mean to me, as I sit with legs in casts, a sightless eye unhelping the other in the sun?

I see America's wooden houses. Back there they were all of stone—gutted and leveled, the ruined hopes of thousands homeless. But soon—for matter is indestructible—those stones would be piled on top of the other, as they no doubt had been many times before. The gasping holes would be closed, denying access to the wind and snow and rain. Out of the chaos of fallen stone would come again the ordered plan of a house. America means to me a place where homes can be build with no worry for a periodic destruction of war—build for the future, with only ravage of weather to be endured.

The long brick factory . . . in Stoleberg was one quite like that, and typical of many over there. Inside at regular intervals were minature "pill boxes," with apertures controlling the immediate area. There a guard kept watch over the slaves in a gigantic program of forced labor. America means to me the opportunity to choose my work, a land of free enterprise.

The disorderly graveyard fades . . . into row on row of white, wooden crosses stretching seemingly to eternity. The hope of the young wife, the aging father and mother, proud brothers and sisters, are represented here—so little for so much. America can mean the successful accomplishment of what they died in trying to establish.

The American church spire in the distance, surmounted the heterogeneous village . . . one church over there was next to an old castle, on a hill dominating the town. They presented an interesting picture in the fading sunlight; the castle's tower, reminiscent of a feudal age, alongside a church spire which means opportunity for all. Inside, a German choir sang, an American chaplain spoke, to a congregation of Germans and American . . . a portent of things to come.

So what does America mean to me, a wounded soldier? It mean hope, it means home, it means faith for the future.

———:———

"When a man feels that the world owes him a living, he is usually too lazy to collect it."

YOUTH WILL SAVE THE DAY

(Baptist New Mexican)

Youth will save the day. Will they? Yes, they always have.

Youth is-are ready to meet problems with a new way of solution. It is a spirit of youth, that gift of optimism, which assumes that to every problem there is a better way.

Life is youth's oyster.

The one-track tradition-must-be-served mind is not the way of youth. The man of such mind is not a youth. He is old beyound his years, and defeatured before he reaches the starting line.

Youth meets life with a smile. It has no place for the carping critic. Such guy is merely a splinter on the dance-floor of life, to be avoided. The grouch is not a youth. He is a follicized tyrant, soured cream fit only for the disdain of youth on its way.

Youth hasn't experience, but it has enthusiasm ambition and pushed, that is soon to be swallowed up in the engulfing experience of life. Before it reaches the hopper of defeat, it has a task—it must hold afloat the torch of faith until other youths have crowed those of yesterday into the billowing haven of tomorrow's old age.

Youth dares to dream; and dreaming expands to make realities of its castles in the air.

Youth sees the path around and over difficulties. Youth is overflowing with question-marks stabbing at their predecessor's "can't be done's." Youth wears away the resistance of "it has never been done."

Youth will save the day, for youth keeps marching on. That's its beauty to youth there is no end.

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BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of July 14, 1946

July 16—Richard Cook, Cottage No. 7, 12th birthday.
July 18—Robert Bailey, Cottage No. 13, 16th birthday.
July 19—David Johnson, Cottage No. 9, 16th birthday.
July 20—Leonard Allen, Cottage No. 14, 14th birthday.
July 20—Jimmy Ray Shook, Cottage No. 14, 13th birthday.

GOLDEN RULE IN PRACTICE

(Religious Herald)

Blessed is the providence of God with vast areas of generous soil and with climate which encourages the growth of all food products, the United States has never had a serious deficiency of grain cattle. Famine has not been a factor in the history of our country. That cannot be said of any other great nation. Because they have known the feeling of insecurity which comes with real hunger, citizens of the United States may find it hard to appreciate fully the frightful condition in other countries where millions are in danger of starvation, but Americans are trying to understand. We, who have enjoyed the luxurious richness and bounty of America, do not close our eyes and ears in complacency against the appeals from over the seas. Americans every where want to give for the relief of suffering men, women and children. They want to help the unfortunate victims of war and famine to restore their homes and institutions. They would gladly welcome action by the Government to assure equal participation in a program for the welfare. They would like an arrangement to place restrictions to the extent that is necessary to give the greatest relief to the unfortunate people in Asia and Europe. If we know our own hearts in the sight of God, we wish to help the world in a spirit of good-will and without thought of reciprocity.

Like other denominations, Southern Baptists have undertaken to raise a large sum for relief and rehabilitation. Churches have thrown aside restraint in their zeal to participate in the campaign to raise $3,500,000. Already congregations in Virginia have reported large gifts toward the goal of $286,650 for the state. Moderators of the district association should act promptly to enlist all churches, giving special attention to the pastorless congregations that need assistance. Executive Secretary James R. Bryant and his associates will give information and help to the end that Virginia Baptists may complete their offerings by July 31st. This we shall gladly do.

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I know it is more agreeable to walk upon a carpet than to lie upon a dungeon floor. I know it is pleasant to have all the comforts and luxuries of civilization. But he who cares only for these things is worth no more than a butterfly contented and thoughtless upon a morning flower; and whoever thought of rearing a tombstone to a last-summer's butterfly?—Beecher.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

(The Alabama Baptist)

It is easy for the casual reader to misunderstand the Bible. Some people believe that Jesus said that money was the root of all evil. They never read carefully, where Paul declares to Timothy that the love of money is the root of all evil. Jesus knew well the importance of money, and so does every other person. The fact is that money is concentrated life.

Late one Saturday evening a minister stopped work on his sermon to answer the door bell. A woman unknown to him said, "I'm sorry to disturb you sir, but I must talk to someone. I'm desparate. If I don't talk to someone I'm going to take my life."

The minister listened to a pathetic story of misfortune, disease and shock. As the woman found a friendly and sympathetic listener, she grew calm and more receptive to advice. The preacher diagnosed that she needed two things, friendship and medical aid.

Through his own effort and through the assistance of his congregation he was able to find both the necessary friends and the funds for expensive medical care to enable her to have life and have it more abundantly.

Because a fellowship of Christians, a church if you please, gave of their substances to enable a consecrated man to give his entire time to the task of ministering to people in need, this woman was able to get a new hold on her life. What this minister by the grace of God was able to do for her was like a blood transfusion.

Money spelled life for her.

Was this money "filthy lucre?" Instead, it was the coin of the spirit. So money is not filthy unless it is made and spend in a filthy way and for filthy and sinful things. And the pity of it is that enough money is spend that way, even by professing Christians, to carry the gospel to the whole world. But money is never filthy lucre unless men themselces make it so.

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Bigotry and intolerance are always the inevitable marks of ignorance, while the first fruits of education are sympathy and understanding. Education may make you skeptical, but it can never make you cynical. It may make you indifferent to what you believe, but it will never make you indifferent to how you live. To talk about education without compassion is like talking about a crooked straight line.—Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo.

WHAT IS A BRIDGE?

(Gospel Messenger)

A bridge was first a fallen tree or some tangle of vines enabling man to cross a deep. As builders gained assurance, a bridge could be soaring arches stretching across a sound, a bay, a Golden Gate. Bridges become the grasping tendrils of man's power reaching over geographical handicaps to claim new regions, to bind fast the segments of empire.

A bridge is itself a dream come true. It was by faith that some daring fellow swung out over the deep to fasten the first strand of a bridge. Whether simple or ambitious, ancient or nodern, every bridge is symbolic of faith.

A bridge is a thing of beauty Chaste and strong, the arch of steel and concrete reaches from one towering canyon wall to the other. Once streams cut deeps that man could not cross. Now the family on a pleasant vacation can stand upon some sunlit span marveling at sheer heights and the dizzy deeps below.

A bridge reaches from this side to solid footing on the other side. With respect to a given handicap, it reaches from where you are to where you want to go. A bridge is that which enables you to pass from what you are to what you want to be. A bridge is a log, an arch, a philosphy.

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The politics of "Uncle Joe" Cannon, one-time speaker of the House of Representatives, were on a strictly practical variety.

At a reception he sat on a balcony talking to an effusive young woman who was interested in astronomy.

"See those distant stars?" she rhapsodized. "Did you ever pause to think that they may be worlds?"

"Well, I suppose I have thought of it," was the somewhat dubious reply.

"And that they may be inhabited by human beings that hope and struggle as we do?" continued the young woman earnestly. "Oh, did you ever give deep thought to those people far away, unknown to us?"

"No," was the unhestitating reply, "I've never thought about them."

"Why not?" demanded the young lady. "Why have you never thought about them "

"Oh," said Uncle Joe reflectively, "I suppose one reason may be that they don't vote in my district."—Selected.

CHILDREN IN JAIL IN NORTH CAROLINA

(The University of North Carolina News Letter)

(The following article was prepared for this publication by Mrs. Ruth Thayer Hartman, graduate student Division of Public Welfare and Social Work, University of North Carolina. It is a condensed summary of our much longer report which will probably be published in full.)

Despite the fact that all the civilized world seems interested in the welfare of children and much public concern regarding them has been evidenced, one group of children has gone almost unnoticed—those children who are detained in jail in every part of the United States. These children not only are affected by the poor physical conditions of the jails, but are more destructively influenced by the subtle, undermining, degrading psychological effects of imprisonment. This aspect of the mental hygiene of children seems strangely to have been everlooked.

To show the harm that may be done by jail detention to the immature and impressionable mind of children at an age when many of their attitudes and behavior patterns are being formed, ninety-five delinquent boys and girls in four training schools in North Carolina were interviewed to secure the children's attitudes toward their jail experiences, and their psychological reactions to them. From children's accounts it will be seen that physical and social standards are wretchedly low in our jails. The problem of the hour is to focus attention upon the development of adequate standards and to speed their application to every county in North Carolina. Society's obligation to care for the delinquent child must be recognized. With the philosophy of rehabilitation through a re-direction and re-channeling of the pre-adolesent and adolescent energies must come improved methods of putting into effect this new philosophy. Jails are hopelessly antiquated institutions for detaining children.

The history of the entire penal system in North Carolina has been one of slow progress. Its criminal code and its early penal institutions were inherited from England. Every county had its common jail. Into these dungeons of stence and filth were committed all sorts of offenders, both adults and juvenile.

In 1919 the state-wide juvenile court act went into effect. In addition to provision for seperate jurisdiction for juvenile offenders, the act provided that children coming under the provision of this act shall be detained apart from adult criminals. In 1933, the attorney General of North Carolina ruled that in accordance with the Juvenile Court Act it is unlawful to detain juvenile offenders in jail. The number of children detained in jail has declined about 75 per cent in the nine years, from 1939 to 1944. However, in spite of this fact, there were in 1944 three hundred and twenty-eight children still behind the bars of our jails. Even at the present time adequate detention facilities have not been developed. Only eight counties have seperated facilities

for juveniles and four of these counties maintain separate sections of their jails for the child offender. In the other ninety-two counties no separate detention facilities are provided, and the practice of confining children in jail continues.

Through the cooperation and assistance of Mr. S. E. Leonard, commissioner of Correction, visits were made to four of the North Carolina Training School for Juvenile Delinquent; namely, Eastern Carolina Training School at Rocky Mount for white boys; Morrison Training School at Hoffman for Negro boys; Samarcand Manor at Eagle Springs for white girls; and, the State Training School for Negro girls at Rocky Mount. By going to the training schools rather than to indivdual jails where children were confined it was possible in shorter time to interview a larger number of children with jail experiences.

A breakdown of the total number of children interviewed as to race and sex reveals that there were twenty-five Negro boys, sixteen Negro girls, twenty-seven white boys and twenty-seven white girls.

The total institutional population under sisteen years of age of the four training schools visited was four hundred and six. Of this number two hundred and sixty-five children (65 per cent) reported that they had been confined in some jail or city-lock-up previous to their commitment to the training school.

The offense for which children were most frequently detained was running away from home. Twenty-seven of the group interviewed were charged with this offense. Larceny was second in order with twenty-four children charged with some act of petty thievery. Truancy with seventeen cases ranked third in number of those charged with any single offence. It is hardly intelligent procedure to take a child who plays "hooky" or who refuses to attend public schools and forcibly detain him in a "school of crime" behind heavy steel doors. Next to truancy in order of frequency is the offense of breaking and entering. In some instances the relation between jail detention and inadequate facilities for care of dependent children were readily seen. For example, a fifteen year old girl and her sister were held in jail for seven days, not for any delinquent behavior, but because both their parents were serving prison terms and the conditions in their homes made it impossible for them to remain there. Other cases of this kind were also noted.

The ages of the total number interviewed ranged from ten to seventeen years; twenty-three of them were thirteen years of age or younger.

The number of school grades completed by those delinquents interviewed range from none to eleven. Sixety-nine or 72.6 per cent of the total number completed the sixth grade or less whereas only twenty-six or 27 per cent entered junior high or high school.

Many of the children found it somewhat difficult to recall accurately the number of times they had been confined to jail. Forty-five of the children stated that they had been detained in jail only once. Fifteen percent of the children stated they had been in jail four times or more. The Negro boys reported the highest rate of recidivism. Their number of jail

experiences varied from one to sixteen. The white boys were second in this regard with the range from one to eight. With the exception of one Negro girl who did not know the number of times she had been confined in jail, there was none who had been detained over three times. Sixteen of the white girls had been detained in jail only once. The range, however, was from one to five times.

Sixty-six or 69 percent of the children studied were apprehended and taken to the county jail or city lock-up by policemen. Seven each were taken by the sheriff and the probation officer. Others were taken by the case worker, the health officer, the juvenile court judge, the lawyer, the taxi driver and some by their parents.

If the juvenile offender was not apprehended on the scene where the "offense" took place, he was most often picked up at his home the following morning. Others were apprehended by the policemen on his beat. Girls were picked up at "juke joints" who had been brought by a soldier who had enticed them there to have a drink of "sneaky pete." Still other delinquent children were picked up at freight yards, bowling alleys, and dime stores. Only one child was at school at the time of his apprehension.

In answer to questions regarding the treatment of the children on the way to jail, forty-seven of the children reported that they were treated "nice" or "all right." Others reported that they were handled roughly, slapped, hand cuffed, or searched. Upon their entrance to the jail, many of the children reported harsh treatment. But the policemen was not the only public official who was guilty of harsh or unsympathetic treatment. Lack of interpretation of procedure to the children both at the time of apprehension and at the court hearing on the part of the probation officer, the case worker, the juvenile court judge, the sheriff and the policemen were among the major complaints voiced.

The most obvious fact regarding the physical care of children in jail is that the children in many instances quite contrary to law are in constant association with the other prisoners, adult and juvenile alike, exposing them to moral as well as physical danger. While sixty-nine of the total number of children interviewed did not share their cell with an adult offender twenty-six or 37.5 percent did. Many others were in cells adjacent to adult offenders. Next to overcrowding and evil association in jail, the greatest physical danger to the children in detention is the filthy, unsanitary, germ-laden conditions of the jail itself. In many jails the plumbing was out of order, resulting in overflowing toilets and reeking odors. In others without plumbing the toilet buckets or chambers were left unemptied for hour on hour. A large number of cells were infested with vermin, rats, and mice. Mattresses and bed covering were filthy beyond descriptio.n. Only twelve of the ninety-five juveniles had been in jails that had covered toilets. The remaining eightty-three told of the stench and nauseating odors that were stifling to the cell occupants. Sixty-five of the cells in which these children had been held had wash basins; thirteen had

showers. Of the total number of children studied fifty-four or 57 percent did not have an opportunity to take a bath during their period of confinement. Eighty-three of the children had mattresses, generally described as thin and hard. Twenty-six had sheets and forty-one were provided with blankets. Many described the unappetizing and insanitary serving of their food. Seven jails in which the children were held served only one meal a day; twenty-seven served two; while the remaining fifty-one served three meals a day. Many told of being denied food as a method of punishment for violating jail rules.

Even though the length of the detention period averaged thirteen days it was found that the white girls and the Negro boys were detained for longer periods of time than the other two groups. The length of the detention period in individual cases varied from one-half hour to six months. Thirteen children had no visitors during their detention period. Forty-one were visited by their nother and other relatives; twenty-three were visited by their fathers. Some were visited by their welfare offcier, case worker, church people, and school teacher. Thirty-six of the children spent a portion of their detention period reading. They seemed to have no choice of reading material. They told of having Bibles, True Story, Detectives, and Funny Books. Forty-one explained that they spent the major portion of their time sleeping. Others spent their tedious hours of waiting doing nothing or just talking. Often the tedium of confinement was broken by the child listening to the hard stories of the seasoned criminal. Many of the children heard conversations about sex. One girl too embarrassed to verbalize the conversation of her jail associates agreed to write it. Its vulgarity is so pronounced that it cannot be printed. The fact that this girl, could so vividly describ the actual words the prisoners used indicates the lasting impression such conversation had made upon her.

Accounts of ill-treatment meted out by "trusties" were enumerated. The gravest indictment of the jail system in detentoin of juveniles, however, lies in detention of juveniles, however, lies sonal abuses of the jailers. One story told by a Samarcand girl about sexual assault by a jailer sounds almost incredible in a civilized state and rivals John Howard's accounts of jail conditions in England in the 18th century. And this case is not an isolated instance of attempted sexual assault by a jailer on his female prisoners. Nearly all the children interviewed related accounts of the lurid stories which they heard in jail.

Supervision, in the few instances where it was said to be proved, was occasional and spasmodic. Jails are not required to have woman jailers or matrons. From the evidence it does not appear that there was a single case where a matron was in exclusive charge of the girls in detention.

In response to the inquiry, "How did you feel about being put in jail?" ten of the children told of crying. Others prayed fervently for their release. Some told of their feeling of hopelessness, shame, fear, home-sickness, anger, selfpity, loss of appetite, weakness and loneliness. Felling of anxiety over the way their friends would react to their apprehension

were expressed by the children. When questioned as to their parents reactions to their incarceration it was found that many of the children were from broken homes. Some told of their wrath; while still others told of their utter indifference.

The delinquent after being confined in jail was often released. Following their first period of jail confinment forty-three of the ninety-five children studied stated they returned to their own home after "serving their time." The delinquent boys and girls interviewed had little or no understanding either of the juvenile court or of the training school at the time of their apprehension. There seems to be almost a complete lack of interpretation by the social worker to the child as to what the juvenile court and the training school is trying to do for them. Unless the child understands the purpose behind these courts and training schools, they can have little meaning or therapeutic value for him.

Despite the urgency of the problem relatively few counties in North Carolina have established public detention homes or developed other methods of temporary care for their juvenile delinquents.

Although one solution would seem to be the establishment of a public detention home it is, in fact, often impracticable in the smaller counties in the state. In the more populous counties in which the number of children held in detention is large enough to warrant the maintenance of a separate home a public detention home may well be operated. The effectiveness of its program will depend in large measure upon the personnel that is responsible for its operation.

Home placement of children appears to be the only pratical method of detention in the smaller counties. A large number of the cases that appear before the juvenile court are finally dismissed. In keeping with present-day philosophy that no child should be removed from his own home except as a last extreme measure, it is most logical to place the child in his own home, if his home is deemed adequate. Placement of children in their homes often helps parents realize that they are responsible for their own children, and usually there is no maintenance cost to the public if this method is adopted. Boarding homes seems to be the most desirable alternative if the child's own home is inadequate. The delinquent child placed in a carefully selected boarding home has the opportunity to observe and for a period of time to share the home life of a closely knit family group. Long periods of detention in such instances are not as dangerous as those spent in a public detention home. For the average North Carolina county, home placement, either in the delinquent's own home or in a licensed boarding home, seems to be the most feasible method of providing temporary care for the delinquent child. In spite of the fact that the location of the best home for a particular child does require time and skill, if the social workers of North Corolina really believe in developing more adequate methods of detention than the common jail or city lock-up, they will attempt to educate the community as to this need in an effort to encourage the citizens to develop homes that will contribute to the nor-

mal, healthy development of the State's delinquent children.

If one of the above methods for affording seperate and more adequate detention facilities for juvenile delinquents cannot be adopted, the recommendation made by the Subcommittee of The Child of the North Carolina Conference for Social Service held in Raleigh on March 10 1944 may be considered:

It is recommended that every juvenile court in North Carolina be required to submit to the State Board a detention plan for the local juvenile court for approval. If the plan is not approved it shall be the joint responsibility of the State Board and the local juvenile court to work out an acceptable plan of detention.

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FOURTEEN EXCUSES vs. ONE REASON

The excuses people give for failure to worship God in church on Sunday are manifold. "I'm not good enough." "I'm better than most I see there." "My clothes are not good enough. The last time I was in church one woman stared at my hat and another stared at my poor shoes. That was 15 years ago. I haven't been since." God forgive the starers. They should have something on their consciences. "I don't like the music." "The choir sings too much" or "too little." "The priest chants too much." "He can't preach for sour apples." "I don't like the rector." "Why?" "He never comes near me." "He didn't come to see me in the hospital." "He treated me very shabbily." "He's only interested in the older people" or "the young people." "He plays favorites," etc., etc. It has happened that some of the complaints about the clergy are true. Often they are not, and not infrequently the people for whom one has tried to do the most are the most unkind and really lack any remote justification for their criticism.

After all, why should we go to church? The best reason I know is contained in a story of an English officer in World War I. On a Saturday the officer saw a peasant spit in disgust as local priest went by. The officer asked, "Why did you do that?"

"Everyone in the village hates the priest," the peasant answered. To his astonishment the next day the officer found the little old church so crowed that part of the congregation was worshipping outside on the cobblestones. Some time later the officer saw the peasant and said, "I thought you said everybody hates the priest." "So we do; but we love le bon Dieu," the peasant replied.—Rev. H. Ross Greer.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

The most destructive criticism is indifference.—Ed. Howe

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Spending what should be prudently saved, or saving what should be prudently spent, are both wrong.

—Owen D. Young.

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Cheerfulness is like money well expended in charity; the more we dispose of it, the greater our possession.

—Victor Hugo.

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Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears. The effect of precepts is, therefore, slow and tedious, while that of examples is summary and effectual.—Seneca.

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The conscience of children is formed by the influences that surround them; their notions of good and evil are the result of the normal atmosphere they breathe.—Richter.

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The cause of freedom is identified with the destinies of humanity, and in whatever part of the world it gains ground, by and by it will be a common gain to all who desire it.—Kossuth.

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All men are by nature equal, made, all, of the same earth by the same Creator, and however we deceive ourselves, as dear to God is the poor peasant as the mighty prince.—Plato.

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Christianity begins at home. We build our characters there, and what we become in after years is largely determined by our training and home environment.—Tillman Hobson.

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The way to fill a large sphere is to glorify a small one. There is no large sphere; you are your sphere; the man regenerate and consecrated is the lordliest thing on earth, because he makes himself so.—Edward Braislin.

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An inexhaustible good nature is one of the most precious gifts of heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.

Washington Irving.

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In early childhood you may lay the foundation of poverty or riches, industry or idleness, good or evil, by the habits to which you train your children. Teach them right habits then, and their future life is safe.

—Selected.

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A man must have either great men or great objects before him, otherwise his powers degenerate, as the magnet's do when it has lain for a long time without being turned toward the right corners of the world.

—Selected.

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The only freedom worth possessing is that which gives enlargement to a people's energy, intellect and virtues. The savage makes his boast of freedom. But what is its worth. He is, indeed, free from what he calls the yoke of civil institutions. But other and worse chains bind him. The very privation of civil government is in effect a chain; for, by withholding protection from property it virtually shackles the arm of industry, and forbids exertion for the melioration of his lot. Progress, the growth of intelligence and power, is the end and boon of liberty; and, without this, a people may have the name, but want the substance and spirit of freedom.

—Channing.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. A. J. Cox, pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Jackson Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the Eighth Psalm. The subject of his message to the boys was "What Is Man?" For his text, he selected the fourth verse—"What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

The speaker began by stating that throughout all history there have been many attempts made to define man. Here he cited some of the definitions: (1) Man is equal to the beasts of the field; (2) Many people have said that men are fools; (3) The pessimist tells us that man is the son of evil; (4) The optimist states that there is nothing too good to be said of man; (5) A famous writer said that man was both the glory and the scandal of the universe; (6) Hitler considered men only as cannon-fodder; (7) Some big business men say that man is but a cog in an industrial machine; (8) Another writer states rather sarcastically that man is an ape taken a turn for the worse.

All of these definitions, said Rev. Mr. Cox, are inadequate. He then pointed out that the Bible says man is a sinner, and that only God can save him.

The speaker then told his listeners that man is what he thinks. His soul is dyed the color of his thoughts. Without Christian thinking, he added, there would be no true Christian living.

We should consider it a privilege, indeed, to give to the world a Christian mind, continued Rev. Mr. Cox. In order to do this, we must become interested in the spiritual welfare of others. We must set a good example for others. To every person who is a true Christian will come the realization that all men and women are brothers and sisters.

The speaker then explained that man is also what he sees. If he sees the low, evil things of life, his life is certain to be low. If, on the other hand, he sees that which is high and beautiful, his life will be on the highest possible plane. He explained further by telling of two artists. They were painting along the Thames River, in England. One painter saw only the fog, but the other saw and painted the sunset. This theory is also illustrated in the story of the "Great Stone Face." As a lad, the boy in the story wondered who the famous profile was supposed to represent. It later developed that he was the one who looked like the figure in the rock.

There is a right and a wrong way for us to see ourselves. The right way is for us to see the need of the teachings of Jesus in our lives. Like the Saviour, it is our Christian duty to share the burdens of others. As we help others we find that our own burdens become lighter.

Rev. Mr. Cox then told the boys that man is what he believes. Good beliefs have a way of making good men. Man can achieve nothing in life unless he has good, strong beliefs. In living Christian lives we simply must believe that Christianity will

guide us to a better way of living than any other way. We must believe that God is with the man who believes in righteousness.

Friendship is a wonderful thing in a man's lie, continued the speaker. It will either make or mar a person's life. We should, therefore, be careful to select the right kind of friends or companions. God is the very best friend we can have. Man cannot live the proper kind of life without the friendship of God.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Cox stated that man is the arm of God that is let down into the world. A true Christian, he said, can be God's strong arm in carrying out various tasks. He needs every one of us to help carry on His work. When we do God's will we can have a definite feeling that our Heavenly Father is working with us.

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NORTHLAND MYSTERY

They'll never know now just what happened that spine-chilling day of 1884, when four men walked into the Arctic waste and three came back. Brig. Gen. David L. Brainard was the last of the six who survived that 25-man Greely expedition which sailed north in 1881, and Brainard died the other day at 89.

Big, walrus-mustached and rugged, Brainard made a name for himself even before that fateful trip. A Norwegian, he came to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876, was robbed, joined the U. S. Army to avoid writing Norway for money. Next year he was decorated for wounds received in battling the Sioux in Montana—soon after Gen. Custer's "last stand."

Came 1881 he answered a call for men to trek north with Lt. A. W. Greely to establish weather posts—much as the U. S.-Canadian "Operation Musk Ox" is doing today.

The first year went well; they pushed closer to the North Pole than men had ever gone. But two years later no relief ship had come. Food was strictly rationed, but in 1884 the first man died of starvation.

When Greely caught one starving soldier rifling supplies, he warned him severely. When he repeated, Greely ordered him shot. Brainard was one of the three-man firing squad. Straws were drawn to see who would shoot to kill, and vows made to keep the executioner's name secret.

With Brainard's death no one today knows which man pulled the fatal trigger.—Exchange.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 23, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE
William Epps

COTTAGE No. 1
Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
William Britt
Carl Church
Paul Church
Horace Collins
Thomas Everhart
James Jones
Jack Lambert
Clay Shew
William Smith
J. W. Smith
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2
Harvey Arnette
Ray Burns
Fred Coats
Robert Furr
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Howard Manus
Robert McDuffie
James McMahan
Robert McVicker
Eddie Medlin
Ray Naylor
William Phillips
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3
James Arrowood
William Baynes
Thomas Childress
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmage Duncan
James Dunn
Robert Fogle
Jesse Hamlin
Daniel Johnson
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
John McKinney
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Benjamin Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4
William Arrington
Joseph Bean
John Fine
Robert Hogan
Herman Hughes
William Hunter
James Hunt
Lacy Overton
Roy Swink
Ernest Turner
Robert Thompson
James Wigginton

COTTAGE No. 5
George Byrd
James Cauthren
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6
Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Fred Gainey
John Gregory
Clyde Hoffman
Robert Porter
Louis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7
Ralph Gibson
Edward Guinn
Arthur Lawson
James Wild

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
Charles Angel
J. C. Alley
Albert Allen
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Hubert Inman
D. B. Jones
Edward Johnson
James Norton
Vernest Turner
Robert Trout
Lester Ingle

COTTAGE No. 10
Arthur Ballew
Robert Gordon
Robert Hamm
James Hensley
Harry Matthews
W. C. Mills
Garvin Thomas
Kenneth Wells

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Bryant
Charles Davis
William Faircloth
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Andrews
Donald Carter
Earl Grant
Terry Hardin
James Hensley
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14
Howard Hall
Thomas Hutchins
Howard Jones
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Charles Moore
Lawrence Owens
John Roberts
James Smith
Thomas Styles
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best
William Caldwell
Jack Crump
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Jack Green
John Green
Carl Holt
Marcus Heffner
David Kinley
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Alton Stewart
Solomon Shelton
Ralph Stewart
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Ray Covington
Allen Hammond
William Harding
Morrison Jacobs
Douglas Mangum
Bennie Payne
Robert Phillips

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
Lloyd Sain
Clifford Shull

———:———

Be methodical if you would succeed in business, or anything. Have a work for every moment, and mind the moment's work. Whatever your calling, master all its bearings and details, its principles, instruments and appliances. Method is essential if you would get through your work easily and with economy of time.—William Mathews.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 20, 1946 No. 29

JUL 20 '46

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Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

BUILDING IN BOYS

Who builds in boys builds Truth,
And "vanished hands" are multiplied in power;
And sounds of living voices, hour by hour,
Speak forth His message with the lips of youth.

Here in the House of Hope, whose doors are Love,
To shape young souls in images of right,
To train frail twigs straight upward toward the light;
Such work as this, God measures from above!

And faring forth, triumphant, with the dawn,
Each fresh young soul a missioner for weal.
For they carry, as a shield, the seal—
Of his example—so His work goes on!

Granite may crumble, wind and water destroy,
Urn, shaft or word may perish or decay,
But this shall last forever and a day—
His living monument—a boy!

—Author Unknown.

OUR TRIBUTE TO C. K. PROCTOR

On June 25th, the Oxford Orphanage and the State of North Caroilna lost one of their choicest leaders, and thousands of children lost their dearest friend. Creasy K. Proctor, who had served for a period of eighteen years as superintendent of the Oxford Orphanage, died suddenly when he was apparently in the most productive period of his leadership.

Mr. Proctor will long be remembered as one who gave the best years of his life and service to the many children who needed his love and his care. For these children he took the place of their real fathers and led them in the upward way. He did an excellent job,

and because of his splendid achievements many fine boys and girls of today are making their way in life because he gave them the opportunity to make something of themselves. Because his achievements were in the realm of the intangible, no one, of course, can measure in dollars and cents or by any tangible yardstick all the good that he did, but his achievements were just as noteworthy even if they were in the realm of the intangibles of humanity. Because he lived and wrought so well in his official position, many boys and girls were permitted to avoid the pitfalls of life, and they had the privilege to live as the Master would have them live.

Not only was Mr. Proctor a kind and sympathetic friend of those who needed his love and care, but he made a grand success financially of the institution which he led so well. He made broad plans for this institution so that the boys and girls who went there might have enriched opportunities, and because he planned so carefully and so wisely, the institution at the time of his passing is in excellent shape so far as the physical equipment is concerned, and there is a surplus in the treasury.

Many touching tributes have been paid to the work of Mr. Proctor. We quote the following from "The Orphans' Friend and Masonic Journal":

A Giant Has Fallen

Dr. Proctor was built on big broad lines. Something like 6 feet 2 inches tall and on the average weighing two hundred pounds, he was broad in proportion. He was like that mentally, morally, spiritually, ethically. He went about physically with the swinging stride of an athlete and he went through life in every other way with that swinging stride, never halting in the discharge of duty, but ever going forward.

The Orphanage has prospered under his administration. He was definitely a man of vision and never a visionary one. A predominant characteristic was his practice of always looking ahead, making preparation and being ready when the time for decision and action came. Nobody ever caught him flatfooted. He seemed to have a sixth sense that told him when it were better to have patience and await the crucial hour for taking a step, but he didn't seem to know that the word "procrastination" was in the dictionary.

He was deeply interested in every phase of his huge task. He knew details of each one and he knew the phases in their relation as a broad unit.

Many's the time when he had to scrape the bottom of the financial barrel, but never in all his eighteen years as Superintendent did he permit a year to close with an operating debt. That is truly a remarkable record.

But the keynote of his thoughts was giving the needy orphaned child an opportunity. The reason of being of the Oxford Orphanage is the needy orphan child. The best of attention was not too good for him or her; solid, wholesome food; adequate medical attention; a modern course of instruction; full attention to the spiritual nature; provision for the sports that build strong, agile bodies; preparation for citizenship, and so on.

Many's the time after a hard day's work, Dr. Proctor has climbed in the Buick, driven many miles away, addressed some lodge, church or patriotic gathering, and come back in the late hours — and then long after the midnight hour had struck, make the rounds of the campus while everybody else slumbered, to see that all was well.

To do something for one of "his children," as he regarded the boys and girls here, was to find the open sesame to his heart. He has been known to say, "I would rather some one would slap me in the face than to hurt one of them."

* * * * * * * *

THE LIBERATOR — SIMON BOLIVAR

July 24th marks the anniversary of the birth of Simon Bolivar, who is recognized in South America as the organizer and leader of the revolutionary forces when a large portion of South America was liberated from Spain. Against great obstacles and with limited resources, but with a burning zeal for freedom, he led the forces of his native country in their struggle to secure their independence and to secure for themselves the human rights to which all people are justly entitled.

Simon Bolivar was born in 1783 in what is now the Republic of Venezuela. As a lad, Bolivar had many exciting and adventurous experiences. He was the son of a Spanish nobleman. His family were aristocrats who had great wealth. He had all the good fortunes of a boy who was adored by his parents and by his compan-

ions. He had excellent opportunities for education and training. As a boy he delighted in visiting the haciendas or the country estates of his family where there were great farms and hundreds of slaves. On these great cattle farms he learned to ride horseback and to ride the galloping wild bulls. When he was in the cities, he indulged in all the pleasures and luxuries of city life.

Later, in his youth he went abroad to Spain and France, where he visited in the royal palaces. As a young man he was handsome and charming, and he was noted for his ability as a dancer. At the age of nineteen, he fell in love with a gentle young Spanish girl, and after their marriage he returned to Venezuela where she died within less than a year.

Simon Bolivar had noble ideas, not only for himself but for his country, and he was capable of sacrificing everything for them. He learned from the great men of Europe, and he studied what had been done for the United States by great men like Washington, Jefferson and others.

It is said of Bolivar that for fifteen years he directed five hundred battles over three million square miles of territory. He rode on horseback thousands of miles over mountains and plains which are even today almost impossible to cross. He did not spare himself any of the hardships that he had called on his soldiers to endure. He fought harder than any of them. He was up early and went to bed late. The young man who had been a social leader on the boulevards of Paris became a commander whose lightning thrusts against the Spanish armies succeeded in driving them from South America. Today, the Republics of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru owe their independence and their liberty to this daring young patriot.

Finally, Bolivar became so famous and so powerful that those who were jealous of him feared that he wanted to become a king. However, he refused to be crowned as a king, and preferred to be known only as president. He did for his country what George Washington earlier had done for the United States.

It was a tragic fact, however, that some of his friends of long standing proved, in the end, to be unfaithful, and he spent the latter part of his life in solitude, without a decent place in which to live, sick and heartbroken. He was only forty-seven years old when he

died, but he had spent not only his strength but all his fortune in the cause of freedom.

Twelve years after his death, a great celebration was held in the City of Caracas, in Venezuela, in his honor. His body was brought into the city, and the coffin was garlanded with flowers and hung with black silk. The people at last were paying him their greatest honor, and from then on no one ever again tried to take his glory from him. Everyone was proud to call him the Liberator.

In South America, ignorant people who cannot even read Bolivar's name, speak of him with reverence and repeat his words as if they had power to cure them of every illness and calamity. His name has been given to streets and cities and regiments and ships, just as the name of George Washington has been given to such things in our country. It now seems that he will be remembered forever as South America's bravest soldier and greatest statesman.

* * * * * * * *

In this issue of **The Uplift** we are presenting a picture of the school's library. This picture was taken at a time when a group of boys were in the library enjoying their regular library period. It is believed that the library at the school serves a very important part in the school's progress. The program has been so arranged that the various classes have an opportunity to spend some time in the library reading books and finding other books which they would like to read at the cottages and elsewhere.

The library has been made very attractive under the leadership of Mrs. Edith Baucom, who is the part-time librarian and teacher. All the books on the library shelves have been chosen because they are suitable for the school work here, and especially suitable for boys. They have been chosen because they dovetail or fit in with the other phases of the school work. There are now approximately 3,000 books in the library.

At all times the library is kept neat and attractive, and there is a supply of attractive and suitable pictures which help to offer the stimulating environment.

The library at the school is indeed the center and the inspiration for happiness and good school work.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Poetry Booklet

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

The boys of the tenth grade have started booklets on poems. This is a very interesting hobby, and it will help the boys all through life. They can refer to their poetry collection for something to cheer them up when they are feeling blue. This collection will consist of poems by Tennyson, Noyes, Hovey, Byron, and many other great poetry writers. This collection will also consist of poems from everyday life. We are striving to enlarge our booklets each day and to get as many good poems as we possibly can.

The Show

By Gerald Johnson, 10th Grade

Last Thursday night the weekly attraction was "Rosie, the Riveter." It was about two men and two women and how they all tried to get the same room. Rooms were very scarce. So the landlady let the two women have the room in the night time and the two men in the daytime. In the end the girls fell in love with the men. Vera Vague was one of the stars. Most of the boys enjoyed the show.

Biology Booklets

By Gray Brown, 10th Grade

Lately the tenth grade boys have been working on a booklet for the Biology Class. In the booklets we have different articles on insects. Some of the insects we have articles on are the field pests which are chinch bugs, cutworms, wireworms, and others. Some other groups of insects we had to look up were the garden pests, shade tree pests, fruit tree pests, and the parasites. We have also done some research on silkworms, bees and grasshoppers. All the boys have enjoyed this work very much.

Ball Game

By Douglas Mangum, 10th Grade

On Wednesday afternoon, which was the 10th of July, there was a softball game over at the ball ground. It was between Concord and Mooresville. The results were 5 to 0 in favor of Mooresville.

All the boys seemed to enjoy the game very much, and we wish to thank all who had any part in the arrangements of the game at the school.

The game was more interesting because Mr. Walters took part in the game.

More Boys Released

By James Hensley, 10th Grade

Recently several boys were permitted to return to their homes. They were: William Brooks from Gastonia, who was a student of the special sixth grade; Ralph Putnam, from Salisbury, who was in the sixth grade; James Hensley from Kannapolis, who was in the seventh grade; Rodney Mintz from Wilmington, who was in the sixth grade.

We hope all these boys make good their release.

English Work

By Kenneth Staley, 10th Grade

In connection with my tenth grade English, I have been writing limericks as part of my pastime. We have been studying limericks both in our literature work and grammar for the past week. All of the boys like to read the limericks. The following are some limericks that I have written:

There was a boy who lived in France
Who wore blut stripes on his pants.
When asked were they red,
"Of course not," he said,
Anyone can tell that at a glance."

Then there was a boy from Spain
Who had hair like a horse's mane.
When asked what made it grow,
He said, "I don't know.
I wonder if people are that way in Maine."

There was an old man who lived in Winnipeg
Who couldn't do anything but play mumble-peg.
When asked, "Do you ever get tired?"
Yes," he said, "but I can't get fired, fired."
So I guess I will have to go and break a leg."

Our Dentist

By Jack Benfield, 10th Grade

Recently, at the school the dentist has been doing some work on the boys' teeth. The dentist's name is Dr. Dudley. The dentist fixes from eight to ten boys' teeth per day. The dentist we have at the school is very experienced. He has been in this kind of work for about fifteen or twenty years. The dentist started his work at the school about the first of June and hopes to finish the first or latter part of August. Dr. Dudley is a resident of Asheville, North Carolina. We are thankful that it is possible for us to have a dentist at the school, and we want to show our deepest appreciation to him. We have much time spent on the care of our teeth.

Book Binding

By Hugh Cornwell, 10th Grade

About two months ago we sent over one hundred books to the Ruzicka Book-Binding Company of Greensboro, N. C. They were returned July 11th. We all think they did a very good job. Some of the books are as follows: "My Friend, Flicka," "Wings over the World," "Soldier Doctor," "Six Feet Six" and "Hari, the Jungle Lad." We certainly are glad to have them back.

Sports Results

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The results of the baseball games played July 13th, are as follows:

Cottage No. 2 defeated Cottage No. 4 by the score of 10 to 4. Cottage No. 1 defeated Cottage No. 5 by the score of 9 to 1. Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 11 by the score of 11 to 1. Cottage No. 9 defeated the Indian Cottage by the score of 9 to 3. Cottage No. 10 won a forfeit game from the Receiving Cottage. Cottage No. 3 defeated Cottage No. 14 by the

score of 12 to 1,in a practice game.

In the softball league the scores were as follows:

Cottage No. 1 defeated Cottage No. 5 by the score of 20 to 1. Cottage No. 4 defeated Cottage No. 2 by the score of 14 to 7. Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 11 by the score of 15 to 5. Cottage No. 6-A defeated Cottage No. 10 by the score of 10 to 9. Cottage No. 9 defeated the Indian Cottage by the score of 17 to 11.

News Items

By Robert Lee, 10th Grade

Last Sunday, the boys had a real chicken dinner. Mr. W. M. White, Mr. Walker and the poultry force boys cleaned the chickens. Each cottage received seven chickens. We wish to thank all who made this fine dinner possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Liske have returned from their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Morris are on their vacation. While they are away the boys of their cottage are staying in other cottages.

Mr. Hooker and some of the boys of Cottage No. 14 are making a fish pond. It will be about four feet by ten feet.

The second grade boys are making health posters in connection with their health studies.

Mrs. J. D. Morrison's fourth grade boys have for their unit in geography "A Trip Around the World." They have finished the study of Norway and Sweden and are visiting in Holland. Holland, with its dikes, canals windmills, is one of the most interesting countries of Europe.

The boys in this grade have memorized the poem, "The Little Toy Land of the Dutch."

In art, they are studying a picture, "The Flower Girl in Holland," by George Hitchcock.

They are also making their room more attractive by making posters, illustrating the lives of the Dutch people.

New Projects

By William Smith, 10th Grade

On July 4th, a group of the larger boys seined the pond near the dairy. They caught a good many goldfish, bass, and a large bunch of perch. The perch were divided among the different cottages. The goldfish and bass were temporarily placed in the small fish pool which is located between Cottages Nos. 11 and 13. After a bulldozer cleans all the mud out of the pond, the water will be turned back in. After this is done, the goldfish and bass will be placed back in the pond.

Benches will then be placed around the pond so that the officers and boys can enjoy watching the fish on Sundays. We know everyone will enjoy this relaxing recreation.

Special Sixth Grade Spelling Work

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

Recently, Mr. Hines' special sixth grade boys have been doing extra work in spelling. They have been doing seventh and eighth grade spelling. All the boys have been doing good work.

Some of the best averages in spelling are: Clyde Wright 97, Thomas Childress 91, Talmadge Duncan 90, Charles Lyda 89, Robert Kerr 88 and Lawrence Littlejohn and Robert Jarvis 87.

We are proud of these boys' work. The reason that this is so unusual is that the boys were taken from the fourth and fifth grades last September and have completed fifth and sixth grade work in eleven months and have started seventh and eighth grade work.

On July 1st, the boys began a contest to see who could do the best work. They enjoy these contests very much because it is a test to see how much they can learn.

Radio Program

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The radio program on Tuesday of last week was under the direction of Mr. Corliss.

The first thing on the program was a song, "The Kingdom Is Coming," by a group of sixth grade boys.

Robert Fogle then gave a talk entitled "Some Changes in Our School Department." This was followed by a talk by Harvey Leonard on "Our New Log Cabin." Thomas Wansley then spoke on "Our Recreational Program." The boys then sang "Jesus Paid It All."

In the absence of Mrs. Liske, Mrs. Tomkinson played the piano, and Mr. Hawfield introduced the speakers.

Fifth Grade News

By Thomas Chavis, 5th Grede

The flowers that Miss Holloway gave us are growing very nicely. We surely do thank her for them.

Mr. Hawfield gave us a reading table, and we boys are enjoying it very much.

We have started drawing scenes for the walls. One scene is about Columbus, and the other is about a colonial home.

Memorizing Poetry

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

In connection with our tenth grade English, each boy is required to memorize eight poems. These poems should be acceptable and should not be too short. Some of the poems that are acceptable are as follows: "Afton Water," by Robert Burns; "Song to a Little House," by Christopher Morley; "The Barrel Organ," by Alfred Noyes; "The Face," by Anthony Euwer; "In Quebec," by Rudyard Kipling; "The Hindoo," by Cosmo Munkhouse; "The Tutor," by Carolyn Wells; "At the Crossroads," by Richard Hovey; "The Prisoner of Chillon," by Gordon Lord Byron; "Enoch Arden," by Alfred Lord Tennyson; and many other good poems. Some of the boys have memorized and recited some of their poems, and we all are trying our best to complete our memorizing and have our poems and credits checked so that we can go on with other work.

Third Grade Picnic

By Jack Benfield, 10th Grade

Friday morning of last week was a very exciting time for the third grade boys. Mrs. Liske invited them to come to Cottage No. 10 for refreshments. Several weeks ago the third

grade gave a radio program, and Mr. Nelson, the manager of the Concord radio station, made a recording of the program. He gave the record to Mrs. Liske. She wanted the boys to hear it, so she invited them down to her cottage. After listening to the record, they enjoyed refreshments.

Mrs. Liske. who is a very good piano player, played several numbers for the boys.

These boys wish to take this opportunity to express their appreciation to Mrs. Liske, and to all others who helped to make this such an enjoyable occasion.

Different Sports at the School

By Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade

The boys at the training school have a chance to take part in some wholesome activity. Every boy plays games and takes part in some sport.

The different sports that the boys play are as follows:

On Saturday afternoons, teams from each cottage play baseball. The big boys are usually picked out for baseball teams, and the small boys make up the softball teams. However, sometimes a small boy can play baseball better than a large boy. Each boy is given a trial and plays where he is best fitted. Each cottage plays until its team plays every other cottage a game of baseball and one of softball. The season for these games runs from April until August.

When the baseball and softball schedules are completed, the boys will start football practice. Each cottage will have a football team, leagues will be formed and a regular schedule, in which both the large and small boys can take part, will be arranged.

Another enjoyable sport at the school is swimming. The boys in each cottage go swimming twice a week during the summer months. The boys from two or three cottages have regular swim periods each night during the week. On Saturday afternoons all boys are allowed to go swimming. These swimming periods last for 45 minutes. All of the boys enjoy swimming very much, and some have considerable skill in swimming and diving.

From November until the last of January, the boys play basketball. As in the other sports, leagues are formed and regular schedules carried out. These games are played in the gymnasium, which is one of the finest in the state. It has basketball courts, an indoor swimming pool, and courts where volleyball can be played.

From February until April, the boys play volleyball on outdoor courts. The boys also enjoy this sport, and many interesting tournaments are played.

All these games are played according to schedules arranged by the physical education director. Certain hours for playing are allotted to each group.

Along with these regularly scheduled activities, the boys also participate in a variety of elective sports. After the dinner and supper hours, boys are free to play on their cottage playgrounds. There they may play baseball, softball or football among themselves. Some of them prefer to play other games, such as marbles, hide-and-seek, pitch horseshoes, dodge ball or other games. Some boys like to sit down and talk or read. The boys

have their choice, so long as they select some pastime that is clean and wholesome.

The boys also enjoy playing indoor games such as checkers, dominoes, dart games, ping-pong, and many other games. They may also listen to their favorite radio programs. In some cottages there are phonographs. The boys play these inside games when the weather is too bad for outdoor play.

On holidays, the boys usually have a couple of special sports. On the morning of July 4th, they enjoyed seining the large pond on the school grounds. They caught quite a number of fish, which were divided up among the cottages.

In the afternoon, there were dodge ball tournaments, races, and other sports events.

Recently, since Mr. Walters has been employed as physical education director, the boys have had the privilege of going over to Concord at night to see some of the North Carolina State League games. The boys from two cottages go each time. We really appreciate Mr. Hawfield's letting us go and Mr. Walters' taking us.

It may be seen, that on the average, the training school boys take part in more sports, and have a better variety of activities here than at home.

———:———

GOOD WORLD

It's a pretty good world if we'd leave it alone.
It has plenty of beauty and charm of its own.
It has mountains and rivers and moon beams at night,
For whatever man counts his especial delight.

The fisherman's world? Oh, describe it who can!
It has everything good for the soul of a man:
The silver of water, the green of the tree,
And the calm of a spot where it's restful to be.

The thrill of adventure the mountains bestow.
There are beaches of sand where the sea breezes blow.
Whatever man longs for to comfort and cheer
And gladden his life for awhile—it is here!

Has man turned his back upon beauty to claim
The glitter of riches, the splendor of fame?
Hast the purpose of God he contrived to defeat
In a world that was made for his joy so complete?

—Edgar A. Guest.

ARE STATE TRAINING SCHOOLS A FAILURE?

By the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John O'Grady

There is no field of social welfare in the United States in which a critical evaluation of current methods and practices is so needed as in the training schools. For a number of years people have been satisfied with adding new specialties to the existing programs. How often have I heard it said about a training school, "They have just taken on a fine social worker or psychiatrist," the assumption being that since they had added these new specialists there should no longer be any concern about their program. I know a number of training schools in the United States in which able psychiatrists and social workers are employed but whose programs still leave much to be desired. In these schools, as in the other training schools, we have a wide chasm between the theories of the front office and the actual treatment processes in the cottages.

About a year and a half ago I was taken on a conduct tour of a certain training school. The whole program of the institution, including its social services, its phychiatric services, its medical care, its vocational training and its recreational facilities were explained to me in the most minute detail. If I had satisfied myself with everything that I learned on that date I should have concluded that the program of this particular institution was almost perfect in all respects. Some months later I returned for another tour of the institution. At this time I decided that it would be an unconducted tour. Before going on the second tour I made a number of inquiries in the nearby city and I learned more about the realities from these casual inquiries than from my conducted tour.

On entering the first cottage I met a boy with a bandaged nose. I entered into conversation with him. We had a long discussion of his interests and of his attitude toward the institution. When I asked what happened to his nose he replied, "They broke my nose." I asked, "Who are they?" He said, "The gang." "So you have a gang in the cottage," I said. "Yes," he replied, "and how! They sure can run the stuff on you. They watch their chance when the cottageman is out of sight and then they beat you up." I know that institutional executives will say that they do not have any gangs like this but I have not yet found a training school in which such gangs do not exist. The only question is the extent to which they are out of control.

As I interviewed the cottage supervisor, he admitted quite freely that he had a tough gang in the cottage. He pointed out that the physical structure of the cottage made supervision very difficult. The boys were scattered in two rooms. On the evening before, the water was turned on in some of the faucets in the bathroom and while the supervisor was shutting it off the gang took the boy

whom I had met, in the corner and gave him a severe beating. This supervisor believed that what the boys needed was a good troncing. But, he pointed out, the executives in the front do not believe in it.

After leaving the cottage I made my way toward a group of boys who were playing near another cottage. As I approached a fist fight was just getting under way. I asked a little colored boy if he felt it was serious. "Yes, Reverend," he said, "it is very serious. I am afraid they will hurt one another." I said to him, "How about the man in charge?" He said, "You watch, he is going to be around soon." And sure enough he soon turned up, caught each boy by the back of the neck, ran them into the cottage and proceeded to kick them.

From there I went to another cottage where I had an opportunity of talking to some of the boys. I learned there that physical punishment was the usual thing and that the boys frequently had to take a severe beating.

One of the things that stand out prominently in the training schools is the attitude of the staff toward corporal punishment. I should say that in at least 90 per cent of the schools that I have visited the members of the staff who deal directly with the boys have a supreme confidence in the desirability of corporal punishment. They believe that is the only way in which the boys can be controlled. I find that this attitude toward corporal punishment is usually associated with a very tough cynical attitude toward the boys. One wonders how much interest there is in the boys on the part of those who really believe in the so-called strong arm methods.

A friend of mine who is very much interested in State Training Schools recently asked me how far I was conscious of the attitude of training school snperintendents toward corporal punishment. He said that in his opinion 90 per cent of the superintendents of State Training Schools actually believe in corporal punishment. Let us consider what this means—90 per cent of the superintendents of State Training Schools believe that the habits of life of delinquent boys under 16 years of age can be changed by physical force. Over against this we have the fact that hardly any of the superintendents of institutions dealing with adult offenders believe that people's habits can be changed by physical force. The attitude of institutional superintendents deserves serious consideration. The writer would not want to admit for a moment that it is based on any solid educational foundation. He believes it is a hangover, that the matter has not been thought through. He believes that the superintendents have reached their conclusion without sufficient consideration of the implications of corporal punishment. He does not see how any superintendent who is close to realities can believe in corporal punishment as a tool for the retraining of delinquent children.

One of the most important elements in the program of any training school for boys is careful and conscientious supervision. Such supervision is most essential in the dormitories at night as well as during the day. Without such supervision it is impossible

to prevent the development of practices that break down the boy's moral character and make a change in his habits of life virtually impossible.

I find that in some training schools the physical set-up is such as to make supervision very difficult. For instance, the living quarters of the cottage family are located on the first floor, pretty far removed from the sleeping quarters of the boys. Under such conditions supervision simply does not exist. Apparently many of of the institution were planned by people who did not have much of an understanding of what supervision in a training school really meant.

Most people who have had experience in dealing with boys in a training school will recognize that in cottages with 50 or 60 boys, supervision is partically impossible. In groups this large one gets the impression of great uncertainty. As one cottage supervisor put it, "Things have been running along rather smoothly in this cottage for the past three months. The boys are cooperating; they have a good spirit. It was difficult to get them up to this point. I hope it will continue in this way but you can't tell. A few new boys may change the entire picture. I may get two or three leaders any day who will set up their own gang. They will begin to make demands on the other boys. There will be a good deal of fighting, bloody noses, black eyes, and then anything is liable to happen. Some of the boys will get scared and want to run away. Some will ask to be transferred or sent to the adjustment cottage. The demoralization may be so great that it will be difficult to emerge from it. I have seen this happen in cottages time and again."

The development of leadership in a group of delinquent boys in an institution is indeed most difficult. One who has had an opportunity of observing an institutional program will begin by telling about the abuses of group leadership. He will cite an instance in which boys have used their authority to take advantage of the other boys. He will tell you of instances in which the boys who have been given authority require other boys to pay tribute to them and to their friends. Most everybody will recognize that it is very difficult to get group leaders who are willing to assume responsibility without abusing it. The staff of an institution whose program is one of the best in the country states that group leadership can be used only within certain very restricted limits. The members of the staff contend that if the activities of group leaders are confined to details, like the physical conditions of the cottages, they can be very useful but are strongly opposed, however, to giving them any authority over the boys.

I recognize that the extend to which one can develop leadership in a group of delinquent boys is a moot question in regard to which we need to build up a larger body of experience. Some people with long experience in institutional management, for whose opinions I have very great respect, feel that you can give the boys a great amount of leeway provided you maintain close contact with them and that you give them the impression constantly that you want to deal with them fairly but none-the-less objectively. In this field, as in other field of institutional administration, we

are still greatly handicapped by a lack of organized experience. Many people who have written about institutions have not had much day-to-day experience in the actual management of groups of childrens within our training schools and like institutions.

In most of the state training schools the cottage supervisors have to fend for themselves without any guidance from the central office. The cottage people feel that they are not reckoned with when it comes to makeing plans for the boys. They contend that the boys are studies by psychiatrists and social workers without any collaboration on the part of those who have to deal with the boy's problems day in and day out. This tends to separate the institutional personnel into two groups, namely, those who deal with major questions of policy and those who deal with the actual day to day work. One group is doing the planning, the other presumably is carring out a program of treatment. Under such circumstances one naturally finds a rather cynical attitude on the part of cottage staff toward any sort of central planning whether it be on the part of psychiatrists or social workers. One cannot carry out a social service program or a program of psychiatric service without the closest cooperation between the people who administer these services and the cottage staff. Neither the social worker nor the psychiatrist can have that continuous contact with the boys that is necesssary for long-term treatment. Their success will depend very largely on a sharing of ideas with those who have close and continuous contact with the boys.

In a number of training schools recently visitly there is a considerable amount of interest in a central committee to deal with problems of discipline. This committee usually consists of the assistant superintendent, the supervisor of cottage and one other person. It passes on all important problems of discipline. In some schools no punishment can be meted out by the persons in the cottages. All disciplinary measures are reserved to the central committee. This policy gives rise to a great many questions on the part of cottage supervisors. They contend that it undermines their prestige in the cottage; that it makes it very difficult for them to maintain discipline. The persons who take this attitude are usually the type that look to force to maintain discipline. They feel that one cannot maintain discipline without punishment that can be administered immediately. They feel that if their recommendation is not accepted in all instances by the central committee that it ruins their prestige in the cottages.

In talking with representatives of central adjustment committees dealing with disciplinary problems one gets the impression that leaving the administration of discipline entirely in the hands of the cottage personnel frequently means the imposing of discipline in moments of temper. It means that the cottage personnel cannot be depended upon to administer disciplinary measures fairly and equitable.

This brings us to the basic question of the character of the personnel of training schools. I do not mean merethe personnel in the front office—the

superintendent, the assistant superintendent, the psychiatrist and the social worker—but rather the personnel that have daily contact with the boys in the cottages, on the playgrounds in the shops and in the school rooms. When one mentions the importance of a high quality of personnel in the cottages one frequently gets the response, "What type person can one get for a salary of $1,500 a year?" This leads to the conclusion that without more adequate salaries one can hardly even make a beginning in the improvement of personnel standards. Undoubtedly this is true. People cannot live decently without fairly adequate salaries but even after you have reached a conclusion about everything affecting salaries you still have not reached your basic problem. You have not yet reached the ABC of the qualification of institutional personnel. If there is any type of service that calls for special qualifications it is surely the service that deals with delinquent boys. If I were asked to set down the qualities necessary for this service I should set them down in the following order:

1. A real sense of humility.—There is nothing that gives one so much of a sense of his own limitations as dealing with a delinquent boy continuously over a long period of time. No matter how much training we may have had whether in psychology, social service or psychiatry, the development of relationships with a delinquent boy will test us to the limit. It is very easy to speculate about one's relationship to a delinquent boy but to have to do the actual job in institutions day after day and night after night is an entirely different thing.

Those who deal with the individual boy in the clinic sometimes have no awareness of what it means to deal with a group where the boys are studying you many times more carefully than you are studying them. Frequently the boys are more adept in pooling information in regard to the institution personnel than is the institution personnel in pooling information in regard to them.

2. Infinite patience. — Each boy must be approached with the thought that any success in dealing with him means a long struggle, ups and down heartaches and disappointments.

Not long ago a friend of mine told me that one of the boys in whom he was interested had "blown up" that day. He had stolen money from two different sources. I asked him where the boy was at the time of our talk and he said that he was in jail. I asked, "What are you going to do about it?" "This is the real test of my interest," he replied, "I am going to spend the evening with him in the jail." According to this man's philosophy, work with the delinquent boy is a long continuous struggle. It may have to extend over a period of two or three years; it may have to continue for the remainder of one's natural life.

3. A deep conviction in regard to the infinite worth of the boys with whom they are dealing.—They must keep asking themselves day by day, Who is this boy who is causing me so many heartaches? Is he not a person of infinite worth in the sight of God? Is he not worth more than all my toil and all my heartaches? Is he not worth even the sacrifice of

my life? Without such convictions a person cannot be successful in the work. He needs these convictions to bear him up amidst the many disappointments that he must necessarily face.

The institutional worker must not only have respect for the boys but also an abiding respect for the other members of the staff. There is no place in which staff unity is more essential than in an institution for delinquent boys. The boys are exceedingly sensitive to any rifts that may exist in the staff. They will do everything possible to play one staff member against the other. Therefore the staff members must be very careful of what they say about each other.

4 Training.—While I have known a number of members of institutional staffs whose work was satisfactory in spite of their lack of educational background, I would not advise any person to enter into this field today without proper educational qualifications. They must of course have other qualifications. They must have the qualifications which have made some of my friends now employed in training schools such notable successes in spite of their lack of educational qualifications.

In setting up standards for institutional personnel a formal education will occup an important place. Other things being equal, the college graduate stands a much better chance of succeeding than a person who does not have the same educational background. We have not reached the point at which we can insist on college graduation for admission to this field. Sometimes the college graduation may be a member of the lowest third of his class. In native talent and personality he may be out distanced by a high school graduate.

It is very difficult to find the type of training in specialized schools today that would prepare people for service as cottage personnel in training schools. We have specialized programs for the training of case workers, for the training of psychologist and psychiatrists. It may be that some of the group work courses in schools of social work will be useful to the institution personnal. I am not qualified to speak in regard to this.

It is quite clear that at the present time we have to depend very largely on in-service training for the development of the staff of our training schools for boys. Even in the in-service training programs there is much to be done in assembling the necessary materials to make the programs really adequate.

In discussing institutional personnel we should not overlook any person who has occasion to deal with the boys. We must therefore not merely include the front office personnel and the cottage personnel but all the members of the staff who deal with the boys. Sometimes the farmer or the shop mechanic may occupy a more important place in the boy's life than any other person within the institution.

One of the greatest difficulties that one encounters in training schools is that of keeping boys busy on a constructive work and play program. So much of the time is spent in idleness. Boys have to spend so much time indoor in cottage, especially in inclement weather, with the result that they become very

restless. Under such conditions anything is liable to happen.

In dealing with a work program one should emphasize the importance of productive work—work that may have both an educational and therapeutic value. This really makes work a part of a constructive program of vocational education. For the adolescent boy we cannot have an adequate program of vocational education without productive work. In learning to work with his hands a boy ought to learn to produce something that can be used. If he is working in the auto mechanics shop he should be able to set up an engine that can be used. If he makes a table he ought to make a table that can be used. The tools and the machines with which the boys work should be up-to-date. They should not be required to use equipment that is 50 years behind the times. This is one of the greatest difficulties confronting our training schools.

Athletics play an important part in the lives of a certain number of boys in every institution. The character of the athletics program should be varied so that the boys who are interested and in proper physical condition have a chance of participating in it. In other words, athletics should not be confined to a few teams which engage in exhibition contests. They should not however, constitute the whole play program of the institution. The boys should have an opportunity of participating in various types of quiet games—both indoor and outdoor—in which they can excel.

Training schools with up-to-date programs are giving more and more attention to special hobby clubs for the boys. A number of institutions have clubs in model aircraft, photography, wildlife, painting etc. These clubs help to develop some of the latent qualities that the boys may have. They may provide the foundation for a program on which an entire reorientation of the boy's life may be built.

Very few training schools in the United States have adequate progams of Chaplain Service. In few places have there been a real definition of the functions of the chaplain. Here and there, however, some useful beginning have been made and it is on these that we hope to build for the future. In these few places a special effort has been made to build up the services of the chaplin as a spiritual counselor. He is in the institution every day like other members of the staff; he has his own office, his own telephone, his own records and his own clerical service. The chaplain is available in his office for interviews at certain definite times during the day and the remainder of the day he spends in the receiving unite, the adjustment unite, the hospital, the cottages the classrooms, or on the playgrounds.

The chaplain is available for special problems referred to him by the members of the staff. He respects the other members of the staff. In his counseling he profits by what they have to offer. The chaplain with a systematic program gives a great deal of attention to the organization of his program of religious worship. In order to have a proper setting for religious worship he must develop the closest possible approximation to

that found in the ordinary parish church. The chaplains of the major religious faiths should have their own special chapels in which they can have all the equipment necessary for the religious functions.

In order to exercise his ministry properly the chaplain must be a qualified religious educator. In his program of religious education he must be able to profit by all the best experience in modern educational methods. He must be able to bring his religious teaching down to the level of the mentality of the boys.

The chaplain will keep out of problems of administration. He will not be too much identified with the boys any more than he will be identified with the institutional administration. He occupies a unique position in between both groups.

The chaplain will make it his supreme objective to get next to the boys. He will try to win their respect without granting them material favors. This is one of his biggest problems. The boys frequently give the impression that they are just interested in what a prominent penologist calls "the gimmes." It is the chaplain's job by patience, kindness, understanding and perservering effort to get next to the boys so that he may be able to get them to face their own problems, to work out their own program, to find their own way in life, with the assistance that he and the other members of the staff may be able to give them.

The chaplain should be on the same basis as other professional personnel in the training school. His position should be regarded as just as important as that of the psychiatrist, the psychologist, the social worker. While lip service is paid to this principle it is not often recognized in practice. This is the reason why so many odd jobs are handed to the chaplain. This is why he is asked to do certain things that would never be turned over to other professional personnel.

Slowness is reckoning with the position of the chaplain as a professional service has been due very largely to the vagueness about religion that characterizes so many sections of American life. We are getting away more and more from this vagueness. We are coming to give religion a more specific place in our life and particularly in areas dealing with delinquents and with the physically and mentally ill. The war has given us a new appreciation of the position of the chaplain as a morale builder for young people. We are now trying to profit by our war experience in other areas. We are trying to define in detail the functions of the chaplain in various types of institutional work. A more definite place is being carved out for him. Not only is his position being more clearly defined but also his relationship to the other professions.

You may be as orthodox as the devil. and as wicked.
—John Wesley.

SUPERLATIVES

(The Keystone)

Comparisons are odious we are told. Even so, I believe that each individual has a private list of preferences in the embellishments which go to grace and alleviate the mortal imprisonment of man. I write particularly of music and literature.

Through the years I have gradually shortened my own lists, discarding with each mental age some things which I considered of worth in the mental age preceding. In this act of weeding out it has struck me that some preferences have persisted through each mental age and still hold a place of honor in my mind at an age when the mind is supposed to be the most discerning. I have had very little weeding out to do in the matter of things musical—what I liked as a child, I still like. And here I think a lesson is involved: musically, "as the twig bent the tree is inclined." I believe that the reason for the atrocious taste of the rising generation in music is because that taste was conditioned by the incessant blatancy of souless music over the radio.

To my mind the great love songs of all times are these: The Kashmiri Song (Pale hands I loved), Schubert's Serenade, My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, Rimpianto' Estrellita, I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls, Drigo's Venetian Serenade, Beautiful Dreamer, Kiss Me Again, Return to Sorrento, At Dawning, Rose of Tralee and the Prize Song from Die Meistersinger. The greatest tragic love song is of course the Miserere from Il Trovatore. The finest lullaby is Brahm's Wiegenlied. Practically all of the waltzes of Straus, Lehar, Lincke and Wiegenlied are good. And there is a waltz by an American composer which is as beautiful as any by the Viennese masters, and that is the Wedding of the Winds by John T. Hall. The most colorful short composition in music is El Relicario. The fire ,dash and grace of this piece are breath talking. I think the most exquisite descriptive music is found in The Dance of the Hours from La Gioconda. A gavotte which lends itself admirable to the ballet is Glow Worm. There are certain passages in the music of Tschaikowsky which seem to come beyond mundane boundaries. There is a delicate prettiness in the composition of Delibes as contrasted with the sculptured passages of another Frenchman,Debussy, who secured unique tonal patterns by employing the whole tone scale. There is scarcely a sentient human who does not react to the stirring strains of a vibrant march. My favorit march is the Turkish patrol from the Ruins of Athens by Beethoven.

In the matter of books, tastes must change as life goes on, for literature is in the province of the mind, unlike music which is in the realm of the psyche. If a man's mind progresses proportionately with his years, he will turn more towards books which teach, and books which provoke thought. However, he may keep enshrined in his memory certain poems, novels and short stories which stirred him deeply in days gone by. The

Bible is a great literary acheivement and it is the most sapient document of human behavior in existence. I have never been able to come to any definite conclusion about whether children should or should not be encouraged to read fairy tales, but in my childhood I thoroughly enjoyed the wonder stories of Hans Christian Anderson, the collected folk tales of the Brother Grimm and the magic tales of Seumas McManus. When I got a little older I brooded over the tender melancholy of Undine by La Motte Foque. The strange thing about this fantasy it that I can read it now as an old man and still be moved by it. A boy who never read Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Cudjo's Cave, Treasure Island, Ivanhoe and Robinson crusoe is to be pitied. A person's mood or temperament has a great deal to do with his literary choice. Still, certain books have an equal appeal to varied tastes. Among these are to be found, Les Miserables, Lorna Doone, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Captain Fracasse, The Bondsman, The Severed Mantle, The Janissaries, Scaramouche and Stradella. A human document which is poignantly sad is, Renee de Mauperin, by the Brothers de Goncourt. "Must" books are: The Last Days of Pompeii, The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, The Alhambra by Washington Irving, Candide, The Age of Reason, Common Sense, Walden, Quo Vadis, The Count of Monte Cristo, Sappho (not the Mytileniar), The Lady of the Camellias (Camille, The Way of All Flesh, The Spy by Fenimore Cooper, The Riddle of the Universe by Haeckel, Lalla Rookh by Tom Moore, The Epicurean by Tom Moore, The Iron Heel by Jack London, The Revolt of the Angels by Anatole France, The Pride of Palomar, The Mystery of Boule Cabinet, Tales of Hoffmann (a collection of horror stories from the German), The Simple Life, and the Blue Lagoon by Stacpoole.

In the poetic field I list the following as being tops in their respective classes. The Sapphic Odes, translated by Louys, The Rubaiyat, translated by Fitzgerald, Evangeline and Hiawatha by Longfellow, Venus and Adonis by Shakespeare, The Rape of Lucretia by Shakespeare, Annabel Lee by Poe the Sonnets of Keats, The Meeting of the Waters by Tom Moore, Trees by Joyce Kilmer and, In Flanders Field by Col. McCray.

Painting and sculpture have been pleasant adjuncts of a settled way of life from primitive times, but since they are inanimate forms of expression and merely reflections of animate objects, they hardly warrant analyses merely for the sake of setting one work or style against another work or style. I have seen only one painting which actually reached out and took hold of me and that was Arnold Boecklin's Isl of the Dead. I see no point in getting exuberant over the painters and sculptors of yesterday to the neglect of present bay painters and sculptors. I am just as captivated with the fancies of Arthur Rackham and Howard Pyle as I am with the masterpieces Rapheal, Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. An American artist, Coles Phillips, used the unique device of having cutlines melt into backgrounds in such a way as to make your eyes believe that the outlines still persisted.

HOW TRUTH SUFFERS

(The Alabama Baptist)

It has been thirty-five or more years since we read the autobigraphy of Benjamin Franklin. But having once read it, it was found so replete with commonsense and wisdom parts of it were read many times.

Somewhere in Franklin's story of his life he said, in effect, that the truth has often suffered more by the fanaticism of its advocates than by the harm done to truth by its enemies.

We have lived long enough to know that Franklin was right. He was right as the matter relates to politics and statecraft and right again as it relates even to moral and religious matters.

It is very easy for one who feels very strongly to use such extreme language as to overstate his case. If he does that even in the defense of the truth, whether it be in writing or speaking, he weakens the cause he is trying to defend.

We know an editor who condescended in an editoral to call another man with whom he did not agree "an infamous liar." Well, now, the man may have been that, and worse than that. But an editor cannot use that kind of language without revealing that there is something lacking in the quality of his own mind and soul. Thus truth has often suffered by reason of the fanaticism of its advocates.

In Franklins autobiography he said another thing which stuck with this writer for more than a third of a century. It was that in matters of controversy, argument and debate, never say as much in opposition to the views of your opponent as you think his views deserve. The fact is that whenever one over castigates an opponent in any kind of a debate he may not know it but he is losing in the force of his arguement. This may be explained in part by the fact that people take the part of the under-dog and especially if the dog does not need all of the flogging he is getting.

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The real difference between men is energy. A strong will, a settled purpose, an invincible determination, can accomplish almost anything; and in this lies the distinction between great men and little men.—Abraham Fuller.

DETERMINED GIRL STOPS TRAIN; GOVERNOR HALTS TO SAVE WOODCHUCK

(Mooresville Enterprise)

Determination brought achievement for a girl and a governor recently as the formor stopped a fast train and the governor gained full satisfaction of his curiosity.

The Rio Grande Railroad reported recently that its crack train, Mountaineer, came to a halt when its engineer saw a girl of bobby sox age running across a broad field waving her hands. They learned later that she had planned to board the train at Rowe, Colo., with her mother. The girl, however, had fallen into an irrigation ditch, and the mother decided to continue to the station without her. The mother was surprised to learn that the unexpected stop was for her daughter.

In Connecticut, meanwhile, Governor Baldwin became interested in a chase involving two dogs and a woodchuck, as he was riding along a rural road. The dogs chased the woodchuck across a field, and when the governor saw the animal head for a tree, he told his driver:

"This I've got to see." With the driver he walked through marshlands and a deep swamp to get a close-up veiw of the outcome. He was rewarded for his efforts when he saw the animal climb a tree—a trait not common to woodchucks.

The governor decided that the woodchuck had earned his right to live unmolested, and he coaxed the dogs away from their chase.

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SUCCESS

A man is successful when he refuses to slander even his enemies;

When he does not expect to get paid for everything he does;

When he does not wait until tomorrow to do the things he might do today;

When he is loyal to his employer and to his associates;

When he intelligently cooperates with others and is tolerant in thought and deed;

When he studies constantly to prepare himself for a higher position financially and to rise in the estimation of his fellows.—National Mutual Benefit News.

WORK

(Stanly News & Press)

While it has been generally understood by the American people that the basis of differences between labor and management a difference which has resulted in costly strikes, has been the pay scale, a news story published in the daily papers this week throws some revealing light on a situation which has caused management much more concern than the demand for increased wages.

Henry Ford II, now head of the huge Ford industry, made a speech some weeks ago, and among other things, he said that the productivity of labor had dropped 35 per cent since 1941. In other words, men in the Ford plants were producing in late 1945 an average of 35 per cent less than they were in 1941. Naturally, this has brought about a big increase in the cost of cars.

A short time ago, Ford signed a contract with the union, granting an 18 cents an hour increase in pay. But also written into the contract was a productivity clause which provided that an arbitrator, to set up production schedules, be named within 15 days after signing of the contract.

After the union leaders had given this phase of contract more study, they announced this week that they had sent it back for re-negotiation, declaring that production rates should be determined without the aid of an arbitrator through company-union negotiations.

All this may mean that the union is determined not to step up production schedules even to the levels which were maintained before the war.

Many of the basic ills in this country can be traced to a failure of many persons in industry, in the professions, and in the trades to work diligently, giving an honest days work for an honest day's pay.

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You say you're not important! Why you're more important far
Than presidents and monarchs and all famous people are.
Boy o' mine, if you but knew it, what you are and what you'll be
Are all that really matter to your mother and to me.

Boy, don't ever get the notion that you're not important here.
For your life is all-important to the ones who hold you dear.
You can make our lives or mar them; all our dreams are wrapped in you.
You can bring us to disaster in one careless deed you do.

If you're hurt, we suffer also. If you triumph, we rejoice.
We are radiantly happy when you make the braver choice.
So don't think you're unimportant. What you are and what you'll be
Are all that really matter to your mother and to me.

—"Along the Way."

CURBING THE PRESS

(Christian Science Monitor)

Once again public desire for a true press has evoked proposals to curb a free press. Five bill which would impose varied restriction on newspapers have been introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature. The plea made in behalf of the bill is a common one —that newspapers had abused their privileges, particularly in their criticism of public officials. Two Representatives sponsoring the measures submitted evidence of what they considered unfair handling of news.

It is true that the opinions of newspaper owners can overrun the editorial columns and color the news. By quoting only one side of an issue, by "healines," by commissions, and in other ways, a newspaper can "slant" the news. But with most newspapers the selection and headlining of news stories is more on a basis of reader interest than personal or political opinion.

As a rule newspaper editors and publishers do not knowingly print false or malicious defamatory statements. The libel laws can be invoked in such cases. And to demand, as the chief of the five bills now before the Bay State Legislature demands, that newspapers publish nothing accuracy they cannot under write would impose an impossible burden.

Experience has shown that drastic curbs on press freedom open the way to graver dangers than the abuses freedom permits. The wiser, more constructive answer is education. The public, by showing appreciation for honest journalism, can make the other kind unprofitable.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of July 21, 1946

July 22—Ray Wooten, Cottage No. 14, 14th birthday.
July 25—D. B. Jones, Cottage No. 9, 14th birthday.
July 26—Robert Wicker, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
July 27—Thomas Childress, Cottage No. 3, 12th birthday.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

The best teachers of humanity are the lives of great men.—O. S. Fowler.

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A brave man is sometimes a desperado; but a bully is always a coward.—Haliburton.

—:—

Commonly they whose tongue is their weapon, use their feet for defense.—Sir Philip Sidney.

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Great men have often the shortest biographies. Their real life is their books or deeds.—Emerson.

—:—

The worst tempered people I have ever met were people who knew they were wrong.—Wilson Mizner.

—:—

He who receives a benefit should never forget it; he who bestows one should never remember it.—Charron.

—:—

Act always so that the immediate motive of thy will may become a universal rule for all intelligent beings.
—Kaut.

—:—

Habits are to the soul what the veins and arteries are to the blood, the courses in which it moves.
—Horace Bushnell.

—:—

I don't know who my grandfather was; I am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be.
—Abraham Lincoln.

—:—

Good breeding is not confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body; it is the art of pleasing or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you associate.—Fielding.

When a man imagines, even after years of striving, that he has attained perfection, his decline begins.
—Theodore Martin.

—:—

The mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour upon it, the more it will contract.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

—:—

The punishment suffered by the wise who refuse to take part in the government, is to live under the government of bad men.—Plato.

—:—

Every house where love abides and friendship is a guest, is surely home, and home, sweet home; for there the heart can rest.—Henry Van Dyke.

—:—

The generous person who is always just, and the just person who is always generous, may, unannounced, approach the throne of heaven.
—Lavater.

—:—

Our happiness or unhappiness depends far more on the way we meet the events of life, than on the nature of those events themselves.
—Humboldt.

—:—

In the long run every man will pay the penalty for his own misdeeds. The man who remembers will be angry with no one, blame no one, offend no one, hate no one.—Epictetus.

—:—

Whoever is open, loyal, true; of humane and affable demeanor; honorable himself, and in his judgment of others; faithful to his word as to law, and faithful alike to God and man—such a man is a true gentleman.
—Emerson.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

On Sunday, July 14, Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of McGill St. Baptist Church, preached to the boys at the school. Mr. Tarlton read a selection from the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, reading from the 11th through the 26th verses.

Mr. Tarlton used as his text the 22nd verse of this selection, in which the Roman governor Pilate asked the question: "What shall I do with Jesus?" He explained to the boys that not only did Pilate have to answer this great and important question, but everyone else is required to answer this question too.

Prior to the time when Jesus was on trial before the Roman governor he had healed the sick, open the eyes of the blind, caused the lame to be healed, and done many other wonderful works. Because of good works He had endeared Himself to the poor and needy, and throngs followed wherever He went. Because He was so popular, the priests and scribes were very jealous.

It was explained that before Pilate Jesus was accused as being a traitor against the Roman governor. He was charged with blasphemy and of being equal with God. He offended the priests of the temple because He drove them out and overturned the tables of moneychangers. Among the people He was regarded as their Savior, but He was now on trial.

At the time of the Passover, when the people were celebrating and feasting it was the custom to set free some prisoner, and before the court they had brought Jesus and Barabbus. Barabbus was known as a notorious charactor, and when Pilate sought to wash his hands of the question he asked the people which of the two should be liberated, They cried out that he liberate Barabbus and that Christ be crucified. Although Pilate thought that by this act he had avoided his own personal responsibility, as a matter of fact he did not place this responsibility on others.

In explaining the meaning of this incident, Mr. Tarlton pointed out that there were three lessons which everyone should learn from it. First, each person was to answer this important question for himself. Second, each person must either deny or accept Christ as his personal Savior. Third, each person must either worship or crucify Christ.

Moreover, it was explained that there were no neutral grounds in one's personal relationship towards the Master. Either we are for Him or against Him. What we do about it determins what our relationship with God shall be. We determine if we will accept salvation or destruction; either we shall enjoy the eternal rewards in heaven or endure the everlasting punishments for sin.

Mr. Tarlton advised the boys to become followers of Christ and accept Jesus as their personal Savior and Redeemer.

"The bigger a man's head gets, the easier it is to fill his shoes."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 14, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Frank Andrews
Maynard Chester
Ralph Cranford
Marion Ray
William Speaks

COTTAGE NO. 1

Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
Paul Church
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Thomas Everhart
Raymond Harding
Franklin Hensley
Richard Johnson
Jack Lambert
William Smith
J. W. Smith

COTTAGE No. 2

Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Howard Manus
Robert McDuffie
James McMahan
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

Hugh Cornwell
James Dunn
Glenn Evans
Robert Fogle
Emory King
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Clifton Rhodes
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

James Couthen
Charles Gibson
Glenn Rice
George Swink
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Coy Creakman
Rufus Driggers
John Gregory
Clyde Hill
Robert Mason
Robert Porter
Louis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
Charles Sellers
James Swinson
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

J. C. Alley
Gray Brown
Charles Francis
Lester Ingle
D. B. Jones
James Norton
Vernest Turner
James Upright

COTTAGE No. 10

Arthur Ballew
Leroy Cowan
Robert Gordon
James Hensley
Thomas Hutchins
Bernard Hiatt
Howard Jones
Earl Kinlaw

Harry Matthews
Hoyt Mathis
W. C. Mills
Melvin Norris
Garvin Thomas
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11
Donald Fagg
William Faircloth
Miley Gunter
David Isenhour
Kenneth McLean
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
Bennie Riggins
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
William Baynes
Donald Carter
Ralph Drye
Terry Hardin
Garmon Hubbard
Clifford Shull

COTTAGE No. 14
Carl Ballew
Howard Holder
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Charles Moore
Lawrence Owens
John Roberts
James Shook
James Smith
James Walters
Thomas Wansley
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best
Jack Crump
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Jack Green
John Green
Marcus Heffner
David Kinley
Harvey Leonard
James Presson
Charles Rhodes
Carl Ransom
Alton Stewart
Solomon Shelton
Ralph Stewart
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Robert Cannady
Thomas Chavis
William Harding
Harvey Jacobs
Morrison Jacobs
Douglas Mangum
Jerry Ray

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
Lloyd Sain
Clifford Shull

———:———

If you see a fault in others, think of two of your own, and do not add a third one by your hasty judgment.—Flammer.

JUL 27 2

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 27, 1946 No. 30

TEN BUSINESS COMMANDMENTS

Work Hard—Tackle the hardest job first each day.

Study Hard—The more you know, the easier and more effective will be your work.

Have Initiative - - Ruts often deepen into graves.

Love Your Work—There's a sense of satisfaction in doing work well.

Be Exact—Accuracy is far better than haste.

Have Courage—A stout heart will carry you through difficulties.

Be Friendly—Only friendly people become successful leaders.

Cultivate Personality—Personality is to man what perfume is to flowers.

Wear A Smile—It opens the door into the sunshine beyond.

Do Your Best—If you give to the world the best you have, the best will come back to you.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

SAND WILL DO IT

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day,
It was waiting in the roundhouse where the locomotives stay;
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.
It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip;
And when they reach a slippery spot, their tactics they command,
And to get a grip upon the rail, they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about the way with travel along life's slippery track;
If your load is rather heavy and you're always slipping back;
So, if a common locomotive you completely understand,
You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.
If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade,
If those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper table land,
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost,
That you're liable to slip up on a heavy coat of frost,
Then some prompt decided action will be called into demand,
And you'll slip 'way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.
You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine,
And you'll reach a place called **Victory Station** at a rate of speed that's grand
If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

—Selected.

THE DENTAL CLINIC

Beginning June 24th, Dr. D. W. Dudley, working under the auspices of the Dental Division of the State Board of Health, has been conducting the annual dental clinic at the school. This clinic, of course, is one of the important features of the health program here. It is regarded as highly important that every effort be made to ad-

equately preserve the teeth of the boys, and also that all needed extractions be made.

It is found that a large percentage of the boys, upon their admission here, need dental care. In far too many instances their teeth, as well as their general health, have been neglected. Most of the boys have not been taken by their parents to a dentist for treatment, and in many instances the boys have had unbalanced diets, which have tended to destroy the basic tissues of their teeth.

It is known by everyone that well-cleaned and well-kept teeth make a great contribution not only toward the health of young boys but toward their personal appearance and their self-pride. Regular treatments and systematic daily care will always do much to preserve teeth.

Dr. Dudley's report for the first four weeks of the clinic indicates that 148 boys have had their teeth treated. These treatments are sub-divided as follows:

Amalgam fillings	151	Extractions	27
Cement fillings	10	Teeth cleaned	143
Plastic fillings	83	Miscellaneous treatments	19
Silver nitrate treatments	182		

Total operations, 615

Dr. Dudley works under the supervision of Dr. Ernest A Branch, of the State Board of Health, Raleigh. The clinic has been in operation here at the school for a number of years, and the state authorities have always been keenly interested in the local project. The clinic here offers one of the finest opportunities in the state for reaching a considerable number of boys whose teeth sorely need treatment.

We take this opportunity to thank both Dr. Branch and Dr. Dudley for their important contribution to our general health program.

* * * * * * * * *

NATIONAL FARM SAFETY WEEK

The week from July 21st through the 27th is known as National Farm Safety Week. Most accidents, on the farm and elsewhere, are caused by carelessness. In the present era, when much of the

farm work is done by machinery, naturally, the hazards are greater than ever. The tendency is for people everywhere to become careless in handling machinery. This is particularly true of young people.

Therefore, it is most appropriate that words of caution be proclaimed and broadcast universally. We are taking this opportunity to add our own words of extra caution to those who may read these lines.

Here are a few highly important statements which we are featuring in connection with National Farm Safety Week:

"Thirty per cent of farm accidents last year involved mishandled machinery and equipment.
"Almost one out of every four fatal farm accidents occurs in handling livestock.
"In farm homes alone, thirty-nine per cent of the fatal accidents are caused by falls.
"Unless we are careful, 6,500 farm residents may die in traffic accidents this year.
"Farm fires destroyed $90,000,000 worth of property in 1945."

* * * * * * * *

DOUGLAS MacARTHUR'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY

It is doubtful whether or not any great American military leader has ever had a greater opportunity for real service to civilization than does Douglas MacArthur at this time. It is doubtful indeed if any other man ever had a finer opportunity to win for himself personal fame and honor. So far, it seems that General MacArthur has measured up to the full stature of what may have been expected of him and what destiny has placed in his hands.

To the Japanese people, of course, first of all he is regarded as a conqueror. By them he is considered as the military leader of the forces of the western civilization that were able to do what no other nation in all the history of the world had done before—namely, to force a surrender of the Japanese armies. This within itself, is sufficient to cause him to be held in high regard by the people of Japan. But how wonderful it is that MacArthur, apparently, is enough of a statesman that he is using his position not to subjugate and humiliate and impoverish a downtrodden people, but rather he

is becoming their liberator, and for the first time the poor, benighted, ignorant masses of Japanese are having the doors of opportunity opened to them. What MacArthur, apparently, is doing for the Japanese nation is a thing for which this nation can always be thankful and in which it can always take great pride, because, so far, his program is a demonstration to the world of the essence of high regard for human values.

Recently, the women in Japan voted for the first time, and in some instances women were elected to high official positions. Previously, they have always been held in positions of servitude and have been forced to stay in the background. When a Japanese girl married she went into her new home primarily as a servant, with none of the privileges for pleasure and refinement. Generally, the men have sat around in idleness when the women were doing the most menial tasks, even doing the farm and gardening work.

In Japan there were millions of people who were poor and benighted in their ignorance. They were cruelly exploited by their own leaders, who formed the military cliques and who represented the imperialistic members of the royal household. They were so downtrodden that they were helpless. It seems that never would they have been able in their own strength either by revolution or by privileges of the franchise, to throw off the galling yoke which weighed so heavily upon their spirits, and they needed the benevolent strength of an outside conqueror who had in his heart a burning desire and a flaming zeal to liberate the underprivileged and downtrodden. It will always be one of the pathetic features of the history of the Japanese that their own leaders had betrayed and misled them.

Into this situation General MacArthur has come, not merely as the conqueror but more as the liberator. It has been true, of course, that MacArthur has been forced to be stern and inflexible in his treatment of the Japanese. It is probably true that no man in all the world understands quite so well as he does, the operations and the machinations of the Japanese mind. If he continues on the high standard of his reconstruction of that country, there is no reason why anyone from America or elsewhere should dare to interfere with his program.

After the war in Europe closed, many, many of the leaders came to America and received the plaudits of the multitudes. They heard again the din and the roar of the cannon salutes and the spontaneous applause from the vast throngs along the streets of great cities. So far, Douglas MacArthur has stayed in the Orient, where he is so sorely needed. It is probably true that he should stay where he is for a period of ten, fifteen or twenty years, until what he proposes for the Japanese people shall be firmly rooted in the national life of that unhappy country.

General MacArthur has always occupied a high station in the military ranks of this nation. He was one of the most brilliant students ever enrolled at West Point, and there he led his classes. Today there is no doubt but that he is the most brilliant strategist in Asiatic and Pacific warfare. The leaders in Washington have not dared to interfere with him, and neither have the arrogant Russians dared to interfere. Their regard for him has been too great for them even to encroach in the least. Of course, Japan has been most fortunate because that country has not been occupied by the soldiers of Russia and other countries as well as our own, as has been true on the continent of Europe, and this has greatly simplified MacArthur's problems. But in spite of any advantages, he has had very great obstacles to overcome.

In Japan, MacArthur today is becoming to be regarded by the Japanese more and more as the son of heaven, and they have attempted to trace in his ancestry some form or phase of deity, which he does not possess. This is typical, however, of the Oriental mind. MacArthur is merely a great statesman and a great military leader.

Today, as one views the Japanese war in retrospection, it is evident that they—the Japanese—made many serious blunders. For instance, if they had confined their fighting to more restricted areas in which they might have erected almost impregnable defenses, they could have imposed a long drawn-out war upon the world. Again, when they went into China, into such cities as Shanghai, or Canton, or Hong-Kong, they had practically nothing to gain because they were only acquiring areas which were vastly over-populated and represented only liabilities. They chose, rather, as a weak nation to attempt to conquer the Hawaiian Islands and other strong-

holds of the Pacific far beyond the limits of their power. No doubt, after the naval battle of the Philippine Sea and after the fall of Okinawa, they realized that defeat was inevitable. It was a galling and bitter experience for the arrogant Japanese military leaders who flew to Iwo Jima to make the terms of surrender to the Americans, but they had brought the inevitable consequences upon themselves.

All these things have given to MacArthur his golden opportunity in life, and his fellow-Americans have utmost confidence that he will continue to fulfill every trust that is placed on his shoulders. We bid him Godspeed.

* * * * * * * *

On Wednesday, July 31st, there will be held a field meeting of farmers of this part of the county to discuss pasture improvement, forage crops and soil conservation. This meeting will be held at two o'clock in the afternoon, and will be under the auspices of the Cabarrus County Farm Demonstration service. Mr. R. D. Goodman is County Agent and will have general supervision of the meeting.

We wish to take this opportunity to welcome any and all of our neighbor farmers who attend. These problems which will be discussed are reported as the most outstanding farm problems confronting the farmers at this time. No farm program can be regarded as complete or sensible which does not give serious and intelligent consideration to these vital topics. We hope that here at the Training School, for our own benefit, we will be able to obtain some very helpful suggestions.

The Farm Extension service offers to the farmers of North Carolina this very beneficial service. The wise and alert farmers will be those who profit from this type of service, and only the backward and indifferent farmers will fail to heed the lessons presented by the leaders in this field.

REPORT TO THE BOARD OF CORRECTION AND TRAINING

On July 17th, the State Board of Correction and Training held its quarterly meeting at the Stonewall Jackson Training School. Following is Superintendent Hawfield's report to the Board:

I. Population

The enrollment at Jackson Training School on July 1 was 332. On July 1, a year ago, it was 337. This means a slight decrease of 5. This decrease probably can be accounted for by two reasons. First, we are continuing to study the cases of the boys with reference to their releases, and we have been very diligent in trying to release those boys who seem to have a reasonable chance to make good at home. We hope we are not over-accelerating the releasing program but rather that we are not neglecting any boy for any reason whatever.

The other reason for a decrease in number has been the fact that we are receiving practically no boys below twelve years of age, and, of course, this is different from what the situation was in previous months and years.

II. Farm Activities

We have just completed the most successful harvesting season in the history of the school. Of this amount, the farm produced over 8,000 bushels of oats, and the remainder was wheat and mixed grains. In addition to this amount, of course, there was some of the wheat that was used to fill the silos in the spring at a time when the wheat was in the dough stage.

We had excellent weather for both the harvesting and threshing season.

The weather here has been exceedingly dry for a period of almost two months, so that the gardening and other farm crops have been somewhat retarded and difficult. It has been difficult to get a good stand of corn and other crops, and what we shall be able to produce on the farm from now on depends largely on the weather. The dry weather, of course, now is seriously retarding the growth of lespedeza.

We have more fruit this year than at anytime within the last several years. We are able at this time to gather a good many peaches from the peach orchard, and, so far, we have not canned any, but they have been given to the boys to eat from day to day. We will have some of the Elberta peaches for canning within the next few days. We have excellent prospects for grapes in the vineyard, and they are beginning to ripen now. If we have a short watermelon crop the grapes will go a long way to satisfy the longings of the boys.

III. New Beef Cattle Barn Under Construction

At the present time we are erecting on the farm a new barn for the beef cattle. This barn will be large enough to house all the beef herd during the winter months, and it will also serve as storage for hay and

straw. The lumber for this has been obtained from the school farm. When it is completed we will have what will be equivalent to about a $4,000-$5,000 barn at very little actual expense to the school, about $1,000.

IV. School Department

At the present time the school department is, without doubt, in the best shape that it has ever been. Of the 9 teachers in the school, 7 hold the class A certificate issued by the State Department of Education. Recently we have made some advances in this respect, and it is our purpose to continue this improvement. We have been greatly delighted with the work that is being done for boys here in the 10th grade. However, the entire program has been strenghtened, and we are certain of the fact that we have made improvement in the instruction of all the boys from the first grade straight through. We have a teacher for each grade, and each person teaches one section of the grade in the morning and another section in the afternoon. The teachers' problem, as they have expressed it, is that they do not have sufficient time for their work.

V. Recreation Program

The recreation program at the school continues to play an important part in our activities. We have been greatly pleased with the services of the fulltime physical education director. It has been very helpful to have a person whose sole responsibility it is to plan and to direct the play activities of the boys. Generally, the other members of the staff have had about as much work to do in this respect as always, but, of course, the work has been strengthened because it has been under the guidance of a supervisor.

VI. Morale of the Boys

The general morale of the boys at the school is excellent. The boys seem to be happy on the playground and in their work. We have had very few runaways within the last three months. We have had a few who have escaped, but this would be expected since we have new boys who get homesick, and since there are some others who had developed a wild and roaming spirit before they came to the school. It is evident that we shall always have some runaways, but we have been delighted that we have been able to curtail this problem.

VII. Morale of the Staff Members

The attitude and general spirit among the staff members is by far superior to what it has ever been since I have been at the school. Generally, the spirit of cooperation and interest has been good, and it is on the upgrade. The staff, apparently, is greatly stabilized, because the turnover is very small. In this connection, I should like to say that frequently we have applications for work here. Recently we submitted to Mr. Deyton a proposal to provide slight salary increase for a good many of the staff members. It is possible for this to be done out of the salary appropriations which we now have, and we believe this will go through, since the costs of living are advancing.

We have suggested that the salary

of the nurse be increased from $900 to $1,500 plus living expenses, in the hope that we may be able to secure a registered nurse.

We do not have a person in the manual training department, for which we have an appropriation, because the appropriation is small and because there are few people available in the field.

At the present time we have an acting case worker who is working on the program of making progress reports. This, of course, is on a temporary basis, but we hope, in the end, it will lead to a permanent part of the program here. With the help of the superintendents of other institutions a blank form for making the progress reports has been devised and is being used with apparently satisfactory results.

VIII. Financial Report

Total expenditures 1945-46, $166,678.62. Average population for the year 352. Average number of employees 53. Number of boys to one employee, 6.7. Cost per capita per day, $1.35.

———:———

SCALING THE WALL

There is always a way of accomplishing what may sometimes be regarded as impossible. Temptations and obstacles are often placed in our path to test our ability to surmount them. No great deeds are ever done without a lot of uphill work—of sweat on the brow—and oftentimes sleepless nights. It is only by passing through periods of pain and distress that we arrive to enjoy the pleasures of success.

If we start life with the idea that everything will be sugar and molasses, it will soon become clear that our reckoning is wrong. Joys that come too easily—pleasures attained without an effort—are not those which we appreciate the most. Suffering and struggling for a definite goal makes life sweeter and gives it a tang that meets our highest desires.

We must never overlook the fact that there is some sort of Mysterious Power who in some way guides our destiny. It matters not at all what a man's religion may be. Everyone has a conscience, a second person inside, who never fails to spur one on to greater effort. This Power within the man cannot be touched, cannot be influenced, and, nearly always, cannot be understood.

It is our plain duty to listen to and to heed the direction of this Power, for without such guidance life would soon be askew. Every man needs guidance, be he rich or poor. Often the rich man needs more guidance, for wealth and position are great responsibilities. That is why we talk about "a camel trying to pass through the eye of a needle."—B. Ogden Chisholm.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Birthday Party

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

On July 17th, the boys who had birthdays in June had a party in the gymnaisum. The boys played various games, went swimming and had refreshments.

The following boys were present: Alvin Fox, Thomas Styles, Robert Mason, Glenn Matheson, Joe Curry, Donald Carter, Robert Canady, Arthur Lawson, James Smith, Howard Hall, William Jenkins, John McKinney, Clay Shew, Thomas Chavis, Horace Collins, Van Robinson, Eugene King, William Phillips, William Hunter, Joseph Beane, James Arrowood, Dwight Murphy, Melvin Norris, Howard Manus, Hubert Black,, Danny Mack Hayes, Thomas Hutchins, Jack Benfield, Donald Davis and Charles Sellers.

All the boys appreciate Mr. Hawfield's, Mr. Walters' and the other officers' making it possible to have the birthday party.

Radio Program

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The radio program given on Tuesday of last week was under the direction of Mr. Hawfield.

A group of boys from the school sang two negro spirituals, "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." They were accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Frank Liske, and the singing was led by Mr. Godown.

Mr. Hawfield then gave a talk on "The Correctional Institutions of North Carolina." The material for this talk was taken from a recent article in **The Uplift**, by Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, Commissioner of Correction and Training in North Carolina.

Some of the highlights of the talk are contained in the following statements:

"North Carolina's Training Schools exist for two reasons — to give the youthful offender a chance to develop into a new and carefully controlled environment and to give an opportunity for working with the children's families during their absence in order to provide better home conditions to which they may return.

"Despite the length of time a child remains in a training school, he still requires skillful help when he returns to his home. In North Carolina the local agency that works with the family in preparing it to assume responsibility for helping the child make a good adjustment is the county department of public welfare, and it must follow up the program of training received at the school."

At present there are five permanent training schools in North Carolina. They are Stonewall Jackson Training School, Eastern Carolina Training School, Morrison Training School, State Home and Industrial Training School for Girls, and Dobbs Farm. In the near future there will be a permanent institution for Negro girls. The present temporary school is located at Rocky Mount.

This was a very interesting talk and everyone enjoyed it very much.

Our Devotional

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

During the past week, the tenth grade boys have been studying the Sunday school lesson as the daily devotional. This helps the boys to learn their lesson before they come to Sunday school.

The lesson studied last week was about worshipping the true God.

Friday Morning Chapel Program

By Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade

The program last Friday morning was given by some boys from the ninth and tenth grades. The program was based on fine arts. Mrs. Baucom was the director.

Very few people know that sports, fun, music, recreation and games are all classified under fine arts. They often think that it is wrong to attend a ball game or something like that, but it is not.

Mrs. Baucom opened our program by reading the sixth chapter of Matthew for the scripture. After this, she turned the program over to Robert Fogle. We had some poses of some famous paintings. Some of them were: "The Boy and the Rabbit," "The Pastry Eaters," "Age of Innocence," "Little Miss Bowles," "Home Work," "The Primitive Potter," "Madame Le Brun and Daughter," "Whistler's Mother," "Song of the Lark," "Feeding Her Birds," "The Gleaners," and "The Angelus." These poses were given by the ninth grade and Sylvia Ann Peck. This was part one of our program.

The second part of our program consisted of music. First, Mrs. Baucom's daughter, Elizabeth Ann, played two numbers on the piano for us. Then Garvin Thomas played two selections on his trumpet. They were "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" and "The March of Notre Dame." Following this, Gerald Johnson played "Bell Bottom Trousers" and a march. Tommy Green and Jack Green then sang and played on the guitar, "The Marines' Hymn."

Part three was composed of sports, games, fun, recreation, hobbies, and jokes. We first demonstrated each sport by two boys' coming out each time and playing a little of the mentioned games. The boys were dressed in the regular uniforms of the sports they represented. Football was first. Garvin Thomas and Harry Matthews had this part. The others came as follows: baseball, Billy Smith and Robert Fogle; basketball, Hugh Cornwell and Robert Lee; tennis, Gerald Johnson and Douglas Mangum; track meet, Harvey Leonard and Hugh Cornwell; boxing, Gray Brown and Harvey Leonard; hobbies, Billy Arrington; tumbling, Harvey Leonard and Douglas Mangum; and bicycling, Billy Smith.

The next thing was some fun. Billy Smith said "Casey At the Bat," and Robert Fogle acted it. Then Billy Smith also gave us a good selection entitled "A Game Won." Both of these were very good and funny.

Then some tenth grade boys tried to show the audience how a real operation is performed. They did this

by laying a patient on the operating table, pulling a tooth, giving him ether, cutting off his left leg with a saw, then his right leg, cutting his left arm off with a butcher knife, then his right arm, taking out his appendix, finding a bell in him, and last "sewing him back up" with a hammer and nail. Thomas Wansley was the doctor. His assistants were, Robert Lee, Gray Brown, and Garmon Hubbard. The patient was Douglas Mangum. Following this, Harvey Leonard and Robert Fogle came out and told a few good clean jokes. Thomas Wansley had charge of partt two.

This was the end of our program. Every one seemed to enjoy it very much.

Sports Results

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The results of the baseball games played July 20th are as follows: Cottage No. 3 defeated Cottage No. 1 by the score of 14 to 3. Cottage No. 17 defeated Cottage No. 4 by the score of 4 to 1. Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 14 by the score of 29 to 3. Cottage No. 9 defeated Cottage No. 15 by the score of 6 to 5 in an overtime game. Upright's homer in the seventh, with one on base, was the winning hit.

In the softball league the results were as follows: Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 1 by the score of 15 to 8. Cottage No. 6A defeated Cottage No. 17 by the score of 28 to 8. Cottage No. 5 defeated Cottage No. 6B by the score of 17 to 7. Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 14 by the score of 26 to 1. Cottage No. 9 defeated Cottage No. 15 by the score of 12 to 10. Cottage No. 6A defeated Cottage No. 2 by the score of 10 to 5.

English Literature Work Completed

By Kenneth Staley, 10th Grade

The boys of the 10th Grade have completed their first part of 10th Grade English which is the work in literature, and now they are studying grammar and composition. They took their tests on the literature work last week, and the highest average was made by Robert Fogle who is from Winston-Salem. There have surely been some good grades on the literature work, and all of the boys have enjoyed this course very, very much.

Working Hard

By Kenneth Staley, 10th Grade

The boys of the Special 6th Grade are working hard now, especially on their work in history, English, geography, arithmetic, and spelling. This is a willing group of boys who are trying hard to complete two grades this year. I am sure they can, and will, if they co-operate with their teacher, Mr. Hines, who is also the 10th Grade teacher and the principal of our school.

The Picture Show

By Kenneth Staley, 10th Grade

The picture for this week was entitled "Night Club Gals" which told the story of a brother and sister who were good dancers and who tried hard to get into a show. Evn though they

were turned down every time, they finally got a job. They had a lot of trouble getting the job, but it pays to keep on trying to realize one's ambition. All of the boys liked the picture very much.

News Items

By Robert Lee, 10th Grade

The boys of the 10th Grade are decorating the science room with different specimens of insects, snakes, and lizards. They have also made posters and are displaying them.

Recently, two of the boys from the School had operations. They are Daniel Johnson of Cottage Number 3 and Miley Gunter of Cottage Number 11. Both are getting along nicely, and we are expecting them back to the School from the Cabarrus Hospital soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Walters recently moved into Cottage Number 12. Cottage Number 12 has for some time been vacant.

Our Frog

By Billy McVicker, 3rd Grade

In the third grade we have a frog with six legs. Bobby Holland caught him in our fish pond. We have him in the room now. All of the boys like to look at him and feed him. We have had him about a week.

Boys Released

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

During the past week eight boys have been released to return to their homes. They are: Billy Andrews from Graham; John Fine from Winston-Salem; Tommy Everhart from Thomasville; Fred Coats from Asheville; Frank Andrews, Asheboro; Melvin Norris from Kannapolis; and Morrison Jacobs from Lumberton.

We hope that these boys will make good at their homes.

A Special Treat

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

One Sunday night the boys had a special treat.

Rev. Ben Moore from Winston-Salem showed the boys a religious picture. It was the picture, "Zaccheus and the Sycamore Tree." It told of Zaccheus, the tax collector of Jericho, who climbed a sycamore tree to see Jesus as he passed and how Jesus called him down to take him to his home. Zaccheus found out that it was wrong to take the people's money as he had been doing.

All the boys appreciate Rev. Mr. Moore's coming to show us the picture, and we are looking forward to seeing him again.

Every war is a national calamity whether victorious or not.
—Gen. Von Moltke.

TOMORROW'S CRIMINALS

(The Keystone)

There is prevalent today, throughout the country, a state of affairs euphemistically referred to as 'juvenile delinquency'—another word for tomorrows criminals. Too many American sons and daughters have blatantly exhibited a willingness to exchange the home and the church for the saloon and the temples of the underworld.

Why not "adult delinquency?" The tragedy of American life is that the home is becoming incidental at a time when it is needed as never before. Parents forget that neither school nor the world can reform the finished product of a bad home—that their children are their first responsibility.

Parents must be made to understand that their children are not likely to be any better than they are themselves. Mothers and fathers who wrangle and dissipate need not be surprised if their observant young ones take after them. Parents must obtain the confidence of their children in all things if they do not want to make strangers of them and have them go to the street corners seeking advice. Parents must explain to the youngster every action that affects him and not consider him incapable of understanding because of his youth. Only in this way will the boy or girl mature with the sense that justice has been done and develop the impulse to be just themselves.

Too many adults laugh at the youngsters 'foolish' ideas. The reason they laugh is that they have no interest in the childs affairs. It isn't enough to encourage him; the parents must participate in his interests. They must work with him or lose his respect for them.

In the breaking down of family security, the youngsters moral code is often violated. True, it may not be thought he has one. Yet the great weight of tradition and poetry and romance is pressing on him, even if he has not formed a belief in orthodox religion. Many youngsters can't help but carry with them into early manhood and womanhood a sense of unwantedness which they never lose.

One by one brave youngsters have checked in their courage and forgot their home and church, the leadership of parental authority having become astonishingly thin.

This adult indifference is now a running sore in the body of our nation, and in the body of mankind. Countless thousands of children daily lose all belief in the possibitity of meaning and goodness in life; tens of thousands will perish under the stigmata of the criminal, if something is not done very soon to recognize the inherent rights of juveniles in conflict with the convenience of adult concentionality.

There is no solution to be found in the legislation of new and harsher laws, aimed solely to suppress and intimidate. The shocking number of reform schools in this country is a monumental indictment of the entire adult populations gross mismanagement of the training of our children. To substitute punishment for train-

ing is a further admission of failure. A proponent f punishment is not only a monster, he is also a fool.

This callous indifference to the fundamental rights of the nations juvenile is adult liberty extended to an illogical conclusion—which is license. It is a negation of civilization.

Politicians consistently exploit this miasma of adult superiority. Pretending concern, deploring existing bad conditions they head committees, organizations and leagues for the avowed purpose of arriving at an intelligent understanding of the juvenile problem. When the movement appears to have spent itself, and the attendant publicity has been sucked dry they are concerned only with getting another cause to head. And the juvenile problem remains the same.

Adults are to blame! The juveniles cannot be blamed for the errors of planning and performance which produced the political hierarchy in which we live. They have not substituted private cowardice for public duties and responsibilities.

What then of the too many young, potential criminals completely cast off—who feel no spiritual or moral connection with their unsocial conduct? How do they come out? Usually they are deserted. A young renegade almost always believes and says so once too often—that he can look out for himself. In many cases that is what society ultimately allows him to do. And then he becomes completely the outlaw. Society provides no protection for him. He may have the bravado of the outlaw, but he also has his hopelessness.

There must ultimately be a national about face. Our young people must be encouraged to respect the sanctity of religion. More and more the Christain faith has become a matter of Sunday contrition. However, the tremendous weight of experience and history shows that you can't drown God in confushion.

It must be made possible, and attractive, for children to consider home and security simultaneously. No longer must they be imbued with the paralyzing attitude of futility which encourages them to rebel against a social system they consider stuffy, and religions they consider obsolete.

Adults have betrayed the fair lady, Responsibility, for the Jezebel, Selfishness. What we got is "juvenile delinquency."

I have been more and more convinced, the more I think of it, that, in general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes. All the other passions do occasional good; but when pride puts in its word, everything goes wrong; and what it might really be desirable to do, quietly and innocently, it is mortally dangerous to do proudly.—John Ruskin.

SPEAK NO EVIL

(The New Zealand Craftsman)

Much has been written and preached upon the virtues of bridling the human tongue as one of the main causes from which can arise, when untutored, much misery and even tradgy in man's relations with his fellow-creatures.

"See no evil! Hear no evil! Speak no evil! though popularized of apes from the For East, and by all accepted as embodying the most profound philosophy of life and the secret of human happiness has almost acquired that triteness which affects so many great sayings and renders them, alas, but no longer their erstwhile warning, and become relegated into the limbo of one's inner consciousness instead of being kept writ large before our eyes as a daily rule of conduct of life.

As written centuries ago, the late William Hutchinson says—

"Some love to mingle themselves in all business and are loath to seem ignorant of such important news as the faults and follies of men; therefore with great care they pick up ill stories to entertain the next company they meet, not perhaps out of malice, but for want of something better to talk of."

Yet, as he aptly points out, how cheap, in the sense of "easy to achieve," a kindness it is to speak well, or at least not to speak ill of others, for he adds: "A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence." Let every man lay his hand upon his heart and consider. "What thou wouldst have no man do to thee, that do thou to no man."

Finally he offers as helpful rules to observe:

"Never say any evil of another, but what you certainly know.

"Whenever you positively accuse a man of any crime though it be in private and among friends, speak as if you were upon your oath, because God sees and hears you. This not only charity but justice demands of us. He that easily credits a false report is almost as culpable as the first inventor of it. Therefore, never speak evil of any upon common fame, which for the most part is false but almost always uncertain.

"Let us accustom ourselves to be truly sorry for the faults of men, and then we shall take no pleasure in publishing them. Common humanity requires this of us considering the great infirmities of our nature, and also that we are liable to be tempted; considering likewise how severe a punishment every crime is to itself, how terribly it exposeth man to the wrath of God, both here and hereafter.

"Whenever we hear evil spoken of any man, if we have heard any good of him, let us say that. It is always more humane and more honorable to vindicate others than to accuse them. Where it is necessary that a man should be evil spoken of, his good and bad qualities should be represented together, otherwise he may be strangely misrepresented, and

an indifferent man may be made a monster.

"They that will observe nothing in a wise man but his oversights and follies; nothing in a good one but his failings and infirmities, may render both despicable. Should we heap together all the passionate speeches, all the imprudent actions of the best man, and present them all at one view, concealing his virtues, he in disguise, would look like a madman or fury; and yet, if his life were fairly represented in the manner it was led, he would appear to all the world to be an amiable and excellent person. But how numerous soever any man's ill qualities are, it is but just that he should have due praise of his few real virtues.

"That you will not speak ill do not delight in hearing it of any. Give no countenance to busy bodies if you cannot decently reprove them because of their quality, divert the discourse some other ways or by seeming not to mind it, signify that you do not like it.

"Let every man mind his own duty and concern. Do but endeavor in good earnest to mend yourself, and it will be work enough, and leave you little time to talk of others."

And he concludes:

"May all, therefore, contemplate the nature and consequences of this abominable sin, and so to become worthy men, let them pray with the royal Psalmists 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep Thou the door of my lips' (Psalm CXLI), being assured for their encouragment that 'He who backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor, shall abide in the tabernacle of the Lord, and shall dwell in His holy hill.'"

Despite the quaint bluntness of many of these observation they echo at the distance of the years with no less force in our days, and whilst they touch mainly on the open evil of ill report, even when not deliberate and only thoughtless they must serve to put us ever on our guard against the too easy temptation of uncharitable or hasty judgment upon our fellowmen, remembering the words of Ecclesiastes VIII, 20, which applies to all but do not justify our own failings: "For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and Sinneth not."

We are what we are; we cannot be truly other than ourselves. We reach perfection not by copying, much less by aiming at originality, but by constantly and steadily working out the life which is common to all, according to the character which God has given us.—Baxter.

IN ACCOUNT WITH ONESELF

(The Orphans' Friend)

Horace Mann, the notable educator, insisted that man was made to learn, differing widely from the school of thought (of which there are too many graduates) that takes for its guiding principle, "To have and to hold."

The great educator said:

"Be sure you learn something every day. When you go to bed at night, if you cannot think of something new which you have learned during that day, spring up and find a book and get an idea before you sleep. If you were to stop eating, would not your body pine and famish? If you stop learning, your minds will pine and famish, too. You desire that your bodies should thrive and grow. But if you do not feed your minds as well as your bodies, they will stop growing; and one of the poorest, meanest, most despicable things I have ever seen is a little mind in a great body."

This is the big thought, as many will agree in principle, but how many of us have the fortitude to consistently hold to its practice. Every person, in the course of even the most humdrum day, sees something worth giving cultivation; and, by the same token, many things that at the moment have values far less than first impressions suggest.

If a business man were to go day after day on the haphazard practice of trusting to his memory and fleeting impressions to supply him with the facts, ideas and resources to carry on he could not possible last long. For the same reason, no one can outside or otherwise of business let his mind vegetate, trusting to automatic memory and a minimum of thinking for his growth, and expect satisfactory results.

The truth is: each of us needs constant personal checking, if we expect to keep on the beam. The factor of error enters into the life of every one, and readjustment must take place. Not only must these adjustments be made to correct insinuating error, but equally as well to make room for new factors. It cannot too strongly be said that, while the great principles of life never change, the methods of applying them are constantly being changed and revised to dovetail into growth and expansion.

Learning is not merely something to be taken care of in the formal schoolroom. In the school of experience the man himself must be on the faculty and go to school to himself as well as to outside instruction. People who cannot learn much from themselves cannot do a good job of learning from others. There is nothing that pays better dividends than intelligent personal appraisement and making the adjustments necessary for the purpose of correcting the failures and building on successes.

It is a mighty good thing for people to get acquainted with themselves as they are rather than they merely think they are. Personal periodical check-ups are essential.

HOSPITAL CARE

(Stanly News & Press)

Persons who find it necessary to go to hospitals for treatment or operatious can readily understand why it cost a great deal of money to operate such an institution. If a comparison is made between the charges for room and board at a hospital and room and board at a hotel with comparable conveniences and comforts, the cost at a hotel will be found to run higher.

There are many families, particularly those in the white collar class, who find that it is a hardship to pay a large hospital bill. Those persons in the wealthy group can pay, of course, and those in the lower income brackets find charitable arrangements made for them. It is the man who does not want to accept charity but who finds it difficult to pay the charges for hospital care who is really hurting.

Out of this large group of so-called white collar workers, men who have incomes between $2,400 and $3,600, came the demand for socialized medicine. And despite the opposition which has come from medical groups, the demand for some sort of plan whereby a man is not financially ruined because of a long illness that requires hospital care is still strong.

The substitute which is being offered for socialized medicine is the Blue Cross plan for hospital care. Under this arrangement, which is nothing more than an insurance plan, a man pays so much into the association each month, depending on the size of his family, and the association guarantees to pay his hospital bill. Since the plan is in its infancy, full courage for the whole bill has not yet been made available, but benefits provided by the two associations working in North Carolina have been increased from time to time in recent years, and sooner or later, it will be possible for a family to have full protection for both the hospital bill as well as the doctor's care.

Sometime ago the medical groups realized that something had to be done to head off the movement for socialized medicine which does have many unfavorable aspects, and today the doctors are supporting the Blue Cross plan.

A hospital can take for only a certain amount of charity work, and for that reason hospital managers and trustees are hopeful that the Blue Cross plan will be adopted by more and more citizens in order to be certain of adequate hospital and medical care, without embarrassment, when emergencies arise.

Public opinion is stronger than the Legislature, and nearly as strong as the Ten Commandments.—C. D. Warner.

CRIME INCREASING

(Catawba News-Enterprise)

J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, sounded an alarming note of warning yesterday. When he declared that the nation is facing a potential army of six million criminals, and an "ever increasing wave of lawlessness which is feeding the criminal ranks with a never ending supply of recruits."

Among the cause for the increasing crime wave, the FBI director emphasized laxity in parental control, and pointed out that large crimes generally have their beginnings in small crimes. He issued a direct challenge to the homes of America by the statement "Every home in America must become a sanctuary for good citizenship and not, as in many instances today, a breeding place for criminals." Hoover even more directly placed the responsibility on the home with the declaration "The home is the most important factor in the prevention of juvenile delinquency."

Where the home fails, society must take over the problem. The public is aware now as never before of its responsibility in the prevention of small crimes," and the planned recreation programs of communities and even county-wide plans adopted in several North Carolina counties are aimed at the heart of the problem. North Carolina recognizes the responsibility of the state in the North Carolina Recreation commission set up in recent months. The schools, welfare departments and health departments are in some instances coordinated in setting up a local recreation commission.

Considerable advancement has been made locally in planned recreation, and the groundwork has been laid for a program that can go far. It is a program designed, not for delinquents, but for the benefit of all on the sound theory that the place to stop juenile delinquency is before it starts.

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Among the smaller duties of life, I hardly know any one more important than that of not praising where praise is not due. Reputation is one of the prizes for which men contend; it produces more labor and more talent than twice the wealth of a country could ever rear up. It is the coin of genius, and it is the imperious duty of every man to bestow it with the most scrupulous justice and the wisest economy.—Sydney Smith.

CONTACT ABOVE

(Presbyterian Tribune)

A modern diver can decend to deeper depths beneath the surface of the ocean than were even explored in olden times. He goes down in his diver's dress, provided with air tubes which are constantly replenished from a vessel waiting above, so that he can breathe as easily on the ocean bed as though he were walking about under the open sky. This panoply is also a defense against sudden attack, and his comrades above are constanly on the alert to come to his rescue should he be taken unaware by any of the manifold dangers to which he may be exposed in the darkness and turbulence of an element to which he dies not properly belong. He knows that he is not left along for an instant; he is in unbroken communication with his watchful helpers in the bright world above. Therefore, though in the course of his labor in a region where he can neither see nor hear anything of the sights and sounds of that higher world, and though he is likely at any moment to be assailed by horrid foes or to be gripped and held fast in the midst of some ghastly scene of death and corruption, he feels perfectly secure; he will not be allowed to perish.

The Christian's relationship to God is not unlike this. He may be plunged beneath dark waters; death and destruction may be even at hand; but, enclosed in the armor of God, he is safe; no real harm can touch him. If by prayer and faith he preserves his contact with the source of all goodness and truth, he is breathing an air that is not of earth but of heaven; and if, in some hour of unwontedly dreadful trial, he loses consciousness of the compassionate Father's presence, this will not mean that God has abandoned his own. He will descend into the very midst of the soul's tribulations and, with a mighty hand, bear the sufferer through them unscathed and set him far above and out of their reach.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of July 28, 1946

July 28—Hicks Allen, Cottage No. 5, 16th birthday.
July 28—W. C. Mills, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.
July 30—Bernard C. Webster, Cottage No. 3, 11th birthday.
July 31—Harold Wilkinson, Cottage No. 5, 15th birthday.
July 31—Robert Driggers, Cottage No. 6, 11th birthday.
Aug. 1—James Norton, Cottage No. 9, 16th birthday.
Aug. 1—Paul Carpenter, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.
Aug. 3—Robert Wilkins, Cottage No. 5, 15th birthday.

HOW TO LISTEN TO A PRAYER

(Christian Advocate)

The prayer period in any service of worship should be one of the most enriching experiences through which any person ever passes, yet it is probably true that many people sit through it without realizing any direct benefit whatever. This is because of the fact that they have never learned how to listen to a prayer. For increasing the spiritual value of the public prayer we offer a series of simple suggestions. 1. Assume a reverent attitude of the body. Few people ever benefit from the prayer through which they sit bolt upright with eyes open, roving over the building. 2. Enter the prayer period with an open mind. A mind that is cluttered up with a variety of concerns is in no condition to appreciate the suggestions that the Spirit may be seeking to offer. 3. Listen sympathetically. The person who listens for the faults in the prayer is almost certain to miss God's answer. 4. Make the prayer your own. Pay strict attention to the prayer that is being offered, and make expressions of need your own. 5. Add your own special petition when necessary. The prayer which starts us praying is worth as much to us as the prayer that is offered for us. 6. Accept each holy suggestion as though it were from God. The holy joy, or sense of reassurance, that comes with such an experience can have had but one source —God. 7. Assure yourself that God is very near while the prayer is being offered. We have been promised that he will be in the midst of any company of two or three who are making an honest effort to make themselves heard in heaven. Then believe the promise. 8. Say "yes" to any promoting of conscience that may occur. To fail to act, or to decide to act, is to refuse to accept God's guidance, and nothing is more certainly fatal to spiritual growth.

There are no times in life when opportunity, the chance to be and do, gathers so richly about the soul as when it has to suffer. Then everything depends on whether the man turns to the lower or the higher helps. If he resorts to mere expedients and tricks the opportunity is lost. He comes out no richer nor greater; nay, he comes out harder poorer, smaller for his pain. But, if he turns to God, the hour of suffering is the turning hour of his life.—Phillips Brooks.

ASSETS OF THE CHURCH

(The Baptist Times)

What, we may wonder, are the "assets" of the Church to-day? If one of the Jerusalem fellowship could come back to survey our modern scene he would doubtless be amazed by the magnificence with which the great festivals are observed in the Christian churches. He would open his eyes in astonishment to see the glories of ecclesiastical architecture; would be impressed by the solemn strains of our chants and anthems, and the rich quality of our vestments. It would surely appear to him that there is a great difference between the intricate organization of our modern churchmanship and the simplicity of the first apostolic company waiting in Jerusalem for the promised power. "Where," he might ask, "are your assets today? What is it that you offer to the world around you?"

We do well to put this question to ourselves. Where lies our strenght? It is not in our cathedrals or our liturgy. We fall into error if we ever confuse these with the real treasures of the Church. To-day, as always, the real strength of the Christian movement lies in its spiritual power. Though in our retrospect we now back over centuries where the early Church looked back only over years, we still have the undying memory. Still the promise rings in our ears. Still the power waits to burn within us and to send us forth in the same Name.

It is for this, we may be sure, that the world looks when it turns its eyes toward the Christian Church to-day. The world can supply plans, but who will give the power. De Quincey, in one of his books, referred to what he called "the literature of power." That, for us, it the New Testament and the continued Acts of the Apostles which have been written through the centuries. But should there not also be a fellowship of power? We shall fail, whatever else we may achieve, if we do not demonstrate to our own age the same dynamic of redemption which made Pentecost what it was long centuries ago.

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Occupation is a necessity to the young. They love to be busy about something, however trifling; and if not directed to some useful employment will soon engage in something that is evil, thus verifying the old proverb: "Idleness is the mother of mischief."—Henry Ward Beecher.

MINISTRY THROUGH BOOKS

By. T. L. Holcomb

Appreciating fully the power of the printed page, the Sunday School Board frankly acknowledges its stewardship and accepts its responsibility as a publisher and as a distributor of books. Our ministry in this field is guided by the following general principles:

1. We accept without modification the Bible as the inspired Word of God to us the Bible is not on trial, for it has stood every test through the centuries. We are unequivocally committed to the doctrinal position of Southern Baptists and are determined to do all that is possible to interpret, support and extend this position.

2. We specialize in offering to our people books by authors whose views concerning the Bible are in harmony with ours; at the same time we do not feel that it is in accord with Baptist principles for us to constitute censors of the reading of Southern Baptists. We will endeavor to feature in our advertising and sales the books that are worthly of the confidence of our people.

3. We desire that our book reviews and descriptions will present the author's position. The appearance of reviews in our publications does not nessarily signify approval of everything in a book and reflects only the frank appraisal of the reviewer. It will not be our policy, however, to advertise or offer for sale any book which tends to undermine the confidence of readers in the inspiration and teachings of the Bible.

4. We believe that popular books of fiction, mystery, and so on have their places in giving inspiration and wholesome entertainment. We shall continue to make such books available, seeking always to eliminate those which condone impurity in speech and thought or exact unworthy characters and ideals.

5. We shall continue to emphasize books of history, biography, and autobiography, especially those books those who have made valuable condealing with the lives and times of tributions to the life of our denomination, and those who have served constructively the spiritual, cultural, physical welfare of the race.

6. We shall endeavor as publisher and distributor to meet adequately the book need of our constituence. It will be our constant aim to magnify books which will contribute to the spiritual faith, moral conviction, missionary passion, world outlook, and social concern of the reading public.

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See that your character is right and in the long run your reputation will be right.—Shakespeare.

ODD ACCIDENTS ON HOME FRONT

(The Diplomate)

A private, demonstration to his wife how a booby trap works, was shot in the leg by the device he had hooked up from a shell, board, nail and a piece of wire. This injury to a soldier home on furlough is among which the National Safety Council lists in its 1944 round-up of odd accidents.

Another soldier, sent home to recuperate from wounds received in the South Pacific, found that life can be just as dangerous at home as in the thick of battle. As he watched a power lawn-mower at work in his front yard, the thing picked up an old spoon left on the grass and hurled it with such force and accuracy that it penetrated the calf of his leg and had to be removed by an operation.

A two-year-old of Groton, Conn., had her sleep disturbed by a Navy plane that plowed through her bedroom and whisked the blanket off her bed without touching her. The plane, zooming through the other wall of the house, crashed into a schoolhouse. The blanket, undamaged, was found in the wreckage.

Returning from a hunting trip, a family man in St Louis placed his rifle on a high kitchen shelf where the children couldn't reach it. His wife, before leaving home to visit a neighbor, took all the arrows away from her young son, leaving him with only the bow. But the ingenious son substituted a yardstick for an arrow and let it fly from the back porch toward the kitchen. Going through a hole in the screen door, the yardstick struck the trigger of the rifle. The rifle went off and the bullet struck his little sister.

In his haste to dress for a game, a young football aspirant of Chicago put his jersey on backwards. Tugging fiercely to get it off, he broke his neck. And a housewife of Indianapolis dislocated a vertebra in her neck while vigorously brushing her teeth. Both recovered.

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Regard your good name as the richest jewel you can possibly be possessed of—for credit is like fire; when once you have kindled it you may easily preserve it, but if you once extinguish it, you will find it an arduous task to rekindle it.—Socrates.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Roy C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, was the guest speaker at the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the sixteenth chapter of The Acts, and the subject of his message to the boys was "How to be Saved." The text which he selected is found in the thirty-first verse of the lesson read, quoting Paul's words to the Philippian jailer: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

In commenting upon the question asked Paul and Silas by the Philippian jailer, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt stated that the great apostle's words could be summed up in three words. To be saved, he added, to know, to believe, to commit.

The speaker pointed out that a man is saved, first of all, by knowing the Lord Jesus Christ. The very foundation of the means of salvation is knowledge.

Knowledge, he continued, means two things: To see and to want. A man is not going to do a thing about Christianity until he sees the need of Jesus in his life. When he sees that need, he will undoubtedly want to become a follower of the Master.

Whenever people reach that stage in life when they want Jesus as badly as they want some of the material things of the world, they are on the direct road to becoming true Christians, said the speaker. Jesus will then occupy first place in their lives.

The meaning of the word "believe" as it pertains to a person's feeling toward Christ, was thus explained by the speaker: To believe in Jesus means to trust Him. By believing we learn to lean our whole weight on the Lord. A true believer in Christ has confidence in His power to lead his life along the pathway of righteousness.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then called attention to the word "commit" in connection with salvation. To commit oneself, he said means to give oneself to Jesus.. We have heard such a procedure called consecration, surrender, and other terms. But Jesus summed it up in two simple words when he told the humble fisherman along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, to "Follow me." Those two words brought about a great change in the lives of those fishermen, for they became followers of the Master, and they played important parts in establishing Christianity in the entire world.

We must take Jesus and put Him into our lives, said the speaker. When Jesus touches a person's life, that person really experiences salvation. We should take the teachings of Jesus into all situations which confront us in life.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told the boys that they must remember that Jesus will never force His way into their lives. He urged them to begin at the moment to take the Master into their lives; to try to learn all they possibly could about Him; and then to commit themselves to His service.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

When faith is lost, when honor dies, the man is dead.—Whittier.

—:—

It is far easier to prevent a mistake than to correct one.—Selected.

—:—

He has lost the art to live who can not win new friends.—S. W. Mitchell.

—:—

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.
—Mackintosh.

—:—

Do nothing by halves. If it be right do it boldly—if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

—:—

There is no outward sign of true courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation.—Goethe.

—:—

It is one of the worst of errors to suppose that there is any path of safety except that of duty.—Wm. Nevins.

—:—

If any man seeks for greatness, let him forget greatness and ask for truth, and he will find both.
—Horace Mann.

—:—

What we have done for ourselves alone die with us; what we have done for others remains and is immortal.
—Albert Pike.

—:—

The man who gives to his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.
—Whately.

—:—

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life as not to receive new information from age and experience.—Terence.

A man does not become a failure because of a mistake. He becomes a failure when he blames his error on someone else.—Selected.

—:—

Think not disdainfully of death, but look on it with favour; for even death is one of the many things that Nature wills.—Marcus Aurelius.

—:—

A lie cannot be told or a cowardly act committed without hurting some one; usually, however, he suffers most who commits the offense.
—Mrs. S. E. Lawrence.

—:—

The best advertisement of a work shop is first-class work. The strongest attraction to Christianity is a well-made Christian character.
—T. L. Cuyler.

—:—

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—Tillotson.

—:—

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written; in writing what deserves to be read; and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.—Pliny.

—:—

When it comes to working only for money—only those with short vision do that. Henry Ford didn't work for money as his main objective. To him money is like any other tool or product needed by him in supplying the masses better transportation facilities. Money to him is like coal or water or oil. Money is a detail. Let's refuse to make it God.—Thomas Dreier.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 21, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Maynard Chester
Ralph Cranford
William Epps
Dean Harris
Major Loftin
Marion Ray
William Speaks

COTTAGE NO. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Ray Burns
Gerald Johnson
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
James McMahan
Robert McVicker
Eddie Medlin
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack
Charles Todd

COTTAGE No. 3

Thomas Childress
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Robert Fogle
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Lloyd Perdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Joseph Bean
William Finch
Robert Thompson
Harvey Purdy

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
George Byrd
James Cauthen
Charles Wilson
James Little
George Swink
Earl Hoyle

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Fred Ganey
John Gregory
Robert Mason
Jerry Oakes
Robert Porter
Robert Peavy
Louis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Ralph Gassaway
Ralph Gibson
Philip Kirk
Arthur Lawson
Hubert Pritchard
James Wilds

COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

J. C. Alley
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Charles Francis
Hubert Inman
Defoye Inman

Lester Ingle
David Johnson
D. B. Jones
James Norton
Knox Norton
Vernest Turner

COTTAGE No. 10

Robert Gordon
James Hensley
Bernard Hiatt
Thomas Hutchins
Howard Jones
Charles Lyda
Hoyt Mathis
Harry Matthews
W. C. Mills
Garvin Thomas
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
Joseph Curry
Charles Davis
Donald Fagg
William Faircloth
Leslie Gautier
Miley Gunter
David Isenhour
Kenneth McLean
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
Bennie Regan
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Donald Carter
Ralph Drye
Terry Hardin

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
William Caldwell
Elzo Fulk
John Green
Carl Holt
James Johnson
Harvey Leonard
James Peterson
James Presson
Charles Rhodes
Carl Ransom
Alton Stewart
Solomon Shelton
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Ray Covington
Thomas Chavis
Allen Hammond
William Harding
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Roy Orr
Bennie Payne
Leon Martin

INFIRMARY

David Brooks
Lloyd Sain

———:———

If any one tells you a person speaks ill of you, do not make excuse about what is said, but answer: "He was ignorant of my other faults else he would not have mentioned these alone."

—Epictetus.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 3, 1946 No. 31

AUG 3 '46

MY DAILY CREED

Let me be a little kinder, let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me; let me praise a little more.
Let me be when I am weary, just a little bit more cheery;
Let me serve a little better those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver when temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder to be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker with the brother that is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor and a little less of me.

—Author Unknown.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

I TEACH SCHOOL

I write no poems men's hearts to thrill,
No song I sing to lift men's souls;
To battle front no soldiers lead;
In halls of state I boast no skill;
I just teach school.

I just teach school. But poet's thrill,
And singer's joy, and soldier's fire,
And statesman's power—all—all are mine;
For in this group where still
I just teach school.

Are poets, soldiers, statesmen—all:
I see them in the speaking eye,
In face aglow with purpose strong,
In straightened bodies, tense and tall,
When I teach school.

And they, uplifted, gaze intent
On cherished heights they soon shall reach.
And mine the hands that lead them on!
And I inspired—therefore content,
I still teach school.

—Selected.

———:———

GIVING CORDIALITY TO THAT WHICH IS HIGH

One of the most gratifying experiences in life for anyone is to stand in the presence of a beautiful scene in nature and revel in the harmonies of color as only God can devise. Throughout the country there are beautiful flower gardens fashioned by human hands, and also there are those other landscapes of natural beauty untouched by the hand of man; and these offer to man those choice places where he may feast his spirit upon the loftiest sentiments and

ideals. They are those places where the soul may rest and be at peace.

It is in such places that nature itself has given cordiality to the best and highest mental and spiritual ideals, and where there is mutual response to a grand and glorious environment.

Likewise, the heart of man—that part which is mental and spiritual—may represent a beautiful garden where the loftiest sentiments and ideals delight to dwell and grow; it is in the hearts of saintly people where there may dwell a warm cordiality to all that is noble and good and pure. It is here that the wings of altruism take their flight and encompass the world as a parish for good deeds toward others.

Likewise, it is always refreshing and soothing to enter into an attractive, well-furnished room in a home, where all the furnishings and decorations are arranged with delicate, good taste. Here there seems to be a congeniality, an exhilaration that stirs the deepest currents of the soul. One's spirit no longer feels as if it were bound with the chains of vices—greed, selfishness, narrowness, bigotry, intolerance. These fettering bonds are torn asunder and thrown to the winds. Instead, there is an environment that lifts one up to the heights of piety, goodness, purity, sanctity and wholesomeness.

Likewise, also, it is possible for one to enter a religious chapel where the windows have been decorated with images of great Bible characters—the disciples, the prophets, Joseph and Mary, the angels, and the Saviour. When a person first enters into such holy environment, coming as he does from out in the secular world, before he realizes what is happening one finds himself living in an entirely different world of thought and interest. As he sits in pensive mood, meditating and musing upon holy concepts, unawares, he is lifted into a higher realm, a realm of idealism, near to God Himself. There wells up in him that glorious impulse experienced by the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, when they begged for the privilege of building an altar where they might worship God in holiness forever. But the Master commanded that they return to the multitudes.

When a great ship enters the locks of a canal it rides at a low

level. Gradually and imperceptibly the rising waters lift the mighty vessel to a higher level, and on to higher levels, until finally it sails out into the great sea at the other end of the canal. An external force has buoyed the ship until it rides into other seas with its cargo.

In our hearts it is possible for us to give warm and cordial reception to the high and holy impulses of God. Consciously we may give attention with diligence and consecration to the Kingdom of Heaven in our hearts. The psalmist has said that as a man thinketh in his heart so is he. Therefore, give attention and cordiality with diligence to all things spiritual.

* * * * * * * * *

DR. JULIAN MILLER

When Dr. Julian Miller, editor of **The Charlotte Observer,** died on July 28th, North Carolina and the nation lost one of their most versatile and capable newspapermen. With brilliant editorials he was a credit and an honor to the newspaper guild. He was a writer who possessed the superlative ability to express in beautiful literary style the dynamic thoughts which flashed across his mind.

It is no exaggeration to say that Dr. Miller, as an editorialist, had no superior and few equals in the southeastern area of the United States. He was an outstanding thinker and newspaper writer, and his editorials were eagerly read by the thousands wherever **The Observer** is found. He was a gifted writer on almost any vital topic or issue of the hour, and when he wrote he did so with convincing logic and superior fluency.

It is paying Dr. Miller a warm tribute to say of him that he was probably at his best editorially when it fell to his lot to pay tribute to some fallen leader in the community, the state, or the nation. He seemed to possess an unusual ability to give true evaluation and appraisal to the worth of those who had passed on. His eulogies possessed a degree of literary richness and brilliance that was unequalled in any other realm of thought. In his eulogies he paid tribute not only to the great and the mighty, but he delighted in paying loving tribute to those who had spent their days in the humble walks of life. In the annals of time his eulogies will be trea-

sured by hundreds and thousands because they were so warm and so tender.

Dr. Miller was not only a great writer but he was also an eloquent and entertaining speaker. Because he was a profound scholar and student he acquired for himself a great storehouse of historical information, and he was at all times familiar with the current events of his day. He went throughout the length and breadth of the state and into other states to speak to the people and to acquaint them with the current problems and their solutions. When Dr. Miller was introduced to an audience there was full assurance that he would not only entertain his audience but that he would bring a message of great significance and importance.

Dr. Miller was first and foremost the friend of education in North Carolina. He wielded his powerful influence in behalf of all movements tending toward the improvement of the educational system of the state. Because he gave so generously and wrought so well, the schools of North Carolina are much farther along in their development than they would have been without his valuable contributions. In the field of education he will be sorely missed, and the childhood of the state owes him an eternal debt of gratitude for what he did.

His interest, likewise, extended into other fields of social welfare. He was a mighty crusader in behalf of improved civic and social conditions, and he was a staunch supporter of the church.

The Uplift staff joins with all the other publications in their eulogies of this great leader, and we extend to the members of his family our deepest sympathy in their hour of great bereavement. Dr. Miller will always be remembered by us with the highest esteem and most affectionate regard.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Items of Interest

By Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade

Dr. Dudley, the dentist, has been getting along fine. He is now working on the fifth grade. He has worked on approximately 175 boys' teeth. He says he hopes to be through by the first of September. We are all thankful that we can have our teeth examined and treated.

Mr. Fisher reports to us that Miley Gunter and Daniel Johnson are getting along just fine. He stated that they will be out of the hospital very soon. As you know, they have just had operations. We are looking forward to the time when they will be back to school with us.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tompkinson, officer and matron of Cottage No. 2, have gone on their vaction. They will return in two weeks.

The boys of the tenth grade have completed their work in the literature book and have started on their grammar and composition.

Mrs. Baucom now has 54 snakes in her room. The boys of different grades have caught these snakes and brought them to her. Forty-three of them are small snakes. We have eleven large ones. We have three water moccasins, one copperhead, five garter snakes, one king snake, and one water snake.

The boys of the tenth grade have been collecting insects for their biology class. Each boy is required to bring in at least ten different insects. They are exempt from brining in flies, cock roaches, and June bugs.

Last Sunday the boys had a chicken dinner. Each cottage received seven chickens. Mr. W. M. White and the chicken force boys cleaned them. We wish to thank all who made this dinner possible.

Saturday, July 20, the boys of Cottage No. 4 were sent to the other cottages. This was because their officer and matron, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Kiser, have gone on their vacation. The boys will miss them the two weeks they are gone.

Mr. S. C. Dollar, one of the night watchmen, has just returned from a two weeks vacation. While he was gone, Joe Spears took his place.

For the past month or so the various grades have been going swimming during their physical education period. The boys like this a lot, and it also develops within them a better skill for swimming. We wish to thank Mr. Walters for letting us do this.

Mrs. Dwight Morrison, our fourth grade teacher, has gone on her vacation. She left Monday and will return Monday, July 29. We are all looking for her return.

Sports Results

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

Last week, there were three base-

ball games played. They were the first games of the single elimination tournament to determine the school championship.

The following cottages were in the play-off: No. 9, No. 2, Indian Cottage, No. 15, No. 10, No. 3 and the Receiving Cottage. The latter team dropped out of the race.

The results of the games played last Saturday are as follows: Cottage No. 3 defeated Cottage No. 10 by the score of 15 to 14. Cottage No. 15 defeated the Indian Cottage by the score of 7 to 2. Cottage No. 9 defeated Cottage No. 2 by the score of 14 to 9, in an extra-inning game.

On August 3rd, Cottage No. 3 will meet Cottage No. 15 in the semi-finals. The winner will play Cottage No. 9 for the championship.

In the softball league, Cottages Nos. 17, 9, 7-A, 15, 3 and 6-A were in the tournament for the championship.

Following are the results of their games: Cottage No. 3 defeated Cottage No. 6-A by the score of 13 to 10. Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 7-A by the score of 15 to 5. Cottage No. 9 defeated Cottage No. 17 by the score of 30 to 16.

Our Picnic

By Kenneth Staley, 10th Grade

On Sunday afternoon each cottage was given eight watermelons. We were just fixing to go on a picnic when our melons were brought to our cottage. We boys of Cottage No. 3 took our watermelons, our supper, and a basketful of cantaloupes that our officer, Mr. Hines, had bought for us and went to the pasture and had a picnic. After eating supper, we played an enjoyable game of softball. All of the boys enjoyed this good game.

The Books I Read

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

I have my likes and dislikes in regard to books. The books I like to read are the books that are the best of literature. I like a book that has nice print so that I do not have to strain my eyes in reading. I like books that are worded so that I can understand them from beginning to end. I dislike any books that are crammed full of profanity. I dislike books that have yellow sheets with poor print because I have to strain my eyes to read them. Such books as poetry, biography, history, and travels are interesting. I also like good books of science, fiction, and certain types of biology. Read wholesome books that will help you to carry on a wholesome conversation.

An Unusually Good Program

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

On last Sunday afternoon, we had a very good program. The boys of our cottage went out to a grove of trees and had a very impressive and inspirational service. The poet said, "The groves were God's first temples," and they are good places to have a devotional service.

Each boy was given a card with a Bible verse on it, and he told what the verse meant, after reading the verse aloud. Every boy in the cottage, in that way, read and explained one Bible verse.

These cards, which were given to the boys by Mrs. Sealey, who has a boy in our cottage, are called "Precious Promises." They are for the purpose of entertaining, informing, and inspiring groups of people. Every one who receives one of these cards is supposed to make a talk of not more than three minutes. The cards are arranged on different subjects. Many of the smaller boys made very good talks on their subjects.

In addition to the talks, we sang some songs. They were: "Somebody Did a Golden Deed," 3rd and 4th Grades; and "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations," 5th, 6th, and 10th Grades. "When He Cometh," 1st and 2nd Grades.

The Radio Program

By J. C. Rhodes, 5th Grade

The fifth grade went to the Radio Station Tuesday, July 23, and the program which they gave was about the early colonies. The title was "From the Pages of History."

Donald Hendrix gave the introduction, after which James Dunn gave the part of American History. Glenn Evans gave the "Landing of the Pilgrims," after which we sang a group of songs as follows: "Indian Song," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "Harvest Hymn," "Maryland, My Maryland," "Old North State," "Yankee Doodle," and the last stanza of "America." All the boys enjoyed going very much.

A Busy Time

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

During the past week, the cannery has been running at top speed. Mr. Walker has been canning peaches. He has been assisted by Mr. Corliss and the boys of the fourth and sixth grades. The fourth grade boys have been working there in the absence of Mrs. Morrison, their teacher.

All the boys have worked hard and have put up many cans of peaches for the coming winter.

The boys enjoy working in the peaches because it affords them a chance to eat peaches. Most of the boys have enjoyed the work.

We are glad that we have a modern cannery where food can be prepared for future use.

The Scout Room

By Robert Lee, 10th Grade

Mr. Walters and some of the scouts of Troop 61 are cleaning a room above the Cotton Mill to be used for scout meetings. The troop flag and other things the scouts make, such as bird houses and model airplanes, will be kept there.

Our Radio

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

All the boys in our school have access to a radio part of the time. We hear many good programs from time to time. One program we hear is the Training School program on Tuesday at 11:45 A. M.

Some times some of the boys get to hear the radio programs in the bed room. Some of the good programs we hear at night are "Crime Doctor," "Can You Top This," "Talent Scout," "The Sclenly Laboratory Hour," "Hit Parade," and "It Pays to Be Ignorant."

All the boys are glad to have a radio, and they should try to take care of it. We are glad that our officers will let us listen to the radio in the bedroom. This is a privilege we get when we behave.

Our Pet Rabbit

By Robert Jarvis, 6th Grade

We boys of Cottage Number 3 have a pet rabbit. Talmadge Duncan and I take care of him, feeding, watching, bathing, and exercising him. We have built him a rabbit pen back of the cottage where he stays while we are in school and at work. We feed him carrots, lettuce, and other vegetables that are good for a rabbit. We are going to take care of him.

Horseshoes

By Hugh Cornwell, 10th Grade

The School on Thursday, July 25th, received three sets of horseshoes. We shall use them at play period, for stakes for them have been placed on the school grounds. All the boys appreciate having them.

Mr. Liske got the horseshoes for us, and Mr. Walters fixed the place for us to play. After he had fixed the stakes, he read some of the rules to the boys. We boys are going to take very good care of the horseshoes.

Our Booklets

By George Swink and Leroy Wilkins, 5th Grade

All of the boys in the fifth grade made little booklets to put the songs in for our program. The boys who went to the radio station on Tuesday of last week used them in singing the songs. The names of the songs are: "Behind the Scenes," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," "Harvest Hymn," "Maryland, My Maryland" and "The Old North State."

Mrs. Liske told the boys of the fifth grade that she was going to give a prize to the boy who kept his booklet the neatest. Leroy Wilkins won the prize in the morning section, and Robert Elder won it in the afternoon group.

The Chapel Program

By James Knight and Russell Beaver, 5th Grade

First on our fifth grade program we sang "America, the Beautiful," after which J. C. Rhodes led us in prayer. We then sang a stunt song, "Behind the Scenes." Glenn Davis, James Christy and James Swinson recited poems. We also had a play, "From the Pages of History." Billy Jenkins gave the introduction. James Dunn was "American History," and the Indian was James Knight. The parts of the Thirteen Original Colonies were played by the following boys: James Christy, Glenn Evans, Russell Beaver, Emory King, William Stamey, James Peterson, George Swink, Leon Martin, Harry Thompson, Kenneth Wells, James Cauthen, Glenn Davis and Edward Johnson. Leroy Wilkins had the closing part, and Donald Hendrix acted as George Washington.

The play included some familiar songs, including our own state song and an Indian song. We wish to thank Mrs. Liske for working with us on the songs.

The Picture Show

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

The movie shown on Thursday night of last week was entitled "The First Yank in Tokyo." The army asked for a young man who would volunteer to go to Japan as a spy to get information about some kind of bomb from an engineer who had been captured and put in a Japanese prison camp. The Japs did not know that this man was important, and they let him work.

The young volunteer allowed the American surgeons to fix his face to look like that of a Jap. They told him that once his features were changed by plastic surgery they could never be changed back. The Chinese underground helped him get into Japan. He finally arrived at the prison camp where the American engineer was being held. He was assigned to hospital duty, which gave him an opportunity to talk to the engineer. He persuaded him that he was not a Jap and that he had come to get the information that was so badly needed. He saw his girl friend an army nurse, who had also been captured by the Japs, and who was acting as head nurse in the prison camp hospital. She thought she recognized him but was not quite sure. He finally planned a way of escape. He was just about ready to go when a Japanese officer, who had been his classmate in an American college, recognized him. At that moment an ammunition plant blew up, and he escaped with his girl and the engineer. They were pursued to the beach by Jap guards. A submarine was waiting for them. He told the engineer to take the girl and go back to America. He knew that he could never be happy with his girl while he had a face like a Jap. He had already told her who he was. The submarine got off safely. The young soldier was killed in the battle with the prison camp guards, just sixty miles from Tokyo. He had bravely done his part to preserve peace for America and for the world.

The boys enjoyed this movie, and they wish they could see more like it.

———:———

Every day of my life makes me feel more and more how seldom a fact is accurately stated; how almost invariably when a story has passed through the mind of a third person it becomes, so far as regards the impression it makes in further repetitions, little better than a falsehood; and this, too, though the narrator be the most truth-seeking person in existence.

—Hawthorne.

"I'LL DO ANYTHING BUT TEACH SCHOOL"

By Enid LaMonte, in Household Magazine

Miss Brown shut the door of her empty schoolroom and sank into the chair behind her desk with a sigh. It had been a hard day.

First, the school bus had been late, necessitating a last-minute rearrangement of her morning schedule. No sooner had she really interested the children in their arithmetic lesson than a member of the school board had walked in, asking to hear recitations in spelling and reading, and discussing one of her problem boys in a low voice with her at such length that the entire class had grown restless and disorderly before he took his leave. Next, Mary Jones had developed difinite and unpleasent symptoms of measles; by the time the schoolroom floor had been cleaned, the room aired, and Mary sent home, the geography period was over with little accomplished. And finally, when the 3:30 bell rang for dismissal she had had to keep Tommy Blake for half an hour to help him with his multiplication tables.

Yes, it had been a hard day. Wearily Miss Brown reached for a pile of papers and notebooks lying before her.

"'If I can get these corrected before five o'clock, I'll take a good walk and go to the early movie," she thought. "I need a change."

However, hardly had the first paper been marked and laid aside when the door opened.

"It's only Susie Smith's mother," a sprightly voice announced. "I know you are terribly busy, but I've come to find out why my poor child has to sit next to that dreadfull Meegin boy, and when are you going to give her the mark she really deserves in arithmetic."

Then, pulling a chair close to the teacher's desk, Mrs. Smith added in a lower tone, "And I thought perhaps I'd better tell you too, that one of the mothers saw you last Saturday out walking in a pair of slacks, with a young man. She didn't like it, my dear, and neither do I. It really isn't dignified. Of course, as I told her, you haven't been here long enough to know just what we parents expect of our teachers. Now let me tell you—"

Dusk had fallen when Susie's mother, having laid down the rules by which the teacher's life should be guided, and having also tried to obtain special favors for her child, at last departed. Rebelliously Miss Brown gathered up her uncorrected papers. Resenting Mrs. Smith's interference with her personal and professional affairs and knowing that her evening's recreation was now out of the question, she left the school, wondering what unkind fate had ever led her to embark upon a teaching career. Mrs. Smith, on the other hand, drove home, well satisfied with her interview.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Smith—at heart a kindly person—would never have dreamed of in-

vading the office of her child's dentist without an appointment, or of meddling in the private life of her child's physician. Why, then, did she feel free to so impose upon her child's teacher?

The answer to this question is hard to find, but the incident is indicative of an attitude which too frequently exists in the minds of the American people. This attitude has reacted and will, unless modified, continue to react unfavorably on our children. It is the attitude of people who for some strange reason do not recognize the fact that school teachers are human beings; that like other human beings they are entitled to live their own lives as they see fit, provided, of course, they behave like ladies and gentlemen and do their work well.

Surely we want people to teach our children to be the most normal, the sanest, and the best-balanced men and women in the land. Yet, in countless communities it has become the custom to consider teachers almost as a race apart—a strange race made up of men and women who must at all times be paragons of virtue, part saint, part servant. Unthinkingly, demands are made upon the time, and restrictions are imposed upon the private lives, of those men and women. Talented, alert, energetic, well-balanced young people are thus kept from entering the profession, where they are so sorely needed. Those already engaged in teaching are often turned into overworked, unhappy, repressed, and sometimes neurotic individuals.

In such communities the daily habits, dress, conversation, recreations, and friendships of the men and women who teach in the schools are subject to almost constant surveillance and criticism. Teachers are censured for smoking, for wearing high-heeled shoes or using lipstick, for playing games or dancing, for reading certain books, for strumming "boogie woogie" for doing all sorts of things which, when done by other adults who frequently come in contact with children, pass unnoticed. Even able teachers, liked and admired by their pupils, may lose their jobs because of the violation of some written or unwritten rule set up by the school board or parents.

The writer hersefl was ance threatened with dismissal because she changed her residence from the small town in which she was teaching to a nearby city, hoping that in the anonymity of urban life she might occasionally forget her chosen and dearly loved profession. She numbers among her acquaintances a young woman who nearly lost her position in a private school because she was seen in a skating rink and refused to forfeit her right to take part in any sport she chose; a history teacher who was forced, after much controversy, to resign because he told his class that the Russian government had improved the lot of the peasents; and a high school teacher who was discharged in the middle of the year because she dared to get married.

Thousands of teachers throughout the country have lost their jobs for various reasons which have no bearing upon their fitness or ability to instruct the young.

Not only are teachers frequently denied the right to live where and how they please, but too often they are treated, especially by parents,

with condescension. They find themselves ranked, in spite of their long years of preparation for their profession, little higher than nursery governesses or domestic servants.

Fortunately, there are not many parents like a certain Mrs. B., who invited a lonely young teacher to her home for the weekend and announced on Saturday:

"I know you won't mind, my dear, if Mr. B. and I leave you with the children this evening. The girl who usally stays with them couldn't come this week, and we always play bridge on Saturday nights."

But there are many parents like Mrs. S., who would never have dreamed of asking the plumber to repair her kitchen sink for nothing, but did not hesitate to invite Johnnys teacher to her son's birthday party, taking it for granted that the teacher would be delighted to supervise the games.

There are others like Mr. L who., ensnared his son's high school instructor with a dinner invitation only to spend the entire epening "talking shop," discussing the boy and his problem.

And how frequently parents ask teachers to some social function, only to mar their pleasure in the event by introducing them brightly to the other guests as "Joan's English instructor," or "the poor man who is trying to pound some algebra into Tommy's head."

Now, Mr. King may not object to being introduced as "my husband's lawyer," and Mr. Simpson may be glad to be presented as "Bill's business partner." But sad to say, many men and women who should be proud of the fact that they are engaged in one of the finest professions in the world, are reluctant, because of their peculiar status in society, to be labeled as teachers. Well do they know that the very word teacher places an unwelcome restraint upon them and influences the attitude of other guests toward them. If anyone doubts this let him ask the teachers in his town, especially the younger ones (the older ones may have become somewhat resigned).

Many a time the writer, when asked her vocation by a new acquaintance, has found herself evading the issue as long as possible. Often she has heard her colleagues, placed in a similar situation, trying to laugh the question off with, "Oh, I'm a teacher, but I hope I don't look it," or "Well, I teach school, but don't hold it against me." Numbers of teachers, if they are honest, will admit that they feel happier, freer, and less self-conscious in a social group if they are not tagged with their profession, but are known and accepted simply as human beings.

Because of their position in the social scheme of things countless teachers, who should be partaking actively and constructively in the life of their community, are driven to loneliness and introspection.

There is another factor which prevents thousands of the men and women who instruct our children from taking their rightful place in society. That factor is, of course, the woefully inadequate salaries which most of them receive. The men and women who are molding the minds and characters of the children are being paid far too little to permit them to give

the best that is in them to their work and to their communities.

In some localities teachers earn barely enough to keep body and soul together, and must resort to supplementing their meager incomes with all kinds of extra work—tending babies at night, selling books from door to door after school is over, working in stores on Saturdays, doing countless other jobs which make great demand upon their time, their mental vigor, and their physical well-being.

So short a time ago as 1942 there were eighteen states in this country—the richest in the world—paying an average salary of $1,500 a year to teachers in urban schools, while in twenty-three states teachers in rural schools were receiving less than $1,000 a year—in some cases much less. In Missouri, for instance, the average yearly salary for country school teachers was $436; in Georgia $582; in Nebraska $679; and in Kentucky $695.

Fortunately, teachers' salaries have risen slightly during the past three years, but they are still far below the average earnings of men and women engaged in industry and in other occupations. Even in 1945, the beginning salary of an elementary school teacher in the state of Maine was $1,000, just about half the average wage of a day laborer. In a Montana city, which pays the highest salaries in the state, the maximum salary of a teacher with a master's degree and ten or more years' experience was $2,700, yet plumbers in that same city were makin $96 a week, or well over $4,000 for the year.

During the small twelve-month period one of the most progressive communities in Florida paid a teacher with fifteen years' experience $1,182 for her work, although the school janitor was drawing a salary of $1,500 and the driver of the city garbage truck made $1,740. In a well-known New England boarding school, the cook, who for some time had been getting more money than any of the instructors, left in a huff because the school could not afford to pay him the salary he demanded—a salary equal to that of the headmaster.

When one considers the salaries teachers are paid, the treatment accorded them by the general public, and the restrictions imposed upon them by school boards and parents, it is small wonder that thousands of able men and women have left the profession. Small wonder, too, that countless intelligent young people who would make excellent teachers are saying, in effect: "I'll do anything but teach school." Naturally class rooms are overcrowded, many schools are dangerously understaffed, and there is widespread criticism of our educational system.

What can you, the reader, do to help to relieve the serious situation herein described? Here are a few suggestions:

1 Make an effort to know the teachers in your community, aside from any contacts you may have with them through the schools.

2. Forget, in your social intercourse with them that they are teachers.

3. Try to have your local school board rescind any and all unnecessary or humiliating regulations which they may have made in the Victorian past

to govern the personal lives of their teachers.

4. Fight hard to have salaries in your local schools raised to a high enough level that the teachers may be relieved of the financial worries which prevent them from doing their best work.

In doing these things you will not only be improving the lot of the teachers. You will also be improving the educational opportunities of your children, and therefore helping to shape a better America.

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NO INDISPENSABLES

Recently, when an efficient public official resigned his government job to go with a corporation that offered him a fancy salary, one columnist wrote: "The loss to the government is irreparable." He evidently holds to the exploded theory that there exists an "indispensable man." There is no such creature. For a time it is a genuine loss for an able man to retire, but in a brief time another learns to fill the position so well that the advocates of the indispensable man vanish.

When Andrew Jackson was practicing the doctrine of appointing men of his political faith to succeed Federalists, he ordered the removal of an official in the Treasury Department to make room for an honest-to-goodness disciple of Democracy. The cabinet officer rushed to the White House to protest against the removal, saying: "We cannot carry on without him." That didn't faze Old Hickory. He turned to his secretary and directed him to write a message to Congress, asking the abolition of that position. Why? He said that if the man was indispensable, he might die some day and the government would go on the rocks.

The governments—Federal, State and local—managed to get on as well when rotation in office was in vogue—just as well as now when the demand is for permanent tenure.

No man is indispensable and no resignation is "irreparable."

—Raleigh News & Observer.

IT GETS IN YOUR BONES

By Lou Rogers, in North Carolina Education

Thirteen years before the mast, and that last one nearly got me. Last May when school was out, I came limping in to port with my sails in tatters and my hull badly scarred. It was the hardest year of my teaching experience and I thought I was through.

The first ten years of teaching seem like a dream. I don't remember feeling any divine calling to teach but I liked it well enough. I was interestd in my work, and for the most part happy with my lot in life; and so I taught merrily along, neither bothering about the past, nor worrying about the future. Then I became dissatisfied, sometimes bored; sametime the kids got on my nerves.

By the middle of last year I had definitely made up my mind. It wasn't the people; they had been lovely to me all the nine years that I had been in their community. It wasn't the children; they were no worse and no better than children everywhere. It was not the school; it was a good school and an old one. I told my self that it was teaching two grades; you do have to burn the candle at both ends and then come up laking no matter how hard you work. I told myself that it was nine years in the same place; that really is too long for the average teacher to stay on in one place; but the real trouble was with me. I had lost my enthusiam and was growing stale. Everytime I walked into my room I felt suffocated smothered, dying by inches.

That is when I made up my mind to leave the profession. I resigned two months before school was out so that I couldn't drift along in the same old rut another year. Then, being a stubborn person, I walked up and guided my little craft to shore.

I meant to cut all the strings but maybe I didn't quite have the nerve because I kept in touch with my superintendent all of the time that I was walking, talking, asking determined to find a new type of job. June came and things began to pop right in my face. I had told myself that I would accept any job that paid as much as fifteen dollars a week. In the meantime I had been busy teaching Vacation Bible School so I could not accept that first job that paid exactly the required amount. The other three presented themselves during the same week. The third job paid a marvelous salary and was for the duration. The fourth topped teaching by a few hundred dollars and was for life. I began to see how teachers felt about the worth of a collage education when their kid sisters straight out of high school, with only a simply stenographic course, could make a better living for themselves, than they with four years of hard work, degrees, and experience, could ever hope to make. I did not accept either of the last two jobs because I had already accepted the second which really was "a honey."

There was everything nice about "Public Works." The office-manager was trim, quick, businesslike, efficient

and cheerful; besides he had a sense of humor, an asset in any profession. The other two men and the seven women were congenial to work with and generous to the newcomer. The offices were comfortable, light and airly. The building was only two and a half blocks from my house. The hours were no longer, and the pay was as good as could be found in the average office. There was a chance for advancement as one learned the work. It was a job that would be there for life. I went to work in earnest to learn meter books, the billing machine, the graphotype, the addressograph, the stamping machine, and the correct way of receiving payment from customers. I was happy in my new work.

Yet, deep down in my heart, I was not sure that I wanted to quit teaching. I kept inquiring around among principles about vacancies and I was offered seven positions before I finally made up my mind. One was a nine month's school but I didn't want to leave town. One meant teaching two grades. Another had a transportation problem, and so on. All of the time that I was making excuses, I was fighting for time. Then one Sunday when I was in Chapel Hill, I came in contact with a principal and teachers from my country. Right then and there I became homesick for the classroom. Suddenly I didn't mind being an old maid school-teacher any more. I wanted to get back in harness. I remembered back when I had first started teaching. I liked it all right. I didn't mind this year, or the next, or the next. It was those years ahead when I would have to wear "specs," have gray hair, seem queer, and be thought of as a cranky old maid school-teacher, that I was determined to avoid. Well, I had arrived. If one was not an old maid school-teacher after thirteen years of it, one never would be. It really isn't so terrible. I know a little bit about a lot more things, I know many more people, life is much more interesting, more vital, more alive, than it has ever been before.

Of course there were the summers I had spent climbing mountains, racing along the seashore, and sailing on the lake. They were wounderful and I hope the mountains, the seashores, and the lakes, will be in the same places after we've put the Germans and the Japs back in their places. Those eight terms in summer school were enriching. There was at lease one course each term that proved interesting and worthwhile, and the summer school contacts always brought new friends and left pleasant memories. I intend to go back as soon as I can make the grade financially. This past summer, however, has not been wasted. You would be surprised to know how much you can learn in an office that will broaden your outlook in a classroom.

No teacher is wasting time when she learns another profession. It is a very worthwhile thing to do. In the first place it is a safety value. If you happen to be teaching because you have to make you own bread and butter (and who of us doesn't have to?), and you don't like it but keep at it because it's the only thing you know, you better get out before it puts you in the insane asylum or the grave. Learning a new profession,

even if you have to borrow the money, will give you both a dignified and a happy exit. In the second place it will help solve the economic problem. No teacher can support herself for twelve months, much less meet other obligations, on what she makes teaching during eight months. With the rising cost of living, any teacher would be using her head if she would learn how to supplement her meager salary in some way. In the third place it give you a different attitude toward other people. Teachers are too prone to be clannish. As a rule they konw too much about their own profession and about other teachers, and not near enough about other people and their problems. In the fourth place it gives you a healthy attitude toward yourself—a feeling of independence and security that teachers have been too long without. If you know that you are capable of doing something else but are teaching because you prefer it, the little annoyance will not seem half so tragic.

Perhaps teaching gets in your blood. An uncle on my mother's side, several generations removed, established a military school; a great uncle was a charter trustee of the college that I attended; my own mother taught for a year before deciding in favor of a private school for five of her own; one of my father's cousins established a woman's college; another one raced about over several states trying his hand as president of universities; even my father took a try at it; at least a dozen teacher cousins are scattered around in various schoolhouses over the state. One of my sister's has been in the profession longer than I have but she is not a bit oldmaidish or "teachyfied." In fact, she is the most enthusiastic and "alive" person that I know in the profession. When she returns, after several months at Columbia University, I expect to get some pointers from her.

Whether teaching is in my blood or not, I know that it is in my bones. I can' wait for that first faculty meeting. If any of my intimate friends read this, I can just hear "Has Lou lost her feeble mind?" Not exactly; I hope I've found it instead.

If you've ever sat through a 2 hour county meeting, you've probably done your share of griping too. Before it was over you too, were most likely firmly convinced that you had ants, or worse still, worms. You've probably wondered too, why they coundn't have written all that hokum in a letter, knowing quite well all the time, that you never would have bothered to read it. You've probably begun your meeting by dragging through "America" with the rest of them. After that, while several people got up and "made a todo" or "beat about the bush," you probably settled down to examining the pedagogs present. I've always found them the most interesting thing about a general faculty meeting, anyway. But why describe one of those meetings? If you would like to see yourself in one, read "The World With a Fense," Chapt. II, Part 1. You will grin in appreciation of Marain Sims' picturesque drawing of a familiar scene.

Seriously though, most of the speeches are a necessary introduction to the year's work. You are lucky if you have a superintendent like

mine, good to look at, easy to listen to; an one who gives you the feeling of "O.K., let's get down to work and find out what we can do to have a happy and successful year together." Then too, it is to your own advantage to hear from your State Department, your County Board of Health, your Welfare Agency and your Farm and Home Demonstration Agents. You may not think so at first, but you really will be calling on them before the year is over. However, if you just can not take it all at one sitting, turn your interest on your colleagues. They will give you plenty to think about.

This year, I think it will be different. Whether we open with "God Bless America" or "Johnny Git Your Gun," I think all of us, even those of us who are monotones, will be joining in that song with our whole hearts. I think the speaker will feel the urgency of the hour and will say more in less time. I think the teachers will be more interested, and interesting. There will be a wider difference between those who couldn't get out and those who wouldn't get out; there will be a closer bond between each one in the profession; there will be a feeling of sticking together for something more important than even "dollars and sense." I can't wait to say "Hello" to the old familar faces, and "How Do You Do?" to the new ones.

I can't wait to see my new classroom and all the funny and serious little faces, who will be my pride and my problem during the coming year. I've taught long enough not to expect angels; I've even taught long enough not to want angels. An angelic room sounds sweet but it couldn't possible be very interesting or very absorbing.

My ship is waiting at full mast; the sails are mended and the prow is pointed outward. I am eager to get started even when I know that it is bound to be a year of rough sailing. I'm no longer tired, or bored, or afraid; I'm a tar now with salt in my hair and teaching in my bones.

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Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trickery and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity in another. A knave would rather quarrel with a brother-knave than with a fool, but he would rather avoid a quarrel with one honest man than with both. He can combat a fool by management and address, and he can conquer a knave by temptations. But the honest man is neither to be bamboozled nor bribed.

—Colton.

AGREE WITH THINE ADVERSARY

Adapted from Ross L. Holman, in "Good Business," "Sunshine Magazine"

"The last time I drew this bill to your attention you denied owing it. If this is the kind of skin game you are trying to play, I hope you enjoy it."

I read this pungent message on a statement I had just taken out of the mailbox. Was my face red! Not only that, but I could see red all the the way to the man's place of business. This unflattering reference to my supposed delinquency concerned two bushels of clover seed, priced at twenty dollars. I had bought the seed two months before from the Bartell Seed Company, had it charged and carried it away. Later in the same day I went back to the store and handed Mr. Bartell the money. Having a number of customers in his store at the time, he had neglected to credit my payment.

Now the matter was running into a stage of personalities and name calling. If this was the kind of racket Bartell wanted to play, I told myself, he stood to lose more than my patronage. My farm had used a lot of seed during the past few years, and this dealer had been the chief beneficiary. It would be expensive for him to lose so good a customer, but it wouldn't cost the customer a cent to lose the dealer. All I would have to do would be to switch to another one.

I quit trading with Bartell, but it didn't stop him from hounding me about the bill. Reminding him of the time place and circumstance did not register with him at all. To him my story looked like the baldest kind of subterfuge to get out of paying an honest obligation. Of course, I had made a serious mistake in not getting a receipt when I paid him, but it was too late to do anything about that.

As time passed, I began to take a different view of the situtation. Although I wouldn't admit it at first, I was gradually forced to admit to myself that Bartell was probably honest in believing he had never been paid. Although I had paid the obligation, it stung my pride painfully to think that a man who stood as high in the community as Bartell believed me to be dishonest. This belief probably was shared by the clerks in the store, and possible by others whom he might feel in honor bound to tell that I was a poor credit risk.

The matter was finally dropped. When we meet on the street Bartell greeted me as though nothing had happened. It didn't make me feel any better, however, to think that every time he saw me he would identify me in his mind with a dishonest transaction. I began to question whether such an opinion of my integrity, even though mistaken, was worth the twenty involved.

What complicated the situation further was the fact that money from farm operations was not coming easily at the time. A dollar looked as big to me as a cartwheel. The farmer was suffering enough economic without having to pay his debts twice. Still, Bartell's appraisal of my character irked me to

such an extent that finally I walked into his store and planked down another twenty dollars on the counter right under his nose.

"I am paying this," I told him, "with full knowledge that I do not owe it, but I want to clear out of your mind any idea that I value the money more than my integrity."

Bartell accepted the money, and thanked me profusely for "squaring the account." I wondered whether he believed what I told him on settling, or just felt that I was trying to save my financial reputation. I still did not trade with him.

Two years passed. At this time I was managing, in addition to my farm, a local farm co-operative. Farmers pooled their products, and I, the manager, had the responsibility of finding markets, collecting on sales, and distributing the proceeds.

Then I got "stuck" with a carload of strawberries that represented the products of six farmer members. I had induced them to bring in their berries to fill a carload shipment to an Eastern market. It represented a nice sale at a good price for the struggling farmers. After the car was loaded, there came a wire cancelling the order. The market to which I had intended to ship collapsed, and the cancellation had left me and the co-operatives "holding the bag." Six trusting fellow farmers confidently awaited their strawberry checks.

There was a slim hope of closing out the berries locally in small lots and save the day for the co-operatives. Several merchants bought a few cases, but after combing the town, I still had over half a carload of berries on hand. The last merchant I interviewed said, "Why don't you try Bartell?"

Bartell! What did I have to do with him? But I was on the spot. My six trusting members were in no way to blame for my quarrel with Bartell. But, surely, Bartell had plenty of places to buy berries without taking my distress shipment!

I called in my reserve of courage and went to him as a supplicating seller instead of the cocky buyer I had been when I transferred my trade to another dealer a few years before. But when I explained my predicament, he said, "Certainly I can use them. I had thought of phoning some producers to fill my orders, but I'd just as soon have yours."

An eye-for-an-eye business policy had brought bitterness and loss of profitable business relations, but a simple truth stressed by the humble Galilean teacher had proved to be a workable business policy. This fact was impressed on me with enormous empahsis as I carried Bartell's check back to my warehouse. When a man beats you out of your coat in a business transaction, it might be better to throw in your cloak also, and forget it. It takes a lot of courage to do this, but it is cheaper than a persistent enmity that is full of both economic and spiritual losses.

I had finished closing the entire car of strawberries at a price even better than the Eastern order would have netted. But when I got back to my office with Bartell's check, I noted to my amazement that he had mistakenly made it thirty dollars more than the price he had agreed

to pay!

Here was a chance to get back the twenty dollars I had unjustly paid, but the thought gave me nothing more than a fleeting satisfaction. Bartell had proved a friend in need, and this was no time to square off old grudges. I rushed to his store and felt the triumph of my life when I pointed out his mistake, and laid the thirty dollars down on the same counter that had received the twenty dollars of grudge money I had paid him two years before.

Bartell looked down at the three ten-dollar bills. Then he looked up at me with a big smile, and thrust out his hand. "Put'er there!" he said heartily, "and keep the change. I'll make enough profit on those berries anyway!"

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PAYING THE PRICE

Life is a market, it is said. True it is that everything costs. Nothing is given free; if it is, it's not worth having. Willingness to pay is the price of success.

Money is not the only coinage—we pay with thought, long, hard thoughts; with effort, the long pull of persistent toil; with courage, the moral dynamic which the spirit supplies.

A story is told about an old colored minister who was one day seeking to inspire his somewhat apathetic and niggardly audience. Said he:

"This church must get up and walk."

"Amen," exclaimed a pious brother, "let her walk."

"This church," added the minister, "must get up and run."

"Amen, let her run," said the saintly man.

"More than that," shouted the preacher, encouraged by the response, "this church must fly."

"Amen," ejaculated the pious one, "let her fly."

"Brethren, it takes money to make a church fly," climaxed the minister.

"Amen," came from the seat of the saints, "let her walk."

The price, that's the pinch. And it's not even preaching to observe that whether a man succeeds or fails depends largely on whether or not he is willing to pay the price it takes.

—Morganton News-Herald.

ETHICS FOR TEACHERS

Journal of the National Education Association

The teacher should be courteous, just, and professional in all relationships.

Desirable ethical standards require cordial relations between teacher and pupil, home and school.

The conduct of the teacher should conform to the accepted patterns of behavior of the most wholesome members of the community.

The teacher should strive to improve educational practice through study, travel and experimentation.

Unfavorable criticism of associates should be avoided except when made to proper officials.

Testimonials regarding the teacher should be truthful and confidential.

Membership and active participation in local, state and national professional associations are expected.

The teacher should avoid indorsement of all educational materials for personal gain.

Great care should be taken by the teacher to avoid interference between other teachers and pupils.

Fair salary schedules should be sought and when established carefully upheld by all professional.

No teacher should knowingly under bid a rival for a position.

No teacher should accept compensation for helping another teacher to get a position or a promotion.

Honorable contracts when signed should be respect by both parties and dissolved only by mutual consent.

Official business should be tranacted only through proper designated officials.

The responsibility for reporting all matters harmful to the welfare of the schools rests upon each teacher.

Professional growth should be stimulate through suitable recognition and promotion within the ranks.

Unethical practices should be reported to the local, state or national commissions on ethics.

The term "teacher" as used here includes all persons directly engaged in educational work.

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BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of August 4, 1946

Aug. 4—James Wigginton, Cottage No. 4, 14th birthday.
Aug. 4—Willis Caddell, Cottage No. 13, 13th birthday.
Aug. 5—David Kinley, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
Aug. 10—Roy Swink, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.

CHEAP TEACHERS COME HIGH

(Christian Science Monitor)

How will you feel when your Johnny can't go to school because the school is closed for lack of teachers? Or when he is one of such a host of children in the class that he never gets any personal attention, also for lack of teachers?

Parents and other citizens who have been content to pay teachers less than the school janitor, less than the waitress around the corner, have a time of reckoning ahead of them. By all accounting, the current teacher shortage is due to get worse instead of better. Former teachers, let out of the armed forces of the war industries, are not returning to teaching. Young people are not entering the profession.

It is not that people don't want to teach. The successful teacher who writes the article, "Who Will Teach Your Child?" in July Ladies' Home Journal, is in many ways typical. She loves it; she has taught in a small collage for 19 years, spending her summers at her own expense taking necessary advanced degrees and adding otherwise to her usefulness. Yet with all this training, experience, and ability, she now regretfully leaves the profession. She has been, as she says, harassed by a never-ending financial struggle. Her verdict.

Considering the requirements, it is the most shabbily paid of all work. Any boy or girl today who would consider teaching training must, it would seem, have the soul of a worm and the spirit of a mouse.

Teachers as a class are noted for their devotion. They have never put money first. Perhaps too often for the public good they have served the children and hidden their own sacrifices. But the day of reckoning seems to be imminent. The profession has a sickness. Widespread overturn of staffs, poor living conditions, low salaries, unstandardized systems of advancement, dearth of candidates for training—these are symptoms.

Only a rousing of citizens to support the profession, to be willing to pay the trained, educated workers in charge of their children, to honor the men and women who teach, will get at the cause. Until then, able young people will not choose teaching, experienced teachers will not stay in it—and the children, coming along in schools poorly staffed, will pay the sorry price.

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers. They are wreathed around the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. They should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine around the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the most high.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

TEACHER SHORTAGES

(Stanly News & Press)

The school children of the nation will likely suffer more in the 1946-47 school year from the lack of instruction than in any year in modern times, for the teacher shortage has reached a critical stage. The shortage has not developed over-night, for education leaders have been predicting it for years.

The lack of teachers has come as the result of two things (1) poor pay, and (2) a system which does not give proper recognition in the matter of pay and advancement to teachers who are able, conscientious and ambitious.

The people of the country can remedy the first defect in our system, and they will do it when they come to realize that it is poor economy to not have the best possible teachers, a realization that has been a long time in developing.

The second defect must be remedied by teacher organizations, and they are at work on this matter now.

The schools of the nation deserve more thought and consideration than they are getting from the average citizen.

———:———

KILLED IN WORLD WAR TWO

Figures of casualties in the Second World War are not yet exact, but it is interesting to note the figures gathered from the newest and most available sources:

The Axis paid most heavily, Germany lost 3,500,000 men.

Japan's military deaths ran to about 1,500,000.

Italy's losses were between 150,000 and 200,000, and the Nazi satellites, including Romania, Finland, Hungary and Bulgaria, totalled about 25,000.

Russia, with 3,000,000 deaths, had two-thirds of the total Allied losses. (American official estimates of Russian losses run as high as 700,000.)

The British Empire lost 400,000 killed in action.

The United States had 325,000 battle deaths.

The Free French lost 167,000, Poland about 125,000 and the Yugoslav guerillas 75,000.

Greek losses were 50,000, Belgium's 7,000, and Holland, in five days of fighting in May, 1940, had 6,000 killed.

China, since Pearl Harbor, has lost an estimated 250,000 men.

—Morganton News-Herald.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was a visitor at the Training School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Mr. Maylon Watkins, program director af the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., who was the guest speaker at the regular afternoon services. Following the reading of the Scripture Lesson, Mr. Watkins made a brief informal talk to the boys.

The speaker first pointed out that the book from which he had just read a few verses—the Bible—was not simply a book written by different men, but that its contents were inspired by God.

In this book, he continued, we read about "a man who lived among men, and went about doing good." This, of course, refers to Jesus Christ. He had the power to quiet the mighty waves of the ocean; he healed the sick; he caused the blind to see; he raised the dead to life. He was definitely more than a man. He was the Son of God.

Christ came to earth and walked humbly with men. He came to earth, said the speaker, for the purpose of saving men from eternal destruction. Of course, he added, there are many people in the world who do not believe this, but they will find that unless they become followers of the Master, there will be no hope for them in eternity. Jesus can and will save any who will forsake the evil ways of the world and follow Him.

One thing about those who decide to follow Jesus, continued Mr. Watkins, is that He removes the desire for sinful things from their hearts. A person is not saved because of family connections, or because he is a member of a certain church, or because he belongs to any other group of people. He must be saved individually. This can be brought about only by receiving God's gift to man on Calvary's cross.

We must have faith to be saved, said the speaker. Faith, which gives man strength, is made up of two things, belief and trust. To simply say that we believe in Christ is not enough. We must trust in Him and give our lives to His service.

While upon earth, the Master was a humble man, a carpenter, said Mr. Watkins. But more than that, He was a builder of souls. Just as we see carpenters beautify a building, Jesus beautifies the lives of those who are faithful to Him. When a building becomes damaged, we call in the carpenter to make the necessary repairs. So it is with our lives. We may sometimes slip, doing things that will mar our lives, but we have the assurance that Christ will forgive all sins if we turn to him, thus restoring our lives to usefulness.

In conclusion, the speaker asked the boys to always remember that the only worthwhile life is the Christian life. He urged them to decide at the moment to become true followers of Jesus Christ, in order that their lives might become greatly enriched.

SUCCESS IN LIFE

(Sunshine Magazine)

The foundations on which most successful men build their fortunes are as simple as a copybook maxim. There was, for instance, John D. Rockefeller, reputed to have been the richest man in the nation. The biggest word in his vocabulary was "thrift." and it was no gesture when in his old age he distributed dimes among his little friends with the suggestion that they be used frugally untill they grew into dollars.

This revealed no niggardly spirit in the man, as his millions in generosity otherwise attested, but was good advice to a world so accustomed to spend more than it earns. The entire Rockefeller philosophy of life was founded on his daily pratices, embodied in the trite adges that his friends gathered from his informal talks.

Some of them were as follows:

Live within your means. One of the swiftest toboggans I know is for a young man just starting in life to go into debt.

Do all the good you can. Be earnest. Do not be affraid to do your share of work.

There is no feeling in the world to be compared with self reliance. Do not sacrifice that to anything else.

Do not grow old before your time. Maintain an interest in life and in all living things.

I think it is a man's duty to make all the money he can, and give all he can.

Persevere. If you make mistakes, remember that it is only human to err, but try again, and try harder.

The true economy of life, I found, is to find the man who can do a particular thing, and then let him do it unhampered.

Rockefeller practiced what he preached. From the day he drew his first pay—$4.50 a week—he kept an exact record of every cent received and expended. It is significant that some of his earliest entries were such items as "50 cents to a poor woman," and "25 cents to a poor man."

Later in life, when muckrakers and trust-busters were at his throat, he voiced this sentiment: "Sometimes things are said about us that are cruel, and they hurt. But I never despair. I believe in man and the brotherhood of man, and am confident everything will come out for the good of all in the end. I have after my death the truth will gradu- after my death the truth wil gradually come to the surface, and that posterity will do strict justice.

A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star.—E. H. Chapin.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

Want of decency is want of sense.
—Wentworth Dillon.

—:—

A noble deed is a step toward God.
—J. G. Holland.

—:—

Nothing troubles you for which you do not yearn.—Cicero.

—:—

The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

When a man is no longer anxious to do better than well, he is done for.
—Haydon.

—:—

He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.
—Exchange.

—:—

We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it.—Emerson.

—:—

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.
—Coleridge.

—:—

The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew he would never be found out.
—Macaulay.

—:—

The disease of an evil conscience is beyond the practice of all the physicians of all the countries of the world.
—Gladstone.

—:—

The probability that we may fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause we believe to be just.—Lincoln.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.—Chesterfield.

—:—

It is ridiculous for any man to criticize the works of another if he has not distinguished himself by his own performances.—Addison.

—:—

The greatest men in all ages have been lovers of their kind. All true leaders of men have it. Faith in men and love to men are unfailing marks of true greatness.—Sir William Jones.

—:—

Never let your rightness depend upon another's conduct. Keep your own criteria of character intact and independent. Love even when hated; bless even when cursed.
—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

—:—

Do all the good you can, in all the ways you can, to all the souls you can, in every place you can, at all the times you can, with all the zeal you can, as long as ever you can.
—John Wesley.

—:—

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary sinews of character, and one of the best instruments of success. Without it genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.
—Chesterfield.

—:—

It is not until time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.—Longfellow.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 28, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Maynard Chester
Ralph Cranford
William Epps
Dean Harris
Marion Ray
William Speaks

COTTAGE NO. 1

Carl Church
Paul Church
Raymond Harding
Franklin Hensley
Richard Johnson
Franklin Robinson
Billy Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

COTTAGE No. 3

Thomas Childress
James Christy
Paul Denton
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Gleen Evans
Robert Fogle
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
James Maloney
Lloyd Perdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Kenneth Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Billy Arrington
Ray Burns
George Bird
Tommy Carthan
Charles Gibson
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis
James Williams
Earl Hoyle

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Coy Creakman
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Clyde Hill
Bobby Porter
Bobby Peavy
Louis Southernland
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Ralph Gibson
Edward Gwinn
Phillip Kirk
Arthur Lawson
Hubert Prichard
Jimmy Wilds
Eddie Medlin

COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

J. C. Alley
Charles Angle
Gray Brown
Charles Francis
D. B. Jones
Vernest Turner
James Upright
Frank Westmoreland
William Hunter
Gerald Johnson

COTTAGE No. 10

Harvey Arnett
Harrison Dula
J. C. Hunt
Earl Kinlaw
Harry Matthews

W. C. Mills
Burton Routh
Judd Lane

COTTAGE No. 11

Cecil Clark
Charles Davis
Ieslie Gautier
Miley Gunter
Luther Hull
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
Benny Riggins
William Smith
James Tew
Robert Thompson

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Donald Carter
Earl Grant
Terry Harding
James Williamson
Gilbert Wise
Robert McDuffie

COTTAGE No. 14

Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Charles Moore
Harvey Purdy
Jimmie Smith
Thomas Styles
Charles Todd
James Walters
Thomas Wansley
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

John Greene
Marshall Lamb
Evon Myers
James Peterson
Charles Rhodes
Willie Stamey
Ralph Stewart
Bobby Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russel Beaver
Robert Cannady
Ray Covington
Allen Hammond
William Harding
Harvey Jacobs
Carl Locklear
Douglas Mangum
Benny Payne
Bobby Furr
Harold Manus
Ray Naylor

INFIRMARY

David Brooks
Norman Henshell

SOMEBODY BELIEVES IN YOU

"Everybody said it wasn't in him, but I knew it was," said a prosperous business man recently concerning an employee who was working his way rapidly to the front of the big concern. "When I first promoted him," he continued, "others told me that I had made a mistake. But I believed in him, and he has made good."

When President Lincoln congratulated General Grant on his great victory in the Civil War, he replied, "I have succeeded because you believed in me."

There is no greater stimulus to high endeavor than the knowledge that somebody believes in you; that somebody sees something in you which the crowd does not see, and that somebody expects great things of you. And there is always somebody who actually does believe in you.—The New Leaf.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 10, 1946 No. 32

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MY PRAYER

God, let me live each lovely day,
So I may know, that come what may:
I've done my best, to live the way
You want me to.

Forgive me if I do not pray,
In church on every Sabbath day;
The ultra sanctimonious way,
As some folks do.

Just let me know if I should stray,
That I may stop along the way;
At any time of night or day,
And talk to You.

—Elsie Janis.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

ACCOMPLISHED CARE

All things grow lovely in a little while,
The brush of memory paints a canvas fair;
The dead face through the age wears a smile,
And glorious becomes accomplished care.

There's nothing ugly that can live for long,
There's nothing constant in the realm of pain;
Right always comes to take the place of wrong,
Who suffers much shall find the greater gain.

Life has a kindly way, despite its tears
And all the burdens which its children bear;
It crowns with beauty all the troubled years
And soothes the hurts and makes their memory fair.

Be brave when days are bitter with despair,
Be true when you are made to suffer wrong;
Life's greatest joy is an accomplished care,
There's nothing ugly that can live for long.

—Edgar A. Guest.

AUGUST 14th IS V-J ANNIVERSARY

August 14th is definitely recognized as the anniversary of V-J Day, and in the history books it will forever be recorded as that memorable event when the Japanese warlords surrendered to the American forces in the Orient. On August 9th last year word was flashed from the broadcasting stations that Japan was ready to surrender, but by proclamation of President Truman, the date of August 14th will always be regarded as the official date terminating all fighting activities.

President Truman has proclaimed the day as one "for solemn

commemoration of the devotion of the men and women by whose sacrifices victory was achieved."

He did not designate it a Federal holiday but ordered that the flag be displayed on all government buildings.

He urged Americans to observe the day with prayer and "high resolve that the cause of justice, freedom, peace and international good will shall be advanced with undiminished and unremitting efforts, inspired by the valor of our heroes of the armed services."

He reminded citizens they still must work for a "just and enduring peace."

The conclusion of the war with Japan, of course, brought great joy and rejoicing to the people of the United States. From the date of the official opening of the war at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 until the fighting ceased on all fronts, the fighting forces of the American soldiers encountered bitter opposition and suffered frightful losses. For a period of more than three years and eight months, our soldiers engaged the Japanese in mortal combat, and there were moments during the war when it seemed as if the tide of battle might turn against our forces at any time. On numerous occasions our forces encountered staggering losses. The manner of warfare which they encountered caused much confusion and consternation in the minds of the military leaders. There were moments indeed when the atmosphere seemed to be filled with grave doubts about the final outcome. At times it was uncertain what the Chinese would do, and also what plans the Russians had with regard to Japan. The end, in fact, could be anticipated as favorable only because there was faith in the American soldier, in the quality of his armaments, and in the support given by the great masses of the American people.

It is probably true that there has never been another war in American history in which there were such barbaric methods of warfare as were encountered in the war with the Japanese. Because the Japanese had a bloated conception of their mission in the world and because of their utter disregard for the common rules of warfare, there was no way to deal with such soldiers but to kill. It was utter folly at any time to place any trust in what the Japanese soldiers, from the highest general to the lowest private, would do if they but had the opportunity. During the war there was wide-

spread slaughtering of prisoners by the Japanese, and this occurred because it was sanctioned and promoted by the officers of the High Command. In other words, according to their conceptions of warfare, the slaughtering of prisoners of war, or any other similar practice, was legalized.

Likewise, in the prisons and in the concentration camps there was indescribable torture and suffering so that many strong men sickened and died; many incurred diseases and afflictions which left their bodies and their spirits weakened and ruined forever; many others lost their mental faculties and became as wild men. There were times when many soldiers were crowded into prison ships and put down into the holds without sanitation, without air, without ventilation. They rode to the sad destination of eternity itself, and some were famished and exhausted beyond the limits of human endurance. The full story of such punishment and such suffering can never be known.

The world will never be allowed to forget the death march of Bataan. The documents of history will forever record that fateful march enforced upon American prisoners, when they were forced to march even though they were weakened and famished and thirsty and exhausted. Today, as one looks at the picture of San Fernando, where the march ended and where those who were still alive, boarded the train that was to carry them to a prison camp, there comes the feeling that this was a frightful arena of warfare. There must, however, have been in the minds of those who were able to hold out, some measure of relief that they would now be permitted to ride, even though the ride would be in cattle cars, instead of having to trudge along exposed to the whip and lash of merciless guards.

During the war with Japan, wherever the Japanese army entered as conqueror, there was widespread terror and uncontrolled looting of property. There was nothing too wicked or too cruel for the Japanese soldier to do. To him, the essence of warfare was to torture or to kill, because in his heart there was no regard for a fellow being.

Today, at the end of the first year of peace, we find that the army of occupation in Japan has been able to do an excellent job. The people of Japan have been cooperating, either willingly or otherwise, with the soldiers under General MacArthur. Today there is

an almost universal acceptance of the fact that Japan has lost the war and the best way out is to work in conjunction and cooperation with the occupying forces of the United States. The Japanese soldiers and also the civilian population show an unusual amount of courtesy and respect toward the American soldiers. If they fail to understand the orders which are given to them by the army of occupation, as a rule the Japanese show great concern because they have been disciplined to be obedient to the military authorities. Almost always the following expression is made by the Japanese: "So sollee."

At the end of the first year of peace, it seems in reality that Japan is at the threshold of a new day, and instead of the nation being dominated and overridden by unscrupulous warlords, that the time is at hand when the laboring classes and the underprivileged will have advantages far superior to anything they have ever known before.

America has abundant cause to be grateful and gratified that we have enjoyed a year of peace and tranquility. Much yet remains to be done before all the frustrations and animosities engendered by the war shall have faded away, but we are far on the road to the achievement of that time when peace and goodwill shall prevail between the peoples of the Orient and the United States. As we prayed God's blessings upon the fighting forces during the war we now come again to pray the divine blessings upon our dealings and our relationships with the people of the Orient, who represent such a vast portion of the human family.

* * * * * * * * *

THE PROGRESS OF THE PROGRESS REPORTING

When someone has usually been at a thing for as long as six weeks or more, the statement that "the situation is now well in hand" or "I now have my feet on the ground," most frequently finds the way into that individual's conversation. For me and progress reporting maybe, I should be able to say this truthfully at this date, but the way I look at the subject, the situation is never too well "in hand." There are always the unexpected incidents that manage

to force their way in and upset my "state of equilibrium," and I start struggling all over again.

At the present, I have completely finished eighty-seven of these so-called progress reports and have partially finished about fifty more. In a six weeks' period, this probably appears as a slow, drawn-out process, and to a certain extent it is. Just reading the case histories and checking the office reports is only the beginning, for by doing this, I merely get some insight as to how to approach each boy, and whom to see concerning that person. Then the work really begins—locating the whereabouts of each boy and finally getting to see him is part of the task. Trapping the poor teachers at their first free moments to find out how Jimmy is doing in the classroom is another phase of the work; taking part of the work supervisors' and cottage supervisors' time at lunch and at nights, checking their opinions of how Jimmy is doing his assigned work and how he is behaving in the cottage at the present, just about completes the picture. All that is left then is combining all these various reports into a readable summary for the welfare department and, finally dropping it into the mail.

Rather long and time-consuming, but most interesting, to say the least, especially with me learning so many new things every day. Why I didn't even know that the proper name for marbles now was "dabs" until one of the boys informed me of the enlightening fact. And so it goes every day, something new with every boy and with every progress report!

In these progress reports the major factors to be considered are as follows: (1) Statement of background prior to commitment. (2) Boy's own story. (3) School work. (4) Vocational assignment. (5) Character traits. (6) Special interests, talents or hobbies. (7) Health. (8) Recommendations of Reviewing Committee.

The goal is to make a progress report on each boy at the end of his first six months' stay at the school, and then at the end of each succeeding six months' period.—F. R. T.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Most Popular Game

By Garmon Hubbard, 10th Grade

One of our popular games at the school is baseball. The boys take a delight in playing this game. Since there is a majority of small boys in each cottage, softball is a common sport.

Another popular game with the small boys is shooting marbles. Pitching horse shoes is a favorite game, too.

Basketball is played in the gymnasium during the winter months. Each cottage has a basketball team, as well as baseball and football teams.

September marks the beginning of the football season. There are two football fields on which the boys play.

Books I Have Read

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

Because I like to read, I try to select the best literature. I enjoy reading books on travel, science, poetry, history, and biographies. In connection with my tenth grade work, it is required that I read and report on at least eight books. While reading is a good pastime hobby, it also helps "quench the thirst" we have for knowledge. I have read and reported on the following books: "The Perilous Fight," by Nert H. Swanson; "Patton, Fighting Man," by William Bancroft Mellor; and "Stories of Luther Burbank and His Plant School," by Effie Slusser, Mary Williams, and Emma Breson; "Atomic Energy in the Coming Era," by David Dietz; "The Pocket Book of Popular Verses," by Ted Malone; and "The Kid From Tompkinsville," by John R. Tunis.

The most interesting books that I have read are books of biography and poetry. The bioggraphies tell you of the lives of the famous men who have done a lot for us. While Burbank was improving the plants, other great men were fighting. Because of war, men had to have war weapons, and others were doing their daily chores around their homes. The men who fight are not necessarily the heroes, for the men who farm are doing as much as the men who are fighting.

All of the books I have read are very interesting. However, there are others that I have not read that I am sure are just as interesting.

Chapel Program

By Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade

The chapel program Friday morning and afternoon was given by the first grade boys. They were under the direction of Mrs. Hawfield. The program began with a song, and then every one stood and repeated together the twenty-third Psalm. This was followed by the Lord's Prayer. We remained standing and saluted the flag. This was part I on the program.

Part II of the program consisted of songs and poems about the circus.

The first poem was "The Circus," and the first song was "Poodle Noodle Nonsense." The song was sung by Earl Hoyle, Bernard Webster, Donald Carter, Robert Driggers, Donald Branch, and Ralph Seagle. After this, the poem "The Merry-Go-Round" was said. These same boys sang "I Choose a Flying Horse." Then there was another poem, "The Elephant, "The Giraffe, and I," which was followed by another song."The Humpy Camel," another poem, "Circus Day," and another song, "Merry-Go-Round," ended Part 2 of the program.

Part 3 was really a funny selection. It consisted of stunts. First they had a "Bull Dog Walk Race." Elbert Gentry and Eddie Medlin were the two bull dogs. Then Earl Hoyle and Donald Branch performed a stunt entitled "William Tell Stunt." Following this, they had some "High Jumps." While very few of us can do it, a boy then came out on the stage and stood on his head for a few minutes. We all enjoy going buggy riding. Well, the first grade boys surely gave us a good demonstration of one. Then Roy Orr came across the stage with Russell Seagle standing up straight on his shoulders. Following this, a few boys gave a little act, "Did You Ever See a Circus Clown." Russell Seagle really performed well. He came out and did some good stunts. "Roy and His Broom" was another good act. Roy Orr balanced a broom on his chin for a long time, and then he walked across the stage with it still balanced on his chin. This was the end of Part 3.

The first grade boys then gave a play entitled "Spangle Land." It consisted of songs, poems, speeches, and a parade. The parade consisted of a ringmaster, riders, a lion, the tall man, a bear, peanuts, balloon, and popcorn sellers, a clown, a zebra, the fat lady, an elephant, a monkey, a tiger, and a giraffe. As these animals came out on the stage, the boys sang a song about each one. This ended the program.

This was a very good play. As you have already seen, it was based entirely on a circus. Mrs. Hawfield and her first grade boys worked for a long time, and they also worked hard to get this program together. They also did a very nice job in presenting it to us. Everyone enjoyed this program very much.

New Boys

By James Hensley, 10th Grade

Since August 1, six boys were admitted to the school department. The grades in which they were placed are as follows: First Grade, Ernest Johnston and Larry Johnson; Second Grade, J. C. Taylor; Third Grade, William Lunsford; Fourth Grade, Robert Rice; and Jackie Melvin, Seventh Grade.

When admitted to the school department these boys are expected to do their best, which we hope they will do.

Radio Program

By Gerald Johnson, 10th Grade

Last Tuesday morning, a group of tenth grade students went to give the regular radio program, with Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Godown, who led them in their singing.

To begin the program, the boys sang two songs which were "The Beautiful Garden of Prayer" and "An Evening Prayer," which were followed by a talk by Mr. Hawfield. In his talk, Mr. Hawfield gave a report of the meeting of the Board of Correction which was held at the school recently. The group then sang"Others" as their concluding number. Although only six boys went to the radio station, there was some good singing with the help of Mr. Godown and Mrs. Liske. Robert Fogle, Kenneth Staley, Thomas Wansley, Robert Lee, Harvey Leonard and W. C. Mills were the boys who went to sing.

Boys Released

By Gray Brown, 10th Grade

Recently three boys have been released to go to their homes. Their names, grades, and home towns are as follows: James Allen Hammond, who was in the Fourth Grade while he was at the school, was allowed to go to his home in Pembroke; George Jones, who also was a boy of the school and was in the Third Grade, was allowed to return to his home in Asheville; Howard Holder, who was in the Sixth Grade, was allowed to return to his home in Greensboro. We all hope these boys will do their best.

Football

By Hugh Cornwell, 10th Grade

Being that baseball is just about over, all the boys are looking forward to the happy time when we play football. Most of the boys are hoping we get to play tackle, but that will be left up to Mr. Walters, our physical education director.

Special Sixth Grade Holds Contest

Recently the Special Sixth Grade, under the direction of Mr. Hines, held an English Contest. It was a review of the work which they had already had this year. The test included practice on verbs, sentences, kinds of sentences, contractions, capitalizing, and punctuation of sentences.

The winner of the contest was Clifton Rhodes. Others who did exceptionally good work were: Tommy Childress, Howard Herman, Lawrence Littlejohn, and Harold Kernodle.

These boys have been doing fine work and are now in the higher section of the grade. By September 1st, they will be classified as Special Seventh Grade students.

Health At the SChool

By Kenneth Staley, 10th Grade

At Jackson Training School, every effort is being made to continue the splendid health record. From the time when the first boy came to this school until now, this school has had a good health record.

Never since I came to the school have I been to the Infirmary for anything serious. Of course, anyone might hurt his hand, cut his toe, or skin his knee, but those things are to be expected.

Every year the dentist comes and makes a complete check-up on all the boys' teeth two times. At the present time the dentist is at the school working on the boys' teeth.

The first of spring every boy is

checked for the need for removal of bad tonsils. This examination is made at the Cabarrus County Hospital. All of us are very proud of this splendid health record, and we will do all we can to continue it.

The Picture Show

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

On Thursday night the regular picture was "Thunderhead, Son of Flicka," starring Roddy McDowell as Ken McLaughlin.

It was the story of a boy and his horse.

Ken had a horse named Flicka and a colt named Thunderhead. He had hoped to have a racer of his own. The colt was just like the Albino, a wild stallion that for many years had taken the best horses from the ranchers.

He broke Thunderhead himself and entered him in the races at the county fair. He started off slow and came up ahead. Then he became afraid and stopped. Ken's father told him that Thunderhead would never become a race horse because he had a strain of wild blood from the Albino that would make him a born stallion instead of a racer.

While Ken and his father were out one night, Thunderhead broke loose from the tree to which he was tied and ran away. Ken followed him to a valley surrounded on all sides by cliffs with only one entrance. Here the Albino kept his herd of stolen mares.

Thunderhead fought and killed the Albino and took over his place at the head of the herd. He led them back to the ranch, and there Ken's father told him that he would have to give up Thunderhead.

Ken took off Thunderhead's halter and let him go into the place once held by the albino.

This was a good picture, and all the boys enjoyed it very much.

News Items

By Robert Lee, 10th Grade

All the boys at the school enjoyed a fine fried chicken dinner last Sunday. These chickens were raised in the school's poultry yards. Eight chickens were sent to each cottage. We wish to thank Mr. W. M. White and Mr. Liske fro making this treat possible.

For the past three weeks we have been getting some fine cantaloupes. On Thursday of last week, thirty cantaloupes were issued to each cottage. The watermelons are not ripe yet, but we hope to have some soon.

We are sorry to say that the third grade boys' frog died. Since it can be used in the collection of amphibious animals, Mrs. Baucom will put it in alcohol, where it can be kept for several years.

For the past week, Mr. Horne, with the help of some of the boys, has been cutting hair. Most of the boys like to have their hair cut short, so it will not get into their eyes when they are in swimming.

Mrs. W. M. Morrison, our second grade teacher, is on her vacation. While she is away, the second grade boys will work at the cannery.

Plans for Forming a Club

..By William H. Smith, 10th Grade..

The second year English class has been making plans to form an English club. In our English, we have been studying about "The Class as a Club." In this we learn about the election of officers, making motions, addressing the chair, making amendments and the duties of officers and committees. We are also studying about conducting programs when the club meets. We hope, if time permits, to form our club in the near future. This is going to be a great help to us as it works right in with our second year English.

After the club is formed, we will hold a meeting at least once a week. Since our class is small, the club will also be small. It will consist of thirteen boys, of whom three will be officers. We hope the boys of our class will take an interest in the club. Mr. Hines, our teacher and principal, is proud of the way we do our school work.

New Club Being Formed

By Thomas Wansley, 10 thGrade

Have you ever belonged to a club in your classroom? While most of the boys have not, I am sure we would all enjoy it. The tenth grade boys are forming a club. We have not elected our officers yet, but we plan to do so next week. The officers will be elected by the class. There will be a chairman, a secretary and a treasurer. These officers will be boys who are well suited for an office.

As the time is drawing near for the public schools to open, we will not be able to have our club long. I am sure it will help the boys, even for this short time. Although we will have to let our membership in this club go when we leave, we can form other clubs in our classrooms at home. The experience we have here will help us to prepare for our next one in the public schools. We will know exactly how a club is formed and operated.

We have decided on an English club but have not yet selected a name for it. Each one of us has a different opinion on which name will be the best. However, this doesn't mean that we do not have cooperation in the club. It just means we haven't had a meeting yet to determine the name for it.

In our club, we will have programs at each meeting. Some of the selections will be: "A Magic Carpet Program," "A Vocational Program," "A Current Events Program," "Book Friends," "A Motion Picture Review," "The Players," "Science Program," "Community Day," "The Story Tellers," "Experience Day," "Our Poets" and "A Hobby Program."

Boys Attend Church Service

By William Smith, 10th Grade

On Sunday night, August 4th, a large group of boys from the Training School attended the First Baptist Church, Concord. The purpose of their going was to receive the Lord's Supper. These boys acted very nicely and reverently. After the service Rev. Mr. Summers arranged for the boys to line up, and the members of the congregation passed by and shook

hands with them. The deacons of the church led this greeting line.

At this service, Mr. Hines, who was in charge of the group, assigned a few of the older boys to be in charge of five boys each. These boys were made responsible for the conduct of the smaller boys. The boys he chose were: Gerald Johnson, Hugh Cornwell, William Smith, Kenneth Staley, Robert Lee, Robert Fogle, Ralph Gibson, Donald Stultz and Robert Jarvis. Most of these boys were from the ninth and tenth grades. The other boys who went were: Horace Collins, Jack Lambert, Clay Shew, Howell Willis, Bobby Woodruff, Bobby Kerr, John Hill, Clyde Hill, John Gregory, Robert Mason, Ralph Gassoway, Hubert Pritchard, Richard Davidson, James Wiles, James Swinson, Edward McCall, Ray Roberts, Keith Yandle, Charles Bryant, Benny Riggins, Eugene Martin, Charles Todd, Clifford Martin, John Roberts, James Shook, Harold Kernodle, David Brooks, Norman Hentschell, James Arrowood, Thomas Childress, James Christy, Paul Denton, Joseph Duncan, Lindsay Elder, Talmadge Duncan, Glenn Evans, James Dunn, Daniel Johnson, Lawrence Littlejohn, James Maloney, Lloyd Perdue, Clifton Rhodes, Leroy Shedd, Thomas Staley, and Clyde Wright.

Kannapolis Defeats Local All-Stars

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

On August 2nd, a team of boys from Kannapolis defeated the Training School All-Stars by the score of 13 to 4.

The Kannapolis boys took a 4 to 3 lead in the first inning and were never passed.

Turner started on the mound for the All-Stars and pitched a fine game until he was relieved by Pate in the fourth inning.

Johnson played a fine game behind the bat, making a number of nice plays.

Pate, Westmoreland and Lee led in batting for the Training School boys. Lawing led the Kannapolis hitters.

Baseball and Softball Semi-Finals

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

Cottage No. 15 advanced to the finals in the baseball race, last Saturday afternoon, by defeating Cottage No. 3 in a hard-fought game by the score of 5 to 0.

Both teams were deadlocked until the fifth inning, when Elzo Fulk scored on Hefner's single. Three more runs were added in the sixth, and the final run was scored in the seventh.

Crump went the route on the hill for the victors. Cornwell started on the mound for No. 3, but was relieved by Fogle in the seventh.

In the softball semi-finals, the boys from Cottage No. 15 won the game from Cottage No. 3 by the score of 16 to 12.

Lamb and Wicker led the batters for No. 15, while Elder and Hamlin did the most stick work for the No. 3 boys.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD HOME FOR CHILDREN

By S. G. Hawfield

Generally speaking, when it becomes necessary for a boy to be sent to a correctional institution, it is because his own home, into which he was born and where he has lived, has failed him in the basic needs of a good home. This fact is not always true, but in most instances it is. In far too many instances there is in the home too much neglect of children, too much dissension, too much frustration, too much disregard of the parental responsibilities. Consequently, all this leads to poor example before children. And to a feeling of insecurity on the part of the child.

Therefore, when a boy comes to the Jackson Training School we feel that it is incumbent upon those of us who administer the affairs of the school to do as much as possible to provide for the boys during their stay with us those things which should be found in a well-ordered and well-regulated home. To the extent that we are able to do that, just to that degree are we fulfilling the function for which the school was established. This, of course, is a big assignment—it is a big responsibility and calls for devotion to duty, constant attention, and a good amount of intelligent guidance and instruction.

Therefore, at the school, because they typify the necessary functions of a good home, we make provision for the following major activities:

1. All the boys attend Sunday school and church services regularly.
2. All the boys participate in wholesome recreation which is varied and suited to the needs of the boys. Most of the recreation is under supervision and guidance of some adult.
3. All the boys attend the day school regularly, and as much as possible is done to improve their educational achievements.
4. All the boys are taught to be respectful of authority and to be obedient to superiors.
5. All the boys are taught to work at some worthy and useful trade or vocation.
6. Provision is made for all the boys to eat wholesome and nutritious foods as a basis for building strong bodies and preserving good health.
7. Provision is made for training the boys into regular routine habits of being in the home where they may find guidance and rest instead of tramping the streets until the late hours.
8. An effort is made to provide for the boys the companionship and the friendship of an older person who really takes the place of the boys' parents.

A recent newspaper editorial made the following significant comments:

In our struggle to solve many of the problems which are disturbing mankind, we somehow seem to make

a deliberate effort to avoid getting down to the fundamentals.

For instance, we spend much money and time trying to correct the evils which stem from unfortunate marriages, and yet we have taken no steps to place restrictions on marriages—restrictions that would get at the source of these evils.

Much has been said in recent years about delinquency among the children, and there has been a rush to supply them with recreatioanl centers; the church has been called upon to lend its influence in correcting bad bad situations; the schools are seeking to meet their responsibilities; and various other organizations are trying to do their part in keeping the boys and girls on the right track by providing wholesome diversion and recreation.

But there is one agency which does not seem to have felt the pressure of this problem as much as it should, and that is the home. We have no intention of condemning the parents of today for neglect of their responsibilities, but we would like to point out that unless the right influences are brought to bear on the children in the home, all the other agencies in the country cannot save the children.

The home is the place in which to build character and good habits in the boys and girls, and that is the responsibilities of the parents. If they avoid this responsibility and try to push it off on some other social agency, we may expect more and more trouble with the younger generations.

More than anything else, discipline is the missing factor in the development of the boys and girls of today, and if that discipline is not exerted in the home, then it will be when these boys and girls step out into life. Fortunately, many of them fall into line, but those who resist the discipline which life itself exerts become our criminal element.

The big problem today is to convince fathers and mothers that more thought and attention should be given to the establishment of a home in which the fellowship is enjoyable, where there is respect for the rights of each member of the family, where discipline is a factor in the conduct, not only of the boys and girls, but also of the parents, and where love makes the apparent hardships pleasant and more enjoyable.

We have full faith in the ability of the American people to solve their problems, but we need to be reminded often of the fundamental factors, which we seemingly forget at times.

—Stanly News & Press.

THE PLACE CALLED HOME

It is more than brick or mortar,
With a roof to shed the storm.
It is more than walls and windows,
With a hearth to keep us warm.

It is more than just a tavern,
Where hungry mouths are fed;
Or where, when day is ended,
We rest our weary head.

It isn't just a hangout
Where there's nothing else to do,
Or to which we blindly stagger
When the night's carouse is through.

It's a haven when we're battered
By the tempest of the day,
Where there's peace and understanding
That will charm our cares away.

It's the place to which our hearts return,
Though our errant feet may roam.
It's our earthly bit of heaven—
It's that paradise called home.

—Martin F. Owens.

EDUCATION MUST GO ON

By Wendell L. Willkie

The following is the text of a talk by Wendell L. Willkie, delivered at Duke University, Durham, and broadcast over the Mutual Broadcasting Company network at 8:30 P. M., E.W.T., Thursday evening, January 14, 1943.

I think it can be stated as almost an historical truism that the greatest civilizations of history have been the best educated civilizations. And when I speak of education in this sense I do not have in mind what so many today claim as education, namely, special training to do particular jobs. Clearly, in a technological age like ours, a great deal of training is necessary. Some of us must learn how to be mechanics, some how to be architects, or chemists. Some will have a special aptitude for medicine. And a great many will have—or think they have—a mysterious talent which induces them to undertake the practice of law.

But none of these specialties constitute true education. They are training for skills by which men live. I am thinking, rather, of what we call the liberal arts. I am speaking of education for its own sake: to know for the sheer joy of understanding; to speculate, to analyze, to compare, and to imagine.

Look back across the panorama of history. Is it not true that the pinnacles of civilization have been achieved by the cities and states most proficient in the liberal arts and occupations? In their contributions to the enrichment of human life, the Greeks, I believe, tower above us all. Yet this is not because the Greeks were good navigators, which they were; nor because they were great architects, which indeed they were. It was rather because almost al their leaders—and many of their citizens whose names we do not know—enjoyed knowledge and reverenced the arts. The Greek cities

conquered the eastern Mediterranean with the sword. But they conquered posterity with their minds.

The onrush of what we call modern civilization has obsured this essential truth of history. People—some of them in very high places—have openly disparaged the liberal arts. You are told that they are of little help to a man in earning his living or in making a contribution to his fellow men. The thing to do, you are told, is to get trained; learn an occupation; make yourself proficient in some trade or profession. Of course this advice is sound, so far as it goes. But the inference, and sometimes the outright declaration that frequently follows it, strikes at the very roots of our society. The liberal arts, we are told, are luxuries. At best you should fit them into your leisure time. They are mere decorations upon the sterner pattern of life which must be lived in action and by the application of skills. When such arguments gain acceptance that is the end of us as a civilized nation.

Today we are engaged in a desperate war, and we need for the fighting forces almost all the young men who would, normally, have had an opportunity to acquire a liberal education. It is right and proper that these young men should abandon their education temporarily and go forth to fight. It is right and proper that the universities of this country should turn over to the armed forces whatever facilities can be made useful. The government is moving very vigorously in this direction and no patriotic citizen will fail to cooperate.

But I must confess that the attitude in which the conversion of the colleges has been undertaken, together with certain public declarotions fill me with alarm. A few weeks ago, for instance, an administration spokesman advised all young girls to devote their time to technical training courses in college or to leave college and go to work. Now it is clear that we cannot solve our manpower problem without putting women to work. Yet the fact is that there are millions of women above college age, not needed in their homes or for the care of their children, who are still available. Until these older women are all employed there is no need whatever to drag young women out of the colleges and to deprive them of their one great opportunity for a liberal education. On the contrary, it is a very harmful thing to do. For just now millions of our young men are being deprived of this opportunity, and the per capita percentage of college attendance in the United States is going to fall to a record low for our time. At least, therefore, let us preserve, through the women of America, the continuity of the liberal arts.

In fact, so important are the liberal arts for our future civilization that I feel that education in them should be as much a part of our war planning as the more obviously needed technical training. There will be a certain number of young men in every college who, for one reason or another, are not available for military service. They should be given the facilities whereby they may go on with their education. There will be a certain number who will be return-

ed disabled for active service, but of sound and eager mind. Ways should be provided by which they may continue their education. In addition, there should be some provision in the manpower program for leaving a nucleus in the colleges of men whose aptitudes qualify them as definitely for our long range needs as, let us say, other men are obviously qualified for medicine. So, the structure of the Liberal Arts Colleges will be preserved during the war and so, minds will be trained and enriched for the humanizing and civilizing of the world to come after.

Furthermore, the men and women who are devoting their lives to such studies should not be made to feel inferior or apologetic in the face of a P.T. boat commander or the driver of a tank. They and all their fellow citizens should know that the preservation of our cultural heritage is not superfluous in a modern civilization; is not a luxury. That it is in fact what gives meaning to that civilization. It is what we are fighting for. And they are serving their country just as surely in fitting themselves to preserve it as are the men who fly the planes or man the ships or fire the guns.

For we cannot win a true victory unless there exists in this country a large body of liberally educated citizens. This is a war for freedom—freedom here and freedom elsewhere. But if we are going to risk our lives for freedom, we must at the same time do all we can to preserve the deep springs from which it flows. Recently we have been prone to think of freedom in purely economic terms. It is true that a man cannot be free unless he has a job and a decent income. But this job and this income are not the sources of his freedom. They only implement it. Freedom is of the mind. Freedom is in that library of yours, around which this campus is built. When you range back and forth through the centuries, when you weigh the utterance of some great thinker or absorb the meaning of some great composition, in painting or music or poetry; when you live these things within yourself and measure yourself against them— only then do you become an initiate in the world of the free. It is in the liberal arts that you acquire the ability to make a truly free and individual choice.

Our American higher education for many years has felt the influence of the German university. And it has been a harmful influence. It has encouraged the sacrifice of methods that make for wide intelligence to those who are concerned only with highly specialized knowledge; it has held that the subject is more important than the student; that knowledge is more important than understanding; that science, in itself, can satisfy the soul of man; and that intelligent men should not be allowed to concern themselves with politics and the administration of state. Such matters should be left to trained politicians. President Hopkins of Dartmouth has stated these trends more clearly than anyone I know and has pointed out that "It would be a tragic paradox if, as a result of the war, we were to allow our system of higher education to be transformed into the type of education which has made it so easy for a crowd of govermental gangsters

like Hitler's outfit to commandeer a whole population.

The destruction of the tradition of the liberal arts, at this crisis in our history, when freedom is more than ever at stake, would mean just that. It would be a crime, comparable, in my opinion, with the burning of the books by the Nazis. And it would have approximately the same results. Burn your books—or, what amounts to the same thing, neglect your books —and you will lose freedom, as surely as if you were to invite Hitler and his henchmen to rule over you.

The preservation of our system of liberal education during the war will make an enormous difference in the moral and human tone of our society in the future, of the very atmosphere in which the peace is made, and, since we are not an isolated society, of all civilization after the war. Let me remind you of Irwin Edman's recent fine statement of the significance of the very word "humanities." "It is not trival art or playful thought. It is the name for the whole of the tradition of civilized life which from the Greeks down has accented freedom in political life and individuality and creativeness in personal relations, creativeness in art, and originality in the experiment of living which is each individual's opportunity. If the humanities or the humanistic temper which they promote, are permitted to lapse now, we shall have lost the peace before we have gained it, and the real victory after the war will be the way of life, inhuman, tyrannical, mechanical, of those whom we shall outwardly have conquered."

In pleading for the humanities I am not preaching any gospel of highbrowism. The relationship between a liberal education and freedom is good sound American doctrine. There are hundreds of colleges in this land of more or less advanced education, and in recent years they have been graduating thousands of students every year. Naturally all of these graduates are not proficient in the liberal arts. And yet no matter how they may have neglected their college courses, or how over-zealously they may have specialized, they have won some measure of equality with all the great minds and all the challenging personalites of all time. That fact has been immeasureably important in making our American doctrine of equality a real and living doctrine.

I regret that during the last several decades we have had a tendency to overlook this important American fact. And I think we are paying the penalty for our shortsightedness in unexpected ways.

For instance, there has been a trend recently toward what is called "leadership"—but what is really nothing more than the idolization of individual men. In Italy, Mussolini took the title of Il Duce—the Leader on the grounds that he was the one man who could fulfill the destiny of the Italian people. Not long after, in Germany, Hitler began calling himself Der Fuhrer. The politics advocated by these men were totalitarian, and therefore, antipathetic to our way of life. Yet the over-emphasis on single individuals has gone on, even in countries which are fighting totalitarianism now. Everywhere you turn today, you find people clinging to certain men who have been exalted

in the public mind out of all proportion to their talents, however great. In Russia there is Josef Stalin, in China, Generalissimo Chiang Kaishek, in Britain, Winston Churchill, in the United States, Franklin Roosevelt. The stature of these men is in every case out of the ordinary and they deserve the high positions they have won. And yet, dare we say that any one of them is indispensable? The moment we say that, our world must change.

I do not know all the reasons for this emphasis on single individuals. But I do perceive a connection, here in America at any rate, between that emphasis and the neglect of the liberal arts. Had we more faith in liberal education we would have, I believe, more faith in ourselves—more faith in the great leavening process of democracy, which forever pushes new men to the top.

I have had the privilege of meeting most of the great men of our time of conversing with them itimately. I have talked with and know all the allied leaders I have just mentioned, and many more besides. Yet I can say truthfully that, however impressive their abilities—and I have found them impressive—I saw nothing in them that could not conceivably be duplicated in Akron, Ohio, where I practiced law for many years, or here at Duke University. I think it was William Howard Taft who said that you could find a man fit to sit on the Supreme Court Bench of the United States, in any town in America of more than 5,000 population. Possibly Mr. Taft exaggerated. Yet surely the principle has been proved time after time in American history. The vast American educational system has set men free—free not alone to serve, but free also to lead. Education is the mother of leadership.

Now I think there is another phenomena of our time which is linked with our failure to grasp the real significance of liberal education. This is an excessive indulgence in the practice of what is known as censorship and propaganda. Of course, censorship of military matters is necesssary in order to conduct a war. But this principle is being daily, if not hourly, abused and extended to many other matters that have no military significance whatsoever. More and more the doctrine of telling us what we should know is being adopted.

It is of course natural for men who attain high office to seek to preserve themselves from the ordeal of public criticism and to attempt to stimulate approval of their policies and so to perpetuate themselves in power.

And those who are suppressing free discussion among us and our allies have of course a rationalization for their policy. They say that they must conduct political warfare. In the conduct of political warfare, they claim, it is damaging to say certain things. The enemy, they tell us, picks them up, distorts them, uses them against us. All this, of course, is true enough. But what of it? The time has never been when men did not seek to distort the utterances of their enemies for their own advantage. And what has won out in the long battle? Always the truth. Spread the facts, analyze them, de-

bate them, make them available to all the world.

There is no other form of political warfare that can possibly win the great political struggle in which we are engaged. Truth alone can win it.

Is not this worship of leaders, this willingness to be told what to think, this unquestioning acceptance of unnecessary restrictions on our freedom of speech, is not all this part of the sam trend—the trend away from self-reliant judgment, the trend away from the little towns, the trend away from the diginity of the common man, the trend away from liberal education, by which men achieve equality in fact as well as in law? We have seen these impulses take root in other countries, which are now our enemies. We have seen them carried to their dreadful conclusions. We have seen the exaltation of government, the abasement of culture, and the resulting violation of all that civilization cherishes. We have seen the devolution of human aspiration. It is a tragedy as great as men have ever witnessed. And it is our task, a task in which we shall be engaged for the rest of our lives, first to stop it, and then to repair it.

There is much discussion now—and quite properly—of the matter of war aims. Yet I have listened to some of these speeches with misgiving. I have shuddered to hear a member of our government planning, when the war is over, to police the education of our late enemies, after the traditional manner of conquerors. To disarm those enemies, yes. To take whatever measures are necessary to prevent rearming, yes. To remove from the necks of the people an enslaving totalitarian rule, certainly. But having done that, education is another matter. It must grow out of and carry on a native culture. To determine the nature and manner of their own education is the right of men everywhere. And alien ideals superimposed by force will only produce resentment and hatred.

Too many of the planners, I feel, are trying to look ahead by looking backward. Too many are seeking the future in the past. I find in many of their speeches an attempt to solve everything by their pet economic theories—the same attempt that has nearly ruined us during the last ten or fifteen years. The study and practice of sound economics is indispensable to a successful solution of the peace. And yet even sound economics cannot define the aim of the peace, nor the aim of the war. To discover that aim we must go deeper. We must establish beyond any doubt the equality of men. And we shall find this equality, not in the different talents which we severally possess, nor in the different incomes which we severally earn, but in the great franchise of the mind, the universal franchise, which is bounded neither by color, nor by the creed, nor by social status. Open the books, if you wish to be free.

Now, in the midst of war, I give you as war aims the perpetuation of this university, your right to attend it, and the certainty that your children, if they so wish it, can follow in your steps.

BOYS

By W. E. Sharp, in The Reformatory Herald

A boy is a lad or youth in the school or prepatory years of life.

Boys are born into this world neither good nor bad. His mind develops according to the laws of nature from the blank of babyhood to the self-reliant personality of manhood.

So far as a boys mental equipment is concerned, two great factors, heredity and environment, determine the fate of every individual. The native equipment comes through heredity from his ancestors.

The development and training of these capacities bestowed upon him by his ancestors are left to environment.

Boys do not grow to be good boys just by themselves because their parents are rich, poor, or of moderate means.

During the early adolescent period of life, which is a period of physical expansion, life is full of impulses, contradiction and surprises.

At this time he begins to feel a new sense of power, independence, and self-assertion.

He is critical, resents authority, is no longer credulous, demands proof, wants to see things in their true light.

It is a period of turmoil and confusion, If we press authority, when he demands reason, we are likely to encounter difficulty.

It is a time of abnormal self-conscientiousness and a morbid habit of introspection.

This makes him hard to deal with because the adolescent is naturally secretive.

It is during the youthfull formative period of life that tendencies toward social misbehavior begin.

Much crime unquestionably, is the result of poor direction and wrong habits begun during adolescence and springs into action when youth rebels against parental restraint to chart his own course.

Sentimentality, hysteria, blind rage or drastic punishment will not cure youthful delinquency. It cannot be checked by the future threat of prison walls, the gallows, or the gas chamber.

Your boy might have been a good boy if you had kept telling him he was a good boy.

Boys need sympthy, profound understanding, skillful guidance, and training, and all the resources of modern science during their critical period of growth and infinitely difficult problems of adjustment.

Neither condemn or redicule but try to understand.

The laws of nature are the thoughts of God. Which prompts me to conclude there is no such thing as a born criminal except the palpably insane.

The moral fiber in the boys character has weakened somewhere along the line under the stress of enviornment or circumstances.

With bad habits of thought, defective reasoning methods, and a self-centered suspicious personality, coupled with an active and sensitive emotional background, undereducated, un-

derprivileged, he struggles for existence and the right to get and have what he feels is his share of the world's goods.

The age of the boys and the crime committed are in indication of the failure of the home, the school, the church and society in general to properly discipline, train, guide and provide the proper environment at the time of life when a boy is most susceptible.

The Process of readjusting ones self in the changing society of today is not an easy one.

Society will have gained little from the incarcerations of maladjusted and emotionally unstable personalities types, unless social living attudes are developed so as to include tolerance, cooperation, responsibility and a fair and just appreciation of the right of others.

———:———

THE POSTAGE STAMP'S LESSON

There was a little postage stamp
No bigger than your thumb,
But still it kept right on the job
Until its work was done.

They licked it and they pounded it
Till it would make you sick,
But the more it took a lickin'
Why the tighter it would stick.

Let's be like the postage stamp,
In playing life's rough games.
And just keep on a-stickin'
Though we hide our heads in shame.

For the stamp stuck to the letter
Till it saw it safely through,
There's no one could do better;
Let's keep sticking and be true.

Just help your friends in trouble
And cheer them on the way,
'Twill give their lives more gladness,
'Tis well worth while today.

A tear for the broken-hearted,
A word for the man that's blue,
A helping hand for the aged—
Adds strength and courage new.

—Exchange.

END OF THE SPREE?

(The Pathfinder)

From various parts of the country come hints of a new, cautious attitude on the part of shoppers. In Washington a man who paid $12.50 for an electric fan two months ago found he could buy one this month for $4.40. In Chicago, New York and other cities, department stores report the reappearance of a pre-war phenomenon—the women shoppers going from store to store and comparing prices before buying.

Retail buyers were not the only ones holding back. Construction and building costs had soared so high that big commercial builders and even local and state government roadbuilding agencies were postponing work in the hope of a drop, perhaps next year, perhaps sooner.

It has happened before. These first breaths of a deflationary breeze recalled a similar feeling that began to grow a little more than a year after World War I. It started with buyers, reluctance to pay inflation prices; in six months it grew into a fullfledged buyers' strike.

One of the first sign, back in April 1920, was the "overalls movement." It was born in the South where few could afford to buy new suits for $100 each; it spread quickly across the country and overseas to England and South America. Overalls were worn by clerks in offices and banks, by school teachers, even by an occasional Congressman.

Newspapers at the time featured stories of extraordinary economy, of housewive feeding entire families on 50 cents a day, of millionaires having shoes resoled two and three times; William McAdoo, son-law of President Wilson and former Secretary of the Treasure, had his picture taken in pants decorated with patches.

By fall of 1920, the postwar inflationary wave had reached its peak; by the year's end, it was broken. Retail clothing prices dropped 20 per cent; food and other manufactured goods started downward. But along with the decline—always a step ahead—came mass unemployment.

Is there likly to be a buyer' strike after World War II? If so, when and what effect will it have.

The answer is that the buyers' strike which followed World War I, thought it received wide publicity, could not be considered as one of the major causes of the end of postwar inflation. It was, rather a popular manifestation of one of the major causes: A leveling-off of the ration between prices and purchasing power.

At the end of World War I, purchasing power was up about 70 per cent over pre-war years, but the cost of living has risen only about 60 per cent. During 1919-20, the cost of living rose 25 per cent (approximately), caught up with and passed the increase purchasing power despite strikes for higher wages and other production delay only slightly less drastic than those of 1945-46. Fron then on, buyers' strike or no,

there had to be a decline in individual spending. The buyers' strike was only a dramatization of that decline.

Purchasing power today, however, is up 300 percent over the last pre-war years of 1939-40, while the cost of living has gone up less than 40 per cent. The tremendous inflationary drag between these two figures has pulled retail trade up past the $90 billion a year mark (more than double 1939's $42 billion), and it still is rising.

There is a big gap still to be filled between the amount of money in people's hands and the amount of goods they can buy with it. The gap will have to be filled—either by increased production or much higher prices or both—before there can be any effective "buyers' strike" or decline in prices.

———:———

THEY LOVED GOLD, NOT ME

Dreams that once were beautiful,
Lie dead 'neath the blue;
Hopes and vows once said truthful
Now fall from me, too.

No way to turn and look now
To build a new dream;
For I do not know quite how
To seek a new theme.

Oh! lost glory I do shout,
Loud! and morbid strong.
Friends, now I see not about.
Fame! 'twas not for long.

I have walked through the deep dale
And its hurt that falls;
Through the surf of howling gale
I ran from true calls.

Wise I am through these dark days,
Now that I am free
From those that have taking ways—
"They loved gold, not me."

—George Hantakas.

HOMEMADE RUGS CAN BRIGHTEN UP HOMES

(Christian Science Monitor)

Braided and hooked rugs, made at home from materials that have already seen service, can be used to brighten rural homes. They add comfort, attractiveness and color to a room, and may be made at small cost.

Ruby Scholz, Extension economist in food conservation and marketing at State College, says that one of the most important factors in making these rugs is color arrangement.

She suggests that plans be made for a scheme which is pleasing to the eye and harmonious to the room, which the rug is to serve. The largest areas—such as backgrounds and borders—should harmonize with the general tones of the room in which the rug it to be used.

Consideration should also be given to such other furnishings as draperies, upholstery, and pictures.

As a general rule, at lease two-thirds of the rags for the rug should be neutral or rather dark in color, says Miss Scholz. Tans, browns, grays, and dull blues ordinarily make the most suitable backgrounds.

For example, one-fourth of the cloth for the background may be dyed a medium brown,one-fourth light tan, and one-half golden brown.

In a rug of the various tones of brown, the addition of touches or orange, crimson, or bright green gives life or accent to the color scheme.

———:———

Two men went to church to pray. One was a so-called leading citizen, and the other a school teacher.

The prominent citizen stood, and with eyes turned upward, said: "O Lord, I thank Thee that I am not like these professional men, even as this poor school teacher. I pay half the teacher's salary; it is my money that built this church; I subscribe liberally to foreign missions, and to all the work of the church. It is my money that advanceth Thy cause."

The school teacher's prayer was quite different. He simply bowed himself in humility and said: "O God, be very merciful unto me. I was that man's teacher."—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. E. J. Harbison, pastor of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 13th chapter of Numbers. As a text for his message to the boys, he selected Genesis 6:4—"There were giants in the earth in those days."

The speaker began by telling how Moses sent members of the various tribes of Israel to search the land of Canaan; how they came back and reported conditions as they found them. They told of the richness of the soil and brought back samples of the fruit to be found there. Caleb wanted to go up at once and possess the land. The men who had searched the land refused to go, saying that the inhabitants of Canaan were great giants, and that it would be impossible for them to take the land away from them.

In speaking of giants, Rev. Mr. Harbison stated that we have giants to overcome in this modern day. The worthwhile tasks of life are difficult. They test our strength and courage. When we do something that is very easy we find that we have accomplished but very little.

It is all wrong, he added, to think that we cannot do the big things in life. The pages of history are filled with accounts of men and women who have done really big things. Even the smallest beginning sometimes leads to the accomplishment of something great.

Even in a school such as this, said the speaker, there are many boys who can do something big each day. It may be that one or more boys can keep a larger boy from imposing on or mistreating a smaller boy. Such a deed, though seemingly of little importance, is really worthwhile.

We all have commissions to perform in life, said Rev. Mr. Harbison, and it is our duty to do them to the very best of our ability. We should not say in the beginning that we cannot do them, but should make an honest effort to do them.

In speaking of men who could be called giants, not because of their size, but by reason of their great accomplishments, the speaker called attention to the following:

Abraham Lincoln was a giant. Born of humble parentage, amid poor surroundings, he rose to great heights, becoming one of our greatest Presidents.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was afflicted with infantile paralysis, but that did not keep him from doing great things. He was elected President of the United States for the fourth time. History will acclaim him as a giant.

Daniel, one of the famous characters of the Bible, was tempted in many ways to go against the teachings of God. Even under great pressure, he remained true to God.

Abraham was a giant. God called and he followed. He and his family did as God directed, and they prospered greatly.

John the Baptist was another giant. The Lord Jesus Christ said of him: "A greater hath not been born of woman."

Jesus Christ was the greatest

giant of all time. He was the Son of God. He came down to earth and lived humbly among men. Although He died on Calvary's cross, He overcame death, and ascended into heaven, where he now sits at God's right hand.

The Apostle Paul was a victim of epilepsy and was a hunchback. Yet he is really entitled to be called a giant. Aside from Christ himself, Paul was the greatest of all preachers.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Harbison told the boys that to be good is to be great. He urged them to strive to become giants, not grasshoppers. He told them to study the lives of great men of history and to try to follow their examples by doing good all through life.

———:———

A DAY

What does it take to make a day?
A lot of love along the way:
It takes a morning and a noon,
A father's voice, a mother's croon;
It takes some task to challenge all
The powers that a man may call
His own: the powers of mind and limb;
A whispered word of love; a hymn
Of hope—a comrade's cheer—
A baby's laughter and a tear;
It takes a dream, a hope, a cry
Of need from some soul passing by;
A sense of brotherhood and love;
A purpose sent from God above;
It takes a sunset in the sky,
The stars of night, the winds that sigh;
It takes a breath of scented air,
A mother's kiss, a baby's prayer.
That is what it takes to make a day:
A lot of loving along the way.

—William L. Stidger.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

Worry is interest paid on trouble before it is due.—Dean Inge.

—:—

Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.—Smollett.

—:—

Truth is beautiful and divine no matter how humble its origin.

—Pupin.

—:—

New ideas can be good or bad, just the same as old ones.

—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

—:—

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.

—Garfield.

—:—

Broadmindedness is the result of flattening out highmindedness.

—George Saintsbury.

—:—

Hating people is like burning down your own house to get rid of a rat.

—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.

—:—

Minds are like parachutes. They only function when they are open.

—Lord Thomas Dewar.

—:—

There is as much greatness of mind in acknowledging a good turn, as in doing it.—Seneca.

—:—

There is no man so low down that the cure for his condition does not lie strictly within himself.—T. L. Masson.

—:—

Grumblers are commonly an idle set. Having no disposition to work themselves, they spend their time in whining and complaining both about their own affairs and those of their neighbors.—M. Henry.

A man who boasts constantly is much like a sword-fish. He wears his only weapon in his mouth.—Madden.

—:—

Do the duty which lieth nearest to thee. Thy second duty will already have become clearer.—Carlyle.

—:—

Do little things now; so shall big things come to thee by and by asking to be done.—Persian Proverb.

—:—

To be sincere with ourselves is better and harder than to be painstakingly accurate with others.

—Agnes Repplier.

—:—

He that does not bring up his son to some honest calling and employment, brings him up to be a thief.

—Old Jewish Maxim.

—:—

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many: not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—Dickens.

—:—

Youth, though it may lack knowledge, is certainly not devoid of intelligence; it sees through sham with sharp and terrible eyes.

—H. L. Mencken.

—:—

Books are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind, to be delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to those who are yet unborn.—Addison.

—:—

I never complained of my condition but once, said an old man—when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented.

—H. K. White.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 4, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Maynard Chester
Ralph Cranford
Robert King
Marion Ray
William Speaks

COTTAGE NO. 1

Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
William Britt
Carl Church
Paul Church
Horace Collins
Richard Johnson
Fairly McGee
Franklin Robinson
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Ray Burns
Robert Furr
Gerald Johnson
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Robert McDuffie
James McMahan
William McVicker
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Thomas Childress
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Robert Fogle
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Lloyd Purdue
Clifton Rhodes
Leroy Shedd
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Ernest Turner
William Hunter
Harrison Dula
James Hunt
Harvey Purdy
Robert Thompson

COTTAGE No. 5

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
John Gregory
Clyde Hill
Robert Porter
Louis Sutherland
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Ralph Gibson
Edward Guinn
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall
Hubert Pritchard
James Wiles

COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Robert Allen
J. C. Alley
Charles Angell

Gray Brown
Lester Ingle
David Johnson
D. B. Jones
Robert Trout
Vernest Turner
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE No. 10

Robert Hamm
James Hensley
Howard Jones
Earl Kinlaw
Hoyt Mathis
Harry Matthews
J. C. Michael
Jack Melvin
Garvin Thomas
Kenneth Wells

COTTAGE No. 11

Cecil Clark
Donald Fagg
Miley Gunter
David Isenhour
Kenneth McLean
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
William Smith
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Earl Grant
Terry Hardin
Garmon Hubbard
James Williamson
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Lawrence Owens
John Roberts
James Shook
James Smith
Thomas Styles
Charles Todd
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
William Caldwell
Jack Crump
Harry Coffey
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
John Green
Robert Holland
Howard Herman
Marcus Heffner
James Johnson
David Kinley
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Evan Meyers
James Peterson
Zeb Presson
Charles Rhodes
Carl Ransom
Alton Stewart
Solomon Shelton
William Stamey
Ralph Stewart
Robert Wicker
Carl Holt

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Ray Covington
Thomas Chavis
Robert Elder
William Harding
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Benny Payne

INFIRMARY

Lloyd Sain

If you devote your time to study, you will avoid all the irksomeness of this life; nor will you long for the approach of night, being tired of the day; nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society insupportable to others.—Seneca.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV | CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 17, 1946 | No. 33

(c) Dr. Frank P. Graham
University of North Carolina

NO ENEMIES

You have no enemies, you say?
Alas, my friend, the boast is poor;
He who has mingled in the fray
Of duty, that the brave endure,
Must have made foes! If you have none,
Small is the work that you have done.
You've hit no traitor on the hip,
You've dashed no cup from perjured lip,
You've never turned the wrong to right,
You've been a coward in the fight.

—Charles MacKay.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

ALL ROADS THAT LEAD TO GOD ARE GOOD

All roads that lead to God are good,
What matters it, your faith or mine;
If both center in the goal divine
Of love's eternal brotherhood?

Before the oldest book was writ,
Full many a prehistoric soul
Arrived at that unchanging goal,
Through boundless love that leads to it.

A thousand creeds have come and gone;
What matters that to you or me?
Creeds are but the branches of a tree,
While the root of love goes on and on.

Though branch by branch be withered wood,
The rest is warm with precious wine;
Then keep your faith and leave me mine—
All roads that lead to God are good.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HOME RELATIONSHIPS AND THE TRAINING SCHOOL

When a boy is sent to the Training School, naturally he is taken away from the people of his family for a period of time. During his stay at the school, the people have the privilege of writing to him and visiting him once each month. Naturally, the families of the boys are saddened by the fact that their boys are away from home and because it involves upon them the expenditures of making visits to the school. Without being critical of anyone, it can be truthfully said that in many instances the home conditions have played a large part in the failure of the boys to make good, and consequently the need for their training at a correctional institu-

tion. Frequently, too, it occurs that many boys, before they are sent to the training school, run away from home, and they have spent much of their time away from home.

However, there are some ways in which parents and other family members can be of great help during the time that a boy stays at the school.

In the first place, every possible effort should be made to rehabilitate the home and put it on a high standard of living. Morally and economically, in many instances the parents of the boys, when the boys are sent to the school, are awakened to the seriousness of the situation, and they become aware of the ways in which they themselves have failed.

Second, many parents fail to understand that a good record and a good home are the two bases upon which boys are released. Oftentimes parents make pitiful pleas and beg for releases for their boys because they are needed at home, without realizing that each case is determined upon its merits, and that boys earn their releases by making good records over a period of time.

Third, occasionally when parents visit their sons at the school they violate the rules and regulations which have been explained to them. Sometimes a boy explains that he would get along better if his parents did not come to see him at all, because they tend to dissatisfy him and bring him articles which are forbidden. Parents have been known even to encourage the boys to run away, which is a violation of the laws of the state.

Fourth, parents sometimes misrepresent and exaggerate about the conditions of the home. In this connection, they should realize that before the boy will return, an investigation will be made by the welfare officials for their approval. It has been known that home conditions were very tense and unfavorable when they were described by one of the parents as being almost perfect. No boy can hope to make good in a home where he does not have a good chance for the right sort of supervision and favorable opportunities.

Many parents fail in their responsibilities when boys run away from the school and return to their home. It is not often that the parents will get the boys and bring them back, but they tend to harbor and shield them. There have been instances, however, when boys returned to their homes were brought back to the school and

pleas made for their immediate release, just because they returned the boys themselves. This places the school officials in an impossible situation.

Fifth, the parents should be very careful in the letters which they write to the boys. They should not tell them about all the wicked and evil things happening in the home and the community. They should attempt to write happy and cheerful letters and give the boys encouragement to abide by the rules of the school.

It is useless for parents to cause a boy to be dissatisfied with his opportunities at the school by telling him how unjustly he was treated by the juvenile courts and other agencies at home. In all instances the juvenile courts have given the boys repeated opportunities to be on probation and make good at home, before they are ever sent to the training school.

* * * * * * * * *

ONE'S BEST EFFORTS ALWAYS PAY DIVIDENDS

Every individual is controlled day after day by his habits and his attitudes, and generally his attitudes and habits are developed gradually and without his being aware of them. One of the basic principles which everyone who would be successful in life must learn is that he must give the best that he has if he is really to achieve success. One of the basic factors involved is a person's own estimate of himself. No one can have self-esteem or faith in himself while he puts half-hearted and cheap service into his work. Poor work on the part of anyone always injures the employer, but in the end it ruins the worker.

One of the best mottoes in life is to be willing to do beyond what one is told to do. In the home and on the job, the person who really forges ahead in life is that one who does more than has been delegated to him.

At the present time there is an alarming tendency on the part of workers to shirk or to do their work in a half-hearted fashion. During the war period they enjoyed fancy salaries and short hours. There was such an acute shortage of manpower that farms and industries were begging people to work. This has caused too many people to develop a distorted and dishonest conception regarding

the responsibilities to their jobs. There is now a widespread feeling that many people are chiseling on their jobs and that the country will have to face another period when money and jobs are scarce, before the people will be brought to their senses again. This is a terrible indictment against the integrity of working people.

Unfortunately, a good many workers have prided themselves in the fact that they have been able to get big wages for small efforts on their parts. They have come to consider themselves as pretty clever schemers at getting more than other people and getting more in wages than they earn or deserve. These are the types of people of whom it is sometimes said that if they are given enough rope they will hang themselves.

Along with this there has developed a persistent spirit of evading personal responsibilities. There is a tendency to let others "take the rap" or do the dirty work and then make demands for one's personal preferences and conveniences. This is too widespread and is beneath the dignity of the honest laborer.

During the war it occurred that there was production of imperfect ammunition so that the lives of the soldier boys were endangered, and some soldiers were killed. This occurred because of the greed for exorbitant profits, but along with this there was also a tendency to slight work and to "slip in rotten hours" so that the whole foundation of labor in industry was shaken. As long as this tendency continues, either for groups or for individuals, there can be but one outcome, and that is the loss of self-esteem and self-respect. Those who engage in these practices will always be conscious of the fact that they have done a mean and little thing, so that there is no amount of juggling the emotions into a position of honor and good reputation.

It would be a grand thing if every person could just realize that his own work, whatever his duties are, is the material out of which he builds character and manhood. Every worker should be willing to give the best he has, enthusiastically, because character is not built of dishonesty and shirking work, but it is the production of loyalty, enthusiasm, determination, and high ideals on the job.

Someone has said: "If one puts his best into every little thing he does—puts his heart and conscience into it, and tries to see how

much, and not how little, he can give his employer—he will not be likely to be underpaid very long, for he will be advanced. Good work cuts its own channels and does its own talking."

* * * * * * * * *

THE YATES CURB MARKET GIVES WATERMELONS FOR BIRTHDAY PARTY

On Tuesday night of this week, the boys whose birthdays came during the month of July, had their birthday party, under the direction of Mr. Earl Walters.

For this party, the Yates Curb Market, in Concord, generously donated thirty-two fine watermelons. This was enough to give practically every boy a watermelon for himself. This was one of the nicest gifts made to the boys recently, and we take this opportunity to express to the employees of the Yates Curb Market sincere thanks for this courtesy.

Mr. Frank Liske deserves lots of credit for arranging for this party, too. He took it upon himself to make an effort to get the watermelons, and, as usual, he had good success. The boys are grateful to him for his thoughtfulness. The boys at the party had a grand time as usual.

* * * * * * * * *

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of August 18, 1946

Aug. 18—Samuel Lynn, Indian Cottage, 13th birthday.
Aug. 21—Donald Fagg, Cottage No. 11, 16th birthday.
Aug. 20—Russell Seagle, Cottage No. 2, 13th birthday.
Aug. 22—Floyd Bruce, Cottage No. 6, 11th birthday.
Aug. 23—Robert Holland, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
Aug. 23—William Caldwell, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
Aug. 24—Carlton Pate, Cottage No. 2, 16th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Croquet

By Hugh Cornwell, 10th Grade

On July 29th, we were given a surprise. Mr. Hines bought us a croquet set. We studied the rules of playing in our cottage before playing, for some of the boys had never played croquet before. Last Sunday afternoon, we had a fine time playing this game in front of the cottage, where the wickets and stakes had been placed. Mr. Hines won the game in which he played. After that game was completed, Mr. Hawfield came down and played with us. Again we tried hard to win, but he was a better player than we. Two more games were played. The boys of Cottage No. 3 appreciate Mr. Hines' getting the croquet set for them.

Softball Games

By Gray Brown, 10th Grade

On Wednesday, August 7th, Mr. Walters, our physical education director, got together a team of ten boys to play a softball game against a team of Kannapolis boys. They played a seven-inning game, and Kannapolis won by the score of 16 to 4. The starting line-up for the Training School was as follows: Alvin Fox, pitcher; Robert Wicker, catcher; Kenneth Dillard, first base; William Ussery, second base; Defoye Inman, third base; Alton Stewart, short field; Gray Brown, shortstop; Robert Peavy, left field; Hubert Inman, center field; and Dwight Murphy, right field. Defoye Inman led the "stick work" for the Training School. We are hoping to play another softball game soon.

Red Shields Defeat All-Stars

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The Jackson Training School all-stars suffered their second defeat on Tuesday night of last week, at the hands of the Concord Red Shields. The score was 12 to 4.

The Red Shield boys had a fine team on the field, under the direction of Luke Walters, a brother of our own Mr. Walters.

Mr. Walters announced that he hoped to play a return game with the Red Shield boys under the lights at Concord, at an early date.

My Coin Collection

By Robert Jarvis, 6th Grade

I have a coin collection now, and I surely do enjoy having such an interesting hobby. I have coins from Japan. I want to collect money from all over the world.

Mr. Liske's Birthday

By James Hensley, 10th Grade

On Wednesday night. August 7th, Mr. Frank Liske celebrated his birthday. The boys of Cottage No. 10 were treated to a weiner roast by Mr. and Mrs. Liske. They also had other nice things to eat and drink. I am sure all the boys of that cottage enjoyed the party very much.

Our Physical Elucation Class

By Jack Benfield, 10th Grade

Lately in our class in physical education, we have been doing some very interesting things. We are now taking a course in Junior Life Saving. We have been doing this for quite some time, and we like it very much. We are thankful for having a physical education instructor who can give us this course. We are also thankful that we have a nice swimming pool at our school.

Recent Visitors

By Kenneth Staley, 10th Grade

On Tuesday evening of last week, the boys of Cottage No. 3 were honored with the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Klueppelberg and Mrs. Robinson, of Concord. These visitors had seen the boys from the Training School at the First Baptist Church and had decided to visit them in their cottage.

The boys went to the sitting room and there entertained their visitors with speeches, poems and songs. James Arrowood recited the poem, "A Boy's Mother." Then there were poems by other boys as follows: "Patriotism," John McKinney; "The Builders," Robert Fogle; "Abou Ben Adhem," Hugh Cornwell; "The Creation," a negro spiritual, Kenneth Staley; and "Trees," James Dunn. Solos were sung by different boys, and there were songs by groups of boys. The boys who sang were: Olin Sealey, Glenn Evans, Clyde Wright, Talmadge Duncan, James Arrowood, Thomas Childress, John McKinney, Jesse Hamlin and James Christy.

Mrs. Robinson asked us some questions, and the answers had to end with "ty." One of them was: What killed the cat? The answer was "curiosity." Another was: What is the best policy? The answer was, "honesty."

Some of the boys cut watermelons for the visitors and the boys. We also served grapes.

After we had eaten, we returned to the sitting room. Mr. Klueppelberg taught the boys two songs. They were John 3:16, set to music, and a medley of choruses. The boys enjoyed singing these songs.

The visitors were impressed by the talent some of the boys possess in music and expression. They were also much impressed by the way the boys did everything. They think this school is doing its part to help the boys of the state to do right. All the boys expressed their feelings and told how much they appreciated the visitors' coming to visit them.

We are looking forward to seeing these fine people again soon.

Radio Program

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade and

Talmadge Duncan, 6th Grade

The radio program on Tuesday of last week was under the direction of Superintendent Hawfield.

The first part of the program consisted of two songs, "Where the Gates Swing Outward Never" and "The Touch of His Hand on Mine." Following the songs, Mr. Hawfield gave a short talk on the purpose of training the boys in such a way while here

at the school that they will return to their homes and become useful citizens.

The program was closed by singing "Help Somebody Today." These songs were sung by Talmadge Duncan, Glenn Evans, Claywood Sparrow and James Dunn, who are students of the special sixth grade, under the direction of Mr. Hines.

The singers were accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Frank Liske.

Cottage No. 2 Boys Attend Ball Game

By Gerald Johnson, 10th Grade

On July 4th, there were some dodge ball contests held at the school, and the Cottage No. 2 boys were the champions. As a reward for winning the contests, they were permitted to go to Concord to see a real baseball game on Monday night of last week. This was a regular North Carolina State League game between Concord and Thomasville. Concord won by the score of 3 to 2.

The largest crowd of the season was present at Webb Field that night. The grandstand and bleachers were filled, and the boys had to sit on the ground along the left field embankment. The reason for this large attendance was due to the fact that a 1946 Chevrolet sedan was to be given to the holder of the lucky ticket at the end of the game. A little four-year-old girl was given the privilege of drawing the winning ticket from the box. A Mr. Price, of Kannapolis, was the lucky person.

All the boys enjoyed going to the game, and they want to thank the officials of the Concord Baseball Club for making this treat possible. They are also grateful to Mr. Walters for getting them peanuts to eat during the game. Mr. and Mrs. Walters, and Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson and son, Jimmie, went with the boys.

Geography Tests

By Garmon Hubbard, 10th Grade

Recently, the boys of the special sixth grade have been studying geography. In a recent standard achievement test the boys making the highest tests were as follows: Thomas Childress, Lawrence Littlejohn, Glenn Evans, Charles Lyda, Harold Kernodle, Norman Hentschell and Clyde Wright. Thomas Childress made a rating of 9.0, and Lawrence Little-John made 8.7.

Our Club Activities

By Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade

Tuesday, August 6, marked the first real meeting of the tenth grade English Club. The meeting was called to order by a temporary president. The temporary secretary then called the roll. There was a 100 per cent attendance. We then elected our officers. The officers were elected as follows: President, Harvey Leonard; vice president, Kenneth Staley; secretary, William Smith; and co-chairmen, Robert Fogle and Thomas Wansley.

Due to lack of time, we adjourned then.

The second meeting was held Wednesday, August 7th. The meeting was called to order by the president. The chairman called the roll, and we also had a 100 per cent attend-

ance this time. The president then appointed a committee to make some by-laws and constitutional rules for our club. This committee consisted of Gerald Johnson, James Hensley, Garmon Hubbard, Douglas Mangum, and Robert Fogle. Following this, the president also selected a committee to find a suitable name for our club and to report at our next meeting. This committee was made up of the following boys: Gray Brown, Jack Benfield, and Robert Lee.

We had our club-program after the appointment of the two committees. Since we did not have a program planned, the boys said some of their required poems. The poems said were as follows: "When Yo' Potato's Done," Kenneth Staley; "A Little Song of Life," Robert Lee, Garmon Hubbard, and Billy Smith; "The Duel," Robert Fogle; and "Song for a Little House," Douglas Mangum.

Some boys needed book report blanks, so they were given to the boys who needed them. Then we adjourned.

Our History Work

By Robert Jarvis, 6th Grade

The Special Sixth Grade has been studying the period of history called the Middle Ages which was the period of history from the Fall of Rome until the Discovery of America. We surely are having some good lessons, and we surely appreciate having a fine teacher like Mr. Hines. Some of the most interesting chapters are the following: "Our Homes in the Old World," "What the Earliest People Did for Us," "The Greeks," and "The Romans. One of my favorite chapters is the one entitled "The Beginning of the Christian Religion".

I am going to tell about two of my favorite characters in that particular chapter. These characters were two brave people who were persecuted. Blandina was a young girl who was tortured from morning until night to force her to give up her faith, but she kept on saying that she was a Christian and that no evil was found among them. That is, no evil was done by them. The other story is about an aged bishop, named Polycarp, who was commanded to curse Christ. He did not do that for he had served Him for eighty-six years, and he said that he was going to serve Him. I think that all of us could learn a great lesson from these two stories.

A Courteous Deed

By Bobby Kerr, 6th Grade

Mrs. Hawfield had her boys to give their program over for the sixth and second grades. They were at the cannery Friday when they had it for the first time. I am sure they enjoyed it and appreciated it very much. The play was given over as it was before except the decorations. She gave the program Monday afternoon for the afternoon boys and Thursday for the morning boys. It was the program about the first grade circus.

Items of Interest

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

The school has just received two fine new books for the school library. They are "Five Minute Biographies," by Dale Carnegie, and "Magnificent Obsession," by Loyd Douglas. They

were presented by Ralph Stewart. All of us appreciate these new books.

Mrs. Baucom was called to Monroe because of the death of her sister-in-law. This has delayed her making a trip to New York, but she and her family are going to New York later.

Dwight Murphy of the 7th Grade, who worked in the Infirmary, left Thursday for his home near Murphy.

The Fifth Grade Party

By Don Glenn Davis

The afternoon class of the fifth grade had a party on August 8th. Miss Jenkins had promised us a surprise, and it was a party. Mrs. Liske was with us. We went out and sat in a circle under the oak tree on the playground. We had ice cream and cookies. Miss Jenkins served them. We all had a good time..

A Special Privlege

By Thomas Childress, 6th Grade

One of Mr. Hawfield's sons has just returned from the Philippine Islands. He brought with him some films to be shown on the screen. They were of Manilla and Okinawa. He showed us some of the homes of the people and the tombs of the people. We learned about how the Japs used these tombs for forts during the war. We also learned about the vegetation of these places. Then in Manilla Bay, the soldiers went into the homes of the people and stayed because it was too wet to sleep on the ground, we learned. We learned where the Death March ended. We are all very thankful for the privilege of seeing this picture.

History Baseball

By Harold Kernodle, 6th Grade

The Special Sixth Grade had a "history baseball" game in their class room last Friday. We had two teams. The boys in the higher section were called the "Upper Team," and the ones in the lower section were called the "Lower Team." In the first inning, the "Lower Team" was ahead by the score of 4-1, but in the last inning the "Upper Team" got eight more runs, winning the game with a score of 9-4. The catchers in this game play an important part, for if the boy who is answering a question misses it, the catcher can get him out by answering correctly. However, if the catcher misses it, too, it counts only a strike. The catchers of the two different teams were Thomas Childress for the "Upper Team" and Coy Creakman for the "Lower Team." Mr. Hines was the pitcher for both teams —that is, he asked all the questions. We are grateful to Mr. Hines for letting the class have this interesting and helpful game.

A teacher who is attempting to teach without inspiring the pupil with a desire to learn is hammering on cold iron.—Horace Mann.

MANTEO'S SON

By E. Carl Sink

When the kids on Roanoke Island played cowboy and Indians, or soldiers and Indians, Roy Gray practically always was a cowboy or a soldier.

Now he is the happiest Indian lad in America.

Roy is Manteo's son in Paul Green's "Lost Colony," the amazing play which started out to be a community celebration, and grew to be one of the most successful outdoor performances in the world.

And the people of Dare County, where the play is performed ,take many of the parts themselves, along with professionals imported for the summer.

That's how Roy got to be about the best-known Indian lad in the world in 1946. He's just turning eight, in the third grade at school, has very black eyes and hair, quite unlike many of his folks who mostly are the blonds of seafaring communities. When try-out time came along, Roy was having private troubles.

He was determined to get an Indian part in the play to make up for all the times when the older kids made him be cowboy or soldier when he wanted to be Indian. He didn't figure on being an important Indian, just one of the crowd which makes the background for the amazing dancer who leaps higher than his own head in the dancing number. But Mother said NO to that, and she said it in capital letters, thinking of the grease paint to be put on and scrubbed off each night, of the long hours at the theatre, of the getting back and forth.

But Roy could be a Boy Colonist, if he wished, not having to smear the paint as a Colonist, and being able to get home on an early bus because most of the First Colony children get "Killed" or "starve" before the play is more than half over. So, Roy went down to the Court-House on Try-Out-Night, and, theoretically, got well back in the corner where applicants for Colonist roles were quartered.

It's not telling now, for Roy's Mother was given a part in the play too, on her own merits but very convenient for having Roy out at the theatre every night, but the facts are that Roy stayed way back in the corner when Colonists were being chosen. In fact, he just wasn't seen at all, which was as it should be since it turned out all right.

The important thing to Roy was the fact that, when Indian boys were called for, Roy was in a peculiar position, and a peculiarly advantageous place as it turned out. For he was along in the Colonist corner, that is, in full veiw of all the judges, Dr. Sam Selden, the Director and all of the judges who were picking the parts. And Roy says, with entire truthfulness, that he did not get under a light where his black eyes and black hair would show. Roy says that, and it must be true.

But when good Dr. Selden and the judges were in despair at the array of blond hair and blue eyes which faced them across the table, thinking of the outraged Mothers who would have to wash the black grease-paint

each night out of the hair of their "Indian" children, Roy's black eyes and hair shone like old Hatteras light house down on the coast.

"There", said the judges, "is Manteo's son".

So it was, and so it is five nights a week out in the amphitheatre where "Lost Colony" shows at the very spot the First Colonists handed back in 1587.

Roy has five entrances as the son of the good Chief Manteo who helped the First Colonists. Twice he runs on stage, twice walks slowly with the measured tread of his play-assumed brethren; once he rides old Manteo's shoulders into the limelight. He doesn't speak at all, and, take it from Roy, he doesn't want to. But then there was the time when Florence Mitchell, who is his "Mother" in the play, caught him singing away at the Church hymns in the baptismal scene, really having a time making a joyful noise . . . . despite the fact no little, and few big Indians knew English in the time of "Lost Colony."

At home, he talks up a storm, nothing less, about his chickens (which he bands with colored leg-markings and turns loose on the Island), about his Indian tepee (which leaks at the top, and lets in "a million mosquitos too"); mostly about his cats (about a dozen of them live at the Gray home), and Roy spends a good part of his afternoons taking home other strays which congregate with his collection ("We got so many cats, if any more come, Mama'll make me drown 'em all.")

Every afternoon, Manteo's son takes a nap; when he doesn't he just goes to sleep on the stage, although he denies it bitterly. The evidence is that, in a kneeling scene, he got so comfortable that he was last off the stage instead of first, as the scrip dictated. Roy says he wasn't asleep, he "just got to thinking' and forgot". But he DID go fishing that afternoon, right under the stage of the threatre which sets out on Roanoke Sound.

Two afternoons a week, Roy takes piano lessons in Manteo where he lives. He's pretty good at Chop-Sticks, and runs the scales as fast as his short fingers will allow. And he's got caught in a situation that compels him to practice whether or no. For Roy has money of his own, since he gets paid pretty well for his acting, and he promised to practice if his Mother would let him take piano. Mother, having had some experience with music lessons in her youth, told Roy she would pay for the lessons IF he practised each day; if he didn't Roy would have to pay out of his bank account, which was pretty substantial for an eight-year-old before the acting job started, by virtue of a tricky pig bank which wouldn't open until it was full.

In so far as Roy Gray is concerned, the world started when "Lost Colony" went on the boards this year. He's a serious-minded youngster, and his coal-black eyes rarely light up except when the "Colony" is under discussion. And he simply will not abide any criticism of any part or any person connected with the show . . . unless it be Roy himself. He thinks the folks are mighty good to put up with him on the stage; he just wants to do the job he's paid for, and to make the COLONY a good show.

THE BREAK THAT GAVE EDISON A CHANCE

By Vincent Edwards in Upward

It's an old saying that one must walk before one can fly, and it is also true that learning to do small things well sometimes paves the way for the accomplishment of the impossible. If this sounds like an overstatement, perhaps a story of Edison's early years will prove more convincing.

Today, the great inventor's name is known far and wide, but it was not always so. When he started his career as an inventor, he was looked upon as an the next thing to a crank. If he had not been an exceptionally good telegrapher in the very beginning, he might have been much longer in getting his inventive genius recognized.

One of the first important patrons of the inventor was the Western Union Telegraph Company. At a later time, Dr. Norvin Green, the company's president, admitted that if it had not been for the dullness of himself and his associates and Edison's ingenuity by way of contrast, the young inventor might never have obtained the big corporation's support and confidence.

For months Edison had been trying to interest the firm in his inventions, but without success. He had been calling so often on the officials that they had come to regard him as almost a crackpot.

One day, when he went into the main office, Dr. Green and the other officers greeted him with contemptuous smiles.

Dr. Green spoke up, "Mr. Edison, we are unable to get into communication with Albany, and a large amount of important business is held up. I suppose that, since you know more about telegraphy than all the rest of us together, you can locate the difficulty."

Ignoring the sluh, Edison quitely answered, "I can locate it inside of two or three hours, sir"

Dr. Green and the others laughed outright.

One official taunted the young man "Well, this proves you are no better than a crank, Mr. Edison!"

Edison did not even bother to look at the speaker. Turning to Dr. Green, he said, "If I locate this difficulty in two or three hours, will you promise to look into my inventions and give them a trial?"

"Yes, I will," the Western Union president replied, "I'll do it even if it takes you two days."

It was a very simple problem that confronted the officials, but Edison seemed to be the only person with any idea of how to straigten out the muddle, He did not reveal till years afterward how he accomplished it.

Edison went to the main telegraph offices, where he was well known as expert "keyman," and immediately got in touch with the Pittsburg office. He asked for the services of the best operator there, giving his name, and then told him to call there best man in Albany and have him telegraph down the line toward New York

as far as he was able, and report back to Edison as soon as possible.

Inside of an hour, Edison received this message: "I can telegraph to within two miles of Poughkeepsie, but there is trouble with the wire there."

Edison went back to the office of President Green. He calmly announced that if a train should be sent to Poughkeepsie with a repair crew and the necessary equipment, they would find a break in the line just two miles north of the city. The whole trouble, he said, could be fixed up that same afternoon.

When Dr. Green and the other officials asked how he had found out, he could not resist "rubbing in" his triumph. Edison replied, "By knowing more about telegraphy than all the rest of you put together, as Dr. Green had said."

The brake was located at the very point where Edison had said it would be found, and within a short time the damage was repaired and service was restored. True to his promise, however, Dr. Green made a through investigation of Edisons inventions, and when he found they were practicable, the inventors success was assured. The incident marked the beginning of Edisons notable career. It is worth remembering, however, that he might have had to wait much longer for recognition if he had not been able to prove that he was an expert telegrapher.

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KINDNESS

Kindness is the master key to all locks on barred hearts.
Kindness is a gulf stream to a north country.
Kindness is the chief foreman in the shop of good works.
Kindness is a patch for every puncture and blow-out.
Kindness is the eraser on the pencil of endeavor.
Kindness is the mother of confidence and happiness.
Kindness is a jewel from the mines of heaven.
Kindness is the "cup of cold water" of the Bible.
Kindness widens the circle of friendship, and has "thank you" written all over its face.
Kindness places a sun in somebody's sky, and stations a full moon for the blackness of their night.
Kindness receives its reward both here nd hereafter.

—Selected.

AS YE THINK

(Sunshine Magazine)

Our history is replete with instances of men and women, inspired by lofty ideals, whole-heartedly devoting their time and talents to the task of making this world a better place in which to live. One who stands pre-eminently among these is Grenville Kleiser, the New York sage, a Torontoian by birth but a Yankee by adoption. Listen to these words of wisdom by this constructive thinker:

Though rules the world. They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts. The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts.

The power of suggestion is incalcuable. People, books, newspapers, advertisements, are constantly suggesting to you thoughts that are constructive and helpful or destructive and harmful.

Men fettered by false fears and forebodings can lift themselves out of their self-imposed mental slavery to negative thoughts by substituting positive, creative, affirmative thoughts.

That wise observer Marcus Antoninus long ago said, "The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts, therefore guard accordingly."

To think constructively, you must often examine your daily thought habits. If you indulge in worry, resentment, ill-feeling of any kind you, are thereby doing yourself a serious disservice.

It is in your power to choose the kind of thoughts that are to govern your life. The tendency of thought is to translate itself into action. Thinking right will lead you to true knowledge.

Said Henry Ward Beecher, "A man might ram, and let loose a stare, to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God, as he who lets go a golden-orbit thought to roll through the generations of time."

The best things are not remote and inaccessible. They are near you, within your grasp, and ever available. The best times are not in the dim future, but here and now in the living present. The best opportunities are not reserved in some distant place, but are within your reach right where you are today.

All that is good and fine and noble in life is now available to you. Resolve to claim these priceless gifts and opportunities and to use them for your largest unfoldment. The great things you intend to do some time must have a beginning if they are ever to be done, so begin to do something great today.

He who helps a child helps humanity with an immediateness which no other help given to human creature in any other stage of human life can possibly give again.—Phillips Brooks.

A CRUMBLING REPUTATION

By J. E. Dinger

Reputation is the world's valuation of a man's worth. A spotless reputation is the best capital a man can have. If the world says a man is honest, his credit is good among his business associates. The man whose reputation will bear the closest scrutiny of the world is in possession of the key to success. He has the confidence of powerful men; his advice is asked and acted upon. Positions of trust and responsibility are open to him. He is honored by his social and business associates. His parents rejoice to call him son; his children are proud to call him father. His earlier manhood is filled with well-earned advancement; his old age is crowned by deserved success. He ends his days surrounded by loved ones, mourned by many friends and missed by all who have come in contact with him. His sturdy honesty becomes a hallowed guide for the steps of his children. They follow in the noble steps of a worthy father; and the world is better because he lived.

All this is different with the man who looks upon his reputation lightly. He may be a man of high position; of proud family. But he has never been taught that absolute honesty in act and word is the one firm rock upon which he can hope to weather the storms of life. He strives to turn to the world an honest face while within himself he looks upon honesty as an old-fashioned fur-below, that is apt to prove a hindrance. He says "Yes" when he means "No" and gives a promise with a mental reservation. He expects to stand as a good man before the world and still cleave to his pet sins in private. If he sees a chance to profit by a little "crooked" dealing, he sees no harm in it. He thinks that he is clever when in reality he is merely treading the slippery banks of near-dishonesty. He is courteous to the rich and powerful; domineering and heartless to the poor and helpless. His life is just as double as that of Dr. Jekyll. He expects the world never to find him out.

He may live on this false security of honorable reputation for years. His life seems as successful as that of the sincerly upright man. He may even pass the honest man as he climbs higher on the road to what the world calls success. But he travels always with the "sword of Damocles" above him. The tiniest incident may mean the breaking down of his reputation. The whole fabric of his life may be rent asunder by a single disclosure. He has built up a palace of success in which the walls are of trickery and dishonest practices. It is veneered and roofed over by the marble of hypocrisy and the whole structure rests upon a foundation of lies. When the first crack begins in this perilous foundation, the whole structure of his life begins to totter, to rock and to fall. He is caught in the wreck and crushed by the load of his own infamy. The world knows him for what he is, and scorns him. His reputation is worthless. He is cast aside as driftwood in the current of life. He is left weaponless to fight

his way in the world. He learns now the value of reputation. He is capable of holding a good position, but it is denied him because his ruputation is not good. He could engineer a great undertaking, but he can get no capital. The men who have money to invest want only honest men to handle it.

It is not necessary for all of man's reputation to be stripped from him to leave him powerless in the battle of life. If his reputation for honesty or clean manhood is but shaken, his life is thrown into chaos. If one small blot appears on a man's reputation, the world is all too ready to look for more and to imagine that they really exist, He is made to feel that men question his principles. They eye him keenly and assent doubtfully, or not at all to his propositions. This reacts on the man himself. He loses his jaunty courage. The fear of further disclosures dogs him day and night. His mind is only partly free for his work. The greater part of his thoughts are active in forming plans to prevent further loss of his reputation. This reacts again to produce poor work and poor health.

The man who is caught in the net of crumbling reputation has nowhere to turn. His past is unstable ground; his present is full of fear; and the future is total darkness. His life is one of utter misery. His friends may eye him closely, thinking he is ill. He imagines their glances are prying ones, intended to ferret out more of his past misdeeds. He fears even sympathy, thinking it is but another means to trap him. He feels like a hunted thing. Life loses its joys. Each new day appears to him only as twenty-four hours of new pitfalls to be avoided. The days passed are so many blessed but narrow escapes. His life can flow no longer in a happy, casual strain. Each trivial incident must be carefully prepared for or as carefully reviewed when it has passed. His family is a two-fold source of agony to him. He fears the ruin of his wife and children as a consequence of his own impending disgrace. He fears their loving questions and the familiarity of his family irks and frets him as another possible danger.

If his life in the past has been such as to merit disgrace, the world will enevitably find it out. But few men are so clever as to break any important moral or social law and keep the fact a secret from the world always. When the final crash comes, he may face the world with a feeling of relief that the truth is out and he need no longer go through nights of agony and days of planning to keep his secret safe. He may repent in deep remorse for what he has done. He may grow bitter and resent his just punishment. He may say within himself that others have done worse and have gone unpunished. But with whatever attitude he looks at his punishment, he cannot fail to suffer deeply from the contempt of his fellow men. Some of his family will pity him, love him, and forgive him all the trouble he may cause them. Others of his family will resent the suffering he has caused innocent people to bear because of his selfishness. Some of his friends will forsake him; some will look upon him with contempt; others will remember that he is human and forgive him.

But the world outside will point him out with sneers, with scorn, with the repugnance that self-righteouness feels for discovered wrong-doing. His family will suffer, too, in his punishment. They will be made to bear the insults of the world.

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THE CHOICE I MAKE

The choice I make is a simple choice,
And quite a lot to ask,
I ask for love of fellowmen,
And credit for a task.
I so desire a family small,
A cottage, neat and cozy,
Environment fit to raise my brood,
And neighbors that are nosey.

I want to share my gladness
With a group before the fire,
I want to hide my sadness,
Yes, these things I so desire.
I want the good that is within me
To be polished bright and gay,
And the bad that dwells within me,
Be abolished, tossed away.

I want a smile that makes men happy,
A personality they will admire,
I want friends and plenty of them,
These things I so desire.
I realize that what I ask
Is priceless and can't be bought
They must be worked for and earned,
And then they shall be wrought.

So all I can do, is do my best,
And work harder each day,
Then perhaps this rich reward
Will some day come my way.
And when it does, I'll bow my head,
And send forth a solemn prayer,
For well I'll know He gave me these,
These priceless gifts so rare.

—Selected.

IT IS NOT NIGHT

By Robert Miller

The minute I came in the parsonage door I knew that something was wrong.

Not that it was queer to find Jane pushing the davenport around. On the average, she rearranged the furniture every other week. But how she was doing it today told a story.

For Jane's plans usually come like miracles, all complete. She moves a chair, adjusts a lamp, shifts two pictures, and suddenly the whole new patern fits the room snugly, like a hand in a glove.

Today she wore a puzzled frown, as if she wasn't quite sure of herself. She gave the davenport a half-hearted push. Then she stopped and squinted at it. Next she moved the magazine rack a few inches and examined the effect critically.

"Bill," she said absently, "I want you to help me arrang it." This was so unheard of that I pretended to faint.

"I mean it," she said, "and it isn't funny! Sailor Bob is coming home Monday." She handed me a letter. I read it, and something chilled my heart. Jane's voice was almost steady when she spoke again.

"I want everything in the room to be exactly as it was for his farewell party. Exactly the same," she said.

It was important. And it wasn't funny! Not funny at all.

Bob was mighty special to us. Of all our church boys he was the favorite. Nineteen, blond, freckle-faced, with a big grin for everybody. The warmest-hearted boy we knew.

Our parsonage was his second home. He'd come in with the grocery order from his father's store and talk for an hour, casually lifting samples from Jane's cookie jar. The telephone would ring frantically.

"Oh, oh," Bob would say. "That's Pop. Tell him I'm on my way down the route." Off he'd scoot in the truck, tooting his horn like mad, our four-year old Betty curled up in his lap.

"My Bob," Betty called him. And he love her, too.

Homeward bound with his girl, Jean, and the rest of the Luther Leaguers, Bob would jangle our doorbell and triumphantly lead the procession into the living room. Then he'd sit down at the piano and drum out one of the pieces he knew by ear. But not for long.

"Come on, Pastor," he'd say, "play our song!"

"Our songs" were old home favorites: Beautiful Dreamer, Come Back to Erni, I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard. And hymns. Bob knew dozens by heart.

He'd reach up and pull the book from its usual place on top of the piano. As I played Bob and Jean would sing, with the Leaguers chiming in, three-deep around the bench. Bob would kid Jane about her voice. She couldn't carry a tune in a basket, but she'd sing a line or two. Bob would pretend that he was going crazy from it, as the crowd howled gleefully.

Our old living room would glow

with life and youth and that indefinable something Bob always brought with him. Then we'd bring cookies and apples to the circle of youngsters by the fire. Somehow the relaxed atmosphere would bring out the questions young people always carry in their hearts and seldom share. Then two fires would burn in the room those crisp nights: the fireplace flame— and the radiant, warming faith in God which Bob shared with his friends.

When Bob went into the Navy his farewell party by the League wasn't anything special. He didn't want what we call a "set-out," with decorations and all.

"Let's just go to the parsonage," he said.

The night before he left, the Leaguers crowded in the front door. They piled their coats on the newel post. Someone turned on the radio.

Then we played games. Things were at their loudest when I missed Bob. I found him upstairs in Betty's room, bending over her crib. Betty was fast asleep, her blond pigtails wide on the pillow, her chubby hands still holding the beloved elephant "My Bob" had brought on her last birthday.

Bob looked lost and old. I caught the glitter of a tear on his check. He wiped it away hastily as I came in.

"I'm going to miss her," he whispered. He put his arm around my shoulders and held tight. It was a good thing that I didn't say anything. My throat had knots in it.

The months went by. Bob's letters told a lot about his training and adventures. The phrases which seemed to underline themselves as we read along were those which revealed how much prayer and reading the Bible and chapel attendance meant to him. He went to communion regulary, and enclose bulletins of the services. There were admonitions to the Leaguers to be loyal. "You'll never know how much I'd give to be sitting in church with you again. Make the most of what you have!"

Bob sent funny little gifts to Betty. His picture, in uniform, was given the place of honor on her bureau. Every sailor she saw was her "Sailor Bob," until she looked into his face. It broke our hearts to see her searching so faithfully for him. One day when Bob's father brought the grocery order we missed her. She was curled up on the seat of the truck, hanging on to the wheel, crying.

Then Bob was shipped out. Letters were far between. The Navy had its hands full in the South Pacific. I dropped into the store more than I needed to, to ask for news. One day Bob's mother called us.

"Bob's been wounded," she said.

My heart missed. "Badly?" I asked .

"It doesn't say. But he'll be coming home soon, to stay."

To stay. It stuck in my throat.

We waited anxiously for more news. This afternoon a letter had come the one I held in my hand. It wasn't Bob's usual cherry scrawl. This was typewritten, except the "Bob" at the end. He said nothing about himself. Just that he was looking forward to being home on Monday.

One line had set Jane to moving the furniture. "I still know your living room like the palm of my

hand," Bob wrote. "I could get around it in the dark."

I closed my eyes. The farewell-party picture came clear in my mind. Clear as day. Jane and I moved the furniture back into position, to the inch. We wanted it to be exactly as it was that last night. Then we could only wait.

Saturday and Sunday were the longest days in our lives. On Monday afternoon steps sounded on the front porch. The doorbell was almost pulled to pieces. A sailor and a girl stood at the door. Bob and Jean.

Jane was upstairs dressing Betty. I opened the door.

"Hi folks," shouted Bob.

My blood ran cold. Jean looked at me bravely. There were shadows under her eyes. Just then Jane and Betty clattered down the stairs. Betty shrieked, "My Sailor Bob," at the top of her voice. She grabbed him around the legs. He fumbled at her shoulders and lifted her tenderly. The old radiance was in his face.

Then he stepped forward confidently. "I'll just put this souvenir behind the door," he said.

Jane turned white as he stood it in the corner.

Then Bob ambled carefully into the living room, Betty clinging to one hand. He dropped into his favorite chair by the door.

So we talked. About boot training, and the food, and the stunts the boys pulled in the barracks and on liberties. But Bob said little about the South Pacific. Just once.

"I've always trusted in God," he said, "But God really became alive to me over there. He never let me down. I know now that He never will. That's why I can keep going." There was hardly any tremor in his voice. Hardly any at all.

Then Bob shifted to his plans for the future. Jean and he were planning to enter the university in the fall. They were going to take the same courses and study together. A team. A team, they felt, for life.

"With Jean's muscles and my brain," chuckled Bob, "how can we lose?" Then he stood up. "Let's sing," he said.

I hesitated. But Bob circled the coffee table deftly and started thumping away on the piano. It went badly.

"A little rusty," he grinned over his shoulder. "I guess I'm out of practice. But watch my smoke in a couple of days!" Suddenly he straightened up. His voice was warm and tender. "It's so good to be home."

Jane found her voice first. "Now it's really home for us, too, Bob."

I sat down and began to play. Then a thought struck me sharply. I darted a glance at the music piled on the piano. But Jane had remembered! The big song book on top!

Bob laughed. "Come on, Pastor," he said, "let's sing our songs." He reached up confidently and pulled the book off the pile.

We sang, with Jean on one end of the piano bench and Bob on the other. He knew all the songs by heart. On request, Jane sang a line and Bob imitated her until we were doubled up with laughter. The room was young and radiant again.

Then Bob pulled Jean to her feet. "Let's go, girl friend," he said cheer-

funny, "the folks want us home for dinner."

I spoke before I thought. "So early, Bob?"

For the first time he hesitated. "Is it early?" he asked.

I could have kicked myself!

Suddenly Bob chuckled. "We'd better go. I can't wait to show Betty that hula girl outfit I brought her. Come on, Bets!"

He walked to the door, Jean's arm in his, Betty dancing ahead. He picked up the white cane. The youngsters clattered across the porch and down the steps, calling good-bys.

Jane came close. I put my arms around her. She was trembling.

We looked out at the grocery truck. Jean was driving, but that was Bob's unmistakable tatto on the horn. Betty was curled up on his lap. As always, we waved to them.

Jane's voice was strangely calm. "He's not really blind. He can still see, Bill!" she said.

A timeless Voice spoke in my heart. "According to your faith be it unto you." And I knew that it was true.

"Yes," my heart answered, and my lips formed the words, "Bob can see!"

SCHOOL BOY'S ESSAY

I don't know how newspapers got into the world, and I don't think God does, for He never mentioned them in the Bible. Maybe the editor was one of the Fallen Angels, for he seems to fall for about everything people tell him. If the editor makes a mistake folks say he ought to be hung; if a lawyer makes a mistake he appeals the case; when a doctor makes a mistake they say nothing 'cause they don't know Latin, and they could not read his writing if they did. An editor makes a mistake, there's lots of hollering, cussing and a libel suit, while when the doctor makes one there's a funeral, with flowers and crying and perfect silence. A doctor can use a word a mile long, and it don't make any difference if he knows what it means, for folks will think he's educated, while an editor has to be able to spell any word he uses. If a doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for the visit, if the editor goes he gets shot. People that call the doctor and get well think he's a great man. If they don't get well they're dead and can't say anything. Two-thirds of the folks in town are sore at the editor all the time, either because the paper said something about them they don't like or said something nice about somebody else.

—Belleville, (Kan.) Telescope.

FOR AN AGGRESSIVE CHURCH

(Associate Reformed Presbyterian)

Christianity is natively aggressive. Its Founder was not zealot, like Mohammed. He did not arouse His followers to a frenze of passion. But He was aggressive, calmly and sanely so. He did not speak as a world-statesman, but He was imperial in His outlook and program. He set the faces of His followers toward the nations and left a program of orderly expansion that looked from Jerusalem to the ends of the earth, and from the hour of the commission to the end of the age.

As we read the volumes of matter that come from the religious press setting forth the urgent need for aggressive Christain action, we cannot say that the leaders of the Church. are not alert to the situation or unaware of the passivity of the Church. And judging from the multiplication of organizations and programs, we cannot change that there is not a willingness to meet the need. The church is progressive; it is enamored of progress. To be unprogressive would be the sin of sins. But it is not evangelically aggressive. It is not fired with a passion to propagate the Gospel.

As one reads the story of the first generation of Christians as found in the Acts and the Pauline epistles, he is impressed with the deep conviction of the early Christians that, apart from Christ, man is utterly undone, that the situation of the unbeliever is desperate. What was needed was not just a chance of environment, or even of life habits. There must be a complete break with the old ways of sin. The old man must be made new. There must be a re-birth. To this end, there must be repentance and faith toward Christ, leading to newness of life. Nothing short of that would meet the need.

And there is a companion conviction that must always go with this; namely, that the provisions of the Gospel are adequate to the need. The success of the Gospel program hinges just here. The need is great. Sin is deeply intrenched in the human heart. Its power over the life is strong. The whole nature is corrupt. The case is beyond human resources. If there is no adequate provision for the need, how shall we have the courage to try to meet it? But the Gospel is adequate for the need of the sinner, and the Christ of "all authority" is adequat for the effectual support of those who proclaim it. In this faith,the church must become aggressively active, if the deep spiritual need of our generation is to be met.

———:———

The man who never reads will never be read; he who never quotes will never be quoted; he who will not use the thoughts of other men's brains, proves that he has no brains of his own.—Spurgeon.

THE WORLD HAS A HEART

(Our Paper)

George Barr, chemical manufacture, himself disabled, has 125 handicapped persons amoung his 150 employees.

When a former tanker seaman and his wife, a kindly couple of Houston, Texas, heard that vets with families were being turned away by the landlords, they rented their apartment by advertising: "Only those with kids need apply."

To rescue a dog, a 14-year-old boy in Wolverhampton, England, went down a sixty-foot rope into an old mine pit.

Congressman Sol Bloom of New York habitually celebrates his birthday by holding a party for youngsters at an ophanage.

Three tons of food and clothing were flown to three French towns—the gift of West Orange, New Jersey, ex-paratroop sergeant James J. Sheeran, in appreciation for the help he received when he escaped from a German prison of war camp.

Every year the members of the Dempster MacMurphy Post of the American Legion in Chicago contribute $500 to a family that can use it but won't ask for it. There are no strings to the contribution, and no social worker checks on how the money is used. This year the money was given to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Feinhandler who have thirteen children.

Lieutenant Micheal Szafranski of Pittsburgh declined to be sent home from the Europe theater until he located a lost puppy he wanted to carry home to a child.

When the barn of Thomas L. Oates of Cairo, Georgia, was struck by lightning and destroyed, his neighbors rebuilt the barn for him and restocked it with feed-stuffs.

A Washington, D. C. church held a Sunday luncheon which is confined to milk, bread, peanut butter and tea. The difference in the money saved between such a meal and the customary Sunday dinner is sent to the hungry in Europe.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of August 11, 1946

Aug. 11—Carl Ransom, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
Aug. 11—Robert Lee McDuffie, Cottage No. 2, 16th birthday.
Aug. 12—Reuben Vester, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.
Aug. 13—Donald Hendrix, Cottage No. 14, 14th birthday.
Aug. 15—Odell Cain, Cottage No. 10, 14th birthday.
Aug. 17—Earl Holliman, Cottage No. 6, 11th birthday.
Aug. 17—James Smith, Cottage No. 14, 14th birthday.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Erbert S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, preached to the boys last Sunday afternoon. The boys were delighted to have him, as usual. His message last Sunday was very interesting and profitable. Because of his unusual interest in the boys at the school, he has many friends here.

Rev. Mr. Summers commented favorably upon the visit of a group of the boys to his church the Sunday before for the communion service. He stated that the boys behaved themselves nicely and that the service there was one of the most impressive he had ever witnessed.

Rev. Mr. Summers read the 11th chapter of Acts, the 24th verse, as follows:: "For he (Barnabas) was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of the faith; and much people was added to the Lord." He also read from the 13th chapter of Numbers, beginning at the 26th verse and reading through the 30th. He also read the 24th verse of the 14th chapter of Numbers.

The last lesson taken from the Old Testament gives an account of the work of Caleb, who was one of the spies sent into the land of Canaan.

Rev. Mr. Summers used as the topic of his talk these words: "Faith is the Victory."

It was explained that although Barnabas and Caleb lived about 1,600 years apart, they had in their lives many things that were quite similar. In their goodness and their nobility of character, in their uprightness, and in their determination they possessed the power of being a blessing to others.

At the time when Caleb lived, the people of Israel had mand grievances against the leaders. They complained about their unhappy conditions in which they found themselves. They tended to blame other people for their unfavorable fortunes.

But Caleb was different from most of the people. He followed the Lord wholly and completely at all times, in private and in public places. Despite the conditions of his time, he was steadfast, because of what was in his own heart.

Among the Israelitish people, there were those, as at all times, who cried out for the good old days, but in Caleb's thinking he was always concerned about the days of the future. To him life always beckoned onward with its opportunities. When he was eighty-five years of age he declared to Joshua that he was just as fit to fight as he was at the age of forty.

Rev. Mr. Summers reminded the boys that both Barnabas and Caleb were very active and courageous men. They were willing to face the world and to stand alone if necessary. They were always optimistic and cheerful, looking for a happier and better day. Around them were those who complained and were grouchy, but they were enthusiastic and cheerful.

About one of the easiest things, it was explained, is to stir up trouble in mobs and throngs. There are those who always find it possible to create consternation and strife, but it takes a real man, Rev. Mr. Summers said,

to be calm and to help others to keep still until they can think things through.

In making his explanation about these two men, Rev. Mr. Summers explained to the boys that both of them were willing to work in lowly places. Barnabas was second in command to Paul, and Caleb was under the leadership of Joshua and Aaron, but they did their work without jealousy. This showed an unusual strength of character on the part of these two men. Rev. Mr. Summers explained that there was once a great man who prayed this prayer, "Give me the strength for my work to the end of my days, and give me work to the end of life." To him it seems as if these two characters typified this same spirit of enthusiasm.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers urged the boys always to do their best and always to be cheerful and enthusiastic toward their work. He urged them to prepare themselves for a great work in life in the period of their youth, and to be willing to stand alone, regardless of what others may do. It was explained to the boys that it is not how long a person lives but rather what he gives to his life's work. Every person should thank God for His goodness and rejoice in the opportunities which he has "in the Lord."

———:———

FRIENDSHIP

The world's running over with fair-weather friends,
Who love you when things are okey;
But let them find there's trouble to wrangle
And they bid you a quick good-day.

You'll find many guys to call you "old pal,"
To give you the ready-made grin,
But when misfortune knocks, you are the one
Who will take the blows on your chin.

A real friend is one who will give you a lift,
Who never chisels that "thin dime"—
Who sets you plugging all over again;
He's in your corner all the time!

—Fern E. Garwood.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Great hope makes great men.
—Thomas Fuller.

—:—

"Two-thirds of promotion is motion."

—:—

"Make the best of it if you don't want the worst of it."

—:—

Good temper is an estate for life.
—William Hazlitt.

—:—

A good way to break a bad habit—just drop it.—Exchange.

—:—

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.—Bartol.

—:—

The measure of a man's life is the well-spending of it, not the length.
—Plutarch.

—:—

It is not the position, but the disposition that makes people happy.
—Selected.

—:—

He who thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor.
—Johnson.

—:—

The happiness of the domestic fireside is the first boon of mankind.
—Thomas Jefferson.

—:—

Clemency is and always has been the capstone of the whole system of military justice.—Owen J. Roberts.

—:—

The struggle of man to fit himself into a new condition and thus harmonize with his surroundings, brings out latent energies and discovers for him untapped reservoirs.—Hubbard.

Evil doers who forge names on checks are not exactly forging ahead, but are forging chains for their own enslavement.—Selected.

—:—

A mighty good way to meet and beat competition, is to do today what the other fellow doesn't think of until tomorrow.—Selected.

—:—

We learn this from the shadow of a tree that to and fro did sway against a sun-lit wall. Our shadow selves, our influence, may fall where we ourselves may never be.—Exchange.

—:—

I am not bound to win; but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed; but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I will stand with anyone who stands right, keep with him while he is right, and part with him when he is wrong—Lincoln.

—:—

Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of —that you now have more sense than you had before, to see your error; more humility to acknowledge it; more grace to correct it.—Seed.

—:—

No longer need enlightened men and women seek the outdated vengeance of an eye for an eye or a tooth for a tooth. When we overcome our own evil thoughts with a desire to do good, regardless of the circumstances, we swing into harmony with the higher laws of life, and the good that comes to us is so wonderful that it makes all desire for human revenge seem petty and childish. We cannot overcome evil by resisting it, but we can overcome evil with good.

—Susan Scott.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 11, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Maynard Chester
Ralph Cranford
William Epps
Ernest Johnson
Major Loftin
Marion Ray

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Britt
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Clay Shew
Harry Thompson
Horace Collins
Lyndon Barnett
Benson Wilkins
Worth Craven
Fairly McGee

COTTAGE No. 2

Gerald Johnson
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Robert McDuffie
James McMahan
Eddie Medlin
Ray Naylor
Melvin Radford
Carlton Pate
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Thomas Childress
James Christy
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Glenn Evans
Robert Fogle
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Lloyd Purdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Leroy Shedd
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Joseph Bean
Judson Finch
Herman Hughes
Lacy Overton
Harvey Purdy
Ernest Turner
Robert Thompson
King Watkins

COTTAGE No. 5

George Marr
Robert Wilkins
Charles Gibson
Donald Hoyle
Glenn Rice
Howell Willis
Robert Woodruff
Robert Kerr
Hicks Allen
Harrison Miner
Danny M. Hayes
Edward Stone

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Fred Ganey
Clyde Hill
Robert Mason
Robert Porter
Louis Sutherland
Charles Sellers
James Swinson
William Ussery
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Ralph Gassaway

Ralph Gibson
Edward Guinn
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall
James Knight
Jerry Peavy
Hubert Pritchard
James Wilds

COTTAGE NO. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
J. C. Alley
Albert Allen
Charles Angel
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Kenneth Dillard
Charles Francis
Hubert Inman
Defoye Inman
Lester Ingle
D. B. Jones
James Norton
Knox Norton
Robert Trout
Vernest Turner
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE No. 10
Arthur Ballew
Robert Hamm
James Hensley
Bernard Hiatt
Thomas Hudgins
Howard Jones
Earl Kinlaw
Harry Matthews
Garvin Thomas
Keith Yandle
Hoyt Mathis

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
Leslie Gautier
Miley Gunter
David Isenhour
Kenneth McLean
J. C. Rhodes
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
John Roberts
Charles Todd
James Walters
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best
William Caldwell
Jack Crump
Henry Coffey
Alton Fox
John Greene
Marcus Heffner
James Johnson
David Kenley
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
James Presson
Carl Ransom
Ralph Stewart
Bobby Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Ray Covington
Thomas Chavis
Robert Elder
William Harding
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Donald Moose
Benny Payne

INFIRMARY
(No Honor Roll)

———:———

What is success? To do more for the world than the world does for you. That is success.—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 24, 1946 No. 34

VICTORY

I call no fight a losing fight
If, fighting, I have gained some straight new strength;
If, fighting, I have turned ever toward the light,
All unallied with forces of the night;
If, beaten, quivering, I could say at length:
"I did no deed that needs to be unnamed;
I fought—and lost—and I am unashamed."

—Miriam Teichner.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE INDIAN'S TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The translation of portions of the Bible into Indian vernacular has been the interesting task of missionaries, and such translations often result in comprehensive versions. An outstanding example is the Twenty-third Psalm, which some clever divine translated into Indian as follows:

The Great Father above is a Shepherd Chief. I am his, and with him I want not.

He throws out to me a rope, and the name of the rope is Love. And he draws me, and he draws me to where the grass is green and the water is not dangerous, and I eat and lie down satisfied.

Sometimes my heart is very weak and falls down, but he lifts it up and draws me into a good road. His name is Wonderful.

Sometime—it may be very soon, it may be longer, or it may be a long time—he will draw me into a place between the mountains. It is dark there, but I will not draw back. I will be afraid not, for it is there that the Shepherd Chief will meet me, and the hunger I have felt in my heart through this life will be satisfied.

Sometimes he makes the Love rope into a whip, but afterwards he gives me a staff to lean on.

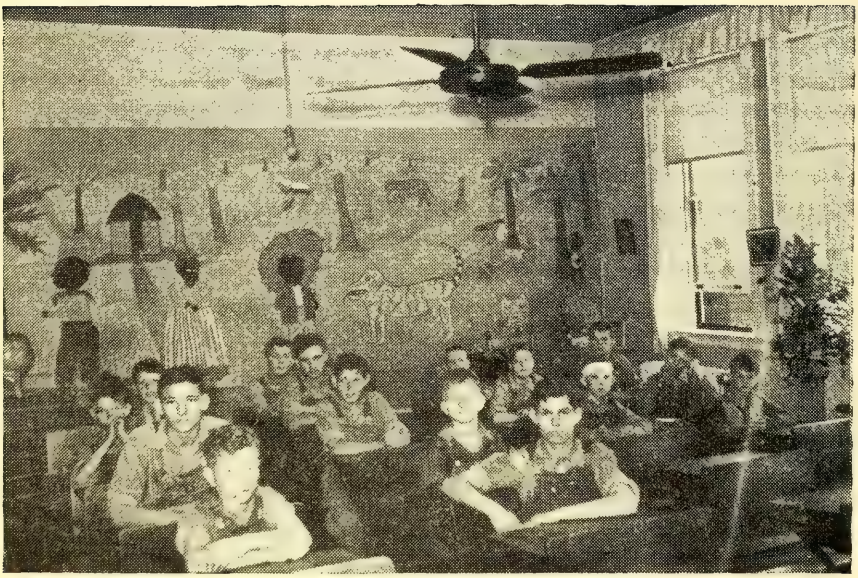
He spreads a table before me with all kinds of food. He puts his hands on my head, and all the "tired" is gone. My cup he fills till it runs over

What I tell you is true. I lie not. These roads that are away ahead will stay with me through life, and afterwards I will go to live in the "Big Tepee" with the Shepherd Chief forever.

—Sunshine Magazine.

INFORMATION ABOUT THE DAY SCHOOL AND TRAINING OPPORTUNITIES FOR BOYS AT JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

We are very eager for the North Carolina public to be familiar with the program offered here at the Jackson Training School. We have many opportunities for the boys here and it is our thought that the more the people of the state know about our program the more favorable their attitude will be toward the institution. We



First Grade Classroom

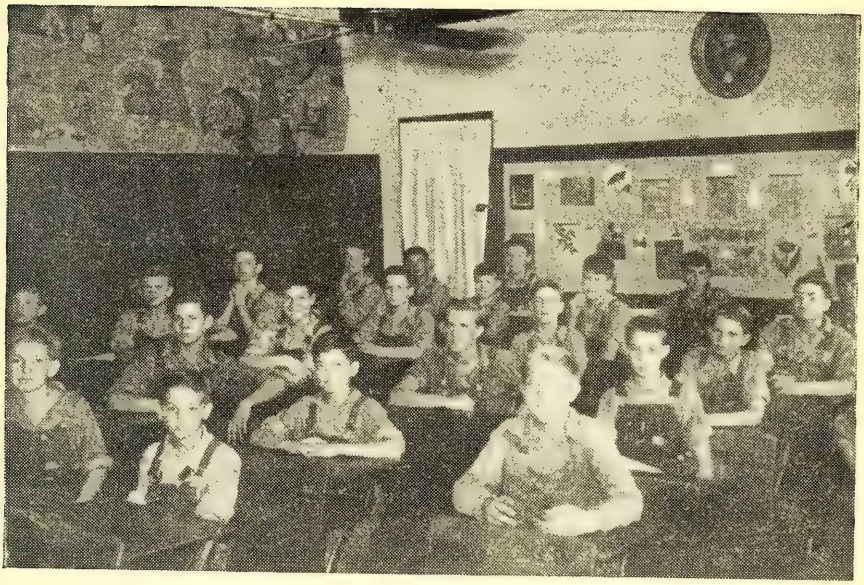
do not claim that the set-up here is either ideal or perfect, but we do believe we offer the boys here a type of living and training for youth development which is a credit to the state and is superior, we are quite sure, to what they have had in their homes.

In this connection, we are more than eager for all the juvenile judges of the state, the superintendents of welfare and the case workers to know about the work here. These are the people who are primarily charged with the responsibility of either sending boys to this institution or placing them in foster homes or continuing their probation in their own homes. In all instances, the juvenile judge is confronted with the problem of deciding whether or not a boy will be better off if he is sent to the training school or whether the advantages in the home offer the best bet.

In this week's issue of **The Uplift** we are presenting an outline of instruction and training opportunities for our boys, as follows:

I. Day School Department:

(a) Nine teachers.

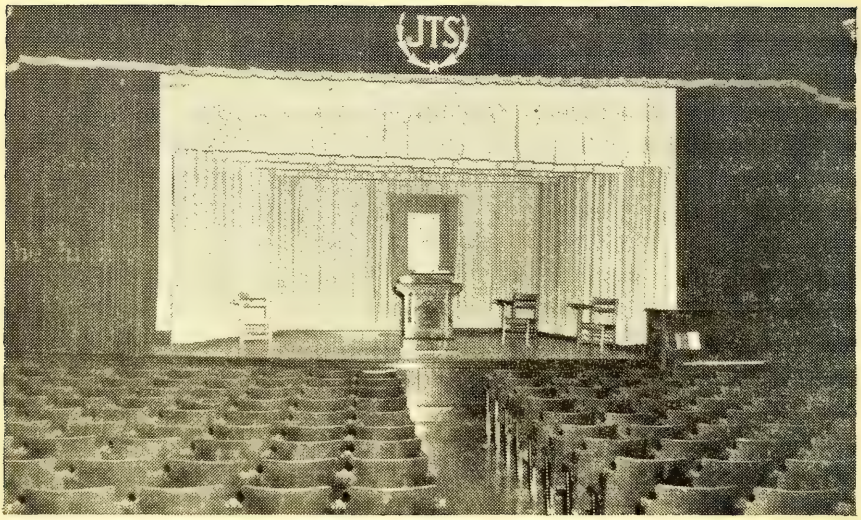


Fifth Grade Classroom

(b) Ten grades (one section only of 9th grade, and one section only of 10th grade).
(c) One teacher for each grade (one section in the morning and one in the afternoon).
(d) Excellent library with approximately 3,000 well-selected volumes.
(e) Laboratory equipment for General Science and Biology.
(f) Large auditorium with adequately equipped stage and motion picture equipment.

II. Trade Training Opportunities—Work Experiences:

(a) Bakery
(b) Barber Shop
(c) Cannery
(d) Dairy
(e) Farming
(f) Furnace Boy
(g) House Boy
(h) Ice Plant
(i) Laundry
(j) Library
(k) Machine Shop
(l) Office Boy
(m) Poultry Raising
(n) Print Shop
(o) Plumbing & Tin Shop
(p) Sewing Room
(q) Shoe Shop
(r) Storeroom
(s) Textile Plant
(t) Truck Gardening



School Auditorium and Stage

III Recreational Program:

(a) Supervised by full-time recreational director.
(b) Varied program of sports and games: baseball, basketball, dodge ball, swimming, football, horse-shoe pitching, softball, tennis, track, etc.
(c) Recreational activities for all sizes and all age groups.
(d) Indoor cottage games: ping-pong, dominoes, checkers, puzzles and quoits.

IV Religious Activities:

(a) Sunday school each Sunday.
(b) Preaching services each Sunday.
(c) Daily devotionals in school.
(d) Opportunity to join a church.
(e) Memory verses from the Bible taught.

V Scouting:

(a) Two Scout troops—Boy Scouts of America.
(b) One Cub Scout Pack.

MR. A. R. HOOVER MAKES GENEROUS DONATION FOR FOOTBALL EQUIPMENT

Mr. A. R. Hoover, one of the outstanding young men in the economic and industrial life of Concord and Cabarrus County, recently made a generous donation of $150 to the Jackson Training School to be used toward the purchase of football equipment and supplies. We wish to express our sincere thanks to Mr. Hoover for his thoughtful and generous gift to the boys.

It is probably true that football is the most popular game among the boys here at the Jackson Training School. It is the one game in which boys get a great amount of pleasure and an abundance of wholesome exercise. This year we are looking forward with greater interest to football than ever before in the history of the school. We will have a tournament between the different cottage teams and it is our purpose so to arrange the schedule that both the large and the small boys will have an opportunity to play the game. In addition to this, we hope to have a school team capable of competing with some teams on the outside, though our greatest emphasis will be on the intramural phases of the program.

Mr. Earl Walters, the physical education director, participated in college football at Erskine College, and he has had excellent training in this branch of the sports. Football is one of his favorite sports, and he is very eager to "try his hand" at the development of a good program of football here.

Again, we express to Mr. Hoover our gratitude for his contribution, which will mean so much to the program. This helps us because we always have the problem of getting as much money as we should have for the athletic program, and there is little danger that we would ever spend too much in this department, when we take into consideration the very great importance of physical education and participation in sports in the life of the growing boy.

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CONCORD CHAPTER, ROYAL ARCANUM, MAKES GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION TO SCOUTING

We are happy to announce that the Concord Chapter of the Royal

Arcanum has just made a contribution of $150 to the Boy Scout program here at the Jackson Training School. In behalf of the boys of this institution, we wish to take this opportunity to express to the members of this organization our sincere thanks.

This is a fraternal organization dedicated to the high principles of fellowship and community service. It is a local organization that is alert to the opportunities for the development of worthy community service projects. It is composed of working men who, deep in their hearts, have a yearning to do something for the underprivileged boys—something that would inspire and stimulate these boys to higher ideals and to the development of Christian character.

We shall do everything in our power to help the boys in the Scout program here at the school so that the contribution which has been made by the Royal Arcanum will produce rich dividends and better living for the boys. The Scouting program within itself is a well-established and highly profitable organization that is worthy of the support of the public. The materials and equipment which will be purchased with this contribution will be used here at the school and will become a part of the permanent equipment for the local Scout troop. Mr. Earl Walters is the Scoutmaster of the new troop which will use the equipment. This troop is designated as Troop 61. We already have another troop here at the Training School, which operates under the leadership of Mr. John Corliss, and this troop will continue its operation as in the past. We are delighted now to know that we are able to have two troops.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Radio Program

By Jack Benfield, 10th Grade

The tenth grade boys were the ones who went to the radio station Tuesday morning to be on the regular Jackson Training School Program. The boys sang two songs, "Day Is Dying in the West" and "The King's Business." The boys who sang were Harvey Leonard, Robert Fogle, Hugh Cornwell, Gerald Johnson, Douglas Mangum, James Hensley, Thomas Wansley, and William Smith. After the songs were sung, Mr. Hawfield, the superintendent of the school, made a talk about V-J Day. The talk was very interesting, and we hope to hear more like it. We are thankful that we have the chances like this, because they are educational. We want to thank Mr. Hawfield for giving us this opportunity.

Vacations

By William Smith, 10th Grade

Mr. and Mrs. Peck have gone on their vacation. They are to take two weeks for their vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Carriker have gone on their vacation, also. The boys of their cottages, Cottage No. 1 and Cottage No. 5, were sent to the various cottages.

One of our teachers, Mrs. Baucom, is taking her vacation. She teaches the 9th grade and one subject in the 10th grade. She is also our librarian. Mrs. Baucom will be gone a week. She informed her pupils that she had planned to go to New York.

Boys Released

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

During the past week three boys were released to return to their homes. They were Robert Elder (whose home is in Taylorsville); James McMahan, from Greensboro; and Hubert Pritchard, from Morganton.

During their stay at the school, the boys were in the fifth, special sixth, and second grades respectively.

We hope that these boys will make a good record at home.

We hope that all these folks who are now on vacation will enjoy their vacation.

Concord Redshields Defeat All-Stars

By Gerald Johnson, 10th Grade

On August 14, the Jackson Training School All-Stars suffered their second defeat by the Concord Red Shields by the score of 10-9.

The game was played under the lights at Concord.

Jack Crump started on the mound for the All-Stars and pitched a fine game until he was relieved by Vernest Turner in the eigth inning.

Carlton Pate led the hitting for the J. T. S. boys with two home runs. Knox Norton also knocked a home run, with two on base, for the Training School boys.

The boys who went were: Carlton Pate, Jack Crump, Garvin Thomas, Robert Lee, Harvey Leonard, Harvey

Arnette, Knox Norton, Eugene Grice, Frank Westmoreland, Ralph Stewart, James Upright, Vernest Turner and Gerald Johnson.

Boys See Air Show

By Robert Lee, 10th Grade

Last Sunday, the boys had the privilege of seeing an airplane show. Mr. Walters had some men to bring their model airplanes. Some boys brought some airplanes, too. Each airplane had a small gasoline engine. After the planes would fly for two or three minutes, they would come down for reguaging, for each plane had a battery which recharged the motor for another flight. The planes would fly in circles and straight up, too.

All of the boys enjoyed the show very much.

New Boys

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

Recently seven boys were admitted to our school department. They were as follows: Olin Brigman, who is in Cottage No. 10, was placed in the sixth grade; Carlyle Brown, of Cottage No. 17, was placed in the fourth grade; Raymond Cloninger, of Cottage No. 9, was placed in the ninth grade; R. L. Crawford was placed in the fifth grade, and he is in Cottage No. 13; Thomas Davis was placed in the fourth grade, and he is now in the Hospital; James Wilson, of Cottage No. 2, is now in the first grade; and Jimmy Reynolds, who is in Cottage No. 16, is in the seventh grade.

We hope that these boys will try to make a good record during their stay at the school and will return to their homes better because of the training they will have received.

Birthday Party

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

Tuesday evening, August 13, Mr. Earl Walters called for all of the boys who had birthdays in July to have the birthday party. The following boys were present at the party: Eddie Meddlin and Judd Lane, from Cottage No. 2; Talmadge Duncan, Clyde Wright, Ben Wilson, Thomas Childress, and Bernard C. Webster, from Cottage No. 3; William Judson Finch, from Cottage No. 4; Hicks Allen, from Cottage No. 5; Robert Driggers, from Cottage No. 6; Richard Cook and Jimmy Wiles, from Cottage No. 7; D. B. Jones, David Johnson, Edward Lee Johnson, and Charles Francis, from Cottage No. 9; W. C. Mills, from Cottage No. 10; Benny Riggins, from Cottage No. 11; Robert Bailey and Harold Wilkinson, from Cottage No. 13; Leonard Allen, James Shook, and Ray Wooten, from Cottage No. 14; Robert Wicker and Harvey Lee Leonard, from Cottage No. 15; Earl Hoyle, King Watkins, Lyndon Barnette, and William Harding were present, also.

Miley Gunter had a birthday in June, but he was not able to attend the June party because of an operation and was absent for 32 days. He was invited to attend the July birthday party which he enjoyed very much.

All of the boys played a game of softball, and the winning team was to receive a prize. The game was

called off on account of the fact that it was too dark to play. The score was tied 7 to 7. Every one went swimming while Mr. Walters cut the watermelons. He stated that there was plenty for everyone and if they wanted more he would go get some more.

Everyone enjoyed the party, and all are looking foward to the party next year.

We all sincerely thank Mr. Walters and any others who help make these parties possible from time to time.

Friday Morning Chapel Program

By Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade

The chapel program last week was given by the fourth grade boys. Mrs. Morrison, the teacher, was in charge of the program. The program was opened by everyone standing and singing "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations." For our responsive reading, Selection No. 514, in our hymnal, was used. This was followed by the entire audience repeating the Lord's Prayer.

Since they had been studying geography, Mrs. Morrison's boys told us some interesting things about the country of Holland. They also had some pictures to show us. One or two of the boys told us about some of the Dutch people, and they sang us a few Dutch songs. This was Part One of the program.

Part Two was just for the amusement of the audience. The title of it was "Vacation Special." This play took place on a train. The conductor was Thomas Staley. The reporter was George Marr. The characters were farmers, westerners, and Hollywood stars. They repeated some very good poems and sang some beautiful songs. The poems and who said them are as follows: "The Raggedy Man," by James Whitcomb Riley, Howard Manus; "Seein' Things At Night," by Eugene Fields, Cecil Clark. Both of these poems were very good. They were said distinctly, slowly, and in the right tone. These boys put some expression in these poems, too.

The songs that they sang were "Clang, Clang, Clang, Went the Trolley," "Don't Fence Me In," "Home, Home On the Range," "Old MacDonald Had a Farm," "Stars of a Summer Night," "Always," "You Are the Only Star in My Blue Heaven," and "The Bells of St. Mary."

This was the end of the program. Mr. Hines then made a talk about how good the program was.

This program was very carefully planned. Mrs. Morrison and the fourth grade boys planned and worked very hard on this program.

Every one enjoyed this program very much.

There are three kinds of people in the world: The wills, the won'ts and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything, the second oppose everything, and the third fail in everything.—Selected.

NORTH CAROLINA INDUSTRY EXPANDS

(From Bill Sharpe, State News Bureau, Raleigh, N. C.)

North Carolina industry experienced what is believed to be a record breaking growth in the first six months of 1946, according to the report of Paul Kelly, Assistant Director of the Department and head of the Division of Commerce and Industry, made to the summer meeting of the Board of Directors of the N. C. Department of Conservation and Development at Morehead City.

One hundred eighty-one new industries and an even 100 expansions within existing industries, providing jobs for an estimated 28,638 new workers, requiring an approximate $62,491,500 in new capital investment, to provide an estimated $47,939,000 in new annual payrolls are listed in the summary prepared by Philip Schwartz, Industrial Analyst.

As compared to the over-all 1945 figures, which were thought at the time of their release last Spring to constitute the most rapid industrial growth in any similar period in the State, the first six month of this year showed 181 new plants (in operation or in such projection as to be definitely reportable to 225 for all of last year;$29,000,000 to $47,000,000 in approximate investment; 17,00 to 16,000 new workers; and $29,000,000 to $21,000,000 in approximate new annual payrolls.

In 1945, new textile industries (all types) were predominant with a total of 78 out of 225, or approximately 34 per cent. This trend has continued steady and even stronger in the first six months of 1946, with a total of 96 out of 181, or approximately 53 per cent. Textile mill products, with an approximate 39 per cent, and apparel and other finished products, with an approximate 16 per cent, second and fourth respectively in the new comparison scale, seemed certain to establish, with the new textile industries figures, even more firmly by year's end North Carolina's position as the leading textile manufacturing state of the nation.

Continuing, too, the state's record as the leading furniture and finished lumber products, new industries in those categories were 16 per cent of the total. Surprising, and heartening to state leaders, was the 8 per cent shown in food and kindred products in a state which raises much but has processed little food commodities. And the 6 per cent attributed to miscellaneous indicates that the recent efforts of the State Planning Board and other agencies toward the development of original new industries using North Carolina commodities is taking effect.

This latter trend is shown even more clearly in the approximate investment figures which show, for miscellaneous in new and expanded industries over $14,000,000, second only to textile mill products with $39,000,000. Food and kindred products was third with $3,250,000, with other classified divisions following in order: apparel and other finished

products $940,000; chemicals and allied products $840,000; furniture and finished lumber products approximately $800,000; electrical $750,000; stone, clay and glass products $400,000; lumber and timber basic products $$265,000; machinery $30,000. Expansion in tobacco plants, with no new industries reported, amounted to $2,000,000.

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REMINISCING

There was a time when I played the game
But now loaf in the stands,
To watch the ball as it strikes the glove,
Thrown by a stronger hand.
I'm slow of foot and sore of chest,
Too tired to run about;
So the coaches and the doctors
Have finally ruled me out.

This much I've learned, as one will learn,
From conquest or defeat,
There is far more fun upon the field,
Than any grandstand seat.
The lookers-on admit their thrill,
But each of them report,
That theirs would be a greater thrill
If they could share the sport.

I never would begrudge a man
His right to action, swift,
For each and every man who can,
Should use life's greatest gift;
The health to play, the strength to run,
A youngster's time at bat:
There's nothing wealth or age can give
That closely equals that.

And I, a looker-on by force,
Still thinking victory sweet,
Would rather play the game
Than sit upon a grandstand seat.

—Irvin Wilson.

A PSALM-INSPIRED HYMN

By Elmer Schultz Gerhard

Fine shafts and momuments have been erected, and tablets and plaques have been inscribed and placed to commemorate great events and achievements, and to keep fresh the memory of those who took part. The names of famous men and women have been entered on the scroll of the Hall of Fame. But to be author of a hymn which has virtually sung itself around the world and has been translated into foreign tongues, given new courage to the living, and strengthened the faith of the dying, is enough to give the author an assured place in the hearts and affections of a grateful people. Such gratitude sinks deeper and is more lasting than all the embellishments on stone and iron.

" 'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Surely it is a noble distinction to be the author of a hymn which has found a place among the songs of the Church; but when both the hymn and its author are commemorated by a plaque, or tablet, placed on the very spot where the soul of the author poured itself out it might be taken as a double assurance of eternal remembrance. Such a distinction, we are led to believe, has come only to the subject of our sketch.

Joseph Henry Gilmore (1834-1918) was born in Boston, Mass. His father was Governor of New Hampshire, 1863-1865. After the young man had graduated from Brown University and from the Newton Baptist Theological Seminary, he was for a time private secretary to his father while governor. He later served as pastor of several Baptist churches. In 1868 he became professor of English in the University of Rochester, N.Y., which position he held until his retirement in 1908. He was in turn Baptist minister,' hymn writer and college professor. He wrote several hymns, but only one, "He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought!" became truly famous. He composed it while serving as supply pastor in the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1862.

The church edifice has long since disappeared from the busy corner of Broad and Arch Streets in Philadelphia, and in its place stands the large office building of the United Gas improvement Company. The officers of the company, contrary to the usual practice of obliterating all trace of historical significance in removing cherished landmarks, showed not only a sense of propriety, but also a reverence for things of the spirit. They placed a fine bronze table of goodly size on the office building in memory of the author of this famous hymn. All of the first stanza is inscribed thereon. The officers of the company are deserving of the lasting gratitude of all lovers of church music and of the great body of church-going people of Philadelphia for this thoughful and benevolent act.

The occasion of the writing of this hymn—like that of many famous hymns—came about as the result of

a sudden inspiration. At such times, it would seem, a divine afflatus suddenly takes possession of the writer. Mr. Gilmore wrote the hymn almost impromptu. He has given an account of how he came to write it. In the spring of 1862 he was supply pastor for several Sundays in the First Baptist Church. At the Wednesday evening service he gave an exposition of the Twenty-third Psalm, which he had given on former occasions. But this time, he says, he got no farther than the words, "He leadeth me." The words took hold of him as never before. He realized that God's leadership is the one significant fact in human experience. It makes no difference how or whither we are lead, just so we are sure that God is leading us. After the service he returned to his place of entertainment, where a discussion continued concerning the though he had emphasized. He then and there wrote the hymn as it stands today, and handed it to his wife, and thought no more about it.

His wife, without his knowing it, sent it to a paper in Boston, where it was first printed. Three years later, 1865, Mr. Gilmore went to Rochester to preach as a candidate in a Baptist church. He opened a hymn book, and the first hymn that met his eyes was, "He Leadeth Me." He had never known that it had been set to music and found a place in church hymnals. It stands today as it was written, except the last two lines of the refrain, which were slightly modified by William B. Bradbury, who also set it to the music which did so much to promote its popularity and acceptance; for words alone will not carry a hymn through.

This famous hymn is found in the Baptist and Episcopal hymnals and in others, and in any number of "best selections" of hymns and in popular hymnals. Many people wrote to him testifying to the comfort and help they received from it. Among these was a former student, who said it was the favorite hymn of Japanese Christians. On one occasion a Chinaman was brought into court for renting a building to Christians who were conducting an opium refuge. He tried to justify his actions by saying that Christians prayed and sang hymns. Thereupon the judge asked him for a specimen; and the Chinaman, to show the judge what a Christian hymn is, sang this hymn.

As an expression of submissive faith, nothing finer has been written. Based as it is on the Twenty-third Psalm, its appeal to the God of mercies for guidance becomes very personal.

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Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock in a thunderstorm.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

By Amos John Traver in The Lutheran

Mary, the mother of George, belonged to the Carvers. In one of the beatsly raids that followed the confusion of reconstruction days, she was carried off with George, a puny babe in arms. And that was the end of the story so far as Mary was concerned. George's father had been killed in an accident before he was born. Moses Carver did secure the return of the babe, repaying the neighbor who stole him with a horse.

As George grew, he showed all the peculiarities of genius: he was always curious about what he saw, particularly about things that grew. He had a secret place in the woods where he kept all kinds of plants, and began early to classify them to learn how to make them grow.

He was dreadfully poor, but never seemed to be concerned about it. He treasured everything that others might waste, and was orderly in his care of everything he possessed.

He wandered from place to place seeking education. Several families took him in, and his ability to clean and cook made him welcome. He was also full of fun, clever at singing and telling stories, and was such an appealing, helpless sort of a lad that he too often found sympathy when he wanted understanding.

His best source of income was laundry. He would hire a small house, buy a cheap tub and iron, and do such wonderful work that he never needed to advertise. Yet business to George was never a money-making concern. To the day of his death he resented receiving more than he felt his work worth: he wanted only a living and a chance to learn.

He never accepted in later years payment for any discovery or invention. He refused to be commercialized. Most of his teaching days he received only $1,500 per year, and often forgot to cash his salary check. Letters sometimes came asking for information that meant hundreds of thousands of dollars to great corporations. When a check was enclosed, it was returned. Thomas Edison once offered him a salary in six figures to do research for him; but he refused.

The school open to a colored lad were of poor order. He soon knew more than the teacher, and moved on. Finally he had worked his way from his Missouri birthplace to Indianola, Iowa, where there was a little Methodist college, Simpson. Here he found opportunity to play with his talent as an artist. His particular genius was in painting still life, and the way seemed to open to a career.

But deep in his heart was the purpose to help his people. So he was persuaded that he should know agriculture and moved on to Iowa State College of Agriculture at Ames. Here James G. Wilson, who was to become Secretary of Agriculture under three presidents, was a professor. This was a contract that was to mean much to George. He soon showed his talent in recognizing all types of plant life and his understanding of the usefulness of everything that grew.

He would have been a welcome

member of the faculty of his alma mater for life. Or he might have followed his bent for painting, for his canvases had already won recognitions. Yet his supreme purpose was to help his people. So the call to Tuskegee from Booker T. Washington, was the call of God to him.

The story of his untiring battle over 50 years to lift his race, and indeed the whole South, is a romance, touching as it is heroic. He was one of the first to see the damage cotton was doing to the South. The top soil had been drained away and fertility was gone. So he taught the need of other crops. Another first was his discovery of the possibilities of the soy bean, and still another first was his his encourgement to the raising of peanuts. He found over a hundred uses for this lowly nut. Sweet pototoes, too, were a large factor in his plans for self-support for the negro. He insisted that from the products of peanuts and sweet potatoes a balanced diet could be maintained. Dehydration was one of his methods for preserving foods.

In spit of his race, he had too much to offer the South to be ignored. The coming of the boll weevil—instead of being a curse—was a blessing and hurried the farmers to rotation of crops. High honor came to him, including the F. R. S. from England. Presidents and senators and great industrialist claimed him as friend. Yet he never pretended to be other than the humble, simple searcher after truth.

Paslm 8:6 was a verse he often quoted. He was a life-long Bible student. There was never any conflict between science and his religion. He was consciously a partner with God. And in his desire to raise his race he never returned evil for evil, in spite of the constant injustices of his white neighbors. He believed that to raise his race it was only necessary to demonstrate its talents. He never argued, or even discussed, race relations. Yet he shares with Booker T. Washington the honor of doing most to dignify the place of the negro in American life. When he died in January 1943, the whole nation mourned.

A GOOD SUGGESTION

It is said that President Harrison was assisting his gardener in adjusting some grape vines. The gardener remarked that there would be little use in trailing the vines, so far as any fruit was concerned; for the boys would come on Sunday, while the family was at church, and steal the grapes. He suggested to the general as a guard against such loss, that he should purchase an active watch-dog. Said the general: "Better employ an active Sabbath school teacher; a dog may take care of the grapes, but a good Sabbath school teacher will take care of the grapes and the boys, too.

—Selected.

BROTHERHOOD

(The Orphans' Friend)

It would be a very salutary and illuminating experience if everybody could go back six or eight years and pick up his opinions and words as he uttered them then in prophecy of what was to come. It would be salutary and illuminating not only for soap box orators, drug store strategists and economists and sundry other philosophers and prophets. Mr. Moneybag, Brass Hats, columnists, commentators, et als., if dragged by the ears to face what they said half a dozen or so years ago and made to compare it with what has happened and is in process of happening, red would be their faces and hard put for alibis would they be. Where is the man who has not guessed wrong many times since Hitler's intuition began to function in high and Mussolini's dream of recreating a new Rome began to intrigue him? Where is the man (host of him) who scornfully said there was no such animal as the atomic bomb? How many "knew" six years ago that within two, three or four years, Americans by the millions would be deposited in every quarter of the world and nearly every nation and race shaken to the foundation.

In the business of making prophecy, the big boys err almost as consistently as the little ones; the main difference being that after bad guessing the big ones are much more adept in landing on their feet and making readjustments.

Men everywhere the world over are looking for a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness, but the trouble is, they look too close to earth for their Moses. There is Intelligence that far transcends the intelligence of men. This is the true Moses for men to appeal to.

It should not take a prophet to say that mankind is in the throes of upheaval as great or greater than any in recorded history. Is not that would appear to be destruction at wholesale a clearing of the stage of humanity for a great advance in the affairs of mankind?

War is a deplorable happening. It is inconceivable that any person could wish for one. As a matter of fact, if put to popular vote and each voter could be protected from the pressure of warmongers with axes to grind, war could never be fashioned at the poll.

But, of course, with the Axis setup prior to and after Munich, the die was cast so far as the freedom of nations was concerned. The Democracies had to fight.

If the world at large was sadly off in prevision, the Axis powers led in error. The smartest minds of Germany, Italy and Japan, presumably, made the worst guesses of all. History does not record a lower grade of prophecy.

The world is no bigger than it was ages ago; in fact, it is physically smaller because of the drying-out process. It takes as many feet to make a mile as it ever did, but science and invention have snapped their fingers at distance and remoteness has been striped of what was formerly orthodox security.

If what has happened in recent years teaches anything it is that men will have to come to their senses and realize that recognition of the brotherhood of man is no longer optional; that it is a must.

While the smartest of men cannot with accuracy forcast very far into the future, all men, even the smallest, know that henceforth war is something that the nations can no longer gamble with. Bomb-proofs are being written off the inventory of safety devices, and isolation is about as valuable as last year's bird nest.

Can not what has been underway since the beginning of World War One be the prelude to a more enduring peace (when it really sets in)?

Regardless of what men do, the world is going on. Nations and races cannot slow its journey around the sun by the fraction of a second, nor can they fumble with the law of gravity. The only destruction of which they are capable is the meanness which they inflict on each other and the inevitable rebound which sooner or later hits each malefactor.

The Supreme Architect is the true Moses to whom humans must look to them out of the wilderness. There could be no other.

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BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of August 25, 1946

Aug. 25—James Little, Cottage No. 5, 16th birthday.
Aug. 26—Coy Creakman, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
Aug. 30—James Peterson, Cottage No. 15, 16th birthday.
Aug. 31—James Phillips, Cottage No. 11, 17th birthday.

THE ROMANCE OF MONEY

(Selected)

To imagine a world without money is difficult, yet in the sixth or seventh century B. C. practically all trade was carried on by barter.

Trade by barter presented great complications. The first difficulty was to find two persons having just those things to dispose of that suited each other's requirements. A second problem was that of determining what quantity of one commodity would be the equivalent of the other.

Barter still exists in some places. There is a story of a French singer who in the course of a professional tour around the world, gave a concert in the Society Islands. In Exchange for her recital she was to receive a third of the receipts. In due time she found herself in possession of pigs, turkeys, chickens, cocanuts, and quantities of banasas, lemons, and oranges. As the great artist could neither sell nor consume her wealth, it became necessary to feed the pigs and poultry with the fruit, with very little net profit to herself.

The early colonists of North America regarded tobacco as legal tender.

In early days when much hunting was done, furs and skins were acceptable as money, and down to the time of Peter the Great, leather money circulated in Russia. American Indians used wampum, strings of shell beads, for money. In India and Africa small yellowish-white called "Cowgies" were perhaps the oldest cash in the world. The South Sea Islanders used red feathers as currency, and the Fijians used whales' teeth. In Russia and China, tea money has also been used.

In the pastoral age, sheep and cattle were units of value. A man receive a number of cows for a sword.

Naturally, before there could be extended commerce, some more convenient form of money had to be invented, and people began to experiment with metals. Iron and copper were among the first metals to be employed, and were handed about in ingots and weighed at each transaction. Old weight houses still stand in ancient European market places. Later, the money was stamped to guarantee its purity. The first recorded coins were minted about 600 B. C. by Croesus, whose name became a proverb for wealth. About the same time China began to make coins which were cast rather than minted.

The chief reason why gold and silver became the money metals is that they satisfy the caving for adornment. It was the luster and sheen of gold and silver that caused them to be prized when other ways of producing these effects were unknown. Glass beads and scarlet cloth still pass as money among savages.

Custom having established the use of gold and silver, utility continued it. These metals are singularly free from liability to deterioration, and they have proved to be sufficiently abundant for money use, and yet not so abundant that they have ceased to be prized.

About the year 1000, and during

the Crusades, the monks in the monasteries were the real bankers of the country.

It was not until the 13th century that bills of exchange were used to any considerable extent. Then they were developed in Italy and spread from there, until now paper money circulates freely throughout the entire world.

The short step from this form to the common form of modern banking was made when merchants deposited their surplus cash with the money-changer, and he had thus a large stock which he could lend as long as he kept enough in reserve to meet the demands of depositors. It soon became unnecessary for money to pass at all in large transactions. A man could get a loan from a bank simply by having a deposit ascribed to him on the books, and he could assign his loan to others as he chose to pay it out. The advantages of the banking system have been so great that they have been expanded until now the Treasury Department is one of the most vital departments of a modern government.

———:———

WANTING

It's wanting keeps us young and fit,
It's wanting something just ahead
And striving hard to come to it,
That brightens every road we tread.

I'm truly sorry for the man,
Though he be millionaire or king,
Who does not hold some cherished plan,
And says he does not want a thing.

Want is the spur that drives us on,
And oft its praises should be sung;
For man is old when want is gone—
It's what we want that keeps us young.

—Emlyn Jones.

GUM AND GUMPTION

(Heavy Stuff)

Mark Twain is, and probably will continue to be, the widest read of all American humorist. Will Rogers was the wildest seen and heard. When Rogers was asked how he won his unique position, he drawled, "Jes' gum an' gumption." And that was literally true. No man in the public eye had more gumption or chewed gum more consistently.

Will Rogers had no idea of becoming a humorist or a philospher when he sought a job in a Tulsa variety theatre as a lasso thrower. His skill in swinging the lariat was such that he soon landed on the Keith circuit, which was known at that period of the theatre as "big time." It was at Keith's in New York that the great Ziegfeld witnessed Rogers act of whirling the rope and commenting on the news of the day while he rhythmically chewed his cud of gum. Ziegfeld lost no time in signing him for his famous Follies, although he had no idea, at the time, just how he could fit him into his show which "glorified the American girl." Rehearsals of the show continued with all the cast of beautiful girls, chorus boys and comedians. But as for the lariat thrower, he was just like an ugly duckling in a brood of chickens—he didn't belong. Opening night came and still there was no place on the bill for Rogers. His only encouragment was the instruction from the stage manager to "Stick around in the wings—if we need you we'll call you."

Speaking of his experience several years later, Rogers said that he felt like a plugged nickle. "I had no more chance among those beautiful girls than a coon at a Klux corn-roast. I was the fifth wheel on the buggy."

It was just about when his spirits had reached the lowest ebb that one of the stage sets became troublesome while the scenery was being shifted and it became necessary to fill in the time with some sort of an act. Grabbing the heartsick cowboy by the shoulders, the stage manager shoved him toward the footlights. "Go on and do your stuff," he ordered.

And so it was that Will Rogers made his first appearance on the stage that afforded the needed opportunity to bring out those rare qualities that had been latent in him. On a stage which but a few moments before had been a glittering ballroom filled with the pick of gorgeous women garbed in dazzling costumes, and with nothing more than a drop curtains for scenery, Will Rogers, in leather chaps and flannel shirt, twirled his lariat in circles, spirals and snakes, chewed his gum, drew on his gumption and drawled his comments on the topics of the day with such wit that long after the tangled scenery behind the curtain had been straightened out and the lights flashed for the show to proceed, the audience of first-nighters, famed for their discrimination, refused to let him make his exit.

It is often said that comedians, when off the stage, display an utter

lack of humor. A story is told of a patient who suffering from a nervous breakdown, visited a celebrated physician. The physician, observing the depressed spirits of the man, suggested that he go to a certain theatre where a famous comedian was keeping his audience in a continuous roar of laughter nightly. The patient doctor," he said.
shook his head dolefully. "I am he,

Will Rogers was a refutation of the belief that comedians and humorists can display wit only while on the stage. His as humorous off the stage as on the stage. His was brilliant. His good nature was contagious. His philosophy will stand with the philosophy of the sages of history. Actor, writer, humorist, philosopher—there has been but one Will Rogers.

———:———

HE WAS A FRIEND

He made his friends by being one,
And on his friendship men relied;
In every deed that need be done
He made the Golden Rule his guide.
His friendly presence brought a cheer
That made the day seem wondrous fair;
His daily living so sincere
Made others love him everywhere;
He was a friend.

No task too great for him to do
And in the doing was a smile
That aided as he carried through
The deeds that were so well worthwhile.
The brightness of his day is gone,
We see the setting of the sun;
If only we could carry on
And live a life like he has done!
He was a friend.

Just yonder on the star-kissed shore
He carries on in nobler way;
Though we can see his face no more,
Thanks for his friendship for a day.
If on his tomb I could indite
The epitaph I have in mind,
One phrase is all that I could write,
The truest words that I could find:
He was a friend.

—Will Taylor.

IN POLITICS—AND A CHRISTIAN

By Walter M. Gibb

This story is no political build-up. Theodore McKeldin is not running for office just now. In fact,they say in Baltimore that politics has very little to do with the election of a mayor. McKeldin, a Republican, has twice carried a city that is predominantly Democratic.

This is a story of a man who has been successful in public life, and in the midst of his success has always been more interested in the Church than in anything else.

Back to 1943, at the height of the election campaign, a reporter interviewed Candidate McKeldin. "How does it feel to be running for mayor?" he asked.... "When you were a kid playing in the streets of South Baltimore, did you ever dream that some day... ?" And so on.

The reporters got an unexpected reply. The serious-minded, 42-year old aspirant, now 38th mayor of Baltimore, said:

"My honest ambition was to be a preacher. It's still in my heart. I would have been a preacher if I had had a high school education, but I had to pick up my education crumb by crumb."

It is no exaggeration to say that, as mayor, Theodore R. McKeldin has gone a long way toward realizing that "honest ambition." In his term of office to date he has addressed congregations and Sunday schools, Bible classes, YMCA and YMHA groups, camp meetings and other bodies gathered for religious service, on an average of ten times a week.

Here are some of his topics:

"Why I Am A Christian."

"The Six Greatest Words On Earth."

"Abraham Lincoln's Favorite Psalm" (the 37th).

"I like to inspire people," he says.

His own life is an inspiration in point. He does not drink, swear. He works hard plays heard—chiefly with his two children—studies and teaches, and takes a big cultural bite out of existence. His career ladder is strictly Horatio Alger—office boy to chief executive of a city of more than a million population, with all education after the eight grade acquired the hard way.

But it is the spiritual man that predominates, noticeably coloring his administrative functions. For a top-ranking politician to by-pass the smoke-filled rooms to carry a message up church steps is uncustomary these days, to say the least.

Every Sunday finds him rising early—very early—to fulfill an ambitious schedule of talks in Sunday schools and churches. A Methodist himself, he gets around to all denominations. On a recent Sunday, for example, the first stop on his tour was a Lutheran church in Washington D. C., the second a Methodist congregation some ten miles north of Towson, Md., the third a Negro Baptist church in Baltimore.

His personal schedule book, Sunday after Sunday, is crowded, far in advance, mostly with repeat requests from religious groups of all denominations. We noted that many of these were out of the city, some out of the

state—people to whom he is not mayor.

"Why do you do it?" we asked.

In an outer room, chewing cigar cuds and whispering city secrets, waited politicians who had asked him that question themselves. Mayor McKeldin's reply was the same:

"I'm a preacher," he said.

SELF ANALYSIS

(Selected)

1. Neatness—Are my habits of personal cleanliness the best? Do I dress suitably? Do I keep my personal effects orderly?

2. Broadmindedness—Am I ready to recognize worth in others? Have I respect for the opinions and beliefs of others? Have I the ability to consider both sides of a question?

3. Courtesy—Do I try to manifest a real spirit of thoughtful kindly helpfulness? Do I avoid practices that make me look conspicuous?

4. Dependability—Am I punctual in meeting all engagements and agreements? Am I trustworthy about meeting obligations to the best of my ability?

5. Loyalty—Have I sense of responsibility for the welfare of the business with which I am connected? Do I make my personal interests secondary to my business interests? Have I a real respect for my occupation?

6. Cooperation—Have I an ability and willingness to work with others? Have I a real desire to be helpful in all situations?

7. Leadership—Have I the ability to plan and carry out projects of various sorts? Have I the ability to win the allegiance and cooperation of others?

8. Honesty and Sincerity—Have I the strength to be honest under all circumstances? Am I straightforward and unaffected?

9. Preseverance—Have I the ability to stay with a task until it is finished? Have I a tenacity of purpose, even against great odds?

10. Self-control—Have I the ability to hold the mastery of myself under trying circumstances? Have I the ability to be pleasant and considerate, even though others are unfair or irritable?

Score yourself 3 points for each group if above the average. 2 if you are average. 1 if below the average. 30 therefore would be a perfect score, and twenty an average.

Selected from School text-book.

If you worry about what people think of you, it shows that you have more confidence in their opinion than you have in your own.

—Exchange.

FORCE IN POLITICS

(Stanly News & Press)

While nothing is more exasperating and calculated to inspire use of force than to see a political gang thwart the wishes of the voters of a city or county by the use of crookedness in counting the ballots, we are firm in belief that it will never do to encourage the use of force in correcting such situations.

Last week armed violence characterized an election in Athens, Tenn., county seat of McMinn county, which has long been controlled politically by a state senator. An independent ticket was put out this year, supported by the veterans, and the henchmen of the state senator, realizing that the vote was going against the machine, started out in a flagrant manner to win this election. The G.I.'s, very familiar with fighting methods, proceeded to bring out their guns and dynamite. When the gun battle was over, many had been wounded, but no one killed. And the G.I.'s had control of the situation. When the counting was over, the independent ticket had won.

While perhaps the action of the supporters of the independent ticket was justified in order that a fair count could be insured, we know that if similar action is encouraged the time will quickly come when election returns will be determined by the side which has the most guns and dynamit, and that is not the way for elections to be decided in a democracy.

There is plenty of crooked work done in elections in all parts of the country, and it is a degrace to a city or a county which has its elections marred by unfair practices. As a usual rule, it is impossible for the side which has suffered because of the crookedness to get any relief in the courts because our courts are closely tied up with politics.

It seems to us that if the McMinn county episode reveals the sentiment of returning veterans with regard to politics, there is need for strong action on the part of the federal government in order to discounage violence at election time.

The permanent solution can come only through the establishment of an independent judiciary—judges who are placed on the bench for life and who do not fear to dig into the crooked messes that characterize some primaries and elections and send some folks to jail.

When I consider the rulers, the physicians, the philosophers that the world contains, I am tempted to think man considerably elevated by his wisdom above the brutes; but when, on the other hand, I behold augurs, interpreters of dreams, and people who can be inflated with pride on account of their riches or honors, I cannot help looking upon them as the most foolish of all animals.—Diogenes.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was conducted by the Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson, he read St. John's Gospel 15: 1-17. As a text for his message to the boys, he selected part of the 15th verse: "But I have called you friends."

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner began by stating that the happiest and the most joyous people in the world should be the Christian people. Many writers and painters have pictured Jesus as a sorrowing Christ, a sort of weakling, but that is the wrong impression of the Master. There are so many times that Jesus mentioned joy that we should not overlook them. These things should be helpful to us in our Christian lives. The search for happiness in not something new in the world, added the speaker. People have been searching for joy all down through the ages.

Another thing we notice about Jesus, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, is that he was not disturbed by the conditions which surrounded him There were many sordid things occurring in the world while the Master was on earth, but he was not fearful as to the outcome, for he knew that eventually God's will would prevail.

The speaker then explained that service furnished much joy for Jesus as he went about healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind and even raising people from the dead. So it is in our lives today. We, too, can find real happiness in serving our fellowmen. There is great joy in the realization that we have helped someone less fortunate than we.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then mentioned how we read of the joy Jesus received from the great works of nature. We of this modern age get satisfaction from these same things. There is much comfort to a tired mind in viewing a beautiful sunset, or in gazing at beautiful flowers, or in looking at mountain scenes. The supreme satisfaction, however, comes to us by the actual doing of God's will in our service to others. There is nothing that can give man greater joy and peace of mind.

The speaker then stated that Jesus' joy rested in the realization that his life upon earth was a definite mission. He said: "I am come to seek and to save the lost." When men and women of today catch that same vision, life will have a real meaning and much happiness will come therefrom.

We learn, too, that Jesus had sympathy, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. This was shown at the grave of his friend, Lazarus. At another time the Master wept bitter tears over sinful Jerusalem, but he also told his disciples to rejoice over the fact that they would be called upon to suffer for him.

The speaker then told his listeners that it is the duty of every Christian to live a joyous life. To be a Christian does not mean that one must go about constantly with a long-drawn, sorrowful expression on his face. If a person is filled with love of Christ, joy will be forthcoming in his life. A true Christian will want

to live a worthwhile, helpful life. No man in the entire history of the world took more delight in bringing joy to the lives of others than did our Master. In the midst of his short, yet busy life on earth, we read that Jesus often spoke of his joy in doing certain things.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then pointed out how early Christians caught the spirit and carried on the work for which Jesus laid the foundation. They went to other cities and towns with their messages, inspired by the Master. They established churches in obscure places. From this small beginninig we now have thousands of churches in the world today, with millions of Christians carrying on the same fine work. The greatest joy a man can know, added the speaker, is that which comes from having led a sinful soul to Christ.

In his service, a Christian should feel as did Lord Nelson at the moment he was going into a great battle, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. Just before a great sea battle, this famous British naval leader said, "Men, we are going into great danger. Any moment may the last we shall spend on earth, but I would not be anywhere else for thousands of pounds."

Men in every generation, continued the speaker, have engaged in the search for the worthwhile things of life, oftentimes never finding them. The trouble with them has been that they haven't had a definite mission to perform in life.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then stated that there are many superfical suggestions for obtaining happiness, but that we must realize that character alone is the foundation of all joy. Joy comes through faith in Jesus Christ. The old way of obtaining joy, as found in the Bible, still holds good in life today. Men are chasing through the world today, seeking joy, but when we come to the real root of the matter, we will find that sin is robbing them of joy and happiness. No one has ever found solid or permanant satisfaction in doing wrong.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that we have the opportunity of following Jesus and obtaining the joy that he alone can give. To attain the greatest joy in life we must live close to God. When we have done that we shall realize poys that can come from no other source. True happiness comes from a life lived close to the Master.

———:———

You can be engaged in no better vocation than making people laugh. Humor is like the buffer between two heavy railroad cars. It relieves the jolts of life. It is a shock-absorber. It makes the journey through the years easier, and brightens the pathway all along the route. We Americans could not get along without humor.—William Howard Taft.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

"When a man starts throwing dirt he is losing ground."

—:—

What you think of yourself doesn't count—unless you can prove it.—Grit.

—:—

Books are lighthouses erected in the great sea of life.—E. P. Whipple.

—:—

The only preparation for tomorrow is the right use of today.—Rowen.

—:—

"Faith is the bird that feels the light when the dawn is still dark."

—:—

Trust not him that hath once broken faith.—Shakespeare.

—:—

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.—Ruskin.

—:—

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable.—Landon.

—:—

The universe is not rich enough to buy the vote of an honest man.
—Gregory.

—:—

All who would win joy, must share it; happiness was born a twin.
—Byron.

—:—

All that is best in the civilization of today, is the fruit of Christ's appearance among men.—Webster.

—:—

The self-respect of conceited men relieves others from the duty of respecting them at all.—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right. Men will believe what they see. Let them see.
—Thoreau.

The integrity of men is to be measured by their conduct, not by their professions.—Junius.

—:—

One vicious habit each year rooted out, in time might make the worst man good.—Franklin.

—:—

He that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.—Bacon.

—:—

Ten men banded together in love can do what ten thousand separately would fail in.—Thomas Carlyle.

—:—

Of the unspoken word thou art the master; the spoken word is master of thee.—Arabian Proverb.

—:—

"A man who has taken your time recognizes no debt, yet it is the only debt he can never repay."

—:—

"Eat your bread alone, and you will be fed. but share your loaf if you would know the flavor of good bread."

—:—

A good name lost is seldom regained. When character is gone, all is gone, and one of the richest jewels of life is lost forever.—J. Hawes.

—:—

Usually the greatest boasters are the smallest workers. The deep rivers pay a larger tribute to the sea than shallow brooks, and yet empty themselves with less noise.—Secker.

—:—

Few men are more to be shunned than those who have time, but know not how to improve it, and so spend it in wasting the time of their neighbors, talking forever though they have nothing to say.—Tryon Edwards.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 18, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Maynard Chester
Ralph Cranford
William Epps
Marion Ray
William Speaks
Herbert Stewart

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Britt
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Clay Shew
Harry Thompson
Wilton Wiggins
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Robert Kirk
Jack Lambert
J. W. Smith
Fairly McGee

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnett
Ray Burns
Gerald Johnson
Donald Kirk
Judd Lane
Howad Manus
Robert McDuffie
William McVicker
Eddie Medlin
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Van Robinson
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Thomas Childress
Hugh Cornwell
Paul Denton
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Robert Fogle
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawrence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Loyd Purdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Kenneth Staley
Thomas Staley
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

William Arrington
Joseph Bean
Paul Carpenter
Eugene Grice
Herman Hughes
Coy McElven
Lacy Overton
Harvey Purdy
Burton Routh
James Smith
Ernest Turner
Robert Thompson
King Watkins

COTTAGE No. 5

George Marr
James Little
Robert Wilkins
James Cauthen
Charles Gibson
Donald Hoyle
Glenn Rice
Hicks Allen
Howell Willis
Robert Woodruff
George Byrd
Edward Stone

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Clyde Hoffman
Clyde Hill
Robert Porter
Charles Sellers
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Ralph Gassaway

Ralph Gibson
John Hill
James Knight
Philip Kirk
Arthur Lawson
Eugene Murphy
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavy
James Wilds

COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Albert Allen
J. C. Alley
Gray Brown
Thomas Corley
Charles Francis
Hubert Inman
Defoye Inman
Lester Ingle
James Norton
Knox Norton
Robert Trout
Vernest Turner
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE No. 10

James Hensley
Howard Jones
Earl Kinlaw
Harry Matthews
Hoyt Mathis
Donald Stultz
Garvin Thomas
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
David Isenhour
Kenneth McLean
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Lloyd Cannady
Earl Grant
Terry Hardin
Garmon Hubbard
James Williamson
Gilbert Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Clifford Martin
Charles Moore
John Moretz
John Roberts
James Shook
James Smith
Thomas Styles
Charles Todd
James Walters
Thomas Wansley
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Henry Coffey
Carl Holt
Marcus Heffner
James Johnson
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
James Peterson
James Presson
Charles Rhodes
James Shepherd
Solomon Shelton
Ralph Stewart
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Ray Covington
William Harding
Harvey Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Douglas Mangum
Robert Phillips
Benny Payne
Clifford Shull

INFIRMARY

David Brooks
Thomas Davis
Norman Hentschell
Lloyd Sain

———:———

"Present conduct determines future condition."

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 31, 1946 No. 35

AUG 30 '46

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Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

EVERY DAY RELIGION

I goes to church on Sunday
An' I listens to de text.
It sho'ly helps my feelin's
When my mind is gettin' vexed.
De Sabbath Day religion
Puts a calmness in de heart—
But everyday religion
Needs a chance to do its part.

Dar's de Monday religion
When you's got to go to work,
An' de Tuesday religion
When you musn't stop to shirk.
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
An' Saturday as well,
Needs everyday religion
'Thout no ringin' of de bell.

One day a-learnin' 'bout
De goodness an' de light;
De other six a-showin,
Dat you got de lesson right.
Sunday brings to us comfort
Wif de beauty an' de rest,
But de everyday religion
Is what puts you to de test.

—Philander Johnson.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FARM PRODUCES IN ABUNDANCE

The farm at Jackson Training School contains almost one thousand acres of land. Between 550 and 600 acres are under cultivation. Some of the land is utilized for pasture lands, some for wooded lands, and some is used as campus for buildings and playgrounds.

Some of the land is somewhat hilly and is of the rolling type, but

Harvesting in Grain Field — 1946.

the school is fortunate to have almost 600 acres in large, level fields that can be cultivated with the usual type of farm machinery, such as disc plows, disc harrows, reapers, harvesters, mowing machines and other farm equipment drawn by tractors. Most of the heavy work is done with power-drawn farm machinery. However, the school owns ten teams of horses and mules that are constantly used by the boys. It might be explained, too, that the boys, as a rule, drive the tractors on the farm.

Over one hundred and fifty boys work out on the farm in one farm activity or another. These boys are under the supervision of adult persons who help them with their work and train them in the various farm activities. Some of these activities are:

Plowing
Cultivating
Planting and sowing
Transplanting plants
Fertilizing
Pruning and spraying
Ditching
Gathering vegetables
Hoeing
Gathering fruit
Canning
Feeding and caring for animals
Caring for poultry
Harvesting hay and grain
Repairing farm machinery

One of the Fields at Harvest Time — 1946.

Usually a boy works about three or four hours each day when he is out on the farm. During the other part of the day he is in school. Generally speaking, the boys like to work with the farm animals and the farm machinery.

Mr. J. Lee White occupies the position of farm manager, which means it is his responsibility to assign groups of boys and men to their work from time to time, and he must also determine when to plant certain crops, how much fertilizer to use, when it is the best time for cultivation and harvesting. His duties are many and varied.

During the year 1945-46, the school farm produced the following crops, vegetables and other products:

Apples	185 bu.	Cabbage	21,700 lbs.
Beans (Snap)	98,375 lbs.	Grapes	3,000 lbs.
Beans (Lima)	18,980 lbs.	Greens	5,600 lbs.
Beets	625 bun.	Lettuce	300 hds.
Carrots	175 bun.	Okra	3,000 hds.
Cantaloupes	1,200	Onions	125 bu.
Watermelons	5,000	Pecans	300 lbs.
Corn (roas'ng ears)	6,120 doz	Peaches	32,680 lbs.

Sweet Potatoes	1,700 bu.	Hereford cows and calves	80
Irish Potatoes	1,800 bu.	Holstein dairy herd	119
Pumpkins	500	Barley	50 bu.
Pork	21,000 lbs.	Corn	800 bu.
Pepper (sweet)	50 bu.	Oats	8,000 bu.
Peas (garden)	15,000 lbs.	Wheat	1,100 bu.
Strawberries	1,000 qts.	Straw	200 tons
Tomatoes	65,000 lbs.	Lespedeza Seed	600 lbs.
Turnips	8,000 lbs.	Ensilage	350 tons
Cucumbers	20 bu.	Corn Stover	15 tons
Peanuts	125 bu.	Butter Bean Seed	40 bu.
Young Roosters	403	English Pea Seed	600 lbs.
Old Hens	309	Snap Bean Seed	500 lbs.
Pullets	1,945	Hay	410 tons
Eggs	10,623 doz.	Rye Grass Seed	2,500 lbs.
Milk	62,878 gal.	Canadian Peas	3,000 lbs.
Beef	14,400 lbs.	Manure	1,800 lds.
Hogs and pigs	132		

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A SALUTE TO SCHOOL TEACHERS

Throughout North Carolina the schoolroom doors are again swinging open in response to the foot treads of thousands of boys and girls whose footsteps have turned again toward the classrooms of the land. For every boy and girl in the state this is a grand and glorious adventure, because almost every child looks forward to that day in the new year when he advances from one grade to another. To him it is a new adventure in the process of learning. During the previous months he has anticipated the thrills and the excitement that go along with the event of entering a new grade where he finds new books and a new teacher, even though his companions are the same he had a year ago.

In the midst of this picture stands the teacher, who holds the key to the situation. Most of the teachers have been looking forward to this event and they have been looking forward with great anticipation to the adventure upon which they are about to enter, and they will go into the new year's work with renewed zeal and determination to lead their pupils on the higher road which is called Education.

When a teacher, either a man or a woman, once feels the thrill which is produced only by a roomful of youngsters competing with

each other in the processes of education, as their minds grow and develop, this represents the essence of satisfaction and fascination. It is comparatively easy and simple to work with tools and instruments and cards and files and machines, but there is, in reality, no other vocation or profession in all the world which offers greater thrills than does the teaching profession, and the teacher who really fulfills all the responsibilities of excellent teaching feels his heart overflowing with joy from time to time, because children have been enabled to grow mentally, physically and spiritually.

The state has reason to be proud of its schools; it has reason to be proud of the training and the general caliber of teachers in the classroom. In the past, remarkable progress has been made in the school system, as the state has advanced with its teacher-training program and with its improved libraries, laboratories, and other facilities. Most of the teachers have been loyal and faithful throughout the years, and the state is forever indebted to them. We salute them as they enter upon the duties of the new year, and we wish for them the very best of luck. Above all things, we would have them understand that their work is appreciated more than words can tell.

It is true, in many respects, that North Carolina faces a crisis in her public schools. It has been very difficult, and in some instances impossible, to secure teachers. It has been necessary to employ some teachers with poor training, but it is hoped that even these teachers will throw themselves heartily into their work so that the boys and girls of this day and generation may not lose their opportunity. Although the remuneration for teachers may be small, there is never any justification for any teacher to shirk or cut the corners in her work because to do so would mean that innocent childhood would suffer. Every teacher, wherever she works and whatever her remuneration, has a sacred obligation to do her best.

In connection with the schools of the state, the public should be reminded that it, too, has its obligations, to give solid and substantial support to the teachers of the community schools. Generally speaking, the schools reflect the interest of the community and its willingness to support the public schools.

One primary reason why many children do better in school than

others is that the parents have dedicated themselves and their children to the cause of education, and they have favorably conditioned the minds of their children toward good work in the schools every day. A good school, well supported and well operated is a tribute to community cooperation.

In the near future it is hoped that North Carolina will meet its full obligation to teachers, in terms of better salaries, a more just and fair certification plan, a more secure tenure for teachers, and more loyal and understanding support of its schools. While we have made much progress, we still have much room for improvement.

An editorial in **The Charlotte Observer** of August 25th concludes as follows:

> If it is true—and it certainly is—that a state's greatest asset is an educated citizenship, then the first duty of the next General Assembly is to overhaul the whole structure of salaries, certification, and individual rights of the teacher, lest we find our youth tutored in timidity instead of in the high adventure that awaits them beyond the unknown horizons of this most indicative age in history.

* * * * * * * * *

LABOR DAY

Monday, September 2nd, will be observed throughout the nation as Labor Day. This is an American holiday which was inaugurated in 1882 by the Knights of Labor. Since 1894 it has been recognized by Congress as a legal holiday, and for many years it has been observed as such by every state in the union.

Essentially, the day is set apart as a time when tributes are paid to the dignity of human labor and to the worth of the common man. Not only the workers in industry but the farmers, the engineers, the executives, the professionalists, and the artists of all kinds have their recognition in the observances of Labor Day. Primarily, everyone who earns an honest living—either by the sweat of his brow or the skill of his brain—has a rightful share in recognition.

The laboring man in the United States, as a rule, fares much better than the laboring man in the other nations of the world. His remuneration is fairer and his working conditions are more tolerable and more secure than are those of peoples of other lands. In

this country there is no such thing as a vast multitude of underprivileged masses of people who have no rights, but whose toil and talents are exploited by unscrupulous capitalists. Vast improvement has been made with reference to the rights and benefits of the laboring class in recent years, and most of the improvements have been earned by worthy laborers. It is true there have been some, and probably too many, laborers who have shirked in their responsibilities, but most of the laboring people in the nation have been loyal and faithful and they have contributed in abundant measure to the progress of the nation.

When the nation pauses next Monday to pay tribute to the laboring people, there is no tribute that is too eloquent or too fervent for the honest and conscientious laborer. These are the people who invest the assets of humanity toward the production of foods, goods and machines for the world. There is no other superior in our economic and industrial life. The laboring man, throughout the ages, has been the corner-stone of the nation, and no nation will ever advance to the rank of fame and glory that is not fair and just toward its laboring classes.

To be able to work and to have an opportunity to work at a decent wage is one of the grandest opportunities in the world, and every person should seek diligently to find his personal opportunity to serve humanity through the work that he does.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of September 1, 1946.

Sept. 1—Clyde Hill, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
Sept. 2—Billy Hamilton, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.
Sept. 3—Marshall Lamb, Cottage No. 15, 16th birthday.
Sept. 4—Joe Edward McCall, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.
Sept. 4—James Walters, Cottage No. 14, 12th birthday.
Sept. 7—Leroy Cowan, Cottage No. 13, 15th birthday.
Sept. 7—Jesse Hamlin, Cottage No. 3, 12th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

More Boys Are Released

By Talmadge Duncan, 6th Grade

Recently several boys have been released from our school. They have gone to their homes where they will attend the public school for the coming school term. The boys who were released last week were: Robert Porter, who was in the 3rd grade, Salisbury; Clyde Hoffman, 3rd grade, Gastonia; Billy Arrington, 9th grade, Hazelwood; Thomas Green, 7th grade, Greensboro; Donald Kirk, 3rd grade, Raleigh; Billy Caldwell, 7th grade, Asheville; and Bobby Furr, 6th grade, Greensboro.

We hope that these boys will make good at their homes.

Our Radio Program

By Robert Jarvis, 6th Grade

Our radio program Tuesday morning was presented by seven boys from Mrs. J. D. Morrison's 4th Grade, with Mrs. Frank Liske at the piano. The program was one of readings and songs. Mr. Hines was in charge of the program. First on the program was a reading, "The Little Toyland of the Dutch," by Leonard Allen. This was followed by a poem "Spring in Holland," which was given in unison by seven boys. The next thing on the program was a song, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," which was followed by another song, "Stars of the Summer Night," by Jesse Hamlin and Bobby Duncan. Howard Manus gave a poem, "The Raggedy Man." The next number on the program was another song, which was entitled, "You're the Only Star in My Blue Heaven." Cecil Clark then gave a reading, "Seein' Things at Night." The last thing on the program was a song, "The Bells of St. Mary's."

Everyone enjoyed the program very much, and we are looking forward to the program next Tuesday morning.

Poetry Writing in Class

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

Poetry often tells of exciting experiences, pictures of music, and pictures of beautiful thoughts. Every one, some time or another, will read poetry, but how many will ever attempt to write poetry! There is poetry that makes you feel happy, poetry that will make you feel sad, and poetry that tells wonderful stories. Not all of the people who started out writing poetry have been successful, but many of them have been successes. Why? Because they would not give up the hobby of writing. So it can be with the boys of any school if they really want to write. They will keep at it, and some day they might be a success.

Our tenth grade class has been studying poetry in connection with our English. Everyone wrote a few poems, and some of them were very good. Some of the best poems and composers are as follows: "A Hay Ride," by Gray Brown; "Our Flag," by Robert Lee; "My Mother," by Garmon Hubbard; and "My Dog," by Robert Fogle.

Silence

Silence is golden, so I have heard.
Sometimes it is good not to hear
a word
But just to sit and get a view
Of sunlight dancing on the dew.

It sometimes makes me feel so
good
Just to walk out in the wood,
And with no sounds to bother me
All the beautiful works of God
to see.

—Robert Fogle.

A Strange Experience

I crawled into my daddy's car
And stepped upon the gas.
I was very scared at first,
The car was going too fast.

Then I stepped on the brake.
The car came to a stop.
The jerk from the sudden stop
Caused me to hit the top.

—Harvey Leonard.

A Hay Ride

I like to go on a hay ride
In the middle of June.
I like to go on a hay ride
And look at the moon.

Hauling hay is not fun
Because of the hot sun.
I would rather go at night.
While the moon shines bright.

—Gray Brown.

Our Flag

Our flag is not so big—
It's what it stands for that's big.
It stands for the free
And the land of the free.

Some day I will be a man
And able to fight for my land.
I know that you will understand
That my country has made me a
man.

I will take it with me,
It will be a part of me.
It will fly on a flagpole—
Even at the poles.

If I should die in battle,
I would not die in vain.
Others also are dying in battle
That our country might gain.

—Robert Lee.

My Mother

Nobody can take the place of
mother,
Not even yours or any other.
She's a mother, both old and gray
And sticks to me both night and
day.

Trouble may come, and trouble
may go.
No one can doubt, for isn't is so?
No one can take the place of
mother,
Not even yours or any other.

—Garmon Hubbard.

My Dog

My dog is very large and brown.
He is also very fat,
But you should see him go to
town
Whenever he sees a cat.

He is not afraid of anything—
Neither mice nor men,
But when he ran across a hornet's
sting!
Well, you should have seen him
then.

—Robert Fogle

"To make your dreams come true—wake up!"

GENERAL EDUCATION

(Selected)

The supreme goal of the school in a democracy is the production of citizens. The objective of modern education is broader than ever before in the history of education. Formerly the school had a restricted function and a comparatively simple task. It aided in the development of the citizen by establishing the fundamentals of his intellectual equipment. It taught the three R's. Its task was clean cut and precise, its methods few and definite; there were no problems of curriculum content and no frills. The school did not profess to give all of the education required for life; much of that came in the home, the church, in daily life and work. The early school performed but a relatively small part of the task of developing a citizen.

Little by little, step by step, the complexities of modern life have forced an ever widening field of activity upon the school. The modern home is no longer a trade school, a gymnasium, a hospital, a social center, and a source of culture combined. Much of the education furnished by the early home can be given better today by the school, at least if it is to be gotten at all it will have to be given by the school.

Modern life has greatly reduced the possibilities of the hme as an educational institution. Formerly the matter of health was not a school problem.

Large cities and consequent masses of children have, however, made it so from simply the point of view of infection. Added to this is the fact that large numbers of children suffer from remediable defects; that many of these defects would not be discovered or removed if the school did not exist; that the success of the effort of the school is seriously delayed and often prevented unless these defects are corrected. The modern school is, therefore, justified, indeed forced to assume health inspection, supervision, and instruction of an extremely important type.

Thirty-three states have at present compulsory physical education laws. Good health and adequate physique are fundamental to citizenship. The modern school must play a major part in securing these to the nation.

Social contacts are peculiary fundamental to a citizenship in a democratic "melting pot" like America. The social life of the home has been reduced, that of the neighborhood and community is greatly restricted, commercialized amusement and recreation furnish dangerous substitutes. One of the great future problems of education is to shape an adequate and workable social policy for our schools and devise activities that will secure desirable social values.

Ethical principles can be taught but people must experience ethical situations, make ethical choices, be led, influenced, guided into right ethical reactions if a high ethical citizenship is to result. The church cannot do this alone. It it is to be accomplished the school must here also explore uncharted seas and capture a new world.

The right control of emotion is

likewise a field demanding help from the school. Our civilization is intensely neutral. Health comes in through the muscles and flies out through the nerves. High speed, excessive use of the finer neuro-muscular coordinations, and the breaking down of inhibitions produce tense emotional states. Nervous fatigue and instability result.

The increase of nervous diseases and insanity compels the attention of the educators. We must acquire tough nervous systems adequate for our civilization else we perish and education will be to no purpose. The school starts early in life and gets all; it has a better opportunity, therefore, in the very nature of the case than any other institution to develop a rational, sane emotional content.

Social, ethical and emotional characteristics determine one's character. If the school can develop these characteristics in the right way it will become the great American laboratory of character. It is very gratifying indeed to see our school system working along these lines. Our high schools have specialists in their respective fields who are aiding to bring about these desired results.

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MEN AND A BOY

Boy, ere you have wandered far
You will find of men, there are
Two distinctive types, and each
Will its methods try to teach.
One will say: 'Twon't change your lot
Whether you are true or not;
That it is by luck or chance
Men to posts of trust advance,
And 'tis folly to do more
Than the task you've bargained for.
Next, the other type will tell:
Triumph comes by doing well;
To the place with larger pay,
Honor surely points the way;
Glory never crowns the shirk;
Men's esteem is won by work.
Debt is something to be paid;
Kept must be each promise made;
Never more of you they'll ask
If you fail the lesser task.
Boy, which type of men to trust,
Very shortly, choose you must.

—Edgar A. Guest.

GOSPEL FOR TODAY

(Southern Baptist Home Mission)

The social gospel is thought by many to be the message for the hour. The gospel of Christ does have strong social implications but it is not a social gospel. It is a redemptive and regenerative gospel with social implications.

The gospel is not the ferment it has been in the past. It does not create great tensions and crises as it once did. This is true inside Christendom. The old time creativeness, tensions, and crises to develop in pagan lands where the gospel is forcefully presented.

This is due to the fact that the gospel is not taken so seriously in a land where it is taken for granted. Any idea, principle, or message loses in effectiveness where it is more or less assented to by everybody. It wears slick and loses edge.

Anything that carries popular approval for a long period and provides definite social and material advantages to its adherents will gather many superficial disciples. It no longer costs to make a formal profession of the Christian faith—in fact it pays in some ways.

In alien lands it costs severely to be even a normal Christian. It would be more accurate to say that it costs so much that there are few nominal Christians. People have to be desperately in earnest to face the issues. The enemy takes it very seriously. Neither disciple nor foe knows how to avoid the full implications of the gospel.

When Christianity becomes rather prevalent and fixed, both friends and opponents learn how to avoid and circumvent its full impact on life.

The advocates of the gospel in Christian lands have norrowed its dimensions and cushioned its shock. The gospel should sting consciences that are not right with God and man. It should cause them to smart like proud flesh exposed to severe heat. The gospel is only good news to those who are weary of sin and are turning in revolt against evil in every form.

The gospel is not preceded by enough preaching on sin. Standards and ideals that fit the problems of today should be ceaselessly presented till convictions and consciences are developed. Then these consciences should be probed to the depths. This will make the gospel good news.

The Wesleys, Whitefield, and Finney created great tensions in the social and industrial life of their generations. The masses were aroused and revitalized to a sense of their dignity and significance. Strange to say, they were first made to feel themselves to be miserable sinners. Then the infinite love of God won them. With a spiritual awakening came a new sence of worth and pride. They wanted to rise to higher standards of life. The economic, social, and political order blocked their way. This created a tension and from it came a revolution.

Many people came to sense the priceless value of human personality. It revived foreign missions and produced a ferment for better treatment

of all men at homes as well. Not only were the masses alerted but many among the privileged saw the justice of a new order. They became champions of liberation for the masses.

It is interesting to note that the first upsurge against slavery did not originate among the unitarians and liberals but among evangelistic evangelicals. Dr. Sweet of Chicago in Revivalism in America makes this clear. He observed that among them were a splendid group in a Southern state like Virginia. Just as Billy Sunday swung his great evangelistic drive against the liquor traffic everywhere he went, these revivalists made an unceasing attack on slavery.

There are two great sins among many others hurting us today. Our evangelism is pitted against none of the great basic evils of the day. That is the weakness of the conservatives.

On the other hand the liberals have emasculated the gospel for a social emphasis and offer a very materialistic concept of social redemption. One group seeks to keep the gospel confined to the individual. The other seeks to remedy man's ills by improving material conditions. One minimizers social sins. The other minimizes personal sins.

One approaches the individual through the masses, and the other seeks the individual in isolation from the masses. The masses must be reached through redeemed personalities and redeemed thinking. True reformation is a consequence of dynamic experiences of God in Christ.

The big changes in American economic life have been partly due to Christian ferment but greatly due to tremendous pressure and political expediency. Many ministers have been parading such expressions as the "abundant life," "goods of life" with a dominantly materialistic concept. They have done a great disservice to the masses. Many of them have been emancipated but with a motivation as selfish as the one that swayed their erstwhile oppressors.

The abuse of power is begin transferred to a new group. The masses are being swiftly changed into classes. The liberated economically are not being redeemed spiritually.

Unregenerate human beings possessed of great power and selfish natures are dangerous regardless of classification. To be in health and prosper as the soul prospers is the only safe balance for men and nations.

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Tolerance is the most lovable quality that any human being can possess. It is the vision that enables one to see things from another's viewpoint. It is the generosity that concedes to others the right to their own opinion and their own peculiarities. It is the bigness that enables us to let people be happy in their own way instead of in our way.—Selected.

THE DREAM OF PEACE

By Jeanette Eyerly in Sunshine Magazine

There had been a series of little unpleasantries in the neighborhood. The days were hot and humid, tempers were a trifle frayed, and words had become pungent up and down Friendly Lane, until that pleasant name for a pleasant street seemed inappropriated.

Mrs. Peters had forgetfully allowed the trash to smolder in the back yard while the Jenks' lace curtains were drying; and Mr. Jenks had gotten up at the crack of dawn in the cool of Sunday morning to mow the lawn while everybody else in the neighborhood wanted to take an extra snooze. Even the youngsters seemed to contrive an unusual amount of mischief, as when Tommy Tinkham and Billy Whippet built a small but successful fire against the south wall of the Jenks garage.

But things did not really begin to happen until Mr. Whippet borrowed Mr. Tinkham's hedge shears. Mr. Tinkham, who was ordinarily mild and amiable mannered, wouldn't have minded lending the shears if Mr. Whippet had returned them in good cutting condition. But the evening after the shears came home, Mr. Tinkham went out to trim his own hedge. He stormed back a few minutes later flushed and unhappy.

"That man Whippet has ruined my shears!" he growled. "Instead of cutting, the crazy thing chews!"

Mrs. Tinkham wiped the dishwater from her hands and went out to inspect the hedge. And indeed, Mr. Tinkham was right. Every time the shears bit into the hedge they hung on for dear life and refused to let go.

"I'm going to see about this!" Mr. Tinkman said darkly. But before he could voice any of the threats that were beclouding his mind, Mr. Whippet's angry face loomed up above the other side of the hedge.

"You'll have to restrain your dog, Tinkham," Mr. Whippet said gruffly. His plump, pink face was fierce. "With deliberate intent and malice aforethought, that dog of yours has dug up all of my tulip bulbs!"

"You—you—lawyer!" shouted Mr. Tinkham. "Look what you did to my—"

But Mrs. Tinkham was plucking firmly at her husband's sleeve, and because Mrs. Tinkham never plucked unless she meant it, Mr. Tinkham turned abruptly, and after casting a storm of daggers at Mr. Whippet, he followed her into the house.

Mr. Tinkham spent a sleepless night. He admitted that ordinarily George Whippet was a decent fellow, and a very good neighbor, although he never did succeed in getting all his leaves raked in the fall, and as a consequence they blew into the neatly raked Tinkham yard.

And if the truth be known, Mr. Whippet's thoughts also were troubled. Albert Tinkham had helped him roll the lawn, and all in all was a pretty decent sort, even if his compost heap was a little unsightly.

Mrs. Tinkham, on the contrary, passed a very peaceful night, have-

ing reached a certain conclusion while sprinkling down the clothes.

The next morning Mr. Tinkham and Mr. Whippet rolled their cars down their separate driveways, but only nodded coldly. As soon as the three small Tinkhams were turned out to pasture, Mrs. Tinkham got busy on the telephone. She called Grace Whippet, Emmeline Jenks, and Flora Peters, and said that she had some apple muffins in the oven and wouldn't they like to run over for a cup of coffee.

Fifteen minutes later the four were seated in Mrs. Tinkham's living room, which still insisted on being exceedingly pleasant despite the little community warfare. The laughter of the children floated in through the open windows. There was the good brown smell of freshly brewed coffee, the spicy, nutmeggy flavor of the apple muffins, and the fluent feminine voices that served to mollify the atmosphere.

An hour later the ladies, each carrying a copy of Mrs. Tinkham's recipe for apple muffins, departed in the best of spirits.

That night when Mr. Tinkham came home, Mrs. Tinkham said, "Albert, I've something to tell you."

"Tell me later," Mr. Tinkham replied curtly; "I've had a terrible day at the office." This was not strictly true, but he said it anyway.

"But, Albert," Mrs. Tinkham said, "this is good news! You'll like it! Flora and Emmeline and Grace were over this morning for a cup of coffee, and we all decided to have a steak fry—just like old times!"

"What about my shears?" cried Mr. Tinkham.

"Oh, that!" Mrs. Tinkham replied. "Those aren't your shears at all. They are Georage Whippet's old shears. That's why he borrowed yours, because his chew. I apologized to Grace about the dog digging up their tulip bulbs, and offered to replace them, but she said that they weren't hurt a bit, and George just planted them all over again. And then I just casually mentioned about the shears, and she said that there had been a terrible mistake—they had returned the wrong shears."

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Tinkham; "that's different!"

"And then I told Mrs. Jenks," Mrs. Tinkham continued, "how sorry I was about the garage, and said that it was all our Tommy's falt, and Grace Whippet said, 'No, it was all Billy's falt." Then Mrs. Jenks said that boys will be boys, and that Mr. Jenks had gone over the burned place with a bit of white paint, and it didn't show at all unless you got down on your hands and knees and peered at it.

"Then Mrs. Peters apologized to Mrs. Jenks about the lace curtains, and Mrs. Jenks apologized for Mr. Jenks mowing the lawn so early on Sunday morning."

Mr. Tinkham beamed at Mrs. Tinkham, and exclaimed, "Well, Liza, you're quite a diplomat!"

"Oh, it was nothing," Mrs. Tinkham said modestly.

The stake fry was a huge success, and afterward all the children toasted marshmellows. Mr. Tinkham enjoyed a good night's rest, as did Mr. Whippet, Mr. Peters, and Mr. Jenks.

Mrs. Tinkham, however, had quite an unusual dream. She dreamed

that she and Mr. Tinkham were the United States of America, and that the people on Friendly Lane were members of the United Nations. In her dream it seemed that all the problems confronting the world could be solved as easily as the little problems of the Jenks, the Whippets, the Peters, and the Tinkhams had been solved—that all the big problems needed was just a little more understanding, and patience, and the good feeling of neighborliness.

Mrs. Tinkham could hardly wait for morning to come so that she could tell Mr. Tinkham about it. And when she did, Mr. Tinkham listened to her very respectfully, as he usually did, and said that it was a very fine dream, and that if there were enough Liza Tinkhams in the world that the dream might very well come true.

Then Mr. Tinkham went out to get his car, speaking cordially to Mr. Whippet, who was also getting his car. And Mrs. Tinkham began washing the breakfast dishes.

Things that we desire most often mislead us most. We crave possession of things that others own, only to find that such possessions have a false glamour of which we soon tire after having obtained them.

Things that we enjoy most, cost us most. Things obtained without a struggle, or sacrifice, or work, usually prove worthless; otherwise someone would have put up a good fight to hold on to them. It is only the things we develop, and acquire through toil, and study, and hard application of perseverance and determination, that possess a lasting value.

And it is strange, but true, that the things that hurt us most invariable teach us the most.

INSIDE OF ME

There is a feller that I know,
Born just about as long ago
As I, and with me bound to grow.
The boy inside o' me.

Sometimes I wish he were not there,
For when in games I'm not quite fair
He says to me, "Stop! Is that square?"
That boy inside o' me.

It really does no good to hide
A thing from him, because I've tried.
And so I'm glad I'm on his side.
That boy inside o' me.

—Selected.

A NEW CALENDAR NEEDED

(Monroe Enquirer)

Employers of children in certain restrictive age groups, complying with the legal requirement of obtaining employment certificates, may rest assured that the conditions of such work by minors meet the requirements of both the State Child Labor law and the Federal Fair Labor Standards act.

There are few instances in which the state child employment standards and federal act differ. There are some exceptions, however, and no certificate will be issued if the holder would be employed under conditions prohibited by the federal standards.

Issuing employment certificates to minors involves a great deal of investigation and clerical work on the part of the staffs of 100 county departments of public welfare.

Welfare units all over the state should be commended for the efficient manner in which they have handled the issuance of employment certificates during recent years, especially for their fine work during the war when the number of minors certified for work rose to an all-time high.

Employment certificates are issued to minors between the ages of 14 and 16 for work after school hours and during vacations, provided they are not to work in prohibited establishments, and boys as young as 12 years may distribute newspapers and publications. There are restrictions as to the hours during which any minor under 18 years of age may be employed. Certain occupations also are prohibited to any minor under 18.

Rules and regulations for the issuance of employment certificates are prescribed by the Department of Labor. The county welfare units abide by these rules in discharging their responsibility as issuing agents for the Department of Labor.

In some states the issuance of certificates is done by the schools, but it has long been felt in North Carolina that the system used here operates most smoothly and effectively. The natural interest of county welfare agencies in children, coupled with the fact that so many people look to the welfare department for information on employment as well as a place to register complaints against employment conditions, makes this local agency the logical one from which to issue permits.

Even after the employment certificates have been issued, the local welfare department may revoke them if it is later found that the place of employment is a breeding ground for delinquency or injurious to child health. There are occasional instances in which this action is taken by the welfare department.

The Department of Labor has its own investigative staff to check on violations of the labor laws, but some instances of violation of the Child Labor law are occasionally investigated by the local welfare departments. Usually, however, such violations are referred to the Department of Labor, whose inspectors are specifically trained in the law and in

methods of bringing violators into compliance through voluntary agreement, or if necessary, through legal action.

Applications for employment certificates for minors must be accompanied by a promise of employment by the prospective employer, evidence proving the child is of proper age, a statement from a physician as to his physical fitness, and the child's school record from the school last attended. On the basis of information contained in these documents, the county welfare department passes upon issuance of the employment certificate.

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SLOW! DANGER AHEAD!

All is peaceful and all is calm,
No worry or burden to share;
A group of boys are playing ball,
Now that is nothing so very rare.
But fate will strike and soon I fear,
A car is coming down this way;
They do not know what is in store
For them, they are so happy in play.
Up the road and behind the wheel
Of that coupe, going sixty-five:
A driver holds the reins of death,
A youth is more dead than alive.
A screech of brakes—too late, too late!
A boy is mangled and broken;
Wailing sobs from mother of lad,
To be forever his token.
Why take a life so needlessly?
Why thrill to such a racing speed?
Recall he's dear to someone's heart,
Drivers, each of you must heed!
Don't race with time, it can't be done,
No need for all this reckless haste;
The next to die can well be you—
Go slow, you'll save human waste.
Save a life, it may well be yours,
Drive slowly and make no sorrow;
If you are smart, and heed this tip,
You will live to drive tomorrow!

—Exchange.

WORK WEEK IN TARHEEL INDUSTRY GREATLY REDUCED

(North Carolina Labor and Industry)

Working hours in North Carolina's far-flung textile industry have undergone great changes in the past 35 years.

A survey just completed by the Division of Statistics shows that average working time was reduced from 58.8 hours a week in the year 1910 to 41.1 hours a week in 1945.

The survey indicates a very slow and gradual decline in the length of the workweek in the 20 year period from 1910 to 1930. Despite the demand for textile products for military use during World War I, the workweek continued to drop steadily from 1916 to 1918. Working hours which averaged 58.8 hours in 1910 dropped to 57.6 hours in 1913. At the time of America's entry into World War I, the textile workweek was still at about the 56.7 hours point reached in 1916. In 1918 when the war ended, working time averaged 56.2 hours, a fractional reduction from the previous two-year figure.

The industrial let-down following World War I caused the workweek to drop to 51.8 hours in 1920. From that year until 1928, the average working hours of textile employees increased gradually, reaching another peak of 53.4 hours in 1928.

Effects of the economic crash of 1929 were not immediately apparent in the textile industry, for in 1930 the industry in North Carolina was still operating 52.7 hours a week. By 1932, however, when the workweek averaged only 44.5 hours, the effects were noticeable. In the year of the inauguration of the New Deal, the workweek had dropped to 41.4 hours.

Ups and downs in the workweek were experienced by the textile indus-were experienced by the textile industry during the long depression of the thirties. In 1934 the average textile worker put in only 32.2 hours a week—the lowest on record. By the following year, an increase to 34.6 hours had taken place, and by 1936 the workweek was up to 37.5 hours. Then, in 1937-38 occurred the 'depression within a depression" and the workweek droped first to 36.2 hours and then to 33.7—close to where it had been in 1934.

By 1939 working time was back up to 36.7 hours, and in 1940 was down again to 36 hours.

At that time, it will be remembered, the people of America were much divided about whether we should enter the war. A few months after France had been conquered and England seemed in imminent danger of going under, the Selective Service Act was passed. Not until 1941 did our war program begin to have marked effects upon the textile industry. In that year the workweek rose to an average of 39.1 hours.

In 1942, when our war program began in earest, there was an unprecedented demand for textile products and the workweek rose to 40.8 hours. By 1943 it had increased to 41.5 hours.

The high point was reached in 1944, with an additional rise to 41.9 hours. By the end of that year, the great mand for textile products for war uses had been largely met, and in the final year of the war the workweek again dropped to 41.1 hours.

During the first seven months of 1945, the textile workweek averaged slightly over 41 hours. The workweek dropped from 41 hours in July to a somewhat lower point in August when hostilities were brought to an end. It averaged 39.5 hours in September, and remained at slightly more than 39 hours a week for the remainder of the year.

During the first six months of 1946 the textile workweek averaged 38.3 hours. In June it had reached a new low of 37.7 hours.

———:———

I AM MY BROTHER'S BROTHER

Am I my brother's keeper?
Yes and no.
I am my brother's brother
Not for show!
Ah, help ye one another.
It matters not how poor he be
When you find him, on land or sea,
Take him by the hand—
Tell him about the promised land,
Teach him of faith and hope,
Tell him of the other folk
Who really do believe
What we ask for we receive;
Who have faith, hope and charity,
Faith that might is not right,
Hope that we will meet
God on the judgment seat,
Charity for brothers all;
That when we receive the call
We'll be ready to go,
God's garden to hoe.
Flowers rare need a lot of care;
Trees and shrubs will all be there.
And when God asks:
"What have you done to deserve this beautiful home?"
You can truthfully say:
"I have been my brother's brother,
And I'll work without pay."

—Winona W. Carter.

TAR HEEL WINS NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL AWARD OF MERIT

(North Carolina Labor and Industry)

James Daniel Woodruff, an employee of the Chatham Manufacturing Company at Elkin, last month was presented with the highest award which the National Safety Council gives to an individual—the annual Award of Merit.

Mr. Woodruff, who has worked for 50 years at the Chatham plant without losing a single day from work because of an industrial accident, attributed his safe working career to the "splendid working conditions" maintained at the factory.

Presentation of the award was made at a banquet held in the Elkin Y. M. C. A. in honor of Woodruff. Also honored were his two sons, Marshall and Grady, both of whom have worked for 22 years at the plant without losing time because of an industrial accident.

Mr. E. G. Padgett, safety director for the North Carolina Industrial Commission and executive committee secretary of the National Safety Council's Textile Section, presented the award to Woodruff in the form of a certificate.

Mr. Padgett pointed out that when Mr. Woodruff began working in 1895 most of the safegards known in industry today were absent. If there were more men like Mr. Woodruff working in American industry, he said, the job of the industrial accident prevention groups would be much easier.

Mr. Woodruff was invited to speak at the North Carolina Safety Conference banquet to be held in Winston-Salem on September 14th.

———:———

CHOICE

My choice in life must be a cubic choice. It must have three dimensions. First, it must be very high, as high as I can reach with my life. Next, it must be very broad, covering all the powers of my life—mind, voice, hands, feet. And then it must be very long—run out seventy years, if that be the sum of my days on earth. I cannot afford to swap horses in the middle of the stream. I cannot afford to change my course at thirty or forty. I must make my choice the highest, the broadest, and the longest possible.—Alexander MacKenzie.

LUTHER'S CHOICE OF THE PRIESTHOOD

By Ivan H. Hagedorn

"Help, dear Saint Anne, and I will be a monk." This was the prayer which was lifted by young Martin Luther when he was caught by a severe thunderstorm in the summer of 1505 while returning to Erfurt following a short visit made to his parents in Mansfeld. This experience, however, was just one in a long chain of similar experiences which influenced his mind and heart in the direction of devoting his life to the service of God. As a mere lad, his sensitive heart had often been terrorized by the stern and forbidding pictures of Christ found in the stained glass windows of the little church which he had attended with his parents. The many cloisters he found in the city of Erfurt, upon his arrival there to begin his studies at the university, were likewise perpetual reminders of God's claims upon his life. Doubtless to, the devastating plagues which from time to time ravaged his country, laying their gaunt hands upon so many young lives, disturbed him profoundly. When at last two of his own brothers and a very close friend were laid low by this grim harvester, he was sobered beyond measure. He was led to question his own readiness to meet his God and Judge. "How can I find approval in the sight of God?" was the cry which welled up from the very depths of his being, and the question demanded an answer.

It was no "foxhole" religion, however, which promoted the young Luther to enter the monastery. It was a decision calmly reached through sober thought, and in deliberate opposition to the strong will of his greatly loved and revered father. On the evening of July 15, 1505, following an evening of song and pleasant talk, he announced his plan to a circle of friends who had assembled at his invitation in his rooms at the university: "Today you see me, and nevermore." It was his farewell to the world.

The next morning, he quit his rooms leaving behind all his books, excepting his Virgil and Plautus, and made his way through the crooked streets of Erfurt to the monastery of the Hermits of Augustine. There at the gate he humbly craved admission. The heavy gate soon opened, and Luther entered. Upon his ear fell the sound of the big lock, as it was drawn in closing. Luther later said: "I never thought to leave the convent again. I was entirely dead to the world." In the biographical study, "The Oak of Saxony," the author, Edwin P. Booth, says of Luther's entry into the monastery something vital to remember: "It was not," he says, "so much a conversion as a conclusion.

Certain it is that it was a conclusion which brought deep disappointment to Luther's father. When Hans Luther, on that bright autumn day, received the letter from his son informing him that the youth upon whom he had pinned all his hopes had entered the monastery to study for

the priesthood, we can well believe that a heavy darkness settled upon his heart. Surly he must have thought that the boy, who even the sober professors at the university had considered headed for a brilliant career in the legal profession, must be crazy to brush aside that which promissed wealth and success just to enter upon the drab life of the cloister. Heartbroken, the father wrote back to his son, using the address "du," as to a child, instead of the honorable "ihr," as he had been accustomed to use ever since his son, Martin, had taken his degree. Possibly only a German can understand this fully.

But not so readily did Hans Luther accept the miscarriage of the plans to which he had devoted his whole life to perfecting. Eventually,father and son met personally. We can believe it was a dramatic meeting. Young Luther had been in the habit of deferring to his father's will in everything. But in this decision we know he remained immovable. It was steel rubbing against steel. Undoubtedly, it was the discipline required in reaching and maintaining such a decision which prepared Martin Luther a dozen years later at Worms to dig in his heels and make his stand, though the heavens fell.

Once Luther wrote to his father, "I did not willingly become a monk, much less for the sake of feeding my belly; but when I was suddenly surrounded with terror and anguish of death, I vowed a compulsory and extorted vow. Immediately, you said to me, 'God grant that it be not an impostor and a diabolical spectre., This word, even as though God Himself had spoken by your mouth, penetrated and sank to the bottom of my soul; but I stopped and blocked up my heart as much as I could against you and your word." Later in his career Luther realized the correctness of his father's appraisal.

We can well believe that desolating thoughts thereater occupied the mind of Hans Luther, as he toiled at his smelting furnaces in Mansfeld. To think that his son, a Master of Arts, was obliged to drudge just like any peasant, indeed, even more menially, going about as a mendicant monk begging alms from house to house! He had planned so differently. One time, the Vicar General of the Augustinian monks, John von Staupitz, tried to comfort the father by saying that inasmuch as his son gave every evidence of possessing a fine mind, he might rise high among the men of learning in the church. Doubtless, the old iron master waited impatiently for some fulfillment of that hope. And at last, some rays of brightness began to shine into his darkened heart. Successively, he heard that his son was to be on the faculty of the new university at Wittenberg; that he was selected by his Order to go to Rome on a diplomatic mission; that the King of Saxony had heard Father Luther preach and was deeply impressed with his ability to make hard theological truths simple and clear; that his Order made him the superintendent of eleven monasteries; and that the printing press at Wittenberg was kept busy turning out volumes of his sermons and lectures. Such things would indeed bring a measure of consolation to the old father's heart.

LAWS ON CHILD LABOR DEFINED

By Forrest H. Shuford, N. C. Commissioner of Labor

The average person considers the calendar a fixture in human affairs and some of us find it hard to realize that after all, it is a man-made device for the convenience of human beings.

The Gregorian calendar, in use in English-speaking countries since 1752, has some inconveniences which the World Calendar Association thinks should be eliminated by a reformed calendar. The Association is driving to get a reformed calendar accepted and in effect on January 1st, 1950.

Under the calendar proposed, every third month would have thirty-one days and all the other months would have thirty. This would give equal quarters of ninety-one days, 364 days in the year. An extra day, the 365th, would be a world holiday and every four years, an additional day would be inserted as a holiday, June 31st.

Proponents point out that dates would occur on the same day of the week every year. Anniversaries, such as Washington's birthday, would be on the same day of the week and special occassions, such as Christmas, would also have a set place in the week's days.

We are inclined to believe that the new calendar should be adopted because it represents an improvement over that now in use.

Men have had a hard time perfecting a measurement of time but, eventually, using the rising and setting of the sun, changes in the moon and the apparent yearly revolution of the sun around the earth, formulated the system now in use. There have been many systems of measuring time and calendars of great variety and differences. The Gregorian Calendar has been widely used because of its improvement over other systems but this does not mean that it cannot be improved or that a new calendar would add to the convenience of the people.

Other points in connection with the proposed calendar: Each quarter begins on Sunday and ends on Saturday, contains three months, thirteen weeks, ninety-one days. Each month has twenty-six week days—plus Sundays. Each year begins on Sunday, and the business year begins on Monday.

By comparison, the present calendar has quarters which begin and end on different days of the week, months that begin and end on different weekdays, months with varying number of week-days and quarters of unequal lenght.

———:———

The people who keep on sawing wood in all kinds of weather are the ones who have the largest woodpiles at the end of the season.

—Selected.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

The best hearts are ever the bravest.—Sterne.

—:—

Heaven will permit no man to secure happiness by crime.—Alfieri.

—:—

The acts of this life are the destiny of the next.—Eastern Proverb.

—:—

He who purposely cheats his friend, would cheat his God.—Lavater.

—:—

The capacity to produce is the real wealth of a nation.—Walter Lippman.

—:—

A life spent worthily should be measured by deeds, not years.—Sheridan.

—:—

Those who complain most are most to be comylained of.—M. Henry.

—:—

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.—Augustine.

—:—

Weakness on both sides, is, as we know, the trait of all quarrels.
—Voltaire.

—:—

He that is not open to conviction, is not qualified for discussion.
—Whately.

—:—

A man in earnest finds means, or if he cannot find, creates them.
—Channing.

—:—

It is but poor eloquence which only shows that the orator can talk.
—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

—:—

Our high respect for a well-read man is praise enough for literature.
—Emerson.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some. He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.—Benjamin Franklin.

—:—

Whoever in prayer can say, "Our Father," acknowledges and should feel the brotherhood of the whole race of mankind.—Tryon Edwards.

—:—

All advantages are attended with disadvantages. A universal compensation prevails in all conditions of being and existence.—Hume.

—:—

"Thou shalt not get found out" is not one of God's commandments; and no man can be saved by trying to keep it.—Leonard Bacon.

—:—

Conduct is the great profession. Behavior is the perpetual revealing of us. What a man does, tells us what he is.—F. D. Huntington.

—:—

It is far more important to me to preserve an unblemished conscience than to compass any object however great.—Channing.

—:—

Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but far more difficult, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.—Sala.

—:—

He whose first emotion upon looking at an excellent production is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.—Aikin.

—:—

The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it. Skillful pilots gain their reputation from the storms and tempests.—Epicurus.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Following a custom of twenty-five years' standing, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was a visitor at the Training School last Sunday. He was accompained by his daughter and granddaughter and Rev. and Mrs. John Jeffrey, of Toronto, Canada.

Rev. Mr. Jeffrey was the guest speaker at our regular Sunday afternoon service. He is a member of the organization known as the World Wide Evangelists Crusade, and has been quite active in the interest of that group in Charlotte and vicinity for several weeks. In a very short time, he and his wife will leave for Dominica British West Indies, where they will be engaged in missionary work.

For the Scripture Lesson he read Mark 10:17-30, and in his message to the boys, he made some very interesting comments on the meeting of the rich young ruler and the Master.

In this story, said the speaker, we find several interesting characteristics of the young man who asked Jesus how to gain eternal life. He was ruler over a group of people, therefore, he must have been an educated person. Yet he was ignorant concerning one of life's most pertinent questions. He must have had a good family background, or he would never have obtained a position of authority and responsibility. With all these good qualities, he was unable to answer the question uppermost in his mind, so he went to Jesus.

In reading of this young ruler, and his attitude toward the Masters' reply, we can detect an air of self-efficiency, when Jesus spoke to him of keeping the commandments, he replied, "I have kept them from my youth up." His words indicated that he thought he was a good man.

We find many people like that today, said the speaker. They attend church regularly, make generous contributions to its work. A person of that type is likely to say. "I'm all right. I can take care of myself. I'm a pretty good fellow."

Rev. Mr. Jeffrey pointed out that the young ruler was not entirely truthful in his reply to Jesus. When he stated that he had kept all the commandments, he really had been violating the very first one. He had great possessions, and his money had become his god.

Jesus, according to the Scripture, knew what was in the young man's heart, and he loved him. Yet he knew of one quality that did not enter into his make-up. He told him, "One thing thou lackest," being aware of his love for material things. He then told him, "Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross and follow me."

In response to Jesus' command, the young ruler went away sorrowing, for he had great wealth. He turned his back upon Jesus and went away.

The speaker added that in the world today we find many people turning their backs upon the Master. This is because they are not willing to forsake their pursuit of worldly

things, and follow him. Many of them are like the rich young ruler who went to Christ. Because of their success in life. They get the idea that they are the best people on earth. Yet many of them are further from the path the Master has pointed out than millions of poor, humble people.

Rev. Mr. Jeffrey asked the boys to give serious thought to what their honest reply might be if each one were asked what he must do—or what he had been doing so far in life —to earn the joy of eternal life. The answer to such a question, he added, is no good unless it is put into effect in each individual's life.

In conclusion, the speaker told his listeners that to live a good life, a person must make many sacrifices. Jesus Christ lived the best life of any human who ever trod the earth, yet he was called upon to make the greatest sacrifice known to mankind.

———:———

THE LAND OF SMILING PEOPLE

A college professor asked Alexander Kerensky, the Russian, the following question: "What was the thing in America which impressed you most when you first came here?"

"That is easy," was Kerensky's answer. "In America the people smile."

Americans smile because they are free.There are no Gestapos to fear; no firing squad to shoot them down if they want to listen to their radios. They can worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. They can put into office the men they want to govern them.

Americans smile because in America human personality is supreme. The aim of democracy is to help the individual to grow and to give him an opportunity to attain happiness and success.

Americans smile because they have hope. The future is agleam with promise. They can have their families, their gardens, their homes, their dreams—and they can make many of those dreams come true.

Totalitarian countries have governments that are "of the state by the state and for the state." That's why life is hard and cruel.

In America we have a government that is "of the people, by the people and for the people." That's why we smile

Today we are fighting to keep America a land of smiling people.

—The Silver Lining.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 25, 1946.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Maynard Chester
Ralph Cranford
William Epps
William Speaks
Herbert Stewart

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Britt
Horace Collins
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Clay Shew
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Gerald Johnson
Howard Manus
Robert McDuffie
Eddie Medlin
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

Thomas Childress
Hugh Cornwell
Robert Fogle
Robert Lee
Lloyd Purdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes

COTTAGE No. 4

Joseph Bean
Paul Carpenter
Harrison Dula
Judson Finch
Eugene Grice
Herman Hughes
James Hunt
Coy McElven
Lacy Overton
Harvey Purdy
Burton Routh
James Smith
Ernest Turner
Robert Thompson
King Watkins

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
George Byrd
Charles Cain
James Cauthen
Charles Gibson
Earl Hoyle
Donald Hoyle
Robert Kerr
James Little
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Fred Ganey
Glenn Matheson
Louis Sutherland
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Ralph Gassaway
Ralph Gibson
John Hill
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Jerry Peavy
James Wilds

COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Albert Allen
Charles Angel
Gray Brown
Charles Francis
Hubert Inman
Lester Ingle
D. B. Jones
Edward Johnson
James Norton
Robert Trout
Vernest Turner

Frank Westmoreland
Kenneth Dillard

COTTAGE No. 10

James Eller
Robert Gordon
James Hensley
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Charles Lyda
Harry Matthews
Hoyt Mathis
W. C. Mills
Donald Stultz
Garvin Thomas

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
David Isenhour
Edward Morgan
Kenneth McLean
James Phillips
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Earl Allen
Donald Carter

COTTAGE No. 14

Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Lawrence Owens
John Roberts
James Shook
Thomas Styles
Charles Todd
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Jack Crump
Henry Coffey
Elzo Fulk
Howard Herman
Marcus Heffner
Harvey Leonard
James Presson
Carl Ransom
Alton Stewart
William Stamey
Ralph Stewart
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
William Harding
Robert Phillips
Jerry Ray

INFIRMARY

David Brooks
Thomas Davis
Norman Hentschell

———:———

MY BIBLE AND I

We've traveled together, my Bible and I,
Through all kinds of weather, with smiles and with sigh,
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm,
Thy friendship unchanging, my Lamp and my Psalm.
So now, who shall part us, my Bible and I?
Shall ism or schism, or new lights who try,
Shall shadow or substance or stone for good bread
Supplant its sound wisdom, give folly instead?
Ah no! my dear Bible, Revealer of Light,
Thou sword of the Spirit, put error to flight,
And still through life's journey until the last sigh,
We'll travel together, my Bible and I.

—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

(c) Dr. Frank P. Graham
University of North Carolina

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 7, 1946 No. 36

MAYBE?

Caught in the coils of circumstance,
Whirled by the wicked wheels of chance;
Cast aside, tossed upside down,
Yanked from a seat of some renown—
Still I can smile, though I wonder why?
Maybe I'll learn in the by-and-by?
Maybe it's only God's own plan
For testing out the strength of man?

—J. Pytel.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE GREAT REWARD

Not for the sake of the gold,
Nor for the sake of the fame,
Not for the prize would I hold
Any ambition or aim.
I would be brave and true
Just for the good I can do.

Medals their brightness may lose,
Fame be forgotten or fade;
Any reward we may choose
Leaves that account still unpaid.
But little real happiness lies
In fighting alone for a prize.

Give me the thrill of the task,
The joy of the battle and strife,
Of being of use, and I'll ask
No greater reward from this life.
Better than fame or applause
Is striving to further a cause.

—Selected.

BUILDING CHARACTERS THROUGH ACTIVITIES

Primarily, the supreme function of the Jackson Training School, along with its many other functions, is the building of Christian character in the lives of boys. To some, this may seem to be a rather simple and easy thing to do; it may even seem to be an achievement that requires only a brief period of time. To some it may even appear that character is something that, after all, is the outgrowth or product of an event which may occur at a given hour or on a given day. These ideas, while intriguing in theory, are indeed very erroneous. If one were able to produce instantaneous transformations in character, he would have to have divine power to be

able to perform great miracles, and all these are, in reality beyond the reach of human efforts.

The character of a person is something that is very difficult to define, because it is invisible and intangible. It may truly be said that the real character of one person is never fully understood or comprehended, by another even though a person may be skillful in analyzing personality. After all, character is that inner, intangible and invisible quality of life which motivates all its activities. It is, indeed, that something in a person's life or in his soul, that is greater than his occupation, or his achievements; it is that which is higher than genius and more enduring than fame. It has been said that "if there is one power in the world that will make itself felt, it is character." Character is sometime spoken of as "the poor man's capital.

When the boy enters the training school for purposes of being rehabilitated and redirected in his life, he does so primarily because he is in need of some outside aid towards the stabilization of his character. Generally, over a period of months and even years,his pattern of misbehavior and misconduct has been developing in the wrong direction. For some boys, the momentum of the downward trend has reached enormous proportions, so that it becomes a very difficult problem to check this downward trend. At the outset, the major problem of the training school is not simply to direct innocent footsteps along the paths of rectitude and right living, but it is rather to help these boys to eliminate and break away from the evils which they have acquired and they have even cultivated in their lives. These are the evils which have constantly thwarted them in life.

Generally, the boys who are sent to the training schools, having become anti-social and maladjusted in their home communities, are the boys whose lot it was to become the unhappy victims of a ruthless unwholesome home and community environment. These forces of environment have been playing upon their lives day by day until they have become a great, irrestible avalanche of evil.

Too many boys have drifted into the attitude of preferring excitement and an easy way of life. They have begun to prefer mostly to have play and little work. This is a besetting sin of many people.

Too many have a feeling that all stern discipline, whether imposed by parents, by authority, or by life, should be eliminated. This is particularly true of a large portion of the youth of today. Too many are unwilling to study hard when it is distasteful, and they fail to see the wisdom of the rules and regulations by which students and members of society are to be governed.

In far too many homes there is a tendency for parents to pamper and coddle their children in the easy activities of life. They spend much of their time trying to save their children from all hardships and struggles, thinking that they are working towards the best interests of their children, but in reality they are doing the children permanent and lasting injury. There is nothing which harms or hurts a boy's character and cripples him so much in life quite so much as sheltering and protecting him against the harships and the distasteful burdens of life.

At the training school the building or the rehabilitating of character is a task that is slow and tedious and one that is the product of a prolonged process. It is a task that involves much patience and much wisdom. All the normal experience of a boy's life count in the process. Everything the boy does in his waking moments does something to his spirit, and the results are either good or evil. At the school the routine activities of the day involve school work, work experiences, recreation and entertainment, association of adult leaders and boy companions, opportunities for religious counsel and instruction, and numerous other activities. In all these experiences, the school can do the most for the boy who does the most for himself. Therefore, an important factor in the formula for rehabilitation is a boy's own willingness to cooperate and try to get ahead.

In most instances, the boys who are sent to the training school have had little or no guidance by wise and understading parents, parents who are competent and willing to set good examples by a high standard of conduct in the home. It is constantly observed that many of the boys have done just about as they pleased in the home; they have been pampered and petted, and there was no one strong enough or wise enough to be firm, as well as understanding. It can be truthfully said that all parents in well-directed homes occasionally find it necessary to deal with their children rather sternly, even though it may be ever so distasteful, and the sooner the better.

Here at the training school our purpose and our goal is to provide for our boys at all times a rich and wholesome environment filled with purposeful activities. This involves persistent effort and devotion on the part of those who supervise the activities of the boys, but in the end many of the boys arise to noble heights in their living —their ideals are elevated, their spirits are renewed, and their footsteps are turned on an upward road—and finally it dawns upon them that "life can be beautiful," but the processes of weeks, months and years did the trick.

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FOOTBALL PRACTICE IMPROVING

Under the direction of Mr. Earl Walters the school's football team is making very rapid progress. It is a little early in the season yet to predict about the strength of the team, but it is true that the boys are taking an unusual amount of interest in this sport, and they are really giving their best to learn this branch of sports.

Already some exceptional talent is being discovered, as the boys are going through their daily practice. As it is now, it appears that Harry Matthews will be one of the key men for the team. He is a large, hefty boy who gives evidence now of one of the best prospects ever developed at the school. Others who are rapidly developing into real football experts are Marcus Hefner and Garvin Thomas in the backfield. These boys have never played a great deal of football, but they are working hard in practice, and they are rapidly rounding into shape, mentally and physically. The spirit of the boys is excellent and should improve as the season develops and they enjoy some of their competitive games with other teams.

Three boys who now give unusual promise in the line are Hull, end; Pate, tackle; and Alley, guard. Roy Ore has great possibilities as a linesman.

Mr. Walters is busy lining up some games with some other teams He hopes to be able to schedule some games with some of the nearby public schools and orphanages, and possibly with Eastern Carolina Training School. He hopes to be able to have almost all the games here at the school. As a reward to the players who do the best work, Mr. Walters plans to take them to see one or more college

games. The boys on the team will get a great bit of benefit out of this sport. Among other things, they will learn to think and act quickly under stress, they will learn that it takes a lot of grit and stamina to play a good game. Naturally, they will get a lot of physical development and muscular coodination. It is possible that several boys may learn the game well enough so they will continue in school and play on some high school football teams. If only one boy does that the effort will be worth all it costs.

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THE BUILDING WHICH SERVE THE TRAINING SCHOOL

More than fifty buiding are required here at the Jackson Training School. The buildings are used for housing the workers and boys, for storage of farm equipment, tools, lumber, and hay, and housing the farm animals. Some of the building are large and some are small, but practically every building is used daily in one way or another.

Below is a list of the buildings.

Administration Building (Central offices and living quarters)
Trades Building (Print shop, Barber shop, Tin shop, Carpenter shop, Machine shop, Shoe shop, Sewing room, and Band room)
School Building (Auditorium - capacity 800, library, 10 classroom, 2 storerooms for groceries, clothing etc)
Infirmary (2 wards with capacity of 25 beds)
Cannery
Cottages (17, including Receiving Cottage and Indian Cottage)
Granaries (2)
Horse barn
Dairy barn
Calf barn
Milk house
Four-stall garages (4)
Gymnasium
Swimming Pool
New cattle barn for beef herd (100 capacity)
Storage shed for farm equipment

Storage shed for lumber and farm tools
Poultry houses (3) and poultry sheds (6)
Chapel
Textile plant
Grandstand and baseball diamonds (2) and softball diamonds (3)
Dwelling houses (2)
Laundry and bakery building (combination)
Ice plant and refrigeration building
Linker barn (cattle)
Straw and hay sheds (2)
Piggeries

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of September 8, 1946

Sept. 8—Roger Ivey, Cottage 16, 16th birthday
Sept. 8—William Britt, Cottage 1, 13th birthday
Sept. 9—James D. Johnson, Cottage 15, 15th birthday
Sept. 11—Jimmy Wiles, Cottage 7, 13th birthday
Sept. 12—Evan Myers, Cottage 15, 14th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Study of Trees

By Jack Benfield, 10th Grade

Lately in our biology class, we boys of the 10th Grade have been studying trees. We are studying how and why we should become acquainted with our trees. We are making booklets in connection with our study. We have several requirements for these. First, we must know and be able to tell about how trees help us. Then we must be able to know and tell about the two great divisions of trees, whether they are coniferous or deciduous. Some other requirements are the following: we must know the common name of each tree, the kind of leaves, whether they are simple or compound, and the arrangement of the veins in the leaves, etc. The study of trees is very interesting.

Swimming Meet.

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

On August 24th, the boys participated in a swimming meet to determine the champion swimmers of the school.

The events of the evening were free-style one length, which was won by Kenneth Staley; free-style two length, which was won by Vernest Tunner; the back stroke, which was won by Richard Johnson; under water swim, which was won by Frank Westmoreland.

Donald Branch gave a demonstration of a boy who could not swim at the beginning of the summer and has learned this year how to swim.

The feature attraction of the evening was a diving exhibition by Mr. Charles Montonth of Concord. He did several fancy dives that were very beautiful.

The comedy of the evening was furnished by Mr. Walters.

News Items of Interest.

By William Smith, 10th Gradde

Miss Oehler, our third grade teacher, has returned from her vacation. We hope she enjoyed her vacation. We are glad to have her back with us.

Mr. and Mrs. Rouse, officer and matron of Cottage Number 11, have gone on their vacation. They will be gone two weeks. The boys of Cottage Number 11 were sent out to the other cottages.

Last Saturday morning each cottage received thirteen watermelons and some cantaloupes. This was a plenty for every boy. We know that all the boys enjoyed this treat.

Each cottage received a new football, with the exception of the ones which alrady had a good one. Getting these footballs was made possible by a generous donation of one of our friends in Concord.

The boys are swimming during their activity period at school. They seem to enjoy this more than any other sport. Mr. Hawfield said, "If it is possible and we can get the coal

to heat the water, I hope to keep the swimming pool open all winter." We know this will mean a lot to all of the boys.

The boys are having a good time, pitching horseshoes on the playground. These shoes were made especially for pitching. Every boy is grateful to the officials for getting these shoes.

Letter Writing

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

This week all the boys are happy, for they get to write home to their parents. The boys are required to write home each month. Most of them write home to tell how they were getting along in school. The fathers and mothers are glad to hear from their boys who are at the Training School. The boys are thankful for the privilege to write home to their parents or relatives.

More Boys Are Released

By Gray Brown, 10th Grade

Recently several boys have been allowed to return to their homes. The reason that so many are going home at this time is because of the fact that the public school term begins about the last of August or the first of September. The names, grades and home towns of the boys who have recently been released are as follows: Vernest Turner, 9th Grade, Wadesboro; Ernest Turner, 6th Grade, Wadesboro; Zeb Presson, 9th Grade, Albemarle; Lloyd Sain, 9th Grade, Tryon; Thomas Wansley, 10th Grade, Salisbury; Tommy Childress, 6th Grade, Morganton; Jack Crump, 2nd Grade, Charlotte; Harvey Arnette, 6th Grade, Fayetteville; Gilbert Wise, 6th. Grade Canton; Harrison Dula, 9th Grade, Winston-salem; James Maloney, 4th Grade, Glen Alpin; Fred Ganey 2nd Grade, Wilmington; Sammy Lynn, 6th Grade, Whiteville; William Harding, 7th Grade, Asheville; Defoye Inman, 4th Grade, Gastonia; Ray Covington, 4th Grade, Raleigh; Lawrence Littlejohn, 6th Grade, Lenior; Eugene Grice, 9th Grade, Wilmington; Bernard Hiatt, 5th Grade, Mt. Airy; and Charles Gibson, 3rd Grade Belmont.

We hope these boys will do their best at their homes.

Our Class Debates

By Harvey Lenard, 10th Grade

Have you every taken part in a debate? Sometime or other you have debated with one of your friends or even one of the family about some subject.

In our own tenth grade homeroom, we have been studying how to carry on debates. Some of the boys have taken part in one debate while others have participated in other debates. In other words, not all the boys in the 10th Grade are working on the same debate.

The two most recent debates we have had were on the following subjects: "Resolved That the Radio Is More Useful Than Books, Magazines and Newspapers" and "Resolved That the United States Should Adopt Compulsory Military Service for Boys 18-20 Years Old." The first debate was presented to the class by four boys as follows: Kenneth Staley and Gray

Brown on the affirmative side, and Hugh Cornwell and Talmadge Duncan on the negative side. The latter debate was also presented to the class by four boys. They are the following: Harvey Leonard and Gerald Johnson, on the affirmative side, and Robert Fogle and Thomas Wansley, on the negative side.

A debate is a serious matter, but it can also be fun for those who are presenting the debate and for all who are in the class.

Boys Attend Local Baptist Meeting

By Harvey Leonard, 10 Grade

Sunday afternoon a group of boys who are members of the First Baptist Church in Concord went over to the church to take part in a program at the Associational Conference of the Baptist Sunday Schools in Cabarrus County.

The first part of the program was a song by the congregation, and then one of the ministers present offered prayer. The next part of the program was a group of songs by six boys from the Training School. The songs were as follows: "Others," "The Touch of His hand on Mine," and "I'll Live for Him Who Died for Me." The next part was a short talk by Mr. S. G. Hawfield on the work at the Training School and what is being done for the boys. He stated that in the home the parents themselves must meet a certain standard to train their children successfully.

Rev. Mr. Tarleton was then given the opportunity to speak. He said that he was glad that he had the opportunity to take charge of the Sunday afternoon service at the school. He said that he liked to hear the boys sing and that he knew they would be well-behaved. After giving the school and the boys a very good reputation, he said that he thought the school should have a full-time chaplain.

Mr. Tarleton and other ministers went before the state legislature and asked that the school be given a full-time chaplain to live with the boys and discuss their everyday problems. He said that he believed that it would not be long before the school would have a chaplain.

The next part of the program was the roll call to see which churches had held Vacation Bible School during the summer. There was a large number that had. The average attendance for all of these schools combined was about 2,117 boys and girls.

The departing hymn was "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," followed by a prayer by one of the ministers present.

The Show

By James Hensley, 10th Grade

The show last Thursday was Jamboree." This picture was about a group of young men who wanted a job. They got position as farmers. Later they started back to the city but the girls wouldn't let them go. They stayed.

All the boys enjoyed this picture and are looking foward to the next picture.

The Radio Program

By Robert Jarvis, 6th Grade

Last Tuesday morning, six of the

boys from the Jackson Training School sang at the radio station. They songs they sang were hyms that they had learned while at the training love to sing. Mrs. Frank Liske accompanied them at the piano. The boys who sang were James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Clyde Wright, Talmadge Duncan, Bobby Joe Duncan, and Jesse Hamlin. The songs they sang were "Others," "The Touch of His Hand on Mine," and "I'll Live for Him". After they sang, Mr. Hines gave a talk, "The Importance of a Good Home." The program was enjoyed by all who heard it.

Our Fish Pond

By Clifford Martin, 6th Grade

Lately part of the boys in Cottage No. 14 have been digging a fish pond. The pond is round, and it is now finished with sixteen little fish and one big fish that came from the big pond. The others came from town. The boys enjoy having this pond very much.

Class Receives a Good Letter

By Jack Benfield, 10th Grade

Recently the boys who were in Mrs. Dotson's room, when she was teaching here, received a letter from her. She said, "I miss being with you very much." She also said, "I have seen Earl Greene (a boy who used to be in the Training School) several times recently. He seems to be getting along nicely." She said that she plans to teach school at Blowing Rock this year. She told the boys to do their best, to study hard, to be good, and to remember that anything worth having and being is worth working for. She asked them not to forget to read the Bible and to pray. The class was very happy to receive this good letter.

Our Club Metting

By Harvey Lenard, 10th Grade

In order to show the boys in the other grades what fun it is to have a club, we had our club meeting in the auditorium Friday morning, Aug. 30th. We invited all the boys of other grades to the club meeting. They surely enjoyed being present. Robert Fogle and Jack Benfield gave talks on the importance of having a club.

The meeting was called to order by the president, after which the secretary called the roll and read the minutes of the last meeting. The business part of the meeting was chiefly about how we can improve the future programs. We discussed having a program about how a hobby can help each one, and interesting talks were made by Hugh Cornwell and Robert Jarvis. Hugh Cornwell talked about his stamp collection and his post-card collection and Robert Jarvis told about his collection of foreign money.

When the meeting was turned over to the program committee, Gerald Johnson took charge. All members of the club and all the visitors sang, "This Is My Father's World." Douglas Mangum read the scripture reading, and then everbody prayed the Lord's Prayer. Then original poems composed by the club-members, were read by Robert Fogle, Harvey Leonard, Jack Benfield, Gerald Johnson,

and Robert Lee. These poems had already been published in our school paper.

The climax of the program was a debate on the topic: "Resolve; That the Radio Is More Useful Than the Newspapers Magazines, and Books." Douglas Mangum, Robert Fogle, and Kenneth Staley were on the affirmative side, and Hugh Cornwell, Harvey Leonard, and William Smith were on the negative side. The judges were Miss Oehler, Miss Jenkins, and Mrs. Liske. The negative side won unanimously. To conclude the program, Gerald Johnson gave a reading, "My Mother, My Country, My God."

Robert Lee served refreshments.

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DELINQUENCY SEEPS DOWN

President Harry S. Truman joins those who express the view that juvenile delinquency is one of the greatest problems facing the nation.

Well, we are not one of the myriad of persons who seemingly are of the opinion that all God's chillun must be gotten into line at one and the same time; we hold that charity as usual should begin at home. And yet we are about to conclude that age, or at least maturity, must be served first.

There are alarmingly few adults we would be willing for our juvenile friends to pattern themselves after. True enough it is that as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined, but the young idea if it is to be trained to shoot with any degree of precision must have a fair mark.

Can it be that in re-establishing our rights to four or more freedoms we have discarded all restraint? We are not saying youth isn't hard, tough and in perhaps an increasing degree vicious; but Washington of all places should be willing to slap down some older and more calloused ears before it gets around to bearing down on little pitchers.

Current disclosures resulting from the senate investigating war profits indicate that there is nothing more delinquent in the nation than its government. Why not turn the Potomac through the Augean stables of congress to convince politicals delinquents along with juveniles that crime doesn't pay.—Greensboro Daily News.

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN

(Selected)

A few years ago there appeared a book called "When A Man's A Man," by Harold Bell Wright, and it attracted a great deal of attention. Its title started a discussion that still continues, as it opened a line thought that was new to many, though thoroughly discussed by the ancient Greeks. Its meaning is, when does a man perform a man's part?

The proper answer is, when he performs his part as best he can. There are many elements that enter into man's nature that causes him to do much or little as a member of the great human family. The two things that have the greatest influence in shaping our lives are heredity and environment. These two influences largely form our character and character makes our lives.

The human mind is the storehouse of the ages. The lives of men who passed away hundreds or even thousands of years ago have much to do with making our character and molding our lives. It is impossible to describe a human mind or give an exact description of though but we do know that thought has much to do with the development and preservation of the body.

The faculties of the mind require proper stimulants and when these are employed with wise discrimination they exert an invigorating influence on the organs of the body. Our powers decline when there is no strong incentive to action. It is hardly possible for one to live long who has no purpose in life. The man who has realized all that fame and fortune promises and with laurelled brow sits down to enjoy his possessions, experiences a sudden and powerful reaction of all the forces of his nature and in this condition many have passed away. There were thousands of homeless wanderers around them in the world whose lives were one continuous struggle for existence, but they lived on in their squalor because they had to exercise their mental faculties to make a living, while the others simply lived on their accumulations.

There is one class of endeavor that never grows tiresome and those who pursue it find constant exercise for their mental and physical faculties and the assured long lives and contented minds—and that is doing good to one's fellowmen.

Jay Gould accumulated about one hundred million dollars but he said shortly before his death that the possession of wealth no feeling of comfort but the process of accumulating did bring pleasure. He was not trying to benefit his fellowmen but was pursuing the narrow, selfish aim of trying to gather as many dollars as possible, often by destroying the fortunes of others and bringing sorrow to thousands of homes. Had he taken up the task of making lighter the lives of a hundred poor widows and educating five hundred orphans, he would have had a real object in life and his closing days would have been much brighter.

One of the most truthful things even written was, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions

mourn. From the earliest period of recorded history the greatest thinkers of every age have been devising means to decrease the number of those who have caused to mourn. That there are great evils in the world still, no one will deny in the world still, no one will deny but that there are less than at any other period of the world's history, all will concede. The ability of man to produce the necessities and luxuries of life is increasing year by year and the struggle is becoming less fierce. The common laborers today enjoy luxuories that the wealthy could not have fifty years ago. A man with only a dollar of accumulated wealth can ride in a better railroad car than Commodore Vanderbilt ever saw.

The standard of private, national and international morals is far above what it was fifty years ago. A man can no longer maintain a good position in the social world who regularly becomes intoxicated or openly oppresses another man. A nation that attempts to run another nation will soon be practically unknown. With a central advisory board, international law will have some binding force which the nations of the earth will heed. As the standard of the individual rises, the standard of the country he inhabits will rise and in turn the relation between the nations will improve.

As was said in the beginning, there are two great forces that help make us what we are and they are heredity and environment. This being true, there can be no single standard by which we can measure human actions. Where one person was born of cultured parents and during early life was surrounded by elevating influences of every kind, while another had parents who were degenerated and at that time of life when impressions are easily made the mind he was surrounded by degrading influences, there should be no question about trying to hold these two equally responsible for misdeeds. A great thinker once said that before we could clearly fix human responsibility we had to know the ancestry for a thousand years.

A man may be a man in the full senses of the word, even though he falls far below another with whom we might compare him, providing he puts forth the same effort to play his part well as the other and does not reach the same standard. It is the effort and the determination that count more than the results accomplished. If unseen forces over which a man has no control hold him down, we could not say he was responsible. Many a man struggles bravely all through life to control some inborn evil tendency and partly succeeds, while another has but little temptation in that direction, yet each acts the same. Should we not give more credit to the one who struggles hard and partly succeeds than to him who has had scarcely any struggle and only reaches the same degree of success?

Then we must conclude that a man's a man if he makes the most of the opportunities that come to him, always remember the welfare of others and, while striving for self-advancement, extends a helping hand to relieve distress or strengthen a weaker one on the great highway of life.

TASKS FOR THIS GENERATION

(By Paul B. Kern)

In the opening days of the nineteenth century a remarkable impetus was given to society by new forces, new ideas, and new conceptions of life. William Wordsworth, the poet was then a youth of nineteen and was swept into the vortex of this struggle. Later, as he looked back on this period, he declared:

"Bliss was it that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

I am wondering if a hundred years from this time men will not be saying the same words concerning the generation in which we are living. What is the task of youth in this day? It is:

To find a God who can be conceived in terms consonant with a modern universe and whose activities are as strikingly manifest to our generation as they were to our fathers in their simpler and less scientific world.

To recapture moral enthusiasm and, mixed with high and sustained emotion, deliver it with incandescent vigor and sustained intelligence in the battles of righteousness ahead of us.

To rediscover fear. Not physical fear born of ignorance and superstition, but moral fear. The fear of taint that comes from uncleanness, the fear of the mob mind that blinds, the fear of the wrath of God upon those who do evil.

To glorify the human body, not by the lustful exposure of the human form but by the passion for disciplined muscles, steady nerves, responsive brain cells, and the rhythmic power of the human personality delivering itself in glowing strength upon the tasks of the world.

To turn captious and unintelligent criticism of the church into a holy ardor to make the church of Jesus Christ more nearly and more rapidly approach the pattern He laid down for it in His life and teachings.

To bring religion as a functioning factor into domestic life in order that our future homes may be delivered from the tyranny of false standards of value and our children may be reared in an atmosphere of peace and piety. To diminish divorce by increasing the spirtual elements in love and marriage.

To demonstrate the practicality of love as a way of life in the economic order and hold up the Christian ideal of cooperation and sharing as the way out of our jungle strife after gain and power.

To believe that all men are brothers and as children of a common Father are entitled to honor, comradeship and privilege on the basis of personal and racial merit. To refuse to shut any man out of life's best because of his background or color.

To make war antiquated and impossible. To enlist in the army of peace the goodly company of those who are willing to die for brotherhood and world peace as readily as men in other days have died for nationalism and conquest.

To revere the past but not be chain-

ed to it; to believe in the power of a better day will not come except
youth but not to trust it too far; tothrough fidelity, toil, and sacrifice;
count on the foundational fact of to trust God and do our best.
goodness in the world but realize that

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THE BLIND WEAVER

A blind boy stood beside the loom
And wove a fabric. To and fro
Beneath his firm and steady touch
He made the busy shuttle go.

And oft the teacher passed that way
And gave the colors, thread by thread;
But to the boy the pattern fair
Was all unseen—its hues were dead.

"How can you weave?" we, pitying, cried;
The blind boy smiled, "I do my best;
I make the fabric firm and strong,
And one who sees does all the rest."

Oh, happy thought! Beside life's loom
We blindly strive our best to do,
And He who marked the pattern out,
And holds the threads, will make it true.

—Selected.

"MISTER, PLEASE LIFT ME OVER THE MOUNTAIN"

(The Baptist New Mexican)

L. L. Gwaltney, while driving through a rugged territory, pulled his car to a stop beside a backwood urchin who was thumbing a ride to the next county seat town. The lad stuck his head in the car window and asked rather plaintively: "Mister, will you please life me over the mountain?"

The expression struck home because in real life there are lots of people who need "lifting over the mountain."

Our lives are so hemmed in by apparently inescapable walls around us that we rarely ever are permitted to rise above the valleys and shadows to get a glimpse of the sun above.

We are told that birds sing their sweetest songs only when they wing high in the heavens or when perched on the tallest limb of some lofty pine.

Thus, we might think that the song of the lark is lost on the thin desert air of the atmosphere.

Not so. God in all His wisdom has given the winged creatures this method of purging their hearts of all aches and griefs in that world of quiteness and solitude. Up there, God alone hears and the little birds can swoop down once again to earth refreshed.

That's why God gave our Inlow Young Camp—to purge the hearts of our young, to take away the bad and implant the good.

After every camp they come back down the mountain from the place of enchantment with a heart that sings enew for Him.

O God in your infinite mercy, give us more boys and girls, more men and women with mountain-top experience. Give us leaders who tower above the throne, who see above the petty wrongs of this small world.

And O God, after we have seen the light that glitters so brightly in the blue above, may we look about us and "lift others over the mountain."

Amen.

GIVE ME THE MAN

—With the courage to admit it when he is mistaken.
—With the ability to dare every man to do his best.
—With the confidence that right will ultimately win its battles.
—With the joy that comes from forgetting his own rights.
—With the spirit that makes him sing at his work.
—With the love of simplicity in his heart.
—With the heart of a boy and the wisdom of old age.

—Selected.

IN TIMES OF STORM

(The Alabama Baptist)

"In fierce storms," said an old seaman, "we must do one thing; there is only one way; we must turn the ship's nose to the seas and keep it there. We can't run away from the ocean but we can ride out the storm." This is what we must all do when the wind is blowing and the billows are tossing.

Indeed, sometimes like Paul on his eventful voyage to the Court of Ceasar, we can see neither sun nor stars, and no small tempest lies upon us. Then we can do but one thing—put our soul in one position and keep it there.

In other words, we must stay ourselves upon God; and then, come what may,—winds, waves, cross seas, thunder, lightning, frowning rocks, roaring breakers—no matter what we must lash ourselves to the helm, and hold fast our confidence in God's faithfulness, his covenant engagement, his everlasting love in Christ Jesus.

It ought to be said that Jesus has promised no security against storms but that he is an all sufficent security an easy passage to the desired haven, in storms. He has never promised but he has promised a safe landing. Very well then! A security in storms and a safe landing are about all that we need on the voyage of life.

Indeed, better by far it is that the rains descend and the winds blow and the flood come than that we should stay perpetually in the Lotus Land where it seems always afternoon, or in Poe's valley of "many-colored grasses" where there are only soft zephyrs and blooming flowers.

Storms of temptation or trial appear cruel, but do they not give intenser earnestness to prayer and patience? Do the not compel one to seize the promise of God with a tighter grip? And do they not leave one with a character refined?

Storms of bereavement are often keen. But then, they are one of the ways the Father has of drawing us to himself, that in the secret of his presence his voice may speak to our heart soft and low.

There is a glory of the Master which can be seen only when the wind is contrary and the ship of life is tossed with waves. No seaman is a real seaman until he has faced about the worst the elements can do to him. And the Christain may be in his heart fortified by the grace of God that he can take on his chin and bared chest about the worst the world has to offer.

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"The Dead Sea is 'dead' because it is always receiving and never giving out anything."

KEEPER OF THE LIGHT

By W. R. Siegart

Out in San Francisco Bay, a Harbor which is now one of the busiest in the world there is a lighthouse named Southampton. It marks the very important channel which leads from the Golden Gate, or entrance to the harbor, to the Mare Island Navy Yard in upper San Francisco Bay. So you can see that it is a very important lighthouse.

Some years ago, as the sun was setting beyond the Golden Gate, the lighthouse tender and his wife were busy with their work. The woman had to prepare the evening meal, because that is said to be a woman's work. The man had to repair the radio which kept them in touch with the mainland, for that was said to be a man's work.

As the man was trying to solder a joint in the radio with a hot iron, some gasoline was set afire. In a flash the man's body was wrapped in flame. His wife came swiftly and tore burning clothing from him. Quickly she wrapped him in a blanket and put out all the flame. Then she led him down the ladder to a small boat at the base of the lighthouse.

As fast as she possible could she rowed him to the immigration station on Angel Island. Soldiers who were on guard there carried the man into the little hospital where he was given treatment.

But the woman did not wait. It was no longer a man's or a woman's work that mattered. Her husband was the lighthouse tender, and the light was important to all the ships and all the sailors coming into or going out of the harbor. The reason she did not wait was because of the words her husband spoke to her in the hospital through his burnt lips, and which she alone understood, "The light—it's growing dark!"

Neither Physician, nurse, nor soldier knew why she rushed away so quickly. They had other work to do, and they went about it. The woman ran to the boat and rowed as fast as she could. Arriving at the lighthouse she morred the boat, climbed the ladder, and ere long the light was burning. The beacon of the sailors was guiding them as it always had done since the day it first was lit.

Years before her husband had taught her how to tend the lights and the fog horn in case some day she might have to do it. Now with what he had taught her and with what she had learned by watching him at his work, she was keeping the beacon burning. Yes, she was doing it for the sailors. But in her heart she was taking her husband's place; she was doing it for him. That light did not fail because there was someone in the lighthouse who was faithful and true.

John spoke of Jesus as "that light which lighteth the soul of every man coming into the world." We are called to be keepers of that Light, faithful and true, who will not let that Light grow dim or fail as a guide for all men into the harbor of His peace. It is Jesus' work, to be done because He is ours and we are His. We are His fellow workers.

SPIRIT OF VIOLENCE

(Stanly News & Press

The newspapers are filled these days with stories of murders, assaults and robberies, and one gets the very definite impression that acts of violence are on the increase. We know that this is true if we regard the accidents on the highways as the direct results of this spirit of violence that seems to be spreading into every part of the land and into every layer of the social strata. Certainly the man or woman who takes a powerful motorcar and goes out on the highways with the attitude that every other vehicle should get out of the way has that spirit of violence in their personalities.

It is not surprising that we are experiencing the effects of this spirit of violence in civilian life, for we have just come through a period in our history in which millions of young men were taught to kill. Howevery, this does not mean that the veterans are responsible for all the crimes which are being committed today, for the whole social life of the nation felt the effects of the education on how to kill

Naturally, the question arises as to what may be the remedy for this spirit of violence, which, in reality, threatens the life and happiness of every citizens. As is often the case, the remedy is not easy to find.

In the first place, the use of caution and care on the part of the average citizen who may be a victim of this spirit is advisable. Night traveling on the highways, the parking of courting couples in lover's lane display of money and jewels in public places, heavy drinking with those whom liquor is accustomed to make violent, permitting children to go to places where they may become victims of sex-crazed individuals, and other practices which encourage violence should be careful avoided.

In the next place, the courts should become more and more strict in imposing punishment on those who commit crimes. If one person "gets away" with some act of violence, this encourages another person to try the same thing. Respect for the law is very important in curbing this spirit o violence.

Finally, the church has an important part to play in this postwar period, and it can help to allay this violent spirit by boardening its influence. The average church program is very weak in this particular, and this makes the situation all the more tragic. But laymen everywhere should put their minds and hearts to this broadening task, for it offers the solution not only to this problem but to many others.

We may as well recongnize that this spirit of violence is dangerous and act accordingly.

A good business enjoys the good opinion of good people.—Exchange.

DEFAMATION

(S. R. Herald)

Defamation is a word of ill repute. It connotes destruction of good. To defame a person is to tear down the good reputation he has built up; to injure his character. Defamation is a weapon too often employed these days, even by men, who themselves aspire to fame. It may be used at times by some who have attained conveted honors in church, state or in the fraternal world. But the man who resorts to the use of such a weapon in order to reach some place of preferment deludes himself, he becomes notorious rather than famous.

In the field of politics defamation seems to be a choice weapon with which to attack an ambitious and aspiring opponent. But the candidate who resorts to its use belies the very name. In the Old Roman days a man who ran for office wore a white toga, or robe. Our English word candidate, is thus derived from the latin word, which meant, one clothed in white. The legal minded Romans, from whom our chief heritage of law and government has come, looking upon a candidate for off as a clean man, and required him to wear the white toga, emblematical of his fitness for the position he desired. Dressed in such a garment he was, in the eyes of the people, properly clothed and merited their earnest consideration. From the anathemas and defamations used in some political campaigns in recent times, one might think the black toga the most suitable attire for modern candidates. Defamation of character is not confined to political activities.

Some years ago muck-raking became a pleasant pastime for a great many writers. The sport did not always stop with the proper exposure of wickedness in high places, but frequently it extended to the wilful defamation of the characters of good men.

No brief is held for the faults of men. All men are human. But what has been gained by these whispering faultfinders? All over our country are statues of men refuting with their adamantine countenances and bronzed lips, the slurs, half truths, and lies of their defamers. What if our heroes did make mistakes! They have left inspirational words of courage and hope that outweigh all their faults. Messages from those heroes imaged in stone and bronze are living messages. "All men are the temples of God," said a man who built missions in a wilderness. "Losing one arm needn't stop you from using the other," exclaimed a great general. "I'd rather be right than to be president," said a three times defeated candidate for that office. "Men shall fight pain and triumph," spoke the discoverer of anesthesia. "There's no forest through which a man cannot pass," exclaimed a great pioneer. The spirit expressed in such remarks will live forever, debunkers to the contrary.

Every real man reveres the good and the heroic. He is too magnanimous to defame the good name of any man under any circumstances. He is ever ready to cast the "broad mantle

of charity" around the foibles of the deceased and never to withhold from their memory the praise their memory virtues merit. To a man defamation is repulsive.

———:———

EDUCATION DEFINED

William James: "The purpose of an education is to enable you to know a good man when you see one—that is to say, to cultivate a sense of values and the capacity for accurate judgment."

Henry Ward Beecher: "Education is the knowledge of how to use the whole of one's self. Many men use but one or two faculties out of the score with which they are endowed. A man is educated who knows how to employ every faculty."

John Milton: "I call a complete and generous education that which enables a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, public and private, both of war and peace."

Woodrow Wilson: "A liberal education is that which enables the mind to comprehend and make proper use of the modern world and its opportunities. There is no end to definitions of education. Great teachers have defined education as 'that which enables one to be at home in the world'; 'that which is left after we have forgotten all that we learned in college';'that which teaches us how to use the instruments of learning to the best advantage in enriching our after life'; 'that which gives us the power to discriminate'."

Stuart Chevalier, educator, statesman, attorney, and author, writes: "A striking thing common to definitions of education is that not one of them speaks of the acquisition of mere knowledge or information as education, but all emphasize the element of training to accomplish a certain end. They take us back to the original and rarely remembered meaning of the word 'education', which in the Latin original signifies 'to draw a man out' by training, and not 'to fill him up' with facts as one would fill a sack with meal."

An educated man is not a man who knows everything, but a man who can put to the best use what he knows, however limited that knowledge may be."—Selected.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

(The Lutheran)

Teaching the Bible is the major function of our Sunday schools. Every Sunday there are approximately 4,000 Sunday schools in our church busy at this task. Is this worth while? We shall let a few leaders of the present and the past answer the question for us.

General MacArthur—"Believe me, sir, never a night goes by, be ever so tired, but I read the Word of God before I go to bed."

Benjamin Franklin—"Young man, my advice to you is that you cultivate an acquaintance with, and a firm belief in, the Holy Scripture. This is your certain interest."

General Robert E. Lee—"The Bible is a book in comparsion with which all others in my eyes are minor importance, and which in all perplexities and distresser has never failed toy give me light and strength."

George Washington—"It is impossible to govern rightly the world without God and the Bible."

Andrew Jackson—"It (the Bible) is the rock on which our Republic rests."

Abraham Lincoln—"I am profitable engaged in reading the Bible. Take all of this book upon reason that you can, and the balance by faith, and you will live and die a better man."

Theodore Roosevelt—"Almost every man who has by his life-work added to the sum of human acheivement, of which the race is proud, of which our people are proud, almost every such man has based his life-work largely upon the teachings of the Bible."

Woodrow Wilson—"A man has deprived himself of the best there is in the world who has deprived himself of this (a knowledge of the Bible)."

General Dwight Eisenhower—"The world today needs two things: —food and moral leadership." In other words—Bread, and the Bread of Life.

Visser T'Hooft (General Secretary of the World Council of Churches at Geneva)—"In Holland the people thought the Bible must contain some Dynamite, since the Nazis were so anxious to destroy it; so they reopened its pages to find the dynamite—and they found it."

Quotations from many pastors and other church leaders could be included. What do you say? Do our efforts through our Sunday schools confirm our statements?

———:———

If you are not getting a square deal, the reason may be that you are not giving one.—Selected.

LET'S CALL IT BY ITS RIGHT NAME

(The Baptist New Mexican)

A ten year old lad in Warsaw led men to a house and dogmatically said: "Sure that's it. Them guys kidnapped me and held me for three days right there!"

The house was a Jewish refugee camp and in the ensuing raid on the place, dozens of innocent people lost their lives. Too late, they learned the kid had lied; that grown friends had hatched up the story.

That's not juvenile delinquency—that's adult delinquency!

This happened in America. A small dark object scurried around the corner in the half dusk. The policeman on the beat overtook him halfway down the alley.

He was just a little tike but raising himself to his full height, throwing back his chest, he snarled from the corner of his mouth: "O. K. Copper. I've been stealing from the corner grocery for three months now. But you can't do nothing 'bout it. I'm under seven, see?"

That's not juvenile delinquency—that's adult delinquency!

Good old America: the land with more bar maids than college girls; the nation where 7 out of 8 children quit Sunday school before they are 15 years old; the country where 15 million sex magazines are read by one third of the American citizens each month; the republic where $750.00 are spent on sin and pleasure for each dollar that goes for Foreign Missions.

The F. B. I. is constanly pointing out that Juvenile problems begin in the home. At the bottom of the affair are indulgent and indifferent parents.

For every delinquent child there is a delinquent parent, or Sunday school teacher, or public school teacher.

Let's call it by its right name:

It's not juvenile delinquency—It's adult delinquency!

———:———

IF

If I could only see the road you came,
With all the jagged rocks and crooked ways,
I might more kindly think of your missteps,
And only praise.

If I could know the heartaches you have felt,
The longing for the things that never came;
I would not misconstrue your erring then
Nor even blame.

—Nautilus Magazine.

FARM TRENDS

(Stanly News & Press)

To the desk of the average editor comes a steady stream of material concerning problems which afflict the nation. Suggested solution are offered in some cases, and in others the writers simply point to the problem.

Last week, we received a bit of information from an authority on livestock who revealed the fact that human and animal populations on American farms are continuing to decline. He expresses the thought that if the United States becomes a purely industrial nation, the food needs of the world cannot be met.

Hog breeding has declined nearly a third under its peak, sheep production has dropped a like amount, and the cattle population is beginning to decline, according to this authority. The prediction is also made that by 1950, farmers will constitute only 19 per cent of our population, as compared to about 33 per cent at the present time.

This man believes that the farmer must have more income if he is to continue to produce food.

It appears to us that the further development of mechanized farming will enable 19 per cent of our population to furnish all the food that is needed, but we are wondering what is to become of the other 14 per cent who are now on the farm. At the same time, there is a strong likelihood that the farms may have to furnish a living for some who are now in industrial plants of the nation, for the mechanization process has also lifted the efficiency in these plants.

The farmer who refuses to study his problems and seek the solution through planning and hard work is undoubtedly destined to face some hard and bitter years within the next decade.

———:———

YOUR OWN STORY

Has anybody ever told you that every thought you think
Makes lines just like the little ones you write with pen and ink?
And thoughts of anger, fear, or hate will spoil the prettiest face
By making ugly little lines which nothing can erase.
But thoughts of love and kindness, and joyousness and cheer
Make very pretty little lines, all fine and firm and clear.
And by and by your face becomes an open story book
Which every one can see and read each time they chance to look.
So if you want your face to tell a story sweet and fair,
You must see that only good thoughts do any writing there.

—Selected.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

A life that hasn't a definite plan is likely to become driftwood.
—David Sarnoff.

—:—

Small opportunities are often the beginning of great enterprises.
—Demosthenes.

—:—

Men are taught virtue and love of independence by living in the country.
—Menander.

—:—

People are lonely because they build walls instead of bridges.
—Joseph Fort Newton.

—:—

The secret of making one's self tiresome, is, not to know when to stop.—Voltaire.

—:—

A sufficient and sure method of civilization is the influence of good women.—Emerson.

—:—

Grumbling never made the rain stop falling, but it seems to make the clouds hang heavier.—E. Birkenbeuel.

—:—

The higher men climb, the longer their working day. Leaders have no office hours.—Cardinal Gibbons.

—:—

Don't be so busy looking over other people's affairs that you overlook your own.—Martin Vaubec.

—:—

Learn from the mistakes of others —you can't live long enough to make them all yourself.—Selected.

—:—

Common sense is the knack of seeing things as they are, and doing things as they ought to be done.
—C. E. Stowe.

It is wonderful what strength of purpose and boldness and energy of will are roused by the assurance that we are doing our duty.—Scott.

—:—

If all people would speak as kindly of the living as in epitaphs they do of the dead, slander and gossip would soon be strangers in the world.
—Selected.

—:—

Be cautious with whom you associate, and never give your company or your confidence to those of whose good principles you are not sure.
—Bishop Coleridge.

—:—

It is our relation to circumstances that determines their influence over us. The same wind that carries one vessel into port may blow another off shore.—Bovee.

—:—

Courtesy is a science of the highest importance. It is like grace and beauty in the body, which charm at first sight, and lead on to further intimacy and friendship.—Montaigne.

—:—

Employment gives health, sobriety and morals. Constant employment and well-paid labor produce in a country like ours, general prosperity, content and cheerfulness.
—Daniel Webster.

—:—

To act with common sense according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy is to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot; bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is; and despise affectation.
—Walpole.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. MacMurray Richey was the guest minister at the training school last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Richey is the pastor of Kerr St. Methodist Church Concord N. C. He always brings to the boys a message that is on their level, and is understood and appreciated by them.

The twelfth chapter of Romans was read as a Scripture lesson for the day, and the first verse was used as a text. In it are these words: "I beseech you, therefore, brethern, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

It was pointed out to the boys that building a life that is worthwhile is much like building a church or a temple. In the erection of a church it would be possible, of course, to assemble the various materials that are needed for a building, but unless there is some plan there can be no systematic building. Mr. Richey explained to the boys that many lives are lived without suitable plans or purposes, and the result of such unwise procedures is that people make a mess of their lives.

The boys were cautioned to have high ideals in their lives so that they may have the right inner motives dominating their work. The minister used as an example an illustration from the life of Henry Ford. Mr. Ford was described as a tireless worker who through vigilance and hard work has been able to build up an industry of world-wide proportions. One day Mr. Ford asked one of his key men what he was working for. In reply the man said, "I'm working for a million dollars." To this response Mr. Ford remarked that he was ashamed of the man. He lamented the fact that this man could not work for the good of humanity and in the service of others.

Mr. Ford secured a pair of spectacle rims and into each opening he placed a silver dollar. He then asked the man to put the spectacles on and see what he could. Of course, he could, see nothing, because he was blinded by the money. This man, through this object lesson, learned that there is a danger that money will blind a person so that he will not see what God has intended to do with the world. This same man later on became a great person. He became a United States Senator and won fame and honor for himself.

Mr. Richey then explained to the boys that God has created the sun, the moon and the stars—all that is in the universe. God is always busy trying to recreate and redeem the world. He has a task of remaking the universe, and He calls upon people to help in the processes of redemption. It was explained that when a little baby comes into the world a new life begins and many forces are set into action.

In order to impress the boys with the significance of his talk Mr. Richey told another story. This was the story of a clerk who had a splendid job with one of the best firms in a big city. For some reason he lost this job, and it became necessary for him to take another job in a store that was dingy and dirty and filthy. One day he decided to look through the windows on the world outside.

When he did so he found that the world in his immediate vicinity was just as dingy and unsightly as it was on the inside. He wondered what he could do about it all.

This man made a trip to an art gallery where he found beautiful painting representing a window. As a person looked through the window he was able to see a beautiful city, such as every city should be. In this picture there was a high steeple in which there was a knight whose duty it was to help to keep the city beautiful and clean. Of course, the knight was none other than Jesus Himself. The young clerk purchased this picture, carried it to the store, and placed it near the place where he worked. From time to time when he sometimes became discouraged and pessimistic he would look up at this picture for his inspiration. From this painting he learned how he could help to make his own city as wholesome and beautiful as any city should be.

In conclusion, Mr. Richey told the boys that they were really busy building characters for themselves Some people have the idea that in life they are merely earning bread and butter, some think they are only cutting stones, while others know that they are building cathedrals.

GREAT MEN

It is a source of deep wonder to many how some men find time to do so much. It is worth remembering that great men have but a few hours a day to be "great." Like the rest of us, they must give up at least seven hours a day to sleep. They must dress, bathe, shave, eat, and attend to other matters of a personal nature—visits to the dentist, physician, manicurist, barber, and conferences with their wives about domestic and family matters.

This leaves them not so much more than eight hours a day to pursue their greatness. Some of these hours must be given to the job of keeping informed. They must read newspapers, reports, listen to their associates, review plans, sign papers, and get to and from their different meeting places, which often are hundreds of miles apart. Hence, they have less time to be "great" men than might be supposed. They actually have just a couple of hours a day for their greatness.

What makes men great is their ability to decide what is important, and then focus their attention on it. Another factor is their energy and determination, and this accounts for their ability to do so much more than ordinary mortals. Great men never attempt to postpone unpleasant tasks.—Sales Maker.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 8th, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Maynard Chester
Ralph Cranford
William Epps
Ernest Johntson
Robert King
Major Loftin
Marion Ray
James Reynolds
J. W. Sorrell
William Speaks
Herbert Steward

COTTAGE NO. 1

Lyndon Barnette
Hubert Black
William Britt
Carl Church
Paul Church
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Raymond Harding
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Jack Lambert
Franklin Robinson
Bobby Rice
Billy Smith
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Ray Burns
Ransom Edwards
Gerald Johnston
Howard Manus
Robert McDuffie
Billy McVicker
Eddie Medlin
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Donald Stack
Edward Morgan
James Phillips

COTTAGE No. 3

Thomas Childress
Hugh Cornwell
Linsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Robert Lee
Lawerence Littlejohn
James Maloney
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes

COTTAGE No. 4

Joe Lee Bean
Paul Carpenter
Judson Finch
Eugene Grice
Herman Hughes
Lacy Overton
Burton Ruth
Ernest Tunner
Robt. Thompson
James Tew
King Watkins

COTTAGE No. 5

(No Honor Roll

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Coy Creakman
Robert Driggers
Rufus Driggers
Richard Davidson
Glenn Matheson
Robert Peavy
Louis Southerland
James Swinson
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll

COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

J. C. Alley
Charles Angle
Kenneth Dillard
Charles Francis
Lester Ingle

David Johnson
D. B. Jones
James Norton
Knox Norton
Robert Trout
James Upright
David Isenhour

COTTAGE No. 10

James Elder
Robert Gordon
James Hensley
Thomas Hutchins
Howard Jones
Earl Kinlaw
Harry Matthews
Hoyt Mathis
W. C. Mills
Ray Roberts
William Smith
Donald Stultz
Garvin Thomas

COTTAGE No. 11

(Cottage Closed

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

Carl Ballew
Clifford Martin
John Moretz
Kenneth McLean
John Roberts
James Smith

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Elzo Fulk
Marcus Hefner
Harvey Leonard
Charles Rhodes
Carl Ransom
William Stamey
Ralph Steward
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Canady
Thomas Chavis
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Benny Payne
Robert Phillips
Jerry Ray

INFIRMARY

David Brooks
Thomas Davis
Norman Henchel
William Hunter

———:———

FAME

Fame makes a wise man serious, a weak man foolish, a modest man miserable and a vain man unbearable.

Fame brings wealth but "the best things in life are free."

Fame brings adventure—but the most comforting thing in life is peace.

Fame brings luxury—but the greatest thing in life is work.

Fame is a toy balloon, a will-o-the-wisp, a bubble. But, oh, boy, isn't it fun to chase it?—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 14, 1946 No. 37

SEP 14 '46

I RESOLVE

To keep my health:
To do my work;
To live;
To see to it I grow and gain and give;
Never to look behind me for an hour;
To wait in meekness, and to walk in power;
But always fronting onward to the light,
Always and always facing toward the right.
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide-astray—
On, with what strength I have;
Back to the way.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

DO YOUR BEST

When the days are dark and dreary,
And the heart is sad and weary,
Look to Him, keep sweet and cheery.
Do your best.

Be the duties great or small,
Though you falter, often fall,
He will hear whene'er you call.
Do your best.

Give a loving word of cheer;
Bear your burdens, never fear,
He will strengthen. He is near.
Do your best.

Look to Him in all you do,
For some work He's planned for you,
And be faithful, loyal, true.
Do your best.

—Selected.

THE POWER OF DETERMINATION

One of the greatest factors towards success in the life of any person is that of will power or determination. In the final analysis, the essence of the formula for success in human endeavors lies in the ability of a person to be the master of himself so completely that he is able to steer a straight course towards high ideals and the big aims of his life, with a fixity of purpose and a steadfastness of heart.

Many people who in the past have had an abundance of talent and who have in one way or another acquired for themselves some very useful skills, unfortunately have faltered and failed because they did not have that key to success which is represented in the

power of self-determination. Certainly, they have faltered and failed and then they have endured the bitterness of remorse and regret. They have grown despondent and despair has swept across their souls so that life has become miserable and full of disappointments.

It is not an easy thing for any person to face all the difficulties of life and still keep his head high and his chin up. Every person who counts for much in his community and in his home frequently encounters heavy responsibilities and hardships. Unfortunately, there are not a great many people in the world who are capable of carrying heavy responsibilities, and at the same time maintaining a proper equilibrium in their emotion, but on the other hand, fortunately, there are those who can take responsibilities and stand in the forefront when difficulties arise and manhood is at a premium.

Tennyson, in his immortal poem, "Ulysses," concludes with the following powerful words:

> "Come, my friends.
> 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
> Push off, and sitting well in order smite
> The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars, until I die.
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
> And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
> Though much is taken, much abides; and though
> We are not now that strength which in old days
> Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are—
> One equal temper of heroic hearts,
> Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

This is a classic poem, coming from the heart of a brilliant writer, one that should be familiar to many people in this hour. In it we find a vibrant message, full of courage, of hope, of heroism. The poet has no thought of asking for the easy places in life, but he admonishes a person who would achive great things in life to be willing to "smite the sounding furrows," to meet the obstacles face to face and challenge them at every hand. One of the handmaidens of determination is perseverance, for without persistence there can

be no fulfillment of determination towards any fixed goals of life.

Below are two quotations which express these thoughts appropriately.

"All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick-ax, or of one impression of the spade with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings." —Johnson

"It is all very well to tell me that a young man has distinguished himself by a brilliant first speech. He may go on, or he may be satisfied with his first triumph; but show me a young man who has not succeeded at first, and nevetheless has gone on, and I will back that young man to do better than most of those who have succeeded at the first trial."—C. J. Fox.

President Roosevelt, in World War 2, piled many chores on a few men whom he could trust implicitly. It is said that Jesse Jones had so many jobs there was not room for all his titles on the ground glass of his office door. Jones himself once said that there was unlimited power lying around Washington for any man who would accept the responsibility. Of course, no person is capable of accepting responsibility who does not have exceptional will power and determination.

Geroge Matthew Adams, a noted columnist, in one of his recent discussions expressed some very significant thoughts in connection with the work of man, as follows:

"Every man is happiest when he has found his work—the work in which he can best express his ideas, and unfold the uses of his particular talents, God given. Then it is that every day is a celebration day, in which labor—all labor—is honored, and that man particularly who views the glory of his day's work

"It matters little what each of us does, so long as what we do is something useful and spiritually satisfactory to us. The

bricklayer, the factory worker, the tiller of the soil, the writer, the artist, the newspaper reporter, the preacher from the pulpit, the stenographer, the salesman, the singer, or the taxi driver—the vocation doesn't matter. It's what the task itself does to us inside. It's the glory of the thing that counts. Therein is the secret of happiness."

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of September 15, 1946

Sept. 16—Bobby Joe Duncan, Cottage 3, 12th birthday.
Sept. 17—Calvin Owens, Cottage 11, 15th birthday.
Sept. 17—Leon Posten, Cottage 14, 14th birthday.
Sept. 18—Elmer Sutherland, Cottage 6, 12th birthday.
Sept. 19—Ralph Gibson, Cottage 7, 15th birthday.
Sept. 20—Frank Belk, Cottage 7, 12th birthday.
Sept. 20—James Williamson, Cottage 13, 16th birthday.
Sept. 20—Billy McVicker, Cottage 2, 13th birthday.
Sept. 21—Gene Murphy, Cottage 7, 13th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

The Picture Show

By Howard Herman, 7th Grade

The movie for the week was "Under the Western Skies." Noah Berry was the main player in this feature. He played as a school teacher. Leon Earl came to the town of Rim Rock, as Willie Wells, with his show. He had a daughter who was a singer. King Carol held up the stage coach they were on, but they didn't take anything. He later appeared at the show in Rim Rock at the Silver Dollar where Willie Wells was to have his first show. Jim Wyatt was the sheriff and tried to run King Carol and his men out of town. There was a fight, and Noah Berry hit Miss Wells and ran out of the Silver Dollar. King Carol sent his men back to get Miss Wells. Noah Berry went after her and killed seven of the king's men. He took them back to town and put them in the saloon. The sheriff had his star taken away from him earlier in the picture, and they were going to help him get it back. The sheriff shot himself in the foot and acted as if he were gun battling with the king's men. He got his star back, and Miss Wells and Noah Berry were married.

Radio Program

By Donald Redwine, 6th Grade

Mr. Hawfield was in charge of the radio program Tuesday. The first thing on the program was a song, "Sing and Smile," by Donald Branch and Robert Driggers. Then Clyde Hill, Raymond Harding, Edd Guinn, John McKinney, and Billy Smith sang a song, "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old." They were accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Frank Liske. Mr. Hawfield made a talk on "The Building of Character." The program ended with a song, "God Sees," by Donald Branch and Robert Driggers.

We thank Mr. Hawfield and these boys for bringing such a fine program.

My Stay at The Training School

By Robert Fogle, 10th Grade

I will never forget the night of Nov. 14, 1945. On that night I began a new kind of life. I began keeping regular hours, eating a balanced diet, and working. I also began to receive training that I had missed sometime in my life.

I spent the first five months of my stay at J. T. S. in the Receiving Cottage. There I worked in the field and attended school in the ninth Grade.

From the Receiving Cottage, I went to Cottage No 3, where I was to complete my stay.

Having completed the ninth grade, along with 12 others, I became a member of the first tenth grade class that the school has ever had.

While I was at the school, I learned my big lesson in self-control. I learned that I must overlook some things that people say and do.

Now, as I go to my home in

Winston-Salem, I'm proud that I can enter the eleventh grade.

I know that the training school has helped me and that it will help any one who will try to make something of himself.

I have got a lot of good out of the church, Sunday School and B. T. U. services while I have been here.

Football Practice

By Douglas Mangum, 10th Grade

Mr. Walters has been training the boys that play on the football team many exercises.

They also have been learning to block and tackle. The most interesting part about it is tackling the dummy.

They spend most of their time getting in shape and taking skull practice. They practice every day in the week.

We all hope they have a fine football team, and I suppose they will, if they pay close attention to their instructor, Mr. Walters.

My Progress at the school

By Gerald Johnson, 10th Grade

I came here September 17, 1943, and I was placed in Cottage No. 13 and in the sixth grade. When I came here I weighted 79 pounds and was 4 ft. 9½ in. tall. Now I weigh 120 lbs. and I am 5 ft. 8 in. tall. Since I came here, I have conpleted five grades, and I have seven units toward high school graduation. Since I have been here, I have had only three jobs, and they have been the work line, the office, and the laundry. I was on the work line about three months, in the office about eight months, and in the laundry the rest of the time. I have joined the church since I have been here and have got a lot of good out of the church, Sunday School, and B. T. U meeting. I am going home soon, and I hope to make a success at home. I thank all the officers and matrons that have tried to make a good boy out of me.

My Life at The School

By William Smith, 10th Grade

I came here Feb. 15, 1946. After going through the regular first two weeks process in the Receiving Cottage, I was sent to Cottage No. 11 where I remained until the 18th of Aug. On the 18th I was sent to No 10 Cottage where I plan to remain until the day I leave.

During my stay at the Training school, I have improved in many ways. First of all, I have learned to know the Lord and to follow him. Second I have increased in knowledge. I have come from the last part of the month grade to the first part of the eleventh grade. Third, I have learned to have careful in what step I take, what company I keep, and many other things. Fourth, I have learned to have manners and how to use them. I think the training here at the school is the best thing for a boy.

Progress I Have Made in School at J. T. S.

By Robert Lee, 10th Grade

When I first came to the school I took an achievement test to see what grade I would be placed in. Mr. Adams put me in the seventh grade.

I stayed in it about a month and then was sent back to the sixth. I stayed in the sixth until September of 1944. I then came back to the seventh where I stayed until Feb. 1, 1945. I then came up to the eight grade. I stayed in the eight grade until September 1, 1945, when I was sent to the ninth. At the beginning of June 1946 start-ed in the tenth grade. I am now ready for the eleventh grade. I made all of these grades in two years, three months, and fifteen days.

Mr. Hines and Mr. Hawfield made it possible for us to get our units which we need to graduate. I am proud of the fact that I have seven units toward graduation.

How The Training School Helped Me

By James Henslay 10th grade

When I first saw the school, I thought I wouldn't like it, but I did. I find that the school has helped me in many ways, such as: learning different kinds of work, had better school teaching, was taught to overcome temptations, was taught more about Christianity, and was taught to play good games. Some of the games are football, baseball, tennis, basketball, and volley ball. I have learned to obey, and I think every boy should be taught this. I have passed three grades since I have been here, and at home I would only have passed one. I am sure that any boy who has been at the school will tell you that the school has helped him a great deal.

Our Picnic

By Robert Lee, 10th Grade

Last Sunday, Mr. Hines took the boys of Cottage Number 3 on a picnic. They enjoyed taking supper and watermelons with them. The boys played football, with the exception of the house boys who fixed the supper.

After supper, the boys played croquet. Then after they had finished their croquet game, they ate their watermelons. All of the boys enjoyed going on the picnic, and they wish to thank Mr. Hines for taking them.

Using the Library

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

The library is a great help to all of the boys and especially to the boys of the 10th grade.

In connection with our English and biology work, we need to refer to some source of material that will enable us to get more information on the topic on which we are working. We have some very nice encyclopedias in our library. They are the following: (1) "The Americana," of which there are thirty volumes, (2) "Brittanica; Junior," of which we have two sets—the old edition and the new edition, (3) "The Compton's Picture Encyclopedia," of which we have two sets—the old set and the new set, (4) "The World Book Encyclopedia," of which we have ninteen volumes. We have a number of other reference books, such as "The Smithsonian Scientific Series," "Our Wonder World," "The How and Why," and others.

All of the boys enjoy going to the library, because they can check out books. The books in our library are classified under the Dewey Decimal System.

The library is very helpful, and we all should learn to find the books under the above mentioned system, so

that it will be easier on the librarians in the public schools and in the public libraries.

New Boys at the School

By Douglas Mangum, 10th Grade

Several new boys entered the school here September 1st. Roger Ivey was placed in the third grade. One boy, J. W. Sorrell, was placed in the 9th grade. Herman Galyan, from Gastonia, was placed in the 2nd grade, while Woodrow Norton, from Shelton, was placed in the 4th grade. The other four new boys—Ted Clonch, James Scott, Earl Wood, and Ransom Edwards, were placed in the 1st grade.

We wish these boys the best of luck while they are at the school. We also hope that they will make a clean record.

News Items of Interest

By Jack Benfield, 10th Grade

On Friday, Aug. 30th, Gray Brown, one of the boys of the 10th grade left to go to his home in Winston-Salem, We hated to see Gray go but wish him the best of luck.

All the boys, teachers, and officers were saddened to hear of the passing of Mrs. Hudson, Mrs. W. M. Morrison's mother, last week.

Miss Sarah Oehler, our third grade teacher, has returned from her vacation. During the time of her vacation, she went to Williamsburg, Virginia and also to Manteo to see the pageant, "The Lost Colony."

Mr. and Mrs. Horne, officer and matron of Cottage Number 7, have gone on their vacation. While they are away, the boys of their cottage are staying at the other cottages.

Dr. Dudley, the dentist, is about to complete the work here at the school. He is working with the boys of the Special Seventh Grade now.

Mr Godown is on his vacation trip to Winnipeg, Canada. He is attending a Masonic meeting for four days. After that meeting is over, he will spend the rest of his vacation with his mother at Fleming, N. J. He will return to the school on September 14th.

School Loses 5th Grade Teacher

By J. C. Rhodes, 6th Grade

Miss Marie Jenkins, our 5th Grade teacher, gave her boys a farewell party, and at that time they all received a bar of candy. All of the boys thanked Miss Jenkins for it. All of the boys were sorry to hear that she was leaving the school. She has been a lot of help to us while she has been here.

Miss Jenkins' home is in Raleigh, but she is going to teach in Kannapolis. The Woodrow Wilson School is the school where she will teach.

We hope for Miss Jenkins the best of luck as she goes through life. We surely have enjoyed her stay with us at the school. The boys of the fifth grade are looking forward to getting a new teacher soon.

More Boys Released

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

In the past few weeks there have been more boys released to go to their

homes to start to school or to work. The boys who have gone, their grades here, and their home towns are as follows: Kenneth Staley, 10th Grade, Winston-Salem; Robert Fogle, 10th Grade, Winston-Salem; William Smith, 10th Grade, Fayetteville; James Hensly, 10th Grade, Marshall Hugh Cornwell, 10th Grade, Lincolnton; William Speaks, 9th Grade, Winston-Salem; W. C. Mills, 7th Grade, Wadesboro; John Roberts, 5th Grade, Rockingham; Charles Sellars, 3rd Grade Rockingham; Rufus Driggers, 2nd Grade Rockingham; David Leo Isenhour, 6th Grade, Greensboro; Kenneth McLean, 6th Grade, Blowing Rock; Donald Stack, 5th Grade, Salisbury; Howard Jones, 7th Grade, Greensboro; Robert E. Lee, 10th Grade, Mebane; Gerald Johnson, 10th Grade, Charlotte; Howard Manus, 4th Grade, Charlotte; Donald Redwine, 6th Grade, Salisbury; Herman Hughes, 9th Grade; Gastonia; and Charles Gibson, 3rd Grade, Belmont.

FAIR TIME

Summer brings many things for us to enjoy and as it wanes, the county and state fairs advertise their eye-openers. Not any of us need be sold on this American entertainment. It is one institution which hasn't changed so much but that our great-grandfathers might feel at home there. The manufacturing industry may have modern machinery to amaze grandpa, but those prize pumpkins, pigs, preserves and quilts wouldn't startle him. The auto displays might be a treat for us but he would probably be more interested in the trotting horses.

The first fair in our history was held in 1810, in Pittsfield, Mass., with the city subscribing $50 for premiums and the citizens the same amount. Today, prizes run into thousands of dollars and the youngsters of the 4-H Clubs walk off with a goodly share of it.

The fair sends many a city dweller who attends, back in memory to days when sheep, poultry and apples meant more than symphonic music on electric recorders, airplanes jet-propelled and stock market graphs. The grandstands may be concrete and the side shows stream-lined, but salt water taffy and pop-corn still tastes the same.

—Mooresville Enterprise.

TALENTS

By A. E. Clayton in Zion's Herald

In the lore of the Orient there is a story about a good man who built a large business through honest toil and unselfish co-operation with his fellows. As old age crept upon him, he became concerned for the future of his enterprise. His only living relatives were three stalwart nephews.

One day he called the young men to him, saying, "One of you shall be my successor." They thanked him, and each promised to do his best if chosen.

The old man continued, "I have a problem. He who solves it best shall have my business." So saying, he handed each youth a coin. "This is a large room, but go and buy something to fill it as nearly full as you can, but spend no more than the coin I have given you. Go now, but return at sunset, for I shall be waiting."

All day long the young men went about in the market places and among the tradesmen, and as the shadows lengthened they made their way back to their uncle's home. He greeted them kindly, and asked to see their purchases.

The first youth dragged into the room a huge bale of straw, which, when he untied it, made a pile so great that it hid two walls of the room. He was complimented by the others as they cleared it away.

The second youth brought in two bags of thistledown, which, when released, filled half the room. The other two cheered him.

The third youth stood silent and forlorn, and carried no package. "And what have you?" asked the old man.

"I gave half my coin to a hungry child," he answered meekly, "and most of what remained I gave to alms at the church, where I asked God to forgive my sins."

There was no cheering, but the youth continued, "And with the farthing I had left, I purchased this flint and this small candle." And with that he struck the flint and lighted the candle, which filled every nook and corner of the room.

" 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' " quoted the old man; " 'thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' " And while the young man fell to his knees, the old man blessed him, and gave him all of his possessions.

Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it, and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America.—Woodrow Wilson.

SAVING OURSELVES

(Monroe Enquirer)

Those observers who caught the full significance of the atom bomb tests in the Pacific last month have come to the conclusion that the world is in a bad spot. Man has at last discovered a power that can destroy him which, means that mankind must learn to live in peace, or ultimately be destroyed.

Someone has suggested that the only power which can save us now is political power, and while many persons will be unable to understand and appreciate that suggestion, the fact remains that this is perfectly true.

Regardless of what definition may be given to politics by those who always view anything political with suspicion and scorn, the right definition is "the art of getting along peaceable with your fellowman." A visit to a home of a neighbor or friend, carrying a cake or pie, is really an act of politics. The man who wants a political office tries to impress the voters with the fact that he is capable and friendly, and whatever he does is an act of politics.

The world cannot afford to have another war, and therefore the men who live on this planet must live together in peace. Political art, or power, must be used by all nations in order to create a spirit of friendliness throughout the world.

Selfishness and suspicion must be banished if the world is to become one big happy family. How to do that is another matter.

We have long had the feeling that we can save ourselves through religion, but that fact has become crystal-clear only in recent months when we realized mankind must live in peace, or be destroyed. There is no alternative.

MY CREED

To live as gently as I can; to be, no matter where, a man; to take what comes of good or ill and cling to faith and honor still; to do my best and let that be the record of my life and hand; and then if failure should come to me, still work and hope for victory.

To have no secret place wherein I stoop unseen to shame or sin; to be the same when I'm alone as when my every deed is known; to live undaunted, unafraid of any step that I have made; to be without pretense or sham exactly what men think I am.

To leave some simple mark behind to keep my having lived in mind; if enmity to aught I show, to be an honest, generous foe. To play my little part nor whine that greater honors are not mine. This, I believe, is all I need for my philosophy and creed.—Selected.

THIK GREAT THOUGHTS

Baptist Courier

The measure of the mind is the measure of the man. The worth of the man is in the volume and the quality of the contents of his mind. Ideas are the creative forces in the world. Every act is the expression of a thought. Every invention was first an idea in some man's mind. The mind moves the hand, sees through the eyes and hears through the ears. The mind sees, hears and acts. The mind is the man. What the mind is the man is. Small men are small minds thinking small thoughts and doing small things. Large and strong men are large minds thinking great thoughts, undertaking great things. Shallow thinking, easy thinking made for softness and weakness of character. Hard thinking, high thinking, wrestling with great thoughts grappling with large ldeas make for strength of character and worth of character and worth of conduct and accomplishment.

There is a constant interplay and inter-dependence between the moral character of a man and the quality of his thinking. What the man thinks, that he is; what the man is, that he thinks. Thinking, character, conduct, these three, are one and indivisible, and the indivisible one is the human personality.

This fact of the nature of personal life means that the mind, its contents and employment, has a vital, an essential place and part in the religious life, in determining the character and directing the conduct of Christian people.

Great thinking makes great Christians. There is no doubt about it; there is no other way. It is difficult to understand how any man can be a Christian at all without being deeply stirred by great thoughts and moved to action by creative ideas. He must contemplate the greatest ideas the human mind can contemplate, ideas of the infinite and the eternal, the ldea of God of the immortal human spirit, of righteousness and truth, of measureless mercy and fathomless love, of inescapable respossibility, and of judgement to come of redemption and forgiveness of sin, of the Kingdom of God on earth and a heavenly home. He can't read the New Testament or sit at the feet of Jesus without being disturbed by great thoughts of the greatness of life or without getting some stirring glimps at last of the limitless eternal infinite glory and grandeur of God's thoughts for men.

How can he who has had the experience of thinking with Jesus, ever again think little things of himself or of any man, or doing little and mean things, or living a small, narrow, selfish life, Life surely has come to mean to him something large and wide and high.

The human body is limited to the reach of the hands and eyes and ears, but to the Christian mind there are no boundaries, no horizons, no impossible barriers to its interest, its understanding, to its sympathy and compassion, to its outreached hands of service.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION IS CENTURY OLD

(The New Day)

The Smithsonian Institution, America's most venerable research organization, is having a birthday. It's exactly a century old.

As part of the celebration, a special postage stamp was issued and the first deliverd to the institution's secretary, Alexander Wetmore, by Robert T. Hannegan' postmaster qhmtw ofartfov' fatmc famctodr mh general.

The stamp, of the threecent denomination, shows the many-turreted old building on the Mall that houses the executive offices of the institution and part of its exhibits.

The Smithsonian Institution, which owes its origin to a bequest made by an Englishman who never saw America, has charge over the U. S. National Zoological park the National Herbarium, the National Gallery of Art, the Freer Galley of Art, the National Collection of Fine Arts the Bureau of American Ethnology and the Astrophysical Observatioy. Closely associated with the government and administering certain government - supported agencies, the institution itself not not government-controlled.

Collections in its various museums are in themselves a record of the institution's long service to America's cultural, scientific and technical development. Here are the original models of Morse's telegraph, Whitney's cotten gin" Howe's sewing-machine" Bell's telephone.

Here is the flying-machine built by its secretary at the turn of the century, Dr. Samuel P. Langly, with many other aircraft of later date.

Here are some of the first steam locomotives to run on American rails.

Stowed in the great loft of the Smithsonian' sadministration building are scores of thousands of botanical specimens, many of them recording the travels of Hardy souls who "saw the West first."

On the other side of the Mall, in the National Museum of Natural History, are the massive skeletons of dinosaurs dug out of the rocks in the same West, decades later.

The natural history of the human races who originally peopled North America is richly illustrated in the collections in the same museums in tens of thousands of primitive weapons, tools and pottery vessels.

It is impossible to name any phase of science or culture on which scholary work has not been done by present and past Smithsonian staff members. and the institution second century is now just opening.

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Keep good company and you shall be of the number.—Herbert.

LIFE MEANS HUMAN BEINGS

The News-Herald

The men and women who make up the population of the world in which we live are not saints and, unless we are badly mistaken, they are not sinners.

Every individual, man or woman, has some good qualities and, of course, some bad qualities. However, all of them do not possess the same good traits and, luckly, they do have the same bad ones.

In every person their is something to admire and, likewise, in every individual something to disapprove. No judgment aiong this line, however, will be the unanimous verdict of mankind but each person will be influenced by his or her own valuation of human traits in attempting an appreciation of another human being.

Admitting for the sake of argument that every individual has some goodness there is no reason to be surprised at its exhibition occasionally. Knowing that every human being is imperfect there is no cause for alarm when human conduct misses the goal of perfection.

Great teachers, whether they deal with boys and girls or men and women, understand this and seldom resort to undue praise of unexpected goodness or slip into angry denunciation of expected badness. They busy themselves expanding the field of truth and permitting others to share their advance progress. In time, they set the pace!

It is not given to all of us to be great teachers but it is within the province of every person to keep an eye out for the goodness that so abundantly lives about us in the lives of other people and to see that we attend to the main task before us, the improvement of ourselves by the development of our higher possibilities.

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CREED FOR LIVING

Humanity is no empty word. Do not be taken in by the claptraps of this troubled epoch by the runners-amuck, by the St. Vitus dancers and the howling dervishes of whatsoever creed they may uphold. To be true, to be simple, to be gentle of heart, to remain cheerful and collected in sorrow and in danger, to love life and not to fear death, to serve the spirit and not be haunted by spirits—nothing better has ever been taught since the world began.

—Bruno Frank.

HOW TRUTH SUFFERS

The Alabama Baptist

It has been thirty-five or more years since we read the autobiography once read it, it was found so rephy of Benjamin Franklin. But having with commonsense and wisdom parts of it were read many times.

Somewhere in Franklin's story of his life he said, in effect, that the truth has often suffered more by the fanaticism of its advocates than by the harm done to truth by its enemies.

We have lived long enough to know that Franklin was right. He was right as the matter relates to politics and statecraft and right again as it relates even to moral and religious matters.

It is very easy for one who feels very strong to use such extreme language as to overstate his case. If he does that even in the defense of the truth, whether it be in writing or in speaking, he weakens the cause he is trying to defend.

We know an editor who condescended in an editorial to call another man with whom he did not agree "an infamous liar." Well, now the man may have been that, and worse than that, but on editor cannot use that kind of language thing lacking in the quality of his own mind and soul. Thus truth has often suffered by reason of the fanticism of its advocates.

In Franklins autobiography he said another thing which struck with this writer for more than a third of a century. It was that in matters of controversy, argument, and debate, never say as much in opposition to the views of your opponent as you think his views deserve. The fact is that whenever one over castigates an oppontent in any kind of a debate he may not know it but he is losing in the force of his argument. This may be explained in part by the fact that people take the part of the under-dog and especially if the dog does not need all the flogging he is getting.

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Intelligence is what you get from home. Common sense is what you develop yourself. Learning is what you obtain in school. Knowledge is what the world hands you. Judgment comes only with the years. Experience is a bitter medicine administered by life itself, and must be taken with a bit of conscience. Wisdom is a phantom often chased but seldom overtaken. Success or failure is a matter of opinion. Reputation is the golden scale. Contentment the final objective.—Speakers Scrap Book.

BUILDS BUSINES FAR FROM CROWD

(By Bill Sharpe)

The mailman is the most important individual in the business of L. V. Edwards, who, using a steam engine for power, runs a printing shop far back in a cove in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina.

Because all of Edward's business is done by mail, and he does printing for small business men in almost every state in the union. "I open every letter I get," the veteran printer said as he slit open his mail. "Heard of a fellow one time that threw a worthless-looking letter in the fire and then found out later it contained a check.

Checks fluttered out of his mail. "This is just like fishing," he explained." Never can tell whether the next check is going to be for $30 or 30 cents.

When you turn the bend in the rutty, steep road which leads around the mountain, the sight of the Edwards Printing Co. is quite a suprise. It is a ramshackel building. 100 feet long, which grew up and down the hill as Edwards and his two boys added to it to keep pace with business. The next surprise is to see the little steamengine which runs all the presses in the place, in lieu of electric power. Edwards once used a gasoline engine until gas became so hard to get, then he installed the steam outfit making his perhaps the only steam printing plant in the country.

Such ingenuity has characterized this little mountain industry from the beginning. Forty-six years ago Edwards made his first press himself cut of wood. With this crude equipment he taught himself how to print. Now he has nine presses and could operate them all except for scarcity of labor. He has trained many boys and girls of Jacks Creek Township to be printers, but they grow up and drift away to the cities, and the new generation seems disinclined to become apprentices.

In 1900, Edwards plunged heavily into the business. He bought an old army press, one of the portable pres ses carried by Confederate Armies to print up military orders. It was little more than a proof press, operated by a crank. But it was a start, and equipment was gradually added.

His determination to escape the hoe and plow of mountain farming led him to unusual steps to develop business in spite of the fact that he was remote from any customers. He carefully read the weekly newspapers and got the names of candidates for office. To these he sent form letters offering cut-rate prices on dodgers, cards, throw-aways and other campaign literature. From the beginning he has had a steady business in selling by mail legal forms to magistrates, lawyers, justices of the peace and clerks of the court.

A firm believer in advertising, he took small ads in periodicals which reached small business men. One of his specialties is printing matter for poultry dealers. He also worked hard to get the printing business of churches, schools and fraternal organizations, developing a mailing list as he went along.

In later years he issued at infrequent intervals a house organ called the Mountain Log, a four-sheet newspaper containing a hodge-podge of witticisms, philosphy and miscellaneous information, with printing price p -; u h edq
lists conspicuously included. Through the Log he offered school children 50 cents a hundred pieces for distributing his own advertising literature to business houses, stores, churches, schools. In no event will he advertise in a town of more than 10,000 population.

Edwards is surprised to find visitors questioning his location which he thinks is the best in the world. "Some of my customers might be surprised to see my place," he admitted, however. "I get orders sometimes sent air mail speacial delivery. They don't know Jack's Creek," he added as he glanced back up the torturous road.

His linotype machine was an adventurous experiment. He once had a customer who became so fascinated by Edward's homely operation that he left him a legacy of $150. Edwards had a great passion for a linotype but he has an incurable horror of debt. "When folks get into debt." he said, "they don't seem to amount to much. One time I visited a fellow in Ash ville. Had a fine home and a car and good clothes and all that. Well, sir, I through he was one of the most fortunate men I ever saw, and then later I found out "and Edwards dropped his voice to a confldential tone" "I found out that the fellow still owed for the house. Probably for the car, too."

Well, he put the $150 away, but finally decided to buy the linotype, giving notes for the balance. Neither he nor his two apprentice sons knew anything about a linotype, but it was hauled up the mountain in a hired truck, and they set to work assembling it. When they got through, they had a lot of pieces left over, and the machine wouldn't run.

Guy, one of the sons, was sent off to Asheville with careful instructions on strategy. He went up into the big, modern composing room of the Citizen-Times and "just hung around." "He didn't ask questions," said Edwards shewdly. "Just watched. Just watched the machines work, acting like he was curious. Pretty soon he spotted one of those missing pieces and he'd see where it fitted in. When he came back home, we set down and put that machine together, hooked her up to the gasoline machine, and she run all right.

The fabulous linotype machine ran for a long time, but when gasoline difficulties forced Edwards to buy the steam engine (it once did service in a woodworking plant) he sold it, and now buys his composition. His boys meantime had gone into service and left him alone, and he said it was too much trouble watching the boiler and running the machine, too.

Edwards hasn't the slightest desire to seek a more convenient location. "I've got a 90-acre farm my wife's the farmer," he said. "In the city you have to get your meat and other vittles from a store, and it costs a lot. You have to buy clothes and give parties and go to shows. Why in the world would anybody want to add all those burdens to his business?"

JUSTIFIED REVOLUTION

(Stanly News & Press)

The people of the United States received the news of the revolution in McMinn county, Tennessee, with dubious reserve, being somewhat alarmed over the display of force which was neccessary to bring about the victory of the G. I. coalition ticket.

News dispatches have informed us of the unusual spectacle of hundreds of ex-service men, surrounding nearly a hundred armed deputies in the county jail. Using pistols, rifles, hand grenades and dynamite, the revolutionists compelled the deputies to surrender, thus overthrowing a Democratic machine that had ruled the county for a decade.

While we do not support the lawnessness, we must say that we glory in the courage and resolution of the young men who apparently have restored democratic self-government to a county in Tennessee. The lawlessness of the revolutions must be set alongside the reported lawlessness of the county machine, which, according to reports, adopted high-handed methods to intimate voters and did not hesitate to tamper with the ballot boxes whenever necessary to secure a "majority" vote.

In fact, it should be clearly understood that the GI revolutionists in Athens resorted to force only to meet force and fraud. In no other way, could they have secured a fair count of the ballots cast and their attack upon the jail was launched when the machine politicians took ballot boxes to the jail where it was feared they would pack them with spurious ballots.

It should be noted, also, that the machine politicians imported a number of special deputies, said to have been more than one hundred and that in the recent election, as in elections past, these armed deputies roamed the streets, proved obnoxious at the polls and attempted to use high-handed tactics to intimidate voters.

Faced with this situation, the men o McMinn county had the option of submitting dociley, thus losing their rights as free men in a democratic country, or of accepting the challenge and meeting it in the only way that it could be met—by force.

The situation in the Tennessee county stems directly from the high-handed tactics of a political machine, using desperate methods of intimidation and, according to reports, fraud, in an effort to prevent the success of a rival candidate. Certainly men who fought against the Japanese and the Germans for the preservation of the right of democratic countries to live, should not submit to such tactics, in their home country.

While the effort to restore self-government may involve personal risk, one should not lose sight of the fact that human gains along political lines have been bought and paid for by the blood of free men.

There is a lesson for every county in the United States in this uprising in Tennessee. The use of force would not have been necessary if there had been confidence in the fair conduct of

the election. It is the same everywhere.

The only safeguard that the people of McMinn county had the option of in connection with political races is the faith of the average American that elections will be fairly conducted and that ballots will be counted "as cast." Once this faith is destroyed, by unscrupulous politicans attempting to maintain themselves in office, there is no recourse for the other side except the shot gun.

It should be pointed out that the machine in McMinn county was Democratic, that the ticket backed by the GI's was a coalition and that the revolutionists were acting in behalf of good government in taking drastic steps to secure a fair count of the ballots cast in the election.

To have submitted tamely would have been cowardice on a county-wide scale. Consequently, we congratulate the brave and resolute men of that county who have shown a courage an determination that might be in useful in some other areas where corrupt political machines maintain themselves in power by illegal, high handed and corrupt actions.

———:———

WITNESS STAND

I've been thinking a good plan to follow
Is to keep one's self always in hand,
Say nothing to any one, anywhere
You couldn't swear on the witness stand;
On the witness stand you can't say "I think,"
And spout away with your view,
You'd be pretty absurd with just,
"Well, I heard,"
You must know what you say is true.
On the witness stand they don't give a rap
For a way the thing looked to you,
You can't alibi "Where there's smoke there's fire"
And expect it to stand up as true.
You must be wholly sure of each word you speak
Back it up with all facts in hand,
So never say anything anywhere
You couldn't swear on a witness stand!

—Joliet-Stateville Time.

COMPENSATION

(Selected)

The almost universal law of the universe is that effort expended shall receive the compensation it merits. However, the term "compensation" is subject to so many different interpretations that what may really be compensation does not seem to be considered as such by the individual affected. It all depends upon the viewpoint used. Again, there are really so many forms of compensation—financial or economic, spiritual, moral, personal physical and many others.

A good approach to this subject might be to understand better the law of nature regarding growth either of the animal kingdom or the vegetable world. To grow good sturdy animals will require that certain food be given, together with shelter, care, exercise, cleanliness, etc., and the compensation afforded are usually good healthy animals. The same is true of the vegetable kingdom. If the farmer wants good crops he will not secure them by merely planting a crop on ill-prepared soil and then leaving it without attention to mature. He must painstakingly prepare his soil and use selected seed, even at additional cost. He must provide fertilizer, cultivate and care for the same, watching all the while for blight, grasshoppers or other pests, and use the most improved remedy provided for these afflictions. Then after he has done all these his compensation is his reward in abundant vegetation, The Biblical admonition that, "Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap," still holds good.

Men's character and conduct react the same way. If we desire certain attainments we must pay the price. To become a real professional man requires burning the midnight oil in study, years of preparation and thousands of dollars in addition, but generally the end justifies the means and we gladly pay the price.

If we desire good health, again we must pay for it. We must obey the laws of nature, guard against undue exposure, accept a properly balanced ration both as to quantity and quality.

In this old world, generally speaking, one rarely gets something for nothing. That is not the law of compensation, nor do we expect it. In other words, we get out of this life just what we ourselves put into it.

———:———

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is the richer, or happier, or wiser, for it. It commends no one on any society. It is disgusting to the refined; abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable, needless and injurious to society.—Selected.

ABANDONING THE CHURCH

The Stanley News and Press

An advertisement which is calculated to arouse the interest of persons who are concerned with the effectiveness of the chruch in bringing the Christian influence to bear on the people of this nation as well as those throughout the other parts of the world appeared recently in the Monroe Journal.

The information contained in the advertisement is somewhat startling, and the program which is outlined by a group of Union county ministers and laymen raises the question as to whether the church may not sooner or later be abandoned as an institution for effective Christian teaching.

"How Does the Religious Condition of Union County Compare With Other Counties?" is the title line on the advertisement, which contains a graph showing the number of persons in the various counties who are NOT members of any church.

In Stanly county, according to the graph, 48 per cent of the white people are not members of any church; in Mecklenburg, the figure is 40 per cent; Richmond, 59 per cent; Union, 44 per cent; Anson, 43 per cent; and Montgomery, 38 per cent.

With only 52 per cent of the population in Stanly county members of any church, and an estimated 25 per cent of them active, we actually have only about 13 per cent of our population making any contribution of time and energy to the on-going program of the church. Is it any wonder that the outlook is somewhat discouraging?

The Union county organization has decided that the best way to reach the 44 per cent of uncharted people in their county is through the public schools, and so they propose that the first 15-minute period of the school day shall be devoted to giving every child a knowledge of God. They have set out to raise $7,595 in cash, and with this money they plan to place Bibles in every school room in the county, and various types of Biblical literature in the hands of all pupils. Other good books are to be placed in the school libraries. It is interesting to note that they also expect to give Testaments and Bibles for the recitation of Bible verses.

The determination of the Monroe and Union county leaders to do something which will lead to a broader knowledge of the Bible is commendable, for they, like thousands of other persons throughout the nation, realize that Bible teaching has been terribly neglected. The average youngster who has grown up in the past 20 years knows nothing about the Bible, and a surprising large number of adults of mature years are openly declaring that the teachings of the Bible are only for those of weak minds.

In recent years, there have been movements to inaugurate the teaching of Bible in the public schools, and some very fine work is being done in many communities, of which Albemarle is one. But there is no way for the public schools to do a throough job, and we have come to believe that Bible teaching in the pub-

lic school may be dangerous, for because of it ministers and laymen may conclude that the public school can do the whole job, and thus delude themselves into thinking that it is not necessary for the church to exert itself in this direction.

Unless Bible courses in the public schools provide the inspiration for renewed efforts in the church schools, then they are dangerous, for we see in this movement an inclination to shift the responsibility for effective Christian teaching from the Sunday school to the public school. That eventually means the abandonment of the church as an effective teaching institution, and if that time ever comes, chaos will have already engulfed the world.

———:———

THE MISER AND HIS MONKEY

Long ago, a miser lived all alone. He had a pet monkey.

This miser had a lot of money, and he loved his money very much. In fact, he loved his money so much that he took his money bags from underneath the bed and counted the money every night.

Once the miser counted the money as usual, then he put it underneath the bed, forgetting to tie one of the bags. He left his windows open because it was a very hot day. He went to town and left the monkey in the house all by himself.

Now the monkey, as you know, liked to imitate everything he saw his master do. At first he looked into the mirror and enjoyed looking at himself for a while, but soon he got quite tired of that.

Suddenly he went over to the bed and saw the open bag, so he began to play with the money. He walked over to the window and threw the money out, piece by piece.

As people went by the house, they were astonished to see the monkey throwing money out of the window, and crowds of people gathered around the house to watch the amazing scene.

When the miser came near his home, he was astonished to see the people at his house, and was determined to learn what was going on.

As he came closer to his house, he discovered why the people were standing there.—Exchange.

TIME TO STOP RUSSIA

Mooresville Enterprise..

Recently officials of the State, War and Navy Departments conferred with the President for thirty-minutes in an extraordinary conference believed to involve a discussion of this country's altitude toward Russia's demands upon Turkey.

We think it highly important for the safety of the United State that a definite policy be determined and, once decided upon, backed to the limit by the United States. There should be no secrecy about what the United States will do in the event of the use of force. Plain-speaking might be the means of averting a clash of arms.

In deciding the policy of this country, our officials should be guided solely by the self-interests of this country. There is no room for sympathy in the foreign policy of a nation If the people of the United States including the men of military age, are expected to back the foreign policy of their country, they must have assurances that it is based upon the evident interest of their country.

The situation in Europe, as near as it can be guaged at the present time, is that the Russians are aggressively pushing their claims and seeking, by positive action, to broaden the Soviet Zone of influence. They are also openly seeking to obtain places of advantage in the event of hostilities and the insistence with their neighbors indicates that the Soviet leaders have definitely decided that war is more or less inevitable.

The Communist regime which rules Soviet Russia is a dictatorship. There is no such thing as the voice of the people in the Soviet and the government makes decisions upon the basis of what the leaders conclude is to the interest of Russia. The United States, confronted by such a situation must make similar decisions upon similar grounds.

A dictatorship, controlling a vast area of the earth and with many millions of potential fighting men, can easily become a menance to the peace of the world. This can happen overnight. We do not know what the ultimate decision of Soviet leaders will be but we question whether it is wise for the United States, Great Britain and other countries to acquiesce in the expansion of Soviet influence and the acquisition of territory. Obviously those moves are calculated to strengthen the war potential of Russia.

The Russians are apparently determined to secure access to the Mediterranean and seem to be equally resolved to secure military and naval bases which will give them the Dardanelles and, at the same time, afoothold in the Mediterranean. The question for the United States to determine is whether it is advisable to permit Russia to secure these footholds without knowing definitely whether the Russians intend to use them peacefully or for military purposes.

Granting that the question of war or peace is in the hands of the rulers in the Krenlin, it is imperative for our national leaders to decide now

whether to take the risk of winning Russia to a peaceful program rather than to oppose definitely and firmly any further expansion of Soviet power.

We feel sure that President Truman and the leaders of this government are fully conscious of the important decision that must be made. We also feel that the interest of permanent peace will not be served by permitting Russia to have things her own way, either in the Balkans, in the Mediteranean, or in Eastern Europe.

Without knowing Soviet intentions, therefore, unable to be assured of Russia's peaceful intentions, the situation has reached the point where this country together with other democratic countries, should take resolute action.

Nothing is to be gained by a policy of appeasement, which in this case means permitting Russia to slowly strengthen her war potential, and the time has come for effective action that will confront the Russians with an issue requiring a discisive policy, one leading to peace or one that means war.

If there is no way to avoid a war with Russia, and there isn't unless the Russians themselves are willing to have peace, the world might as well know it today as any other time.

CONCEITED ME

I think that I shall never see
A boy that thinks he's smart like me.

I passed that test with a sixty-five.
I guess I'm just hep to the jive.

The hardest problems I skip past.
My mind for them is just too fast.

So if some problem catch your eye,
Bring it to me. I'll pass it by.

My mind solves every mystery.
My office hours are eight to three.

—Robert K. Letieck.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

The harder the fall—the higher the bounce—if you are made of the right material.—Exchange.

—:—

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus, seen when all around is dark.—Crowell.

—:—

The foolish man seeks happiness in the distance; the wise one grows it under his feet.—James Oppenheim.

—:—

The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself to be the wisest.—Emmons.

—:—

Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great.—Emerson.

—:—

The highest function of conservatism is to keep what progressiveness has accomplished.—R. H. Fulton.

—:—

Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed; can rear a garden in the desert waste.—H. K. White.

—:—

Cowards die many times before their death; the valiant never taste of death but once.—Shakespeare.

—:—

Every duty which we omit, obscures some truth which we should have known.—Ruskin.

—:—

A human being is not, in any proper sense, a human being till he is educated.—Horace Mann.

—:—

Literature is an avenue of glory ever open for those ingenious men who are deprived of honors or of wealth.
—D'Israeli.

—:—

If a civil word or two will render a man happy, he must be a wretch, indeed, who will not give them to him. Such a disposition is like lighting another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its brilliancy by what the other gains.—William Penn.

—:—

The real democratic American idea is, not that every man shall be on a level with every other, but that every other one shall have liberty, without hindrance, to be what God made him.
—Henry Ward Beecher.

—:—

Biography, especially of the great and good, who have risen by their own exertions to eminence and usefulness, is an inspiring and ennobling study. Its direct tendency is to reproduce the excellency it records.—Horace Mann.

—:—

Rich as we are in biography, a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one; and there are certainly many more men whose history deserves to be recorded than persons able and willing to furnish the record.
—Carlyle.

—:—

Every time you acquire a new interest, even more, a new accomplishment, you increase your power of life. No one who is deeply interested in his subject can long remain unhappy. The real pessimist is the person who has lost interest.—William L. Phelps.

—:—

Satisfy your want and wish power by overcoming your can't and won't power with can and will power.
—Wm. J. H. Boetcker.

—:—

Wisdom is the power that enables us to use knowledge for the benefit of ourselves and others.
—Thomas J. Watson.

—:—

A big man is not one who makes no mistakes, but one who is bigger than any mistakes he may make.
—Exchange.

—:—

Doing the best you can with the little opportunities that come along, will get you further than idly wishing for the big chance that may never arrive.—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Sunday afternoon Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of the McGill St. Baptist Church in Concord, preached to the boys. For a Scripture lesson he read from the second chapter of II Temothy, beginning with verse fourteen and reading through the twenty-sixth verse.

Mr. Tarlton used as his text the fifteenth verse of that chapter which reads as follows: "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly divining the word of truth."

Mr. Tarlton explained to the boys that this is the time of year when the public schools throughout the country are reopening and when the boys and girls of the public schools re-enter their classrooms. He talked to the boys particularly about the different points in "being a good student." He told the boys that going to school represents one of the greatest opportunities the world has to offer, and that everyone should regard it as a high priviledge instead of some burdensome task to be performed.

This question was asked by Mr. Tarlton: "What will the school try to do for a child?" The answers to this were as follows:

1. The schools will try to help the boys and girls to have strong and vigorous bodies so that they may have physical ability and be alert of mind.

2. They will strive to teach good morals. The schools will want every student to be able to stand for the right at all times.

3. The schools will attempt to teach good manners, not with the view that a person would be one of the popular members of the high social group, but that he may learn to be mannerly and polite in the presence of other people.

4. The schools will attempt to teach young people to be able to find their life's work, for the greatest use of their own talents. They will attempt to equip boys and girls to be properly placed in their vocations.

5. The schools will seek to teach as much knowledge and information as the youth can acquire. Along with this, of course, will go the development of eachs person's own personality. They will try to help each boy and each girl to discover for himself his own talents and abilities so that he may build for himself self-pride and self-esteem to the end that he may believe in himself at all times.

Mr. Tarlton then asked this question: "What can a boy or girl do for the school?" He said that they may live their lives upon such a high plane that they may reflect honor and credit upon the school which does so much for them. He cautioned the boys against ever becoming satisfied or ever being content to float along in life, not caring what happens to them. Unfortunately, it was stated, there will be some who by their evil conduct and despite all that has been done for them, will bring dishonor and reproach upon themselves and upon their homes. No person is ever justified in doing his school work poorly or engaging in evil conduct.

In order for a boy to be able to become a good citizen and reflect honor and credit upon himself and others, it was suggested that he do these things:

1. He should keep himself clean, physically, mentally and morally.

Just as a person can keep his own body clean on the outside, he can likewise keep his mind and his thoughts pure and clean.

2. Every boy should determine to finish whatever assignments he may have, and even do more.

3. Each boy should be cooperative towards the school and agreeable with his fellow students, willing at all times to work together for the common good.

4. Each boy should be an ardent booster for his school or for the institution.

5. Each boy can do much to exert a good influence upon others to the end that he may be a wholesome and helpful power for good. One of the greatest things any boy can do is to help another boy who may be faltering or failing.

6. Each boy should be willing to let the hand of God play an important part in his life. God has a plan for each one, and everyone should look to him for divine guidance and inspiration for the highest ideals of life.

ROUND-UP OF WILD PONIES ON BANKS OF CAROLINA

It's round-up time again! And we don't mean out in the wild and wooly west or at the cinema around the corner.

It's round-up time on the North Carolina Coast near Beaufort. Today beaters are scurrying over Shackleford banks. They are driving wild ponies into the pens.

And from the pens the best ones are to be taken to the mainland and used for pets or riders. Many of the ponies are turned back on the banks.

The banks have been the habitat of the ponies since a Spanish ship, loaded with fine horse, was wrecked there about three hundred years ago. Some of the ponies now are dwarfed to 450 to 700 pounds.

It's an easy life for the ponies. They must live off coarse beach vegetation and frequently they have to paw shallow wells for water. When the brackish water seeps up through the wells they've pawed, the ponies lie on their bellies to drink it.

Life is much easier for the ones that are caught and domesticated.—Mooresville Enterprise.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 15th, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ralph Crawford
Roger Ivey
Marion Ray

COTTAGE NO. 1

Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Raymond Harding
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Fairly McGee
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
William Smith
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 2

Ray Burns
Ransom Edwards
Judd Lane
Billy McVicker
Eddie Medlin
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Van Robertson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
James Wilson
Richard Cook
Glenn Davis

COTTAGE No. 3

Paul Denton
Talmadge Duncan
Joe Duncan
James Dunn
Glenn Evans
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Lloyd Perdue
Donald Redwine
Clifton Rhodes
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Woodrow Norton

COTTAGE No. 4

Joe Lee Bean
Herman Taylor
James Hunt
Harvey Purdy
Robert Thompson
James Tew
King Watkins

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
George Bird
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis
Earl Wood
James Knight
John Hill

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Richard Davidson
Clyde Hill
Jerry Oakes
Robert Peavy
Glenn Mathison
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

(Cottage Closed)

(Cottage Closed)
COTTAGE NO. 8

COTTAGE No. 9

Charles Angle
Charles Francis
D. B. Jones
James Norton
Knox Norton
Robert Trout
Frank Westmoreland
Edward McCall

COTTAGE NO. 10

Auther Ballew
James Elder
Robert Gordon
Ralph Gibson
Harry Matthews

Hoyt Mathis
Ray Roberts
Garvin Thomas
Keith Yandle
Ed Guinn

COTTAGE NO. 11
Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
Charles Davis
Leslie Gautier
Miley Gunter
Calvin Owens
James Phillips
Benny Riggens
Claywood Sparrow
Paul Allen

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
Earl Allen
Earl Grant
Terry Hardin
William Lunsford

COTTAGE NO. 14
Carl Ballew
Howard Hall
Phillip Kirk
Roy Marsh
Charles Moore
John Moretz
James Smith
Charles Todd
Rubin Vester
James Walters

COTTAGE NO. 15
William Best
Henry Coffey
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Carl Holt
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Charles Rhodes
Ralph Steward
William Stamey
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Robert Beaver
Robert Canady
Thomas Chavis
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernoodle
Donald Moose
Douglas Mangum
Bennie Payne
Robert Phillips
Robert Shepherd
Eugene Murphy

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
Thomas Davis
William Hunter

THE RADIANT LIFE

I wish to be simple, honest, natural, frank, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—ready to say "I do not know," if so it be —to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacles and meet every difficulty unafraid and unashamed.

I wish to live without hate, whim, jealolsy, envy or fear. I wish others to live their lives, too—up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, dictate, interfere, give advice that is not wanted, nor assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I will do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion, rather than by injunction and dictation. I desire to radiate life.—Elbert Hubbard.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 21, 1946 No. 38

WHERE HAPPINESS LIES

Nobody knows where happiness walks,
Across what meadows, within what gates.
Sometimes for an hour it walks by one's side,
Then veers like the wind or turns like the tide.

Whén I was a little child it was everywhere,
It danced in the sunlight, it sang in the air;
It pulsed through the notes of my mother's song
And the arms of my father, straight, and strong.

Nobody knows where happiness dwells,
Or how to spare it by charms or spells;
It can fly like a lark; it can bud like a rose;
But the secret of happiness nobody knows.

This much is true; it will not depart
From the way of a tender and loving heart:
It can veer like the wind, it can turn like the tide,
But in souls that have faith it will still abide.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

AN UNSUNG HERO

Here's to the fellow who knows self-control,
When another would fly in a rage;
Who stands the calm master of his own soul,
When disaster is holding the stage.

Here's to the chap who can smile at the jeers,
With a courage the others all lack;
Who, taking the blows and scorning the sneers,
Can conquer without hitting back.

That kind of courage is often unsung
But it's that kind of courage men like.
He is a hero who masters his tongue
And holds back the blow he might strike.

So, here's to the chap who takes it and grins,
And who has the unusual knack
Of using restraint in the battles he wins
And who conquers without hitting back.

—By Louis E. Thayer

SOME OF THE TRUE STANDARDS FOR EVALUATING A SUCCESSFUL CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION

Under many circumstances and in numerous situations, the all-important question is asked, "How successful is the work of a correctional institution?" This same question, of course, is asked not only about such institutions, but it is asked regarding every institution or every agency dedicated to the service and improvement of humanity. This same question, too, is asked about business firms and industrial corporations.

In the case of industrial enterprises there is always one primary and dominant question in the minds not only of the share-holders

but of the public as well, and that is, "To what extent is the enterprise able to produce and pay dividends?" In general, the key to the success of the business firm is its ability to yield proper material returns and show visible monetary dividends. To state this is no criticism of such enterprises, but rather it is a commendation of those industries and firms that are capable of meeting the expectations in the terms of dividends. The firms that are able to do this indicate beyond dispute that they have competent and alert business leaders at the head—men who possess business acumen and who are astute students of the markets.

The pertinent question for correctional institutions is, "When are they efficient and successful, and when are they doing their job?" The answers to this question cannot be made in terms of dividends or in terms of dollars and cents. In fact, there is no material basis for paying dividends when dealing with human life and when developing the character and the mentality of boys. Of course, the all-inclusive answer as to the effectiveness of a training school program is that it is efficient and effective when it elevates the minds of boys and stimulates them to high ideals in life. It is when they help boys to re-direct their footsteps upon the highway of good citizenship and Christian living. Then, as to whether or not a training school program is successful, it must be judged on the basis of its total program, one that is well-planned and is well-integrated towards the rehabilitation of the greatest number of boys possible.

Sometimes institutions are evaluated on an external and superficial basis. There are those who are not too well versed in the operation of a training school, who may be pretty easily misled regarding the efficiency of such institutions. For instance, a person may visit a training school and if there he finds that the buildings are exceptionally clean and show evidences of being well-kept, he may assume that it is a wonderful institution. Likewise, there are those who may visit a classroom of a school and if it is found that there are no markings or scars on the desks or other furniture they may then conclude that this is the one basis for deciding that the work there is highly efficient. Along with this, one may find that the institutional campus, because it is so beautiful and well-kept, is the primary essential of an efficient institution. Of course, these things are important, and no institution can be successful without them,

but, fundamentally, they are merely outward manifestations or symbols of successful work. It is even possible to have these things at the price of slavery and at the price of human toil that has no esthetic values.

Again, it might be found that an institution is very efficient in terms of its ability to produce foods and supplies. If such is true, then some who are uninformed about the functions of an institution, may, upon this superficial basis, conclude that it is indeed very efficient. It is highly important, of course, that every successful institution be able to offer work opportunities to boys which, in the end, tend to produce many of the necessities for the life of the institution. However, the institution that is predominantly committed in its program to the policy of producing as much as possible without thinking primarily in terms of the training of its boys, is sadly missing the mark, and it is not fulfilling its highest mission in the life of the state.

Furthermore, it may be shown that it is possible to reduce the number of boys who escape from the institution, and that this may be taken as positive proof that the program of the institution is 100 per cent effective. The reduction and the control of runaways is important, but it is rather to be regarded as a manifestation of certain activities that are fundamental in the life of an effective program.

On the positive side of the ledger it should be said that an institutional program is efficient when it develops and improves the boys spiritually, mentally, and physically. These are the age-old standards for adjudging anyone, anywhere.

No matter how much an institution may do for any boy, it is not succeeding towards permanent improvement unless and until the boys decide in their hearts that they will go straight in life, and that they will dedicate their lives to Christian ideals. Unless and until they do that, there will be no real success for the institution. No institution can be regarded as successful which has only fear and restraint to offer to its boys, but to be successful the program must lead to the development of Christian character.

In the second place, it is essential that boys in the formative years of their lives have all the opportunities of an education. This in-

cludes education in the use of the skills and tools of learning, such as reading, writing and arithmetic. It includes the acquirement of as much desirable information as possible. It includes the development of personality through wholesome experiences. It includes the training of the mind and hands in some worthy trade or vocation. It includes all these things which relate to the mental development of children.

If it is to be regarded as successful and efficient, it must provide for the physical development of its boys. Good health is always an essential factor in the success of an individual, wherever he may be. This, of course, involves provision for rest and recreation, for nutritious and well-prepared foods. It involves cleanliness and personal care. It involves mental relaxation and happiness.

These three phases of a successful institutional program are not too easily observed. They are not always apparent to the casual visitor or inspector, but they represent, in effect, the essence of an ideal program, designed to develop the boys as they should be developed.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of September 22, 1946

Sept. 23—Harry Thompson, Cottage No. 1, 15th birthday.
Sept. 24—Cecil Clark, Cottage No. 11, 13th birthday.
Sept. 25—Richard Johnson, Cottage No. 1, 17th birthday.
Sept. 28—Jimmy Reynolds, Receiving Cottage, 15th birthday.
Sept. 28—Marion Ray, Receiving Cottage, 14th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Tennis

By Ray Roberts, 6th Grade

Recently the boys in Number 10 Cottage have been playing tennis. They like this game very much. We thank Mr. and Mrs. Liske for letting us play this game. All the boys have a chance to play. About all the boys know how to play. We hope that the rest will learn how to play because this is a fine game.

New Pictures

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

Lately the library has received ten pictures. The pictures are based on the Ten Commandments. We hope the boys will take interest in these pictures and take good care of them. The librarian, I am sure, will take good care of the pictures. We all thank Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Hines for bringing these pictures to the School's library. I am sure all the boys will enjoy them.

Promotion Day

By Claywood Sparrow, 6th Grade

Recently some of the boys were promoted to higher grades. Some were promoted to our grade, the Special Sixth Grade, from the Fifth Grade. Russell Beaver, George Swink, J. C. Rhodes, Billy Jenkins, James Dunn, and Glenn Evans were the ones who came to the Special Sixth Grade. We hope they will learn all they possibly can, so they can be promoted to a higher grade by the next promotion day.

Arithmetic Work

By Glenn Evans, 6th Grade

The boys in the Special Sixth Grade have been doing some nice work in fractions. Some of the best grades are as follows: Donald Stultz, A; Clifton Rhodes, A; William Jenkins, A; and Glenn Evans, A; We hope these boys keep doing nice work.

Our History Work

By Horace Collins, 6th Grade

Recently the boys of the Special 6th Grade have been studying history. They have been studying about how the earliest men got their clothes and their food, how they found shelter, and the means of protection they had.

We studied about some of their inventions. The most wonderful invention was fire.

The boys enjoy studying history very much.

Our Booklets

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

Recently the boys of the Sixth Grade have made some arithmetic booklets. We are putting arithmetic tables in them. We have the table of time measure, table of dry measure, table of liquid measure, table of paper measure, table of linear measure, table of cubic measure, table of circular measure, miscellaneous measure,

table of apothecaries' weight, table of troy weight, table of avoirdupois weight, and table of surface measure. I am sure that everyone appreciates these books.

Memory Work

By Jack Lambert, 6th Grade

The boys in the Special Sixth Grade are studying poetry. Clifton Rhodes has given the most poems yet. He has given "In Flanders Fields," "The Creation," "When Yo' Potato's Done," and "Abou Ben Adhem." Robert Jarvis has given "When Yo' Potato's Done," "The Creation," Psalm I, Psalm 23, and Psalm 100. Horace Collins has given "In Flanders Fields," "In the Summer Sun," "Abou Ben Adhem," and Psalm I. These boys have given the most poems yet, but the rest of the boys have given at least one poem each. We all enjoy saying these poems.

Boys Make Talks

By Clifton Rhodes, 7th Grade

Mr. Hawfield took three boys to Concord, and they gave an interesting and instructive program for the Kiwanis Club at its dinner meeting Friday evening at Hotel Concord's private dining room.

Harvey Leonard made a talk about the educational and religious opportunities offered at our school. Garvin Thomas made a talk about the physical education program at our school. Cecil Clark gave a reading, "Seeing Things at Night." These talks were really good.

These boys enjoyed this opportunity very much.

My Post Card Collection

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

My hobby is collecting picture post cards. I already have a nice assortment of cards. Some of the states they have come from are as follows: North Carolina, South Carolina, New York, Washington, Virginia, and others.

Some of the boys here at the Training School have been helping me. I appreciate their help very much.

My Hobby

By Ray Roberts, 6th Grade

My hobby is collecting rocks. I have been collecting them for a long while. The kinds I have are as follows: crystal quartz, clear quartz, smoky quartz, black quartz, gray quartz, and many other kinds. The boys have helped, and I appreciate it very much. Mrs. Baucom has helped, and I appreciate it. I am going to collect many more.

My Coin Collection

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

I have a collection of coins from many countries of the world. I have coins and paper money from Mexico, Germany, Canada, Japan, Australia, and other countries of the world. I have ordered money from different companies. I think a boy needs some kind of hobby that he will enjoy and that he can do in his spare time. I surely do enjoy collecting coins and get a lot of good out of it. Some different boys have helped me in my collection. I hope to carry my collection on and make a better collection out of it.

Scrap Book of J. T. S.

By J. C. Rhodes, 6th Grade

My hobby is making a scrapbook of the Jackson Training School. I have several different pictures as follows: the hay field, swimming pool, campus, dairy herd, barber shop, and print shop, as well as many others. I enjoy my hobby very much. I think every boy should have a hobby. If all the boys at the Jackson Training School had a hobby, it would keep them out of trouble. Mr. Godown, our print shop instructor, has been helping me with it. I thank him for helping me.

My Stamp Collection

By William Jenkins, 6th Grade

I have been collecting stamps for a while now, and I like it very much. I have stamps from many foreign countries such as the following: Germany, Japan France, England, Norway, Finland, Colombia, India, Canada, Portugal, and other countries.

I am getting more foreign stamps every day. Some of the boys are helping me, and I appreciate their help very much. I have many stamps of the United States. I have about five hundred stamps in all.

I have a very nice collection, and I am trying to improve my collection every day.

News Items of Interest

By J. C. Rhodes, 6th Grade

Mrs. Morrison, our 4th Grade teacher, has had the boys of the 4th Grade to decorate their room with pretty pictures of the desert. They have taken down their pictures of Holland.

Talmadge Duncan is our new office boy. Mr. Hines was glad for Talmadge to get the place. He succeeded Gilbert Wise, who went home last week. We all hope that he does his very best.

Mrs. Morrison, our 2nd Grade teacher, is back at the School after being absent for several days on account of the illness and death of her mother. Everbody was glad for Mrs. Morrison to return, but we surely do sympathize with her in the loss of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, officer and matron of Cottage Number 14, have gone on their vacation. The boys of their cottage have been sent to the different cottages.

Miss Thompson, who was with us during the summer months, has returned to Greensboro, where she is doing college work. She certainly was a help to the boys by encouraging them to do their best to make good records.

Odell and Cecil Cain have got several of the boys interested in weaving. They have woven a scarf for the 3rd Grade room, and they are now weaving another which is very pretty. It has several colors in it. The colors are red, blue, white, black, pink, yellow, and green. Most of the boys in the Special Sixth Grade are learning how to weave, as well as several other boys in the school.

Mr. Caldwell, our Seventh Grade teacher, had visitors from Florida last Sunday. These visitors were

connected with the Florida Industrial School for Boys at Marianna, Florida. The visitors took movies of the boys of Cottages 3 and 15, playing football and pitching horse-shoes. We were glad to have these visitors come.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris, officer and matron of Cottage Number 13, left the School Tuesday, September 10th. All of the boys hated to see them go. They had been at the School for some time, and they had helped the boys very much. Everyone here at the Training School wishes them the best of luck.

Recently three boys were released to go to their homes. Carl Ransom, of the 7th Grade, went to his home in Lake Dale. Charles Lyda, of the Special Seventh Grade, went to his home in Swannanoa. David Kinley, of the 9th Grade, went to his home in Charlotte. We wish these boys the best of luck.

The boys at the Training School were glad to receive cards from Mr. Godown, one of the officers here, who is now having his vacation in Winnipeg, Canada, and in New Jersey. We thank him for writing to us.

Chapel Program

By J. B. Shepherd, 6th Grade

Our program was given Saturday instead of Friday, as there were so many of the boys working in the cannery. Mr. Hines, the principal of the school, was in charge of the program. He made a talk, read a poem entitled "The Blind Weaver," and led the responsive reading which was Responsive Reading Number 526 in our hymnal. We all repeated the Lord's Prayer, which was led by Harvey Leonard. After the prayer, Harvey Leonard gave a talk entitled "Religious Life at the Training School." Another talk, "Sports at the School," was given by Garvin Thomas. Next we had a song, "Smile and Sing," by Robert Driggers and Donald Branch. We had a tap dance by Russell Seagle and a poem, "Seeing Things at Night," by Cecil Clarke. Next three cowboy songs, "Home on the Range," "The Old Chisholm Trail," and another song, ended the program. These songs were sung by Talmadge Duncan, Bobby Joe Duncan, Clyde Wright, and James Dunn, accompanied by Mrs. Frank Liske at the piano.

All the boys enjoyed the program very much. One teacher said, "This program was a credit to any school."

Mrs. Liske's Collection of Shoes

By Garvin Thomas, 9th Grade

The idea of collecting shoes came to Mrs. Liske in 1927 when Mr. Liske gave her a doll shoe, which he found in the highway near the school campus.

On a following vacation trip she decided it would be interesting to own a shoe from each state. She, herself, has collected shoes from Canada, Mexico, and 44 states of the United States.

In her collection are shoes of historic value, imported native shoes, given and treasured because they are gifts of friends. Mrs. Liske said that her hobby would be very incomplete should she not find therein many of her friends represented. They have shared with her the joy in choosing these bits of art. Her idea is not just

any shoe but shoes that have meaning and interest. When she has added just 40 more to her collection she will have reached the 1000 mark.

The collection consists of shoes made from 27 different kinds of materials as follows:

Brass, solid gold and gold-plated, silver, iron, bronze, lead, pewter, wood and pressed wood, leather, ivory, beads, glass, clay, celluloid, ebony, china, skins, paper, felt, velvet, thread, porcelain, salt, real silk, grass, soap, plastic, American, English, and Indian pottery.

She has native shoes from thirteen countries: Countries of Africa, China, Japan, Mexico, India, Korea, France, Holland, Alaska, Germany, England, Italy and Canada.

These are prized very much, because they have been sent to Mrs. Liske by boys, serving in World War II, who had lived in her cottage at J. T. S.

A miniature shoe about three inches long, made of ebony, came from France about 1750. It is treasured greatly.

A pair of white moccacins, made of caribou skin and made especially for Mrs. Iisk, came from Alaska.

A gold brocaded Cinderella slipper, given to her by Mrs. E. L. Hicks of Concord, is treasured beyond words. A pair of pink plastic shoes, given by Miss Elizabeth Baucom, is valued very highly, too. This pair happens not to be the only gift to the collection from Miss Baucom.

The smallest shoe is of solid gold, copied from a modern French slipper. It has a bow and very high heel—and measures about one centimeter.

The largest shoes are men's Mexican sandals, made of leather and sized 10.

Several days ago, Mrs. Liske received a pair of Japanese socks made of red velvet. They are worn by the Japanese with their shoes. You remember their shoes have a strap coming from the sole up between the toes; So the toe part of the sock is divided into two divisions, one for the great toe and the other for the remaining four toes. These socks are worn only by the better class in Japan.

The latest slipper of the collection is from England. The top is edged with lace and roses. A band of gold, made as ribbon, is entwined in the edging. All is made of china.

Someone asked Mrs. Liske which was her favorite shoe, and she answered, "I could not say, because I love them all."

Shoes? Yes, beautiful little articles that the world may see, but shoes full of experiences and joys that only her heart can see.

Radio Program

By Garvin Thomas, 9th Grade

Last Tuesday, the Training School gave a program on hobbies or diversions. Mrs. Baucom presented a paper on facts and views of hobbies. She mentioned the fact that many of the world's greatest people devoted some of their time to some hobby or hobbies. Mrs. Baucom said, "That we all need a diversion cannot be denied. In the stress and strain of the times there is a constant need for a let-up---preferably daily". She also brought out the fact that several people at the Training School have hobbies that are interesting.

Mrs. Liske then made the statement that the true pleasure was not in the shoes themselves, beautiful as they are, but in the friends, former boys, and places of geographical and historical interest that they represent.

Then five boys of the Training School told about their hobbies. Glenn Evans told about his post card collection. He is trying to get cards from all the states of the Union. Robert Jarvis told about his collection. He has many coins and some paper money from many different countries of the world. Ray Roberts told about his hobby, his collection of rocks. He has many different kinds of rocks. He said that one kind that he especially likes is glass rocks. William Jenkins told of his collection of stamps. He said that he had about five hundred stamps and that he is hoping to get many more for his collection. J. C. Rhodes told about his scrapbook of pictures of the Training School. All these boys gave splendid talks and were very enthusiastic about their hobbies. I am sure that everyone enjoyed the program.

The Picture Show

By Howard Herman, 7th Grade

The boys of the Jackson Training School were entertained by a picture show last Thursday evening. The name of the show was "The Spanish Main". It was a very interesting and educational show. The boys like this kind of show because of the adventure and the daring of it. The two leading characters in this particular show were Paul Heureid and Mareen O'Hara. The picture told of some people who were seeking a new land and were shipwrecked. They were taken prisoners, but they escaped. They lived on the sea as pirates and as they wished. Paul and Mareen were married and lived happily ever afterwards.

The boys of the school enjoyed this picture very much, and they hope to see more pictures like it. They want to show their appreciation to those who made it possible for them to see this show.

Chapel Program

By Billy Baynes, 7th Grade

Our chapel program for Friday morning was based on the Constitution. We also gave the same program in the afternoon for the boys in that school section. Mr. Caldwell was in charge of the program. Jimmy Reynolds opened the program with a reading from the book of Psalms, followed by the Lord's Prayer. Melvin Radford recited a poem, "The Liberty Bell." Mrs. Baucom told of her trip to New York. All the boys enjoyed the program very much.

Boys ang girls who are always suspecting slights, will soon wear out their best friends.—Sunshine Magazine.

A TEACHER SALARY SCHEDULE

(The Charlotte Observer)

In the current discussion of the acute teacher shortage that threatens to cripple our whole educational system, many generalization have been made about the need of higher sallaries that will attract young people of talent to the teaching profession.

But nobody, so far as we know, has come forward with specific figures to show just how much our teachers should be paid. With the next session of the General Assembly less than three months away, when it will have to face this problem and draw up a salary schedule that is commensurate with modern costs of living, it is high time we set about reaching some definite figures.

The teachers themselves seem to be too timid about presenting their claim for fear that by asking too much they will get too little. Such timidity has always been one of the weaknesses of the teaching profession. Teachers have been the stepchildren among government employes for so long that they seem to have lost the initiative to stand up for their rights.

This newspaper therefore, is making bold to present what it considers the absolute minimum of fair compensation to the teachers of North Carolina.

This proposed schedule is based on the assumption that the poorest teacher is more important to a school system than the best janitor; Consequently the lowest salary for a teacher should be at least 20 per cent higher than the highest salary for a janitor.

It would be difficult indeed to find a good janitor in these days who will work for less than $25 a week, making his annual salary $1,300.

We propose therefore, that the lowest teacher's salary on the schedule, representing the holder of a Class A certificate with no experience be fixed at the absolute minimum of $1,560. This would be minimum base pay, exclusive of all bonuses and supplements; moreover, we believe it is the least that can be paid to a person who has spent $4,000 on a four-year college course to prepare for a specialized profession.

A young engineer who has spent the same amount of time and money for educational preparation can expect that much or more, and so can beginners in almost any other profession requiring corresponding educational attainments.

With $1,560 as a starting point, therefore, we should graduate the minimum base salary upward by years of experience as follows:

Second year, $1,650; third year, $1-740; fourth year, $1,830; fifth year, $1,920; sixth year, $2,000; seventh year, $2,100; eigth year, $2,200; ninth year, $2,300; tenth year, $2,450; eleventh year, $2,600; twelfth year, $2,750; thirteenth year and thereafter, $3,000.

For those who have spent extra years in college to get the master's or the doctor's degree and the graduate certificate that goes with it, we recommend a base salary schedule that will compare favorably with the compensation that a holder of such a graduation degree could expect in

any other profession as follows:

First two years, same as for the A certificate; third year, $2,000; forth year, $2,100; fifth year, $2,200; sixth year, $2,350; seventh year, $2-480; eighth year, $2,600; ninth year, $2,700; tenth year, $2,800; eleventh year, $2,900; twelfth year, $3,100; thirteenth year, $3,300; fourteenth year, $3,500, fifteenth year and thereafter, $3,600.

It should be borne in mind that these recommendations are for minimum base salaries and they do not preclude the payment of local or state supplement to teachers of extraordinary ability who have demonstrated their superiority and whose exceptional talents should be recognized in a tangible way.

This newspaper believes that the schedule here proposed is the smallest that can be offered if the teaching profession is to compete for the services of young people of ability and to prevent them all from being siphoned off into more lurcrative vocations.

It is the smallest that we can pay if the teacher is to maintain a standard of living commensurate with her position in the community and with her responsibility for the public welfare; and it is the smallest that the State of North Carolina can afford to pay and keep its self-respect.

MUSSOLINI'S FEATHER

When Benito Mussolini decided to go ahead with his invasion of Ethiopia, he selected his 10 finest legions to spearhead the attack.

Each legion consisted of 10,000 men. All of them were drawn up in the great plaza in Rome while the Duce exhorted them from the balcony.

"I know," he screamed, "that each one of my 10 great divisions is going to fight for the honor of leading the attack. In fairness to everybody, I have decided to leave it to fate."

He plucked a feather from his hat and thew it into the air. "Whichever man catches this feather," he announced, "will win for his division the glory of being the first to attack.

After this pronouncement, Mussolini went into his private office. For a full hour nobody came near him. Mussolini, greatly perplexed, sneaked a look from the balcony window to see what was happening. The sight that met his gaze was 100,000 men, all puffiing at the top of their lungs to keep the feather in the air.

—Christian Science Monitor

PAY FOR SCHOOL TEACHERS

(The Stanly News and Press)

A man of our acquaintance said the other day that he had never been much interested in the agitation for increased pay for teachers until his daughter graduated from a well-known teacher's college and started working at the profession. Now, after getting first-hand information as to the financial rewards for teaching, and comparing these with the costs of living, he is ready to join those who have been clamoring for a decent wage scale for those who teach the young idea how to shoot.

The experience of this man has probably been shared by many others. People are too prone to evade thinking about the problems of others, and to take the position that no one is compelled to stay on a job or to train themselves for a job which does not provide financial reward. They forget that the character of the teaching profession is of vital importance to the nation, and that underpaid teachers will sooner or later result in substandard education for their children. They also fail to evaluate the true worth of those persons who willingly enter the teaching profession, regardless of the low pay, because they have a sincere love of the work.

Educational authorities of North Carolina are making no bones about the gravity of the present situation with regard to lack of teachers. Many students in rural schools this fall will be taught by a person who failed to finish college, or by a high school graduate. Superintendents of schools are forced to hire sub-standard teachers or allowed classrooms to go unattended. Even with this condition prevailling, there were 1,237 vacancies in the state's school system as late as August 20. Seven hundred and eleven positions had been filled at that time by teachers holding substandard certificates.

Dr. Henry Highsmith of the state Department of Public Instruction has warned that the education of thousands of Tar Heel boys and girls will suffer permanently unless this condition is corrected soon. Said he: "Every member of the teaching profession is aware of the crisis which now exists. We must get properly trained young men and women to offer their services by convincing them of the significance of the profession."

Dr. Highsmith might well have added that it is necessary to make the these young men and women will have some inducement to properly train themselvs to enter the profession. And, while nothing can be done along this line until the next General Assembly, every prospective legislator should decide now that if he goes down to Raleigh to represent the people, the matter of securing adequate pay for school teachers should be placed high on the agenda of "must" legislation.

It does not take much strength to do things, but it requires great strength to decide on what to do.—Elbert Hubbard.

MILITARY PESSIMISM

(The Watchman-Examiner)

The United States Army is talking of the possibility of an atomic missile which, fired from the United States, can hit any part of the world within an hour. This information was given to Congress when the Army went before the House Appropriations Committee to ask for money to carry on its work, including research for the next year. Colonel S. B. Ritchie, acting cheif of the Research and Development Service, said: "We must expect other nations will develope missiles capable of crossing oceans. Counter measure missiles are therefore included in our over-all program. The guided missile has suddenly became one of the most important weapons of today. It takes little stretch of the imagination to envisage a perimeter rocket defense of the United States. We cannot discount the possibility of launching from underground sites loads of atomic retribution for delivery in an hour from an enemy in any part of the globe." He told of giant rockets under development by the General Electric Company, which he said would travel five times faster than sound and, controlled by robot "brains," dive on a target thousands of miles away. This is terrible, but if the people of the world will not turn to God, what else can they expect? Only the mercies of a benign Providence can give mankind the hope it needs.

YOU'RE BEING FOLLOWED

"There are little eyes upon you, and they're watching night and day;
There are little ears that quickly take in every word you say;
There are little hands all eager to do everything you do;
And a little boy who's dreaming of the day he'll be like you.

You're the little fellow's idol; you're the wisest of the wise,
In his little mind about you, no susuicions ever rise;
He believes in you devoutly, holds that all you say and do,
He will say and do, in your way when he's grown up like you.

There's a wide-eyed little fellow, who believes you're always right;
And his ears are always open, and he watches day and night;
You are setting an example every day, in all you do,
For the little boy who's waiting to grow up to be like you."

—Joe Lee Johnston, Jr.

IF I WERE A TEACHER

(New York Times Magazine)

If it takes a fifty-thousand-dollar man to guide a client, or develop a coal mine, or put a corporation on its feet, what is a man worth who takes that boy of yours, guides him, develops him, puts him on his feet, and makes a man of him? If I, as a teacher, lived up to that challenge as I did my part in teaching the world's boys and girls, I should make a contribution far greater than the banker's accumulation of dollars, the lawyer's drawing of briefs, the merchant's trafficking in goods, and the doctor's mending of broken flesh. I would be handling, encouraging, developing human souls—boys and girls—the finest things on earth. No banker, no lawyer, no merchant, no doctor should hold his head higher than I. If I were a teacher, I should be justly proud.

If I were a teacher I should want the imagination to look out upon my thirty youngsters and see in them not just feet to keep in line, heads to be crammed with facts, with a pay check at the end of the month; but rather thirty possibilities, thirty challenges. Each one has something in him different from anyone else in the world. I should want to help each one of my children to find that "something." If I were a teacher I should be very human.

If I were a teacher I should hope to feel as one American school-teacher has felt: "I thank you, parent, for lending me your child today. All the years of love and care and training which you have given him have stood him in good stead in his work and in his play. I send him home to you tonight, I hope a little stronger, a little taller, a little freer, a little nearer to his goal. Lend him to me tomorrow, I pray you. In my care of him I shall show my love." If I were a teacher I should be wisely humble.

Yes, if I were a teacher in an American school today, I should be proud, human, humble, and I should be happy.

WORK AND PLAY

Ask a small child for a definition of work, and he will tell you that work is what he has to do, is made to do. What he does not have to do, but wants to do, is play.

For many adults work means drudgery. Drudgery is work made difficult and toilsome by the attitude we bring to its performance.

Work of this kind becomes neither a labor of love—the highest form of service—nor the love of labor. Work should be a thing of joy. Its skillful performance should be a matter of pride. Work of this kind becomes play in the truest sense of the word—something we do for the sheer fun of it.—Selected.

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT MAIL

(The New Day)

Have you ever wondered why we use the term "mail"? The word comes from a Middle English word, male, from the French word malle, meaning, "a big wallet or trunk." Since the postal service is of comparatively recent origin there was no word with which to designate the collective letters, dispatches, parcels and other articles carried by the postman. It was only natural then to call this postal matter by the name of the pouch in which it was transported.

The postage stamp got its curious name from the fact that in the early days of mail service the amount of postage was stamped or imprinted on the wrappers of letters and parcels. The adhesive stamp was not used in the United States until 1847.

The post-office pen has long been the butt of jokesmiths and perhaps not without reason. But imagine using post-office pens in the days when they were made by hand from the quills or wing feathers. It is interesting to note that the word "pen," from the Middle English and Old French penne from the Latin penna, means "feather: quill." And in modern French, the word for writing pen is plume, which also means plume, or feather, as in English.

Congressional and other postage free mail is said to be "franked." The literal meaning of the word "frank" is "free." The envelope of course, is so called because it "envelopes" the letter. Paper is from the Latin papyros, a reed from which the Egyptians made a kind of crude paper.

The word "post," in the meaning of mail, as in post office, postal, postman, etc., is from the French poste, "a fixed position or station." The mail of early days was carried from post to post by couriers. Some rode horses, some traveled on foot, while others rode the swaying, rumbling coaches from stage to stage (hence the name "stage coach").

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The greatest thing in the world is a human life; the greatest work in the world is the helpful touch upon that life. The look, the word, the invisible atmosphere of the home and the church, the sights and sounds of all the busy days enter the supersensitive and retentive soul, and are woven into the life tissue.—Charles Lamoureux.

THE TECHNICAL AGE

(Catawba News-Enterprise)

The brilliant flash of the first atomic bomb over New Mexico opened the eyes of the American people to the importance of those forces of nature which men learned to harness. In popular parlance this is the atomic age. This expression serves well to impress us that the world and its people will live under a new system of international policy, but it misses the significance of the new age as it affects the average community.

Although tactical doctrine may be fundamentally unchanged, it is now known to most of the people that armies, and particularly navies, are highly complicated technical machines. In the modern military machine there is little use for the untrained laborer. In the modern warship each enlisted man is a trained technician, and each officer is a trained engineer. The importance of these facts has been impressed upon millions of Americans who served in the war. The fact that the security of the nation depended upon a mass of young men who will know how to operate the machines of war explains the almost unanimous endorsement of compulsory military training by the service organization. Compulsory military training is no longer a year of drilling, but a year of technical training.

Technical know-how will be as important to winning the peace as it was to winning the war. No state can afford to overlook every opportunity to see to it that its youth knows how to operate the technical equipment of the new age. Whether it be in the industrial plant, the building industry, or in agriculture, the wealth of a state now finds the level of technical skill of its population ranking along with its geographical position and its natural resources.

Civic clubs and chambers of commerce should rate the training of youth in technical skill as one of their most important interests for the growth of the communities.

I do not despise genius—indeed, I wish I had a basketful of it. But yet, after a great deal of experience and observation, I have become convinced that industry is a better horse to ride than genius. It may never carry any man as far as genius has carried individuals, but industry—patient, steady, intelligent industry—will carry thousands into comfort, and even celebrity; and this it does with absolute certainty.—Walter Lippmann.

MAYBE YOU KNOW WHAT HE MEANS

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

A Virginian recently spent a week-end here, and after returning home wrote this letter to the manager of a centrally-located hotel.

"Several weeks ago my wife and I spent a week-end at your hotel, having a nice room on the railroad side, and we have wondered ever since why is it that your switch engine has a ding and dong and fizz and spit and clang and bang and buzz and hiss and bell and wail and pant and rant and howl and yowl and grate and grind and puff and bumb and click and clank and chug and moan and hoot and toot and crash and grunt and grasp and groan and whistle and sneeze and wheezs and squeak and blow and jar and perk and rasp and jingle and ring and clatter and welp and hum and snort and growl and thump and boom and clash and jolt and jostle and shake and screech and snarl and slam and throb and clink and quivver and roar and rattle and yell and smoke and smell and shriek all night long.

"Our district meeting will be held in Johnson City soon and we wish to reserve a nice room and bath for the duration of the conference."

DRAMA OF THE BIRDS

I'm sure that I have never heard
A poem as lovely as a bird;
No mortal has so sweetly sung
As robins singing to their young.
There is no note of fervent love
Just like the cooing of a dove;
No piccolo of sweetest tone
Can match the redbird on his throne.
No violin's most brilliant note
Can equal Jenny Wren's rich throat
And when the thrush a cadence sings
Pure thoughts of Heaven bright it brings.
The singing of the oriole
Speaks God's sweet language to the soul;
Thus proving mortals never heard
A poem lovely as a bird!

—McKee

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Arnold Max Eaker, one of our former students, visited at the school last week. He was at the school from August 17, 1937 to June 29, 1940, when he left to enroll in a CCC camp. Later, he was inducted into the United States Army, from Kings Mountain.

While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 12 group and worked as a tractor boy on the farm.

Arnold is a nice-looking, clean-cut young man, now in civvies, and seems to be making good in life.

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Amos Ramsey, one of our old boys, called on friends at the school recently. He entered the institution, July 21, 1924 and remained here until December 12, 1928. He then returned to his home near Valdese, where he worked on a farm for about two years. He enlisted in the United States Army, July 8, 1935. After receiving basic training at Fort Bragg, he served in the Philippines for about two years, and was then transferred to Pearl Harbor. He was at that place when the Japs made their cowardly attack, December 7, 1941.

Amos returned to the United States, October 31, 1944 and was honorably discharged from further military service on December 12th of that year.

In February, 1945, he went to San Francisco, Calif., and was employed near there in a ship yard for about eight months. He is now back in Valdese, where he is employed in a hosiery mill.

Amos, who is now thirty-two years of age, tips the scales at 280 pounds. He says that he liks his present work very much and is getting along nicely.

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William K. Allen, of Erwin, formerly a student here, called at The Uplift office not long ago. He entered the school, March 3, 1931 and remained here until being permitted to return to his home, October 1, 1932. Upon going back to Erwin, Bill entered the public schools, and completed the ninth grade work. He then went to work in a cotton mill and remained there for about six years.

Bill stated that he enlisted in the United States Army, March 2, 1936. He received basic training at Fort Bragg. Going to the Panama Canal Zone, he was a member of a field artillery unit there for twenty-six months, but because of having been quite ill from attacks of malaria, he was sent back to the States, and on December 11, 1938, received an honorable discharge.

After receiving his discharge from the army, Bill returned to Erwin, and for the next four years was employed in a cotton mill. He then took up taxi-driving, using his own car, and was still so employed at the time of his visit to the school.

Bill told us that he was married on February 13, 1941, and that he has three fine children—a six year-old daughter; another daughter aged three and one-half years; and a boy, two and one-half years old.

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n James M. Ford, who was a member of the Cottage No. 5 group twenty-four years ago, was recent visitor

at the school. He was admitted to the institution from Bessemer City, January 24, 1922 and was permitted to return to his home, April 10, 1926. For the next year he was employed on a farm.

In late 1929 he went to Providence, R. I., where he entered the merchant marine service, remaining there three years. His next move was to San Francisco and San Pedros, California, where he was engaged in employment on the wharves. He stated that for several years he had been employed by the Matson Steamship Company as marine clerk and supervisor on the wharves.

James has developed into a young man of fine appearance, and in our short conversation with him, we could see that he was the type of person who was making his way in the world with considerable success. He is now thirty-five years old.

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Charles O. Williams, of Charlotte, who was a student here from January 2, 1932 until March 5, 1938, called on us recently. Upon leaving the school, he returned to Charlotte, and worked in the Hudson Hosiery Mill until he enlisted in the United States Army, April 18, 1938. He was a member of a field artillery unit stationed at Fort Bragg until he went overseas to North Africa in the latter part of September, 1942. Charles was stationed in North Africa about nine months, but spent the greater part of the time in a base hospital in Casablanca, where he was treated for a type of fever peculiar to that part of the country. He returned to the United States in March, 1943, and took further treatment in a hospital at Fort Bragg. He left the hospital and was stationed at various training centers until August 7, 1945, at which time he was honorably discharged.

Charles said that he had been working in the dyeing department at the Hudson Hosiery Mills since October, 1945, and that he was getting along very well.

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Among the former students visiting the school during the past few weeks was Calvin McCoyle, a former member of the Cottage No. 11 group. Calvin came to this institution from McDowell County, March 17, 1936 and was conditionally released, July 11, 1940. During the greater part of his stay with us he was employed on the various outdoor work forces, but for the last ten months spent at the school he worked in the laundry, where he made a very good record.

Shortly after going back home, Calcin became an enrollee in a CCC camp located near Rutherfordton, and was later trasferred to Pontiac, S. C.

Calvin stated that he was inducted into the United States Army in September, 1941, and after being stationed at Fort Jackson, S. C. for about three weeks, was sent to Fort Benning, Ga., for basic training as a member of a paratroop infrantry unit. After ten months of training, he was given a medical discharge because of inability to become accustomed to high altitude. He reenlisted in August, 1943, and after spending some time at Fort Bragg, he went to Washington, D. C., as a member of an MP detachment.

At the time of his visit to the school, Calvin stated that he had been

on furlough since March 14th, and while at Marion he underwent an appendectomy operation, which required him to have his leave of absence extended, at the expiration of which he expected to report back to Washington to resume active duty.

This young man is now twenty-three years old. He informed us that was married on March 12, 1945.

Calvin gave us some information concerning his younger brother, Charles, who was also a former student here. He said that after leaving the school, Charles went to live with his parents on a farm near Spartanburg, S. C., where he worked until he enlisted in the United States Army in April 1942. He further stated that Charles had been overseas about eighteen months, and he was stationed with the army of occupation at Munich, Germany. Charles had at that time attained the rank of staff sergeant.

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We recently talked with another of our former students, Edward Hammond, of Burlinton, who left the school several years ago. While at the school, he was first a member of the Coottage No. 8 group and was later transferred to Cottage No. 13. For a part of the time spent here he was employed as house boy at Superintendent Boger's home. He was conditionally released, and returned to his home Burlington, where he was employed in a hosiery mill for five months prior to enlisting in the United States Navy in February, 1944.

He stated that he received his "boot" training at Great Lakes, Illinois, after which he served at Pearl Harbor, Guam and Saipan. Having received a rather severe injury in a fall, he returned to San Pedro, California, and on October 22, 1945, he received an honorable medical discharge.

Returning to Burlington after having been discharged, Edward secured employment as truck driver, and was still working as such at the time of his visit with us.

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William S. Morgan, a former member of our printing class, was a caller at The Uplift office recently. He was admitted to the school, November 1, 1940 and remained here until November 18, 1942, when he enlisted in the United States Navy, going directly from the school campus to "boot" camp. He received his basic training at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois. About one month later, Bill was transferred to the USNTS for Radio, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He completed his work there with the rating of Radio Man, third-class.

Bill's next move was to a U. S. Submarine Base at Kodiak, Alaska, and his outfit operater out of there for about ten months. By that time he had become quite proficient in radio, and was transferred to Pearl Harbor, where he became a member of the staff of the commander of the Pacific submarine fleet. According to Bill's statement he then saw service at the following places: Guam, Midway, Saipan, Tinian, Australia, Leyte, Philippine Islands, and Subic Bay. He next went to Japan, and was in Tokyo Bay at the time of the Japanese surrender. He then went to Sasebo, Japan, a former enemy

submarine base, and a little later came back to Charleston, S. C., where he was honorably discharged from further service on Feburary 1, 1946.

We learned from Bill that while in Alaska, he was wounded while under Jap fire at Kiska. This was a rather serious hip wound. He recover- and got back into action, and was later wounded while on patrol duty, receiving a shrapnel wound in the leg.

We further learned that Bill had received the following medals and citations: Purple Heart (with gold star for having been twice wounded); Victory Medal Number Two; American Theatre of Operations; European-Africa-Middle East Theatre of Operation; Asiatic-Pacific Theatre of Operation (3 stars); Philippine campaign (1 star); Good Conduct Medal; Submarine Combat Ribbon (3 stars).

Altogether Bill was in service three years and two months. He stated that it had been a great experience for him, but that he was glad it was over and he was back home again.

Our old friend, Bill, who had developed into a very good linotype operator while at the school, told us that his parents were now living in Charlotte, and that he was rarin' to get back at the old keyboard.

A short time later, this young man came up for another brief visit, and he seemed very happy to announce that he had secured employment in one of Charlotte's largest job printing houses. He said that after a little period of getting "warmed up," it seemed just like old times as he again operated a linotype. He added that he was very well pleased with his present place of employment, and that he was getting along fine.

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J. W. McRorie, another of our old printing class boys, who saw considerable service in the United States Navy during the recent war, has visited us a couple of times during the past six weeks. He is now employed as linotype operator in one of the large publishing houses in Charlotte, and is getting along very nicely. Mac has been working there since December, 1945, and he tells us that he likes his present working conditions better each day. His ambition is to learn all that he possibly can about a linotype, and a little later prepare himself to become a first-class operator-mechanic. Here's hoping he may be able to attain the goal he has set for himself.

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Along about graduation time, we mentioned the fine record Luther McIntyre, one of our old boys, had made at the Norwood High School. Not so very long ago, this young fellow breezed into The Uplift office, and showed us a copy of the school annual for 1946. We were pleased to note that Luther was listed as editor-in-chief of this publication, called the "Norwoodian Trailblazer." We wish to congratulate this young man and the members of his staff for getting out a very attractive book. Excellent taste was shown in the selection of the pictures, showing the various activities of the school, and the reading matter was also very well chosen. Then, too, we noted the fine manner in which the ads were arranged, which according to Luther,

gave him a pretty severe headache.

Although it was mentioned in a former write-up appearing in these columns, we are proud to repeat that it was extremely gratifying to note that Luther was named as the honor student for Norwood High School for 1946, and that his name now occupies a permanent position on a plaque which hangs in the school auditorium.

Luther informed us that he had made all necessary arrangements to enter Phifer College, located at Misenheimer Springs, in September of this year.

By reason of his genial disposition, together with his willingness to study diligently and to work hard during his stay with us, Luther made many friends among the members of the staff of this institution, and they are all exceedingly proud of the fine record he has made since leaving us.

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Ivan A. Morrozoff, better known as "Tiny," a former member of our printing class, wrote us from his home in Fayetteville, about a week ago. During the recent war, Tiny was a member of the 1875th Aviation Engineers, U. S. A., and he spent about three years in the China-Burma-India Theatre of Operations. He returned to this country in December, 1945.

Shortly after receiving his honorable discharge from further service, he went to Oxford, N. C., where he secured employment on a weekly paper. He made an effort to enroll in the linotype school, conducted at the main plant of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, in Brooklyn, N. Y., but was unable to do so immediately. He will probably attend that school some time during the next year or two, where he will receive instruction that will be helpful to him in becoming an operator-machinist.

Tiny wrote that he had left the weekly paper at Oxford, and had secured employment on the Daily Fayetteville Observer. This latter arrangement is more suitable, as it makes it possible for him to live at home with his mother. He tells us that it is a fine place to work, and that he is getting along well.

Remembering our hobby of collecting photographs, Tiny enclosed more than forty pictures which he and one of his buddies made in the China-Burma-India area. These are very fine prints. Some of the most interesting ones are scenes snapped in the Himalaya Mountains. Here are shown several large pontoon bridges, swinging bridges, several dangerous spots along the Ledo-Burma Road, and the laying of air strips from which the B-29's took off as they bombed various Japanese cities. All of this was the work of such engineering units as the one to which Tiny was attached.

We wish to thank Tiny for his nice letter and the excellent pictures. Now that he is so pleasantly situated in his work on a daily paper, we tender our very best wishes for success.

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Every noble activity makes room for itself.—Emerson.

THE THINGS MONEY CANNOT BUY

(Baptist New Mexican)

The late George Horace Lorimer, long editor of the Saturday Evening Post used to have a saying: "It is good to check up once in a while and make sure you have not lost the things that money cannot buy."

It is a mighty easy thing to do.

The other day. I passed a tremendous building project where hundreds of laborers were laboring. Being one of those people from whom construction for man built a convenient peeping hole, I paused to satisfy my little boy curiosity.

Two common every day laborers attracted my attention.

They both had the same job. They were sifting the fine sand from the coarse gravel so it could be used for plastering.

One of them worked half heartedly watched the clock, incessantly mopped his brow, and to all apperances, it was doggedly hard labor.

The other man was a huge, horny-handed son of toil but his every action betrayed his enterest in what he was doing. His shovel shot the gravel high on the screen. Again and again he picked up a shovel full, sifting and sifting until the shiny white sand had the apperance of a sand dune.

Had I asked the first laborer what he was doing his answer would have been: "I am shoveling and it's a back breaking job."

The other man's answer would have been: "Me? I'm building a beautiful structure. I'm an integral part of this firm. I'm watching every brick as it goes into place and my sand will make a glossy finish to the outside. I'm not shoveling gravel, I'm a builder."

This man had that priceless possession: joy in his work, peace, contentment, loyalty, appreciation of the good and beautiful.

How true this is of our Christian life. So often we lose the joy of our salvation and instead of buildings, we start shovelling gravel.

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Tyranny is not easily conquered, yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheaply, we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives everything its value—and it would be strange if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated.

—Thomas Paine.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. A. S. Burdette, pastor of the the Bayless Memorial Presbyterian Church, preached to the boys at the school last Sunday afternoon. We appreciated his coming, and the boys were benefited by his message.

Mr. Burdette talked to the boys on this topic—how one may possess peace in his soul. Mr. Burdette explained how wonderful it is to be permitted to attend some great gathering of religious leaders, where all the people assembled their minds on Christian ideals and high purposes in life. There is a feeling of satisfaction in such a meeting where there is a common understanding of brotherhood, a feeling that excels what one may feel at any other place. In such a gathering one feels that there is such a satisfaction that his own soul is strengthened, and he feels calm and untroubled in the depths of his spirit. He explained, of course, that in such a gathering all the people have dedicated their lives to God and to the Christian ideals.

It was explained to the boys that in all nature there is a great calm and peacefulness. People generally delight to go out in the meadows and woods and flower gardens and bird sanctuaries, and there they find it possible to commune with nature and to feel the inspiration of an environment that has been planned by divinity. It was explained to the boys that if there is provision in nature for peace and solemnity, just so it was intended that there should be peace in the souls of men. When God created man and the universe, he intended that our bodies would be as temples where there could be the indwelling of the Spirit of God.

Mr. Burdette explained that too many people prefer to live life on a shallow basis. Deep down in the ocean there is peace, but on top there are boisterous waves. There is a legend that in the cockleshell one hears the roar of the ocean, and it is a noise that has been picked up from the sea and is echoed from the shell.

When Jesus himself was on earth he explained that He alone had power to give peace to others. At one time when he was speaking to his disciples he used these words: "My peace I give unto you," so that, fundamentally, only when one's life is in tune with the Masters's will can he have real peace. Christ should be recognized as the High Priest; it is He who has sacrificed His life for the sins of mankind and it is only through His death on Calvary that people can come before the throne of God.

The minister impressed his message by using a simple illustration. It was explained that at one time there was a boy who was very ill. The boy had a deep craving for some grapes, but it was not the season for grapes to ripen. The boy's father went to a hothouse where grapes were being grown out of season. There he told what he wanted and why. The daughter of the owner of the hothouse joyfully agreed to let the man have the grapes for his dying son, and as she did so he explained: "I shall give them to you without cost because this hothouse belongs to my father." Likewise, it is possible for Christ to do great things for men if

they will only respond, and He does these things because of the power that has been given to Him by the Father in heaven.

In conclusion, Mr. Burdette told the story of the auctioneer who had an old violin to sell. At first he was offered only three dollars for it, but before the sale was closed a master violinist came forward and played the most beautiful music ever heard on the old violin. It was music that came out of the depths of the soul of the master musician. Then it was that the violin sold for $3,000. It became valuable because of the touch of a master musician. So it is that the lives of people that are touched by the Holy Spirit become rich and valuable in the spiritual realm.

I HAVE A BOY

I've a wonderful boy, and I say to him, "Son,
Be fair and be square in the race you must run.
Be brave if you lose and be meek if you win,
Be better and nobler than I've ever been.
Be honest and noble in all that you do,
And honor the name I have given to you."

I have a boy and I want him to know
We reap in life just about as we sow,
And we get what we earn, be it little or great,
Regardless of luck and regardless of fate.
I will teach him and show the best that I can,
That it pays to be honest and upright, a man.

I will make him a pal and a partner of mine,
And show him the things in this world that are fine.
I will show him the things that are wicked and bad,
For I figure this knowledge should come from his dad.
I will walk with him, talk with him, play with him, too;
And to all of my promises strive to be true.

We will grow up together, I'll too be a boy,
And share in his trouble and share in his joy.
We'll work out our problems together and then
We will lay our plans when we both will be men.
And oh, what a wonderful joy this will be,
No pleasure in life could be greater to me.

—By Hugh M. Pierce

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

He who escapes a duty, avoids a gain.—Theodore Parker.

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The reward of a thing well done, is to have done it.—Emerson.

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There is no freedom on earth for those who deny freedom to others.
—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent a day of sorrow.
—Tryon Edwards.

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No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Kites rise against, not with the wind.—J. Neal

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The man who wins may have been counted out several times, but he did not hear the referee.—Selected.

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The doorstep to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance.—Benjamin Franklin.

—:—

The only difference between stumbling-blocks and stepping-stones is the way you use them.—Exchange.

—:—

Borrow trouble for yourself, if that is your nature, but don't lend it to your neighbors.—Rudyard Kipling.

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He that respects himself is safe from others; he wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.—Longfellow.

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Those who honestly mean to be true contradict themselves more rarely than those who try to be consistent.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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Many a son has lost his way among strangers because his father was too busy to get acquainted with him.
—William L. Brownell.

—:—

We live in the present, we dream of the future and we learn eternal truths from the past.
—Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.

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Whenever education and refinement grow away from the common people, they are growing toward selfishness, which is the monster evil of the world.
—Henry Ward Beecher.

—:—

The Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written.
—Sir William Jones.

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How do we differ from the animal in the jungle? The only thing that lifts man above the level of other animals is when he has pity for the one who is less fortunate than himself. The moment he becomes sorry for another creature, the moment he tries to better the condition of that creature, then he starts to leave the jungle behind. This is civilization.
—Selected.

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Bad men or devils would not have written the Bible, for it condemns them and their works. Good men or angels could not have written it, for in saying it was from God when it was but their own invention, they would have been guilty of falsehood, and thus could not have been good. The only remaining being who could have written it, is God—its real author.
—Selected

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 15, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Roger Ivey

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
William Britt
Paul Church
Raymond Harding
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
William Smith
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins
Wilton Wiggins
Larry Johnson
Roy Marsh
Charles Todd
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 2

Ray Burns
Julian H. Commander
Judd Lane
Robert McDuffie
William McVickers
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Carl Ballew
Elbert Gentry
Lawrence Owens
Leon Poston
James Smith
Ralph Drye

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Emory King
Woodrow Norton
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Lloyd Purdue
Donald Carter
Clifford Martin

COTTAGE No. 4

Herman Galyan
Lacy Overton
Burton Routh
Robert Thompson
James Tew
King Mathis
Earl Grant
James Williamson
Eugene Bowers
Donald Hendrix
Thomas Styles

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Cain
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Terry Hardin
William Lunsford

COTTAGE NO. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Richard Davidson
John Gregory
Clyde Hill
Robert Mason
Robert Peavy
Louis Sutherland
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Ralph Gibson
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Jerry Peavy
Franklin Stover

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

J. C. Alley
Thomas Corley

Raymond Cloninger
Charles Francis
Lester Ingle
Edward Johnson
James Norton
Knox Norton
Robert Trout
James Upright
Frank Westmoreland
Hubert Brooks
Howard Hall
Charles Moore

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11
William Baynes
Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
Donald Fagg
Leslie Gautier
John Hollingsworth
Robert King
James Phillips
J. C. Rhodes
J. C. Taylor
Lee Bradshaw
Leonard Allen

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 14
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 15
William Best
Howard Hermon
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
Marcus Heffner
Herman Kirby
Harvey Leonard
Evan Myers
Charles Rhodes
Solomon Shelton
William Stamey
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Thomas Chavis
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Roy Orr
Benny Payne
Robert Bailey
David Eaton

INFIRMARY
David Brooks

REWARD OF SERVICE

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds both great and small
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all,
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The book of Life the slurring record tells.
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes,
After its own like working. A child's kiss
Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad:
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

SEP 3 0 '46

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 28, 1946 No. 39

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BEAUTY

I've heard some say that beauty lies
In the radiant heart of a rose,
Or the gentle rustle of leaves
When a soft breeze blows.

Others think that beauty lies
In the flight of birds on wing,
Or the magic color schemes
That changing seasons bring.

Some see it in the summer day,
A storm, or the lightning's flare.
But I find that beauty, like God's
Unchanging love, is everywhere!

—Sarah Mizelle.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS— J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Raymond Byrd, Thomas Cottrell, Gerald Johnson, Harvey Leonard, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

SPORTS WRITER—Raymond Byrd.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—James Hensley.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Charles Francis, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE OTHER FELLOW'S JOB

There's a craze among us mortals that is cruel and hard to name,
Wheresoever you find a human you will find the case the same;
You may seek among the worst of men or seek among the best,
And you'll find that every person is precisely like the rest:
Each believes his real calling is along some other line
Than the one at which he's working—take for instance, yours and mine.
From the meanest, (me too) creature to the leader of the mob,
There's a universal craving for "the other fellow's job."

There are millions of positions in the busy world today,
Each a drudge to him that holds it, but to him who doesn't, play,
Every farmer's broken-hearted that in youth he missed his call,
While that same unhappy farmer is the envy of us all.
Any task you care to mention seems a vastly better lot,
Than the one especial something which you happen to have got.
There's but one sure way to smother envy's heartache and her sob;
Keep too busy at your own, to want "the other fellow's job."

—Strickland W. Gillilan.

MUCH INTEREST IN FOOTBALL

The football season is in full swing here at the school. The boys are showing more interest in this sport this year than ever before. Almost every boy at the school at some time or another gets his hands on the pigskin and feels the thrill of "toting the mail" ahead of the "pack."

Intra-mural competition will get under way here on next Saturday afternoon. A tournament has been arranged by Mr. Walters, of two Leagues, "A" and "B." In each league there are seven cottage teams, and this means that each team will play six games during the regular season. In general, the boys playing in the A League are the older boys, and boys who have learned most about the game up to this time.

These leagues are as follows:

"A" League — Cottages Nos. 2, 4, 5, 9, 10, 15 and 17 (Indian.)

"B" League — Cottages Nos. 1, 3, 6, 7, 11, 13 and 14.

The Receiving Cottage (No. 16) has a team which will enter competition in the A-League. The fact that the boys in this cottage change more frequently than those in the other cottages makes it more difficult to have a good team.

There will be a play-off game for the School Championship between the winners of the two leagues. This will likely be played on Thanksgiving Day.

Belk's Store, in Concord, of which Mr. Ray Cline is the manager, has donated a beautiful "Oscar," a football trophy, which will be presented at the end of the season to the cottage team that wins the championship. This is a beautiful trophy, with the figure of a brass-plated football player mounted on a wooden pedestal. On the front of the pedestal there is a brass plate on which may be engraved from year to year the names of the championship winners.

We are most grateful to Mr. Cline for this attractive trophy. It will give the boys more interest and more inspiration to play hard.

The captains of the different teams, listed according to their respective cottages, are as follows:

No. 1—Richard Johnson; No. 2—Carlton Pate; No. 3—Clifton Rhodes; No. 4—Paul Carpenter; No. 5—Earl Hoyle; No. 6—William Ussery; No. 7—Jimmy Knight; No. 9—Frank Westmoreland; No. 10—"Moe" Thomas and Harry Matthews, co-captains; No. 11—James Phillips; No. 13—Robert Bailey; No. 14—Donald Hendrix; No. 15—Jack Benfield; No. 16—(to be announced later); No. 17—Benny Payne.

Under the tutelage of their coach, Mr. Earl Walters, the members of the varsity football team are rapidly developing. They are showing marked improvement every day. For most of the boys on the team this is their first real experience on the gridiron.

Mr. Walters is an excellent coach and he is doing a swell job with the boys. He is keenly interested in helping the boys, and teaching them many of the fine points of the game.

The boys, from the very beginning, unfamiliar with the tricks of the game, have had to learn the rudiments of football. For in-

stance, they have had to learn to stay down low; they had to learn the fine points of shoulder-blocking and body-blocking; and the necessity for going down the field fast under punts and at the kick-offs. They have begun to understand the need for charging hard, but fairly.

Pate and Orr, at the tackle positions, are two big hefty boys with a lot of power. At their best it is almost impossible to stop them.

Benny Payne and Carl Hull, the tall, rangy boys who play the end positions, have plenty of power and speed. At top speed, they can run as fast as wild turkeys.

Elzo Fulk, in the backfield, according to the coach, has made the most progress of any player. He has much determination and a serious-minded attitude.

Westmoreland is the punter, and for a beginner, his booting is not at all bad.

Hefner, in the backfield, is the speediest man on the team. Once he gets past the line of scrimmage he can really go places.

Matthews, another backfield star, shows continued improvement. He ranks with the best in high school class B competition. He loves the game.

"Moe" Thomas, the acting captain, plays the quarterback position and barks the signals. His previous knowledge of the sport helps the other players.

On the team there are three small boys who are very promising. They are William Ussery, Clay Shew and Jerry Oakes. They don't miss any of the plays.

All of the boys are urged to do their best, to take interest and learn the fine points of the game, and to be good sports at all times.

Three outside games have been scheduled, as follows:

Oct. 3—Winecoff High School, (here.)

Oct. 10—Landis High School, (here.)

Oct. 17—Hartsell High School, (place tentative.)

* * * * * * * *

AS ONE THAT SERVETH

There is a story and it is, in reality, a true story, that upon one occasion when the new King of England was receiving his crown,

the coronation sermon was preached on the following text, taken from the Gospel of St. Luke, twenty-second chapter and a part of the twenty-seventh verse, reading as follows: "I am among you as he that serveth." This was an auspicious occasion; it was a time when royalty was receiving its highest honor and its most devout tributes. A coronation sermon was preached by the highest dignitary in the church.

In the vast assemblage of the people attending the coronation ceremonies there were the chief political and military leaders of the empire; there were the highest dignitaries in the land; there were the nobles, the earls, the dukes and all the others of high rank. They attended these ceremonies and struggled among themselves for the chief places of honor and recongition. They sought for the positions of privilege near the throne of the king. Some, of course, were filled with vanity and conceit, and they esteemed themselves far beyond the standards of their true worth.

After the coronation services were finished, the great minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had preached this important sermon, made his way out onto the streets of London. He passed from one street to another until, finally, he came to the place where the slums of London are, and he beheld a sight which awakened his sensibilities as they had not been awakened at the coronation service.

On the doorsteps of one of the buildings in the slum district he beheld two small children. One was a lad, and the other was a little girl, his sister. The night was cold and dreary; the wind was blowing, and there were few who were stirring at that hour of the night. The great preacher found that the little boy had removed his own coat and wrapped it carefully around his little sister, in order that he might protect her and bring to her the greatest amount of comfort possible. When the minister saw this, he then saw the fulfillment of his text: "I am among you as one that serveth." But he had found the fulfillment of his text in the spirit of service as it was manifested by an humble boy in behalf of his own little sister. These were poor children, and they reckoned life only in the currencies of poverty as the world measures its standards, but, in reality, the boy dealt in the currency of Christian service. In the Bible we are told,

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethern, ye did it unto me."

So it should be in the life of all Christian people. A man's life consists not in the abundance of material things which he possesses, but rather in the abundance of good works toward others.

George Eliot, in her literary composition known as "Silas Marner" has given to us another vivid picture of a person who, for a time, misses the mark in life but later makes the great discovery of the glory of service towards others.

Silas Marner was one who loved money more than anything else in the world. He toiled for long hours to get it, and he spent much time in gloating over his money and watching it. Every night, with a throbbing heart and a gleaming eye, he would remove his growing hoard from its concealment so that he could fondle the guineas greedily and let his fingers clutch them hungrily. He completely shut himself off from his neighbors; he saw no one, talked to no one, needed no one. His life was completely filled with the glamour of glittering gold.

This was Silas Marner the miser. Then followed the loss of the money. The treasure was stolen, and Silas was desperate and acted like a madman.

Then one black and cheerless night, when he returned to his empty cottage, he found on his doorstep a little girl with golden curls a helpless little thing, who was cold and hungry. Her name was Eppie. At first, Silas did not want her, he wanted only his gold and vengeance upon the thief who had stolen it. However, the golden curls, then the sad face of the little tot softened little by little the miser's heart. He took the child into his cottage where he fed and nurtured her in a clumsy sort of way. Little by little he felt less keenly the loss of his treasure. He came to love her so warmly and so tenderly that her life filled his, and transformed his selfish spirit into a new man.

Some years later, Silas, now a kind and gentle person, freed from selfishness and greed, found his lost treasure, along with the skeleton of the thief who had stolen it. That evening Silas and Eppie sat together in the cottage. On the table near them, lighted by a candle, lay the recovered gold, arranged in order as Silas used to arrange it when it was his only joy.

"Yea, my precious child," he cried, "if you hadn't been sent to save me I should have gone to the grave in my misery. The money was taken away from me in time; and you see, it's been kept—kept till it was wanted for you. It's wonderful—our life is wonderful!"

Truly, this is a wonderful story, which portrays the transformation that can enter into a person's life when he chooses to become a servant to others, forgetting himself.

Another story is told, that once upon a hot summer day a "floating hospital" was making one of its regular trips from Boston down through the harbor, with sick babies and their poor mothers, and nurses and doctors going with them to help. That morning an eight year old Italian boy (his name was Beppo) whose clothes were ragged and whose hat was brimless, carried an old violin and asked permission to go for a trip on the boat and play his violin. He was allowed to go.

On the boat, after he had played a while, he passed around his little hat, but no one gave him a penny. The lad was angry, and he went to the shipmaster to tell him how stingy the people all were. The shipmaster explained to him that they were all very poor people who had no money to give. They were needy people who were being sent by others on an excursion so that the air might do the sickly children good. Beppo looked at his own clothes without saying anything, but the thought came to him that he, too, was poor. He wandered about the ship from mother to mother and looked at the babies and their mothers, and the angry look left him. He saw that they were really poorer than he, and that the babies and the little children were feeble and sick.

Beppo sat down and played and played on his violin. The children who could walk gathered about him. He played almost all the day, and when the ship made other trips he begged for the privilege to go again and again. In recongnition of his fine deeds of service the shipmaster pinned a badge on his ragged coat. He played from time to time, but never asked for money. He found that although he was poor he could do something for people who were poorer than he, and he was happy as a king while playing music for others.

In life there is nothing so grand as being willing and being able to do great service for others. Through these deeds of service, man-

kind has been blessed, and the doors of heaven have been opened wide. There is no other way whereby men may redeem their own souls and enter into an eternal inheritance.

Let the words of this simple verse be life's motto:

"Let me tonight look back across the span
Of yester-years, and to my conscience say
Because of some good act to beast or man—
The world is better that I lived today."

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of September 29, 1946

Sept. 29—Wade Hampton Cook, Cottage No. 11, 13th birthday.
Sept. 30—Chester Donald Stultz, Cottage No. 10, 14th birthday.
Oct. 1—Howard Wise, Cottage No. 13, 14th birthday.
Oct. 2—Paul Denton, Cottage No. 3, 12th birthday.
Oct. 3—Jack Lambert, Cottage No. 1, 14th birthday.
Oct. 5—John Gregory, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
Oct. 5—James David Knight, Cottage No. 7, 14th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

New Boys

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

Recently, the Training School has received six boys. Their names and grades are as follows: James Moore, Ninth Grade; John Gainey, Third Grade; Carl Hall, Ninth Grade; Eden Chavis, First Grade; Thelbert Suggs, First Grade; Julian Commander, Fourth Grade; and Herman Kirby went to the Seventh Grade. I am sure all these boys will make fine records while they stay here at the school.

Our New Projector

By Clifton Rhodes, 7th Grade

The school has bought a new projector which will show educational films to the boys. This machine is equipped for showing silent films, and it takes 16 mm. films. This new projector was made by Bell and Howell and is said to be one of the best on the market. It cost the school about $400.

Many different films will be shown with our new projector. Some of them will tell about animals and choosing animals, sports and games, butterflies, cities, the inside of the White House and many other things.

Mr. Hawfield promised that he would get one about elephants, and the boys will enjoy this one very much.

Some of the films will be full of amusement and entertainment, but the main thing is to show the boys the things that will improve their education. About one picture will be shown a week in the daytime. We will still have our regular picture shows on Thursday nights.

We are all proud of our new projector. Many of the best schools of the state have a projector, and we are glad that our school is keeping up with the other good schools.

News Items of Interest

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

We have a new matron at Cottage No. 3, and we all appreciate having Mrs. Pharr for our matron. She lives near the school. She is a good matron, and we boys enjoy having her with us.

Recently, some more boys have been released from the School. They are Kenneth Dillard, from Sylva, and Knox Norton, from St. Paul. We hope these boys will get along fine, and we hope they will be of help to their home.

Mrs. Morrison, our Second Grade teacher, is getting up a program for Columbus Day. The boys are drawing pictures of Columbus' ships and other ships. They have a pretty room which is decorated with ship pictures and other drawings.

Mrs. Hawfield's First Grade is learning Indian songs for her radio program. They are drawing various kinds of pictures. The boys are having a good time doing these things.

B. T. U. Intermediate Group

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

The B. T. U. has been started again. It was reorganized last Sunday afternoon. Some people from the First Baptist Church in Concord came to help with the meeting. It was our initial meeting, because the B. T. U. has not met since the last of May. It was discontinued during the summer.

In the general meeting of all three groups, Mr. John Puckett was in charge. Mrs. Frank Liske played the piano for us as we sang "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations" and "Somebody Did a Golden Deed." Mr. Hines was called upon to assign everyone to his respective class. He called out the names, and each boy was given a quarterly by Mrs. Liske or Mr. Puckett. There are 18 boys in the Intermediate Group, directed by Mr. and Mrs. Puckett: 17 in the the Junior Group Number 2, directed by Mr. Spurgeon Helms; and 19 in Junior Group Number 1, directed by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sofness.

In the meeting of the Intermediate Group, Mr. and Mrs. Puckett gave a talk on the meaning of the B. T. U. Questions were asked about the New Testament. Talks were made about the disciples and apostles. Donald Stultz sang a song entitled "The Books of the New Testament." J. C. Littlejohn named all the books of the Bible. The secretary of the entire union is Talmadge Duncan; program leaders of the Intermediate Group are Clifton Rhodes and Harvey Leonard; secretary of the Intermediate Group, Robert Jarvis; secretary of the Junior Group Number 2, Emory King; and secretary of the Junior Group Number 1, John McKinney. Clifton Rhodes assigned the parts for the program for next Sunday. We were dismissed by Donald Stultz.

After our group meeting we reassembled in the auditorium with the others groups. Clyde Wright and Talmadge Duncan sang a duet,"Take Up Thy Cross." Talks were made by Mr. Helms, Mr. Sofness, and others. Mr. Hines called on Mr. Puckett to dismiss us. We all enjoyed the meeting very much.

B. T. U. Junior Group 1

By John McKinney, 2nd Grade

We first sang two songs. Mr. Puckett gave us a talk, and Mr. Hines assigned us to our rooms. The teachers in this group were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sofness. Olin Sealey read the Bible, and the teachers made talks. Captains were assigned. They were David Brooks and Daniel Johnson. John McKinny gave a talk about hard work. He gave a talk about football. Floyd Bruce gave a talk about sticking to the job. John Gregory read the rules—or rather about obeying the rules. Dicky Davidson read an article, "The Winner May Be the Loser." Mr. Sofness summed up our lesson. When the bell rang, we went back to the auditorium.

B. T. U. Junior Group 2

By Emory King, 5th Grade

First, we had two songs. Then we had three talks. Mr. Hines called the roll and assigned new members to their classes. When we went to our

classes, Mr. Helms was in charge. He talked about David and Goliath. He said that David had strength because his strength lay in the fact that he came in the name of God and His strength. Mr. Helms said that some folks tell stories to some friends or some brother in order to get out of trouble. He advised us to read our Bible every day during the week, to pray for him and the other members of our church and to help them. When our lesson was over, he asked each one of us our names.

Oasis Band Visits the School

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

Thursday afternoon the boys of the Jackson Training School were made happy by the Oasis Temple, Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, of Charlotte. They made an official visitation to Concord, stopping at the school and giving a band concert. Then they had a drill by the patrol. The Cabarrus Shrine Club gave each boy of the School a bar of chocolate candy. All the boys enjoyed this very much, and they hope they can come back again. We wish to thank Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Godown for making this happy occasion possible.

Mr. Godown's Trip to Canada

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

Mr. Godown has returned from his trip to Winnipeg, Canada. First, he went to Charlotte and caught a plane which took him to Cleveland, Ohio. From Cleveland he went to Chicago Illinios. Then he spent 30 hours in Chicago. From Chicago he went by train to South Bend, Indiana, where he visited relatives and looked over the campus at Notre Dame.

Later, he went to Minneapolis, Minnesota. On this trip the plane flew over the Mississippi River, near La Crosse, Wisconsin. He said that it was very beautiful.

Then he went from Minneapolis to Winnipeg, Canada. He stayed there five days. From there he went by airplane to Newark, New Jersey. On the plane trip from Charlotte stops were made in Ohio, Illinois, Minnesota and North Dakota. Returning he took a plane and flew over these states; North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey. Mr. Godown said he traveled about 4,200 miles. We are all glad that he has returned to the school.

A Trip to Charlotte

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

Lately, the Boy Scouts of the Training School have been going to Charlotte to get a few things. One day last week some of us went. When we got to Charlotte, we went to the Salvage Depot. We got dishes, spoons, forks, knives, etc. There were three boys who went. They were Robert Wilkins, Leroy Wilkins, and William Phillips. We all enjoyed this trip very much.

The Picture Show

By Howard Herman 7th Grade

The name of the show for this week was "Laura." The main characters

were Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews. The show started in Walter's home when Lt. McPherson was looking for evidence of Laura's murder. Walter loved Laura, but she didn't love him. She loved Carpenter, and they were going to get married. Walter became angry, because she loved Carpenter. There was another woman staying with Laura in her apartment.

Walter was planning to kill Laura but killed the other girl. Laura went to the country for a rest. The people thought it was Laura who was killed. One night when Lt. McPherson was at Laura's apartment, she returned and told him the whole story. That night he told her not to leave or to use the telephone. In about an hour she called Carpenter and told him to come and get her. The police picked up the call and followed them. She got out at Walter's home. Carpenter went on to the house in the country where Laura was staying and acted as if he were going to hide the gun. Lt. McPherson walked in on him. The next night Walter found out that Laura was not dead and planned to kill her. He had a gun hidden in the old clock. He crept in, got the gun out of the clock, and loaded it. Then Lt. McPherson found that Walter didn't come out of the house and went back to find him. Walter was ready to kill her. Then they broke in and shot him. All the boys enjoyed this picture very much.

Radio Program

By Clifton Rhodes, 7th Grade

Tuesday morning a group of 4th Grade boys went to the radio station to give a program. The boys who went were the following: Bobby Joe Duncan, James Christy, Jesse Hamlin, George Marr, Ralph Drye, and Cecil Clark. They sang the following songs: "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and "Uncle Ned." The songs they sang were composed by Stephen Foster. Mrs. Frank Liske played the piano.

After the singing, Mr. Hawfield made a talk about the Tenth Grade boys who have gone home and the advantages they received from their training at the School.

Our Literature Contest

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

Recently the boys of the Seventh Grade have been having a literature contest with the Sixth Grade. The Seventh Grade won the first contest by the score of 74-65. Some of the best grades are as follows: Talmadge Duncan, 93; Howard Herman, 90; and Glenn Evans, 98. The Sixth Grade students defeated the Seventh Grade by the score of 97-95 in the next test, and on the third test the Sixth Grade won again by the score of 93-90. However, the boys of the Seventh Grade are going to study and beat them in the final tests.

Camping Trip

By Major Loftin, 7th Grade

Saturday afternoon the boys of the Receiving Cottage went on a camping trip over to Mr. Flake Arrowood's cabin. Saturday night we had a weiner roast, and everyone enjoyed it.

Sunday afternoon was the best time

of all. We went over to the Thunderstruck Bridge and went swimming. Then we went back to the camp and ate watermelons. Later on in the afternoon we went on a snipe hunt. It was late when we came back.

The boys appreciate going over there and hope to go again.

———:———

FRIEND

To you I have no gold to give;
My pockets are filled with dreams,
Not doubloons.

Neither do I offer you material things;
For of these I hold claim to none.
But I own my heart.

I will not speak to you with honeyed tongue;
Falseness and flattery do not set well with me.
I like the truth.

Perhaps I shall not agree with you always.
I would rather be a thorn in your side
Than your echo.

I shall not ask to share your hopes and plans;
For these are yours; they belong to you.
And I have my own.

To you I offer hours of companionship,
And all the understanding that is in me.
Also my loyalty.

I promise you a faithful heart;
For that is mine to give as I will.
And it is not worthless.

I give you the knowledge that I shall be here
At any time of day or night you may need me.
I shall not fail.

I offer you any part or all of anything I have,
Whether it be but a crust of dry bread—
Or my right arm.

What faults are yours shall not concern me much;
I can overlook those, if I am able to say
"You are my friend."

—Selected.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE R F D

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

The Rural Free Delivery branch of the Post Office Department is celebrating its 50 years of service and well might it be proud of its record. The 32,000 rural mail carriers serving over 30 million Americans six days a week, travel 1,450,000 miles daily.

To rural residents who depend so much on the "Post office on wheels," it might be inconceivable that when this service was first suggested that it was ridiculed and even called "a craze" by President Grover Cleveland. First attempts to pass legislation met such strong opposition that they failed.

Representative Thomas E. Watson introduced a bill in Congress, which became a law on March 3, 1893, and appropriated $10,000 for experimental rural delivery. Those in charge of postal affairs did not believe this sum sufficient to establish such trail routes, so it was not until October 1, 1896, under President Cleveland and Postmaster General William L. Wilson that rural delivery service originated. The experiment proved successful immediately, and after a few month other routes were set up in many sections of the country.

Rural mail carriers really are a "post office on wheels," because they not only deliver mail but furnish the same service as might be obtained at the windows of the postoffice, such as parcel post, payment of money orders, stamps and stamp supplies and purchase of government bonds. They also are called upon by the Department of Agriculture to obtain livestock statistical reports, and have been told many times by the Department of Agriculture that they consider the information received from rural carriers as the most authentic.

Of course, everyone who lives in rural areas knows that the rural letter carrier serves in many other ways which does not yield itself to statistics. They are the "ambassadors of good will." The same praise can be given to our rural carriers as Herodotus, King of Persia, 24 centuries ago, when he said, "Neither snow nor rain, nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

Here's to the man who can smile through his tears,
And laugh in the midst of a sigh,
Who can mingle his youth with advancing years,
And be happy to live or to die.

—Selected.

ELECTRICITY FOR EVERY FARM

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

' In an editorial on the private industry's projected $300,000,000 rural electrification campaign the New York Times observes: "Electricity for every farm in the nation is a logical goal. It means more business for manufacturers and a higher standard of living for farmers plus more efficiency in many farm operations. As eletricity supersedes human muscles for power, it will make farming more satisfying to able and ambitious young people. From every angle, electricity on all the farms means a better nation."

The utility industry's enormous project was announced after leaders of the industry met with representatives of the American Farm Bureau Federation. The necessary money has been budgeted and construction will be pushed as rapidly as possible. The goal is to electrify the 3,000,000 American farms which do not have commercial power at present.

It is significant that the money to be spent is all private money, earned by self-supporting, state and Federally regulated, heavily taxed businesses. The industry has said that it will go ahead regardless of what the tax-subsidized Rural Electrification Administration does. And farmers will get the best possible electric service at the lowest possible cost.

This is traditional American progress—progress that comes out of private enterprise. It isn't dependent on the whims of politicians or starry-eyed social planners.

Get The Habit

Get the habit of rising early.
Get the habit of eating slowly.
Get the habit of being grateful.
Get the habit of being punctual.
Get the habit of fearing nothing.
Get the habit of speaking kindly.
Get the habit of being industrious.
Get the habit of a forgiving spirit.
Get the habit of speaking correctly.
Get the habit of radiating sunshine.
Get the habit of closing doors gently.
Get the habit of relying on self always.
Get the habit of neatness in appearance.
Get the habit of seeking the sunshine daily.

—Exchange.

WHEN MORNING BREAKS

By Lieut. Edwin R. Hartz, Chaplain, USNR, Montauk, N. Y.

Seldom, if ever in America's history has there been a time when our people have so felt the painful darkness of the night and so eagerly waited for the dawn. Anxiously the people of all nations are asking: "Watchman what of the night?"

When morning breaks and the streaks of hope and victory appear, we shall discover that some of the things in which we put our trust were false. Many will discover that they were tricked and cheated by surface shelters. Innumerable times in this war a deep shelter has become the most treasured thing in the world. But shallow shelters which promise security are like footlights that appear as starlight.

When morning breaks we shall recover our sense of values. we shall see that comfort is not civilization, and that the mere possession of things cannot alone bring peace or contentment. In blindness some of us have put the things that should lie on the border of life in the center and pushed ideals that lie at our hearts beyond the circumference of our everyday living.

When morning breaks, we shall see that we have been living in a dependable and friendly universe. That even shadows have value. Out of the pain and sorrow of this war will come those whose spirits will be strong enough to rebuild the world. In dense darkness Milton wrote poetry that will never die, Beethoven lifted strains of music that are unrivaled, and Browing penned lines that will live forever.

Under this faith Christ lived triumphantly. In the darkest hour of his life, when heartless men whipped his body with cruel lashes, and crude men spat in his face as they placed a crown of thorns upon his head, he kept a silence that resembled more the deep horizon of an open sky than the turmoil of the earth. Those who sat in the darkness that day thought the cross was the end. But out of that black night came a glorious dawn, and with it a Christ more powerful than all the dominion of earth. His truth tore the Roman Empire off its hinges, turned the world upside down, and ushered in a new order.

His is a light that no darkness can dim. Those who walk in it, even in this hour, find daybreak in their soul. Soldiers, sailors and marines went forth in His name, unafraid to face the enemy who would put out all lights of freedom.

What a rare gift is that of manners! How difficult to define; hoy much more dfficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them than to have wealth, beauty or talent; they will more than supply all.—Bulwer.

THREE TYPES OF FOLKS

(Alabama Baptist)

The world is peopled by an infinite variety of people, but in the main they are resolved into three types—those who give less than they receive, those who give as much as they receive, and those who give more than they receive.

The first are the selfish. They may be young people who accept a good home, but refuse to do the little tasks which make a good home. They may be the husband or wife who expects affection and attention, but gives a minimum in return. They may be workers interested only in the pay envelope, never bringing to their work any enthusiasm or imagination.

The second type are the coldly calculating. They give measure for measure—no more, no less. Here is the woman who says, "She owes me a letter, so catch me doing anything for her till she writes the letter or returns the favor." Here is the business man who weighs, measures, and counts everything to the exact scale. Exactness is the good of these calculating people.

The third are generous. They go the second mile. They do not ask whether or not a thing will pay but only if it will accomplish any good. If it holds any promise of good, they will do it, cost what it may. They do not object to the doing of things beyond their duty.

These are the men and women of the sacrificial spirit. They do not look for reward but only for opportunity. To improve an opportunity is their reward. And how wonderfully they are rewarded! In this world they usually have a plenty and in the world to come they inherit eternal life.

It is the latter type of people who will build the new world of which we talk so much. Too many are feeling that the work of building that world belongs to others. But the builders of that world can only be the generous and sacrificial folk and of no others.

It is common to overlook what is near by keeping the eye fixed on something remote. In the same manner present opportunities are neglected and attainable good is slighted by minds busied in extensive ranges, and intent upon future advantages. Life, however short, is made shorter by waste of time.—Johnson.

POCKETS

(Greensboro Daily News)

Pockets are holes in your clothes that have bottoms in them.

There's nothing like a small boy's pocket to get its fill or a married man's pocket right afterpay day to be emptied.

Pockets are what you put your hands in in cold weather, draw your handkerchief from to mop your brow in hot weather and fumble in generally when you're trying to be slower than anybody else in the group who's offered to pay for what they've all had. Just the opposite is true, however, when a sneeze beats you to the draw.

It's pockets on a little tyke's suits that make him feel big and loss of something out of them makes a big man feel little.

Pockets are also the place where you stick letters your wife gives you to mail and then forget all about them until she finds them there the next time you ask her please to send your suit to the cleaners. It frequently winds up with your being taken there too.

There are all sorts of pockets. Some suits have patch pockets, but it turns out that such patches don't get at the seat of your troubles if, as, when and where they're needed. Other pockets have flaps over them, but they don't keep your handkerchief from flapping and at times being mistaken for your shirttail. In that connection, it is the hip pocket that you have to guard against getting the breaks. Watch pockets aren't utilized as they once were persumably because their wares have been slapped on the wrist.

Pockets are what you don't have anything left to put in after doing your shopping these days except a book, and that falls flat.

Putting something in your pocket hurriedly is the best way to miss it, but the trouble is that you miss it so long after it's gotten the drop on you that by that time it's bound to have found its way into somebody else's pocket.

Women's clothes have very few pockets, but for that matter they don't need 'em when they've got their hands so frequently in men's

Pockets lead a contentful life; and it isn't until they become holey unsafe that they are no longer suitable.

Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument, and less sense, and who are most loud when least lucid, should take a lesson from nature. She often gives us lightning without thunder, but never thunder without lightning.—Selected.

HAUNTED PALACE

(Exchange)

The huge, white marble palace of the old League of Nations on Switzerland's glamorous Lake Geneva was deeded to the United Nations when the League closed shop this spring.

Irritated by "lack of hospitality" around New York, some UN delegates threatened to move to the palace—a vacant magnificient edifice, designed to house a world organization, with everything from libraries to multilingual public address systems. Anyway, the irritated internationalists insisted, the palace would make a swell home for UN's European branch.

The Swiss aren't so sure about that. Switzerland hasn't even applied or been invited to join UN. And when Secretary General Trygve Lies flies to Geneva to set about using the palace he may find the Swiss less hospitable than New Yorkers.

What scares the Swiss into cold-shouldering UN is the danger in making Geneva a base of operation for the Security Council for its Military Staff Committee—the "world police force."

If UN's military arm used Geneva as headquarters for turning force against an "aggressor nation," the Swiss fear their traditional neutrality might be a thing of the past. Geneva might even be attacked.

After keeping their neutrality through two world wars, which made Switzerland a prosperous oasis amid Europe's devastation, the Swiss don't want to take chances. Now some U N delegates are discussing moving main and European headquarters to headquarters in San Francisco.

BE WIDE IN YOUR SYMPATHIES

Be wide in your sympathies! If people have faults, failings and weaknesses try and overlook them. A good deal of self righteousness gets in at times between us and others. If half the world could see themselves as the other half sees them, there would be a universal compromise on the basis of common faults, and everybody would be shaking hands with everybody else.

We should cherish sentiments of charity toward all men. The Author of all good nourishes much piety and virtue in hearts that are unknown to us; and beholds repentance ready to spring up among many, whom we consider as unworthy.

That every day has its pain and sorrows is universally experienced, and almost universally confessed. But let us not attend only to mournful truths: if we look impartially about us we shall find that every day has likewise its pleasures and its joys.

—Chicago Scottish Rite Magazine.

CORN YIELDS EASILY ESTIMATED

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

An easy method of estimating corn yields has been prepared by Dr. Emerson Collins, in charge of Extension Agronomy at State College By the use of this method farmers can make a study of exactly what they are doing in corn production and why yields per acre are not as large as they should be.

The plan is to weigh the shucked corn on fifty running feet of row at about five or six places in the field to get the average conditions. Then multiply the weight of corn for the fifty feet by a certain factor, depending on the width of the row, and this gives the bushels of corn per acre.

Dr. Collins took into consideration the fact that field corn is rather high in moisture as compared with commercial corn and other such matters in determing the "factor" to give bushels per acre from pounds of shucked corn per fifty feet of row.

Here are the factors: Multiply the weight of shucked corn from fifty running feet of row by 3.16 for 42 inch rows; 2.95 for 45 inch rows; 2.76 for four foot rows; 2.21 for five foot rows; and 1.84 for six foot rows. The answer is bushels per acre.

Every farmer should get some yield calculations in his corn because he will make many valuable discoveries. First, he will discover that it takes many plants per acre to produce large yields, but if plants are increased, much larger amounts of plant foods are needed. This calls for narrower rows than usual, closer spacing in the drill, and much more fertilizer per acre. If he is growing a hybrid, he will find that there are no barren plants and that every plant does its best. Counting ears per fifty feet of running row and weighing it teaches valuable lessons. Try it.

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FOLKS

'Round us everywhere.
Folks that are folksie folks
Kind folks, fine folks,
Good folks and fair;
Old folks, young folks,
Folks who really care;
Folks like some folks have folks,
Folks who are square.

Happy folks, not crabby folks,
I like to see;
Folks just like you folks
Sure appeal to me.

—Fern E. Garwood.

HAY FEVER

(The Lincoln Times)

Those not afflicted accept the word of hay fever victims that it is one of the most irritating and non-fatal diseases. The misery it brings has kept laboratories busily engaged in offering relief. Wind seems to determine the amount of pollen distributed and many places keep sufferers informed of the pollen count daily.

The streaming eyes, difficult breathing, give proof that hay fever in no joke. Thousands of people can afford to seek helpful climate or install air conditioning in homes for relief, but the majority of victims sniffle during August and September and pray for frost to bring relief from aggravating pollens. Rag weed, not hay, is the chief offender and wisely, many districts spend time and money doing away with the weed.

Some cities have advocated a law that would compel farmers to cut ragweed. Property owners of vacant lots often ignore the growth Negligence and lack of human sympathy adds to the malady. The fact that our mucous membrane and respiratory systems can throw of those billions of the spiky pollens should make us more appreciative of the discomfort and agony of the people who can't. Allergy specialists can do much in science, but anybody can cut rag weed. It seems that humans must interfere with this particular program of nature.

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THE MOUNTAINS SPEAK

O, we are here behind this shallow mist,
Lift up your eyes and wait for our return
Some laughing sunrise. Flushed, and rainbow-kissed
Will suddenly appear. The skies will burn
With darting flames of dawn, and clouds will split
Apart to let us through. A wind will soar
To clear the mist away, and we shall sit
Upon the far horizon as before.

And when you see us smiling at the sky
In tranquil silence, cool and far away,
With shadows lifted, you will wonder why
You doubted we were here, and you will say,
"When mists return and skies are dull, ah then,
We'll lift our eyes and wait for dawn again.

—Gurre Ploner Noble

NEW PHILOSOPHY

(Stanly News & Press)

We are all prone, as ordinary, common-garden citizens, to critize those in positions of responsibility and trust in regard to the way in which national and international affairs are conducted, failing to realize that in our attitudes toward the fundamental principles of life lie the weaknesses of our civilization. Our leaders will always be incapable of satisfactorily solving the problems with which they are confronted until we ourselves have adopted a new philosophy of life.

More and more we are attaching too much importance to the material things of life—the size of a man's bank account, the thickness of the rugs in his home, the model of his automobile, and texture of his clothes.

Today we do not ask whether a man is a good doctor, lawyer, or preacher, but all we want to know is how much money is he making. And the sad part about this whole philosophy is that the rank and file of citizens have come to attach undue importance to the skill needed in making money rather than in serving humanity.

We would not discount in the least the importance of making sufficient money with which to live in comfort, but the average man can wear only one suit of clothes, eat only three meals a day, and drive only one automobile at the time. The accumulation of a large estate only serves, in most instances, to make the heirs a worthless lot.

It seems to us that if we are ever to right the wrongs in the world and make this place the paradise which God intended for it to be we must take the emphasis in our thinking from material things and place it on service to mankind. Rather than ask how much a man is worth, let us raise the question as to what he is doing in his church and Sunday school. Or is he proving useful in his lodge, his civic clubs, or on the various committees of which he is a member? Is he a good neighbor, helping those who are in trouble, and is he thoughtful of the feelings of those with whom he comes in contact?

We are to be sorely disappointed if we think that our diplomats and our legislators can ever do the things which we would like to see done until we change our philosophy of life and make it conform to the philosophy of One Who walked along the shores of the Sea of Galilee some 1,900 years ago.

It was said of one who preached very well, and lived very ill, that when he was out of the pulpit, it was a pity he should ever go in; and when in the pulpit, it was a pity he should ever come out.

—Fuller.

ARMY PAYS GOOD WAGES NOW

(The Dare County Times)

For a number of years it has been contended that the Army should be made more attractive to young men and pay ought to be higher.

Now we find that steps are being taken to give us a better Army made up of well trained men whose pay scale runs from $75 to $165 a month.

A retirement plan has also been developed whereby a soldier may retire after 20 or 30 years service with an income ranging from $48.75 per month to $185.63 per month.

With this new pay scale a higher type individual will be attracted to the service. In fact, with the proper salesmanship by Army recruiters a draft plan will become unnecessary. In addition to higher pay many other benefits are being offered to young men. A new schedule of furloughs has been set up. To those who enlist before October 5, 1946, the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights will be extended. These include provisions for education, provisions for home loans and provisions for business loans.

It is evident that the Army has been made, in many respects, far more attractive than civil life. Many economists are now predicting that if a business depression should occur there will be a sharp decline in the pay of civilians. This will not happen to the soldier because he can begin his carreer now and rest assured that it will be continued without interruption.

Let's consider the case of the business man whose social security payments are based upon the earnings of $3,000 a year. This man's pay deductions began when he was 45 years old and when he attains the age of 65 he will draw approximately $42 a month, with his wife at the age of 65 receiving $22.

But even this Government plan which definitely is liberal cannot compare to the Army retirement plan. The young man who enlists, let us say at the age of 18 has a chance to retire at the age of 38 and draw up to $107.25.

We will all concede that nothing is more important to us than the defense of our country and so we are glad that the Army will recieve higher wages. This pay raise will at last, enable that soldier to be recognized as following a profession of dignity and honor and will enable him to live in a manner which he is entitled to by his profession.

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He who wishes to exert a useful influence must be careful to insult nothing. Let him not be troubled by what seems absurd, but consecrate his energies to the creation of what is good. He must not demolish, but build. He must raise temples where mankind may come and partake of the purest pleasures.—Goethe.

TRAGEDY OF THE BROKEN HOME

(Selected)

We are glad to note the growing concern over the tragedy of the broken home. The broken home has proved to be a hotbed of vice and crime. It is from it the juvenile delinquent is not only developed but is made a hardened criminal. Orphanages are literally swamped with applications for the child victims. Every church and pastor should be so concerned that they would do something about it. It is big enough to challenge all who are in the least concerned about the future. The following statistical facts do not paint a rosy picture of the future:

"One out of every 29 people in the United States does not believe in the existence of a personal God;

One out of every 27 people in the United States is a criminal;

One out of every 16 between the ages of 40 and 50 is addicted to drink;

One out of every 12 children in the United States is illegitimate;

Only one out of every 10 reads the Bible;

One out of every six marriages ends in a divorce;

One of every five American mothers destroys her offspring before birth;

One out of every four families suffers the cosequences of a major crime;

And one out of every three American marriages is childless."

What else can we expect when we have courts as is the case of Reno, Nev., where a quarreling couple can be separated mail order style for $250. And, in many other cities throughout the country we have selfish judges, lawers, magistrates and constables who encourage disagreeing couples to separate. All have fees involved. That is not all; we also have ministers of the Gospel who perform marriages very willingly of couples who were married and divorced several times, and publicize the fact.

That is not all that is making us pagans. Several years ago some prominent women were touring the country advocating wholesale birth control. Pick up a newspaper or magazine and under the words of "feminine hygiene" between lines gives directions for the above in an indirect way. Luckily, we have more intelligent people than moronic otherwise who would have won our war; naturally not those who would have been deprived of a God-given privilege of being born into this world.

On the other hand our clergymen of all sects instead of trying to cure the evils described above are wrangling among themselves over this and that. Why not divert all this effort to make America a better country by helping its sinners?

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.—Cato.

THE DIARY OF A BIBLE

(The Canadian Baptist)

January 15—Been resting quietly for a week. The first few nights after the first of the year my owner read me regularly, but has forgotten me I guess.

Feburary 2—Clean up. I was dusted with other things, and put back in my place.

Feburary 8—Owner used me for a short time this afternoon, looking up a few references; went to Sunday school.

March 7—Clean up: dusted,, and put in my old place again. Have been down in the lower hall since my trip to Sunday school.

April 12—Busy day, owner led devotions at mission circle, and had to look up references: had an awful time finding them, though they were in the right place all the time.

May 5—In Grandma's lap all afternoon. She is here on a visit. She let a tear drop fall on Colossians, second chapter, verses 3-7, steadfastness.

May 6—In Grandma's lap again this afternoon. She spent most of her time on First Corinthians 13, and the last four verses of the fifteenth chapter, charity, steadfast, unmoveable.

May 7, 8, 9—In Grandma's lap every afternoon now. It's quite comfortable. Sometimes she reads me and sometimes she quotes from me with her eyes closed.

May 10—Grandma gone; back in old place again. She kissed me goodbye.

June 3—Had a couple of four leaf clovers stuck in me today.

July 1—Packed in a trunk with clothes and other things. Off on a vacation, I guess.

July 2-7—Still in the trunk, though nearly everthing else has been taken out.

July 15—Home again, and in my old place. Quite a journey, though I don't see why I was taken.

August 1—Rather stuffy and hot. Have two magazines and a novel and an old hat on top of me; wish they would take them off.

September 5—Clean up; dusted and set right again.

September 10—Used by Mary a few minuts today. She was writing a letter to a friend whose brother had died, and wanted an appropriate verse.

September 30—Cleaned again.

What does my Bible say?

If we read three chapters each week day and five each Sunday, we can read the Bible through in one year.

I lost a great deal in the stock market. I also lent several thousand dollars to friends, and only a small percentage of those loans has ever or will ever be repaid. After living 54 years, I have come to the conclusion that it is almost as difficult to invest money wisely as it is to make it.—Dale Carnegie.

AN EDITOR'S TRIALS

(The Watchman-Examiner)

An editor was sitting in his office one day when a man entered whose brow was clouded with thunder. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table and sat down.

'Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes"

"Can you read and write?"

"Of course."

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the editor an envelope with an inscription on it.

"B—," said the editor, trying to spell it out.

"That's not a B, it's S," said the man.

"Well, it looks like 'Salt for Dinners,' or 'Soul for Sinners'."

"No, sir," replied the man, "it's not. That's my name—Samuel Bunners! I knew you couldn't read. I've called to seee about that poem of mine you printed the other day, entitled "The Surcease of Sorrow,."

"I don't remember it," said the editor.

"Of course you don't remember it, because it went into the paper under the villainous title of 'Smearcase Tomorrow,."

"A blunder of the compositor, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; and that is what I am here to see you about. The way in which the poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposes me to derision. People think me a fool." (The Editor was silent) "Let me show you," said the man, "the first line, when I wrote it, read this way: 'Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope.' This is beautiful and poetic! But how did your sheet represent it to the public? 'Lying to a weeping widow, I induced her to elope.' A weeping widow, mind you! A widow! This is too much!"

"It is hard, sir, very hard," said the editor.

"Then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said—plain as day—'Take away the jingling money, it is only glittering dross.' In its printed form you make me say, 'Take away the tingling honey; put some flies in for the boss.' I feel like attaking somebody with your fire shovel. But, oh look at the sixth verse! I wrote "I am weary of the tossing of the ocean as in heaven; and when I opened up your paper and saw the lines transformed into, 'I am wearing out my trousers till they're open at the knees," I thought that was taking an inch too far. I fancy that I have a right to do up that compositor. Where is he?"

"He is out just now," said the editor, "Come in tomorrow."

"I will," said the poetically-inclined individual, "and I'll come armed."

Moral: "Write your notices, articles and other items plainly!

tsaac yo|yhe',u,oaa eta eta eta eta et

A fool always finds a greater fool to admire him.—Boileau.

JUDGING FRIENDS

By W. E. Meyer, in The American Observer

The wise man judges his friends not by their highest or lowest points, but by their average levels of conduct. If one expects his associates to live upto their best moments every hour of the day, he will meet with disappointment every time he turns around. On the other hand, one who forsakes a comrade because of an occasional unworthy act will soon find that he hasn't a friend in the world that he hasn't a friend in the world. There are traces of nobility in all of us, yet each of us sinks at times to the petty and ignoble. That is true of you; it is true of your friends. Among the people whom you know, you will find a number who, by and large and in the long run, suit you very well. As they go along one day after another, you will find them honorable and likeable. They are naturally the ones to turn to for companionship.

But some day one of these friends will slip. He will do something that you do not approve of. He will descend to something foolish or unworthy; at least so it will seem to you. This will constitute a crisis in the relationship. If you are shortsighted, you may act as if this slip, this deviation from his usual course, represented his true character. You will cut him cold. That is what many people do. They are faulty in vision. They act as if the present moment were all eternity. If a friend disappoints them at this moment, they forget the long past; the days and years of true friendship and affection. They are unmindful of the future and of what it may mean to them and their friends. They do not like the immediate act, so they sever the ties of friendship.

The wise man and the true friend looks backward and forward. "I do not like what my friend has done," he says. "If he were at all times as he is today, I would not enjoy my association with him. But he has not always been like this. He had qualities that I liked yesterday and last year and the year before. He still has those qualities. He will have them tomorrow and next year and the year after that. No man's whole character and personality are revealed in a single act or in a single day. Each personality is very complex If I am really to know my friend, I must see him as he is day after day and year after year. As I look at him in that way, I find his acceptable. His average performance is good. Hence I will stand by him. I will preserve the friendship, not because I endorse his every act, not because he is one hundred per cent worthy, but because, on the whole, he is a good companion."

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pleasure. It should be.—Sunshine Magazine.

When you are asked to do a favor, do it cheerfully, as if it were a

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

Occasions do not make a man either strong or weak, but they show what he is.—Thomas a'Kempis.

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Men judge us by the success of our efforts. God look at the efforts themselves.—Charlotte Elizabeth.

—:—

Pride is increased by ignorance; those assume the most who know the least.—Gay.

—:—

All that one gains from falsehood is, not to be believed when he speaks the truth.—Aristotle.

—:—

The most we can get out of life is its discipline for ourselves and its usefulness for others.—Tryon Edwards.

—:—

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.—Johnson.

—:—

I would much rather that posterity should inquire why no statues were erected to me, than why they were.
—Cato.

—:—

The best conduct a man can adopt is that which gains him the esteem of others without depriving him of his own.—Talmud.

—:—

I have learned to judge men by their own deeds, and not to make the accident of birth the standard of their merit.—Mrs. Hale.

—:—

If sorrow could enter heaven, if a sigh could be heard there, or a tear roll down the cheek of a saint in light, it would be for lost opportunities, for the time spent in neglect of God, which might have been spent for His glory.—Payson.

The Christian has greatly the advantage of the unbeliever, having everything to gain and nothing to lose.—Byron.

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True bravery is shown by performing without witnesses what one might be capable of doing before all the world.—Rochefoucauld.

—:—

All mankind is divided into three classes: those that are immovable; those that are movable, and those that move.—Benjamin Franklin.

—:—

Goodness consists not in the outward things we do, but in the inward thing we are. To be good is the great thing.—E. H. Chapin.

—:—

Literature is a kind of intellectual light which, like the sun may sometimes enable us to see what we do not like.—Samuel Johnson.

—:—

A good man doubles the length of his existence; to have lived so as to look back with pleasure on our past life is to live twice.—Martial.

—:—

A man who puts aside his religion because he is going into siciety, is like one taking off his shoes because he is about to walk on thorns.—Cecil.

—:—

They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason she will rap you on the knuckles.—Benjamin Franklin.

—:—

It is expedient to have an acquaintance with those who have looked into the world; who know men, understand business, and can give you good intelligence and good advice when they are wanted.—Bishop Horne.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 22, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Maynard Chester

COTTAGE No. 1
Hubert Black
Paul Church
Horace Collins
Raymond Harding
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 2
Ray Burns
Julian Commander
Judd Lane
Robert McDuffie
William McVicker
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Melivin Radford
Van Robinson

COTTAGE No. 3
James Arrowood
James Christy
Joe Duncan
Jesse Hamlin
Jack Jarvis
John McKinney
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Purdue
Olin Sealey
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson

COTTAGE No. 4
Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
Lacy Overton
Harvey Purdy
James Smith
James Tew
King Watkins

COTTAGE No. 5
Hicks Allen
George Bird
George Swink
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 6
Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Richard Davidson
John Ganey
John Gregory
Robert Mason
Glenn Mathison
Lewis Sutherland
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
Albert Allen
J. C. Alley
Charles Angel
Thomas Corley
Charles Francis
Hubert Innman
Lester Ingle
James Norton
Robert Trout
James Upright
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE No. 10
James Elder
Robert Gordon
Robert Hamn
Earl Kinlaw
Harry Mathews
Donald Stultz
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11
William Baynes
Charles Bryant
Leslie Gautier
Luther Hull
James Phillips
Bennie Regans

COTTAGE No. 13
Robert Bailey
Eugene Bowers
Hubert Brooks
Floyd Canady
Donald Carter
Leroy Cowan

Ralph Drye
Earl Grant
Terry Hardin
Curtus House
Larry Johnson
William Lunsford

COTTAGE No. 14
Carl Ballew
Lee Bradshaw
David Eaton
Elbert Gentry
Howard Hall
Donald Hendrix
Roy Marsh
Eugene Martin
Charles Moore
Lawerence Owens
Russell Seagle
James Smith
Thomas Styles
Charles Todd
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
Alvin Fox
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
Harvey Leonard
Evan Myers
James Paterson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Steward
Thelbert Suggs
Ralph Stewart
Solomon Shelton
James Shepherd
Robert Wicker
Howard Herman

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Harvey Jacobs
Roy Orr
Bennie Payne

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
Thomas Davis
,Norman Hentschell
William Hunter

"DON'T DIE UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD"

Don't die until you are dead, no matter what your age. "Don't die on third base," says a man who was a professional ball palyer. A woman is wise to refuse to tell her age. Life is not a span measured by the calendar. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was wise when he declared, "To be seventy years young is better than being forty years old."

Dr. Henry L. Porter quotes President Faunce of Brown University, on his sixty-ninth birthday as follows: "The long succession of birthdays brings to me the sensation of being lifted by an elevator through the successive floors of some lofty building. On each new floor the horizon is wider, the sunlight brighter, and distant and inaccessible things seem nearer." He could have cried with Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra:

"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be,
The last of life,
For which the first was made."

—Selected.

C36f

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 5, 1946 No. 40

NOV 6 '46

THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN

Are you seeking the best of the bargain?
Here's a rule that has never failed yet:
In all that you do you will prosper
If you try to give more than you get.

It's the good will that lends to your service
All the grace of a gift, not a debt,
Just a bit of yourself which is added
When you try to give more than you get.

For life's measure heaped full, running over,
Can to no one bring loss or regret;
And it's always the best of the bargain
To the folks who give more than they get.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE HEART OF MAN

There's a heap o' love in the human heart,
If we just dig down a bit,
It's the masterpiece of the Mighty Hand
And He gave His best to it.
There's a heap o' good in the most of men,
Just underneath the skin,
And much would show that we never knew,
Could we only look within.

There's a lot inside that we never see,
And perhaps we'll never know,
'Til fortunes turn and we're down and out,
Or sickness strikes us low.
The heart is right in the most of men
When the truth is really known,
And we often find that the heart is kind
That we thought was cold as stone.

We sometimes tire of the road so rough
And the hill that seems so steep,
And we sometimes feel that hope is gone
As we sit alone and weep;
And then, when our faith is burning low,
And we lose our trust in men,
True friends appear with a word of cheer,
And the sun comes out again.

And so I claim that the heart of man
Is about what it ought to be,
For it's made of goodness through and through,
Could we look inside and see.
God made all things and He made them well,
On the true and perfect plan,
But He did His best in the greatest test
When He made the heart of man.

—Author Unknown.

THIRD GRADE'S STUDY OF TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION

The following program, "Travel and Transportation,"was presented by a group of third grade students at Radio Station WEGO, Concord, on Tuesday, October 1st. First was an explanation by Superintendent S. G. Hawfield, which was followed by selections by the boys.

In order for the boys at the Jackson Training School to get the most help during their stay with us, it is very essential for them to have elevating experiences. They can improve most when they do many wholesome things. Activity is the essence of improvement and rehabilitation.

In the day school the boys are given opportunities from time to time to participate in programs on the stage in the auditorium. They are trained to take part in dramatics, singing songs, giving readings and exhibiting articles or drawings which they have done.

It is our policy for some grade in the school to present a program in the auditorium every two weeks. Generally these program are the outgrowth of the work in the classrooms, and they relate to their everyday reading, their music, their art and other subjects. Today we are presentng on the radio, some parts of a program which was prepared and presented by the boys in the third grade, taught by Miss Sarah Oehler.

In this grade the boys have been studying about transportation, as a unit of study. They have been studying about the many ways in which people all over the world travel and haul things to market.

As part of their activity work the boys made drawings of trains, ships, airplanes, cars, trucks and other means of travel and transportation. These were placed on a reel which was made in the carpenter shop, and the drawings were shown to the boys as a moving picture. The drawings, done by the boys, were excellent representations. It is a fine project, not only in art, but also in visual education.

The songs and readings learned by the boys related to the field of transportation, as you will note from the program which they presented to their radio listeners, as follows:

Poems—"Quest," by Robert Driggers; "Ever and Ever Wonders Come," by James Arrowood.

Song—"Rumble, Rumble," by the group.
Poems—"Song of the Freight Trains," by Glenn Rice "Wheel Sounds," by Billy McVicker.
Songs—"On the Train," "Airplane," by the group.
Song—"Bicycle Built for Two,"by Billy McVicker, James Arrowood and Robert Driggers.
Song—"Motor Car Ride," by the group.

* * * * * * * * *

THE MAGNITUDE OF TRAINING SCHOOL PROBLEMS

During the month of September, eighteen new boys were admitted to the Jackson Training School, and one former student was returned. During the same month, thirty-one boys were given conditional releases. Hence the school has twelve less boys than at the beginning of the month. To the casual observer it may seem that the burdens of the instructors and supervisors have been considerably lightened. But this is far from being true.

A careful study of the case histories of the new boys will reveal some of the problems and difficulties presented by a new group. As a rule every case is a puzzle, it is a new riddle, and in it there are startling complexities and complications. Their individual delinquencies have stemmed from such a variety of causes that there is almost no similarity in these cases. Each new boy is an individuality in his own right; he is a misfit in the social order of his community, to the extent that he has acquired very undesirable and uncontrollable anti-social attitudes which cause him to be a menace to his home and to his community. He refuses to be obedient to recognized authority in the home and elsewhere. He loses his ideals, his sense of moral values; he tramples under foot all of the rules and laws of society, created for his care and protection. In desperation, and in order to satisfy the demands of the local community, the boy is committed to the Training School.

The public as a whole knows very little concerning the tremendous problems encountered in the daily operation of a correctional institution for boys. The average person assumes that the boy who is sent to a training school is just about like the average boy in any normal home. Now, it may be in some respects that he is similar to

other boys, but it must be remembered that the experiences of the lad who is sent to any correctional institution have been so unwholesome and unhappy that he has become mentally and morally sick. Some have even gone so far in evil ways that it is impossible to cure them except at prohibitive costs.

A study of the case histories of the last group of boys sent to this institution indicates that there were five major offenses, or factors, entering into their delinquencies, as follows:

Truancy from school, disobedience to parents, running away from home, stealing and lying. In two or three instances, the boys were charged with assaults with weapons. Truancy and unsatisfactory school work entered into the delinquency of every boy. The IQ's of at least six of the boys were 50 or below, and normal school work for them is impossible.

Of one boy, the case-worker writes: "At no time in the child's life has his home life been desirable." "They (the family) have always lived from hand-to-mouth in a dirty, ill-kept shack." "Her (his mother's) father is a drunkard and has always exerted a bad influence over the children." "He will not mind, steals the hen-eggs or anything which he might sell, and runs away." "In addition to the home life, the community is no better." This boy is less than twelve years of age.

Of another boy it was explained: "He would often try to lie his way out of scrapes he got into. He would often leave his home at night without telling his parents where he was going, and stay away until late in the night. When his parents would try to correct him, he would fly into temper tantrums, sometimes striking his father or mother. About a month ago, he flew into a temper tantrum, broke out some windows in the house, struck his mother, and he recently threw a glass of milk in her face at the breakfast table." This boy is now twelve years old.

The case-worker writes of another boy as follows: "The boy had stolen eggs and bananas on three different occasions and sold them to get money to spend. His father stated that he had been called upon by the merchants to make up what the boy had taken until he was threadbare with him, and wanted him removed from the house. The boy stated that the reason he did those things was to get

money to buy ice cream, candy and picture show tickets."

Other cases could be cited, all giving their distressing and pathetic revelations, but these are sufficient to show some of the basic problems that are involved. If these boys are to be set on the road to high ideals and nobility of character it will take time, and it will require a "master" touch. The evil tendencies must first be uprooted and supplanted by elevating experiences. To do this requires patience, persistence and wisdom.

How long have these boys been wayward or delinquent? How long have they been under treatment and observation? The answer is—from two to five years. No doubt, during that period of time every known remedy has been tried. In the end, the situations were worsening with each effort, and when the boys finally landed at the Training School, after months and years of evil-doing and law-breaking, they were being held fast in the clutches of wickedness.

In the past, their lives have been full of cheap thrills, excitement, wild adventures, suspense and uncertainty. Because the future has seemed to offer so little to buoy their spirits, they have almost no ambition. Their personal morale is at a very low ebb.

In regard to the thirty-one boys who were released during the month of September, there are some points to be remembered also. They had learned much at the institution in the day school, in their work, in their play and recreation, in their daily associations with other boys. Some had become church members and some were Boy Scouts. As a rule they had become trustworthy and dependable, they were mannerly and polite, they were strong and healthy, and they were re-established in their self-pride and self-respect. The tragedy and the pity is that some of these fine boys had to return to their former unwholesome environment of home and community, with prospects none too good that they would get much more help than before. These boys need much assistance at home.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Radio Program

By Garvin Thomas, 9th Grade

On Tuesday morning of last week a group of boys from cottage No 10 went to the radio station to sing. The boys who went were as follows: Harry matthews, Garvin Thomas, Robert Hamn, James Elder, Thomas Hutchins, Odell Cain, Olin Brigman, Hoyt Mathis, J. C. Mickel, and Robert Gordon. For a few of these boys this was a new experience.

Mr. Hawfield, gave a talk about the "Education Program at the School." The songs the boys sang were "Blessed Assurance," "Jesus is all the World to Me," and Send the Light." Mrs. Frank Liske played the piano.

The Picture Show

By Raymond Cloninger, 9th Grade

The name of the picture for last week was "Three is a Family," starring Marjorie Reynolds.

This picture was on the comic side We are sure that every one enjoyed the show.

Football Results

By Garvin Thomas, 9th Grade

The 1945 football season was officially opened at the Training School last Saturday afternoon. Two Leagues of seven teams each have been formed representing all of the cottages at the the institution.

While most of the boys here have had little or no experience in playing football, they have acquitted themselves very well in the opening contests. Following are the scores:

"A" League—Fifteenth Cottage 27 Fifth Cottage0; Tenth Cottage 12 Ninth Cottage0; Seventeenth Cottage 13 Fourth Cottage 6.

"B" League—Thirteenth Cottage18 Sixth Cottage 0; Fourteenth Cottage6 Third Cottage6; Eleventh Cottage19 Seventh Cottage 0.

Letter Writing Time at the School

By Charles Francis, 9th Grade

Recently, the boys have been writing letters home. All the boys enjoy writing the people at home. We write once a month. So many things have happened that we cannot remember what to say from time to time.

Second Grade Enjoys Reading

By J. W. Sorrell, 9th Grade

Last Tuesday afternoon, the boys of the carpenter shop cleared away the tables and chairs and began varnishing and painting the floor. After this it will be much easier to keep the floor clean and there will not be as much dust. We hope to return for our 9th grade reading period in the afternoon. We certainly do thank Mr. Hawfield for having this done.

Chapel Program

By Robert King and Raymond Cloninger, 9th Grade

The chapel program last Friday was

given by Miss Oehler and the third grade boys.

The stage was attractive with large bowls of dahlias and other flowers.

The audience sang two songs, "This is My Fathers World," and "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations .

For the Scripture Lesson, the third grade boys repeated the 23rd Psalm, after which everyone repeated the Lord's Prayer.

The third grade boys sang two songs entitled "Robin Red-Brest," and "September."

The main program was on "Transportation"—travel by land, sea and air.

Two boys behind the curtain unreeled a movie the boys had drawn on mural paper. The pictures, appropriate for the poems and songs, were very beautiful.

Robert Driggers recited a poem entitled "Quest," after which James Arrowood gave a poem "Ever andEver Wander Come."

The boys sang "A Bicycle Build for Two"

The poem "Traffic Light" was given by Bobby Holland.

Some boys then sang two songs entitled "The Engines," and "Rumble Rumble."

"Meeting The Train" was given by Jack Jarvis. Song of "Freight Trains" was by Herbert Black and Gleen Rice.

The poem, "Wheel Sounds," was recited by Thomas Corley. A song entitled "On the Train," was given by the third grade boys.

A solo was then sung by Robert Driggers.

Another song, entitled "The Ship," was sung by the class. Charles Todd gave a poem. After which six boys sang a song "Zoom, Zoom." Howard Hall then recited "Time Change."

The program was conducted by two songs, 'Airplane," and The Motor Car Ride." The boys acted the song with model airplanes.

All the boys enjoyed the program very much.

Teachers Organize

By Jack Benfield, 9th Grade

The North Carolina Education Association unit of the Jackson Training School met Tuesday, September 24th for the purpose of electing officers. Mrs. J. C. Baucom was elected president; Mr. J. F. Coldwell, vice president; and Mrs. William Morrison secretary and treasurer. Mr. S. G. Hawfield, superintendent of the school, made a brief speech. There will be a meeting of the unit soon to vote on the district officers and elect a delegate from the unit for the district meeting to be held in Charlotte on October 17th.

J. T. S. Defeated by Cannon High School

By Jack Benfield, 9th Grade

Thursday afternoon the Jackson Training School footbal players were defeated by the Cannon High School team in a thrilling game.

The J. T. S. boys were really handling the pigskin very well even though they have only been playing a few weeks. The coach, Mr. Earl Walters, said they were improved very much since this last game. The boys who started in the game were as follows: at center Bobby Peck; right guard,

guard was Elzo Fulk, right tackle Elzo Fulk; right tackle, Donald Moose; right end, Luther Hall; left guard J. C. Alley; left tackle, Carlton Pate and left end Beeny Payne. In the back field we had four good players who knew their business. Our captain was "Moe" Thomas. Our sturdy fullback was Harry Mathews; our speediest man, Marcus Hefner, was at right halfback, and at left halfback was Frank Westmoreland. The coach stated that all the players did well. But best of all on the line were Fulk and Peck, and in the backfield, Harry Mathews did the best playing.

An Impression of the Chapel Program

By Carl Hall, 9th Grade

The program given by Miss. Oehler's third grade boys Friday aftenoon was enjoyable and educational. It was on the different means of transportation. It went back to the ox cart days on up to the fast airplane of today. It gave highlights on the boats, ships, trains and bicycles, from the early days up to now. It was all given in a movie form.

Items of Interest

By Charles Moore and Marshal Lamb, 9th Grade

The first grade boys have colored some pictures for their room. These will be up long enough for them to draw some larger ones.

The third grade boys have given Mrs. Frank Liske a flower globe with a beautful Jersey Beauty Dahlia. As a surprise to her they called her in the third grade room after chapel and presented it to her.

Mr. Frank Liske and Mr. J. D. Corliss took about 24 boys to Barium Springs to pick apples. Each boy that went will bring back 1½ bushles of apples to be given out among the boys of the School.

Library Floor Repainted

By James Smith, 2nd Grade

While the Library boys togeather with Mr. Carriker were finishing the floor in the Library Mrs. Baucom visited our room, and read us a lovely story, "The Matchlock Gun." We enjoyed it very much. We hope she will do this again.

School Buys New Electric Milkers

By Harvey Leonard

Machines are taking the place of tools once used by hand. Everyone is trying to keep up with the modern world. So it is with the dairy department here at Jackson Training School. Mr. S. G. Hawfield, our superintendent, and Mr.J. H. Hobby, our dairyman, decided to buy new electric milkers, and are planning to equip the dairy so that it will be modern in every way.

The boys of the dairy department, with the aid of a McCormick-Deering, International Harvesting Company dealer, installed the air pressure pipes on both sides of the barn. These pipes extend twenty-five stanchions on one side of the barn, and twenty-seven on the other. We have a motor for each side of pressure pipes.

Both motors can be turned on at the same time or one at a time. The

pressure from these motors stands at a point of 15 degrees in the pipes.

We already have five McCormick-Deering standard milking machines, and are expecting a few more. The pulsation in these machines is from forty-eight to fifty-four times per minute. On the average these machines milk a cow in three to five minutes.

After each milking the milkers should be rinsed with from six to eight quarts of scalding hot water and then washed with brushes. After the milkers are washed the test cups are plased in the teat cup brackets where a lye solution is run into the cups. The lye solution jar holds two gallons, and each set of teat cups require one and one-third quarts. Before milking the next morning the cups are drained of the solution and rinsed with scalding hot water. This is followed by rinsing with a pail of cold water. This will remove any trace of the lye solution, lower the bacteria count in the milk, and prevent any flavors in the milk.

We hope to receive a new pasteurizer, bottling machine, and bottle washer before long. Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Hobby are trying real hard to find them.

With these new milkers we have already taken the first step toward making ours a real modern dairy here at the School.

With the splended opportunities the boys have here in learning to do dairy work, they can go home and get a good substantial job and perhaps someday go into business for themselves.

—:—

The members of the varsity football team recently elected Frank Westmoreland, of Cottage No. 9, captain of the team. Harry Matthews, of Cottage No. 10, was at the same time elected alternate captain.

THE MAN OF THE YEAR

General Douglas MacArthur has ended one year as boss of Japan. The work that he has done borders on the marvelous. Since the surrender Japan has been one spot on the earth's surface where peace and harmony have prevailed. Up until the present time, General MacArthur has been complete master of the whole situation. The reconversion of the whole Japansee machinery from a private dictatorship to a democracy has been accomplished quickly and efficiently. One of the armies of the world has been disbanded and sent back into private life in an orderly manner. The reconversion of Japan from an armed force to a peaceful country has been the outstanding fact of the present year. While nine million Japanese soldiers have been sent into civilian life great piles of amunition and other war materials have been destroyed or converted into civilian use. The most outstanding thing about it is the way the Japanese have taken it. They seem to be wholeheartedly in favor of every step taken. We think that General Douglas MacArthur richly deserves the title of "The Man of the Year."—Charity & Children.

THE CHALLENGE OF AMERICA'S NEW DAY

(The Speakers' Library Magazine)

At the outbreak of the war most of us were inclined to think of it as a thing remote, a matter of Old World politics, with which the United States, happy in its separation from the corrupt intrigues of European diplomacy, was not much concerned. We learned better as time went on, and the eddies of the whirlpool began to lap against us at one point and another, until at last we were drawn into the vortex. The war has changed Europe radically; it has also changed America. Whether we wish it or not, we have to meet the demands of the New Earth which the war has left. The challenge has been flung down to us, with our comparatively untouched resources, our native energy and inbred capacity for organization, our yet greater resource of the old American idealism, stirred to its depths by the emotions of the war, what must we do for the advancement of our country? What can we do to help in the restoration of mankind?

Because Americans are of all "political animals" the most political, it is natural that that side should first occur to us. I do not use political here in the sense of party politics and partisan advantage, though that aspect has appeared and will appear rather in the better sense, in the sense that implies searching questions whether our government as at present organized can coordinate to the best advantage the efforts of our people, and lead them in bringing from those efforts their largest results. We came successfully through the war; was it because of our form of government or in spite of it? What features have stood the strain and what have broken down? It is the time for a reexamination; not necessarily a revision—of our whole system of government from the Constitution of the United States to the county by-laws; and this examination should be conducted in a spirit of moderation, with the firm resolve to prove all things and especially to hold fast that which is good. But in working out its results let us always keep before our eyes the principles of political freedom which form the proudest part of our American tradition. We have done our share to make the world safe for itself. For history gives us too many examples that a formal Democracy can be as mercilessly tyrannical as any despotism. Between a liberty that degenerates into license and a reactionary political orthodoxy that would stifle any suggestions of change there is a safe middle way of orderly freedom under the law; for our own sakes and the sake of the world, we must find it.

"For what avail the plough or sail,
Or land or life, if Freedom fail?"

Democracy cannot live without education. Only the man who thinks can be really free. Therefore, to in-

sure both the efficiency and the integrity of our political system we must take care that those upon whose intelligent action it ultimately depends, the mass of men and women who cast the votes, have the opportunity to learn how to perform the duties of citizenship. Our educational, like our political system, educational, like our political system, needs reexamination, and in the same spirit. Are the methods of our schools the most efficient? Does the content of their teaching include the things most necessary? Above all, do they train their pupils to think for themselves. We must give these questions careful thought and remember in answering them the dangers that lie in extremes. The recent material destruction has been so great that we are irresistibly drawn to that education which will give us men trained to repair it. This is well; but let us also remember that the moral destruction has been as great as the material, and we shall be doing a poor service to future generations if we teach this next generation to repair the one without also encouraging those who can repair the other. Cultural education is not yet valueless; let us see to it that those who must rebuild a shattered world shall understand the full meaning of their task, and shall not forget those larger values which cannot be estimated in dollars or kilowatts or foot-tons but which outweigh them all in the end.

And in no field is a consideration of these higher values, more important than in the industrial. Labor has been at a high premium during the last few years and has learned its value and its power. We need go no further than the morning papers to see how it is insisting on a fuller recognition in all of its phases. Some would urge this recognition in forms that would place mental capacity at the feet of uneducated strength; some, on the other hand, call for drastic repression of Labor's demands. Here again only a sane and well-reasoned policy, keeping clearly in mind the necessity of giving to everyone his due, of balancing the interests of all classes, laborer and capitalist, producer and consumer, proletariat and intelligentsia, can give us a permanent—not to say peaceful—settlement. There is so much to be done in the industrial field that the cooperation of all classes, the laborer, the manager, even the much abused, but necessary, middleman, with the farmer behind them all, must be secured in order to meet current demands, to say nothing of making up for the past, and this cooperation can only be secured when each one feels that he is getting a fair return for his efforts. To secure justice and the spirit which grants justice freely is our first and greatest need.

Closely knit with questions of industry are questions of finance. They come home to us in many forms, from the crushing burden of unprecedented national debts and their accompanying taxation to the high prices of the necessities of life. Their final solution must be a matter for the expert, for beyond the sphere of his own domestic economy the average man is not competent to originate plans, he can only consider those put before him, and give his support, moral or political, to those that seem to him best. In this sphere, however, much may be

done. Thrift is by no means an outworn virtue. We showed ourselves capable of it during the war, we can continue to practice it now. The high cost of living may be beyond our immediate control, but at least we can deal, each for himself, with the cost of high living.

In any classification of the world's problems, questions of industry and finance pass almost imperceptibly into that complex of difficulties which we call the social problem. We hear much of the class struggle, of the antagonisms of social classes, and when we come to analyze that conflict we find, along with purely economic factors, a moral and psychological element which gives the conflict its real bitterness. The trouble is not so much that one class is better of than another, as that it feels itself better than the other and shows that in irritating ways. I am not among those who would say ostrich-like that we have no social classes. Men, after all, are different, like seeks like, and the result is social stratification. But the evil in social classes appears when they become fixed and petrified into castes. As long as there is free movement up and down between them they are comparatively harmless. If, moreover, to this is joined a frank appreciation by each class of the uses of the others, and a wholesome respect for its own standing, the "Social conflict" will become a much less serious matter. Unlimited freedom to everyone to advance as far as his merits will carry him; education that will impress upon every class its own and others' rights; here is the best answer to the social challenge.

Every consideration of the social question involves the moral element. But the moral problems whose solution the future demands deal not only with the mass which we call Society but even more with the individuals who make it up. And they are fundamental. No one can better the Nation or the World, who has not trod the humble road of the good neighbor and the good citizen. The moral challenge of the New Day, more than any other, is the one which we as individuals, must meet. And upon the way in which we, individuals, you and I, respond to it will depend the fulfillment of American responsibility to the World.

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An old, down-East sea captain, when asked what was the most harrowing experience in all his years on the ocean in all kinds of weather, replied: "Wal, I've been through typhoons, hurricanes, nor'-easters, and all. But heaven preserve me from being becalmed. Ye just can't steer a boat that ain't goin' nowhere!"—Selected.

A TIMELY MESSAGE ON JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

By Clark Schilder, Warden, Federal Reformatory, El Reno, Oklahoma.

We know that during the great war just ended, in which so many of our members played such an important part in their old posts or as members of the armed forces from G. I.'s and gobs to general officers, we have seen the practical fulfillment of our major objectives. With these goals practially achieved —and we must be ever ready to resist any steps backward—I think the I. A. I. should decide upon another definite program to which we may strive in future years. And what program could be more challenging, more timely more worth while than for us to adopt as a basic current goal the effort to help curb the rising tide of delinquency among our younger people? That I recommend to you as a basic objective for the coming and ensuing years The matter is considered to be so urgent and so importtant that the President of the United States has given it serious study and Honorable Tom C. Clark, the Attorney General of the United States, is personally and actively directing moves to aid in delinquency control.

At the risk of being prolix I could expostulate at length with my views as to the cause of juvenile crime and perhaps suggest some remedies. Today I want to mention a few points only. I just cannot agree that what we are experiencing now, logically, is the unexpected. I think it is the natural consequence of war hysteria, dislocation of home life, loose home ties, migrating families, divided families, too much spending money and too little home supervision; too much emphasis upon freedom of action or "self- expression" with too little emphasis on basic obligations to society, to our country and to our God; too much of a tendency to disregard the terrible example which we elders often set before our youngsters in our own loose moral conduct as a nation and too little understanding of the impact of the overemphasis of stimulating sex "stuff" on the kids; too much toleration and even approval of the lascivious, indecent, lewd and criminal in movies, radio, books, photographic literature and magazines as smart, clever and "modern," with too little appreciation of the basic goodness and fine ideals which would make an appeal to the heart of every child if only they could be presented properly.

We in police, prison or reformatory work see the results of this sort of thinking each day. We cannot escape the impact of its effects on the lives, minds, bodies and souls of the youngsters, boys and girls alike. Oh, yes, we in whom the fires may burn less brightly or hotly now than in our own younger years may say this effect is more fancied than real, but sober, realistic thinking tells us this is not so. Such things are tortuous to the adolescent who is simply undergoing the greatest job of his lifetime in the physical process of growing up, developing into manhood and learning life's true values, often the "hard"

way.

And so I say this problem of juvenile delinquency strikes far deeper than its superficial appearances would indicate. We must have a revitalization and rebirth of the kind of thinking and obligations to others which made America great. That can be done and it must be done, but we must educate in prevention rather than in cure by police and reformatories We must engage more in character formation than in reformation. We spend so very much on our natural resorces and waterways and dams and power, and disregard too much our most priceless natural asset—the power of our youth. Yet that power, that greatest of our natural assets, must be conserved all the more in the coming decades and centuries when, with the exhaustion of other resources we approach nearer to a "have not" than a "have nation.

We let the kids shift too much for themselves and shirk the responsibility of our basic duty to educate them as complete human beings, with all that the term implies. We seem timid in the presentation of the true side of the picture as though we were caught in the whirlpool, or perhaps I should say the cesspool, of some modern, paganistic thinking. To illustrate, is it not possible for some one with more authority than I to teach and proclaim loudly and boldly so all will hear and understand that the best means to insure a cure for our national disease of syphilis is to avoid promiscrity? It is not hideous and insidiously destructive of morals that our boys in the armed forces often are given a week-end pass in one hand and issued disease preventies in the other? Is it old-fashioned to advocate simple, decent living? Are we confronted with the progress of civilization, or is it "syphilization?" These things tear down the very vitals of our national life. I have said before and I repeat today that unless we remove, by the roots through a widespread moral reawakening, some of our obvious, blatant advertising of vicious things and our too-tolerant thinking toward basically evil things, we cannot and will not even start at a cure for this disease of crime. We may think we have applied a remedy but we have only put a court-plaster on a cancer.

Let us in this Association dedicate ourselves in the coming years to helping in every way within our power in a constructive approach to the problem of delinquency among our young people. Let us endeavor to redirect their eneriges and thinking to proper and constructive activities. Let us try to divert that thinking away from solely material views to the real ideals of good citizenship. Let us try to impress upon their youthful, formative minds the real meaning of the application of the Golden Rule, and then we as a nation will need not concern ourselves in future years in dealing with greedy, grasping and selfish groups in our national life who disregard wilfully the other man's interests and hold theirs only to be of paramount importance. We who come into contact so soon with these youngsters, especially when they are in difficulty, have a tremendous responsibility and a great oppertunity, as you know, to do these very things, and if we do them properly history will not record our concern over our youth as the concern of the ers in another age was once recorded.

Listen to this—and we think juvenile delinquency is a new thing!

"We are living in a dying and decadent age Youth is corrupt, lacking in respect for elders, impatient of restraint. Age-old truth is doubted, and the teaching of the fathers questioned. The signs of the time forecast the destruction of the world at an early date, and the end of time."

Now that was not written last year or even about the time this great republic was established; this statement was found in an inscription appearing on an ancient Egyptian tomb. It gives us hope, doesn't it? I recommend that the membership of this Association champion and sponsor the cause of the youngsters. Let us not comdemn or criticize; rather let us try to trace the causes of the present trend and, seeing, study and try to correct them.

I can't think of a better way to close this talk than by reading the poem written years ago by Rose Trunbull, entitled "To the Men of America":

You talk of your breed of cattle
And plan for a higher strain,
You double the food of the pasture
And heap up the measures of grain;
You draw on the wits of the nation
To better the barnyard and pen;
But what are you doing, my brothers,
To better the breed of men?

You boast of your Morgans and Herefords,
Of the worth of a calf or a colt,
And scoff at the scrub and the mongrel
As worthy a fool or a dolt;
You mention the points of your roadster
With many a "wherefore" and "when":
But, ah, are you counting, my brothers,
The worth of the children of men?

You talk of your roan-colored filly,
Your heifer so shapely and sleek;
No place shall be filled in your stanchions
By stock that's unworthy or weak.
But what of the stock of your household,
Have they wandered beyond your ken?
Aye, what is revealed in the round-up
That brands the daughters of men?

And what of your boy? Have you measured
His needs for a growing year?
Does your mark as his sire in his features
Mean less than your brand on a steer?
Thoroughbred — that is your watchword
For stable, and pasture, and pen;
But what is your word for the homestead?
Answer, you breeders of men!

———:———

We should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God; we should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves.—Colton.

TAKING ON A NEW PARTNER

Adapted from Good Business, in Sunshine Magazine

A story is told by W. Livingston Larned in The Daily Reporter of White Plains, N. Y., that during the early depression decade of the thirties a young man, known as "Timber," started a small yet promising business. Another young man, called "Coy," whom he had known for years, joined him as a partner. The two had worked side by side as employes in a business along similar lines.

Despite economic stress on every side, this new enterprise prospered during the first two years of a stormy era. A comfortable living resulted for both partners. But at best it was financed on a narrow margin of reserve capital. Timber's partner was the younger, but keen, alert, shrewd, and fortunate in having some influential socialites who were in a position to throw some business his way, which helped to sustain the establishment.

Then came a tightening up of the commercial circle to which they might reasonably look for support. Orders were no longer easy to secure. It became a nip-and-tuck battle for survival. An embarrassing situation arose with Coy, who was in urgent need of a substantial sum to save his bungalow home. Timber drew from his carefully accumulated reserve to cover Coy's emergency—money he sorely needed for his own good purpose.

At a crucial moment, Coy ran into a lucky break. Two of his cronies had beeu influential in throwing his way a number of profitable orders, which afforded temporary relief for the new firm. This was solely on Coy's account, for orders traceable to Timber's influence were lacking.

One day Timber's debonair young partner came to him and said, with almost brutal frankness, "See here; I'm bringing in all the business, and you are bringing in practically nothing. We'll have to change our financial set-up. From now on we operate on a percentage basis. We draw in coin exactly what we show we've earned. I'm not going to drudge around here and give you half of the nice business I'm bringing in."

Stunned and disillusioned, Timber accepted the situation without the expected quarrel. What made matters worse, the books were consulted, and according to an accountant's figures, far from having a drawing account, Timber actually owed the little firm more than a thousand dollars on the prorata basis. And if there were any profits, they must go to his partner.

That evening Timber sat alone in his office, disheartened and agonized. He was conscious of his own inability to cope with his problem. He sought a reason for Coy's apparent success and his own failure. If Coy, in his hideous ungratefulness, could have friends who would come to his rescue, he reasoned, why not he, in his determination to do right?

Timber reclined into a composed silence. Then suddenly came an inspiration . It seemed to come out of the very shadow of his heartache. He would have a new patner, one in whom he could place all his truct with fresh, triumphant reassurance—a partner

who would not take advantage of him, turn sharp corners for personal gain, or evade obvious issues related to fidelity. There need be no change with Coy. He and Coy could remain partners as in the past, and each could beneit as his work prospered, as Coy had demanded.

Tlmber went into consultation with his new partner. Then, with dynamic energy he sprang to his desk. He wrote—and he wrote rapidly, far into the night, until he had assembled an avalanche of letters so large they fell from the desk onto the floor. Early in the morning he made sure that the letters got into the first delivery.

Timber's friends responded beyond his fondest hope. When they learned that their orders to the firm would go to his individual credit, rather than to be shared with his irascible young partner, they came forth with two or three fold. And there were new and unexpected orders, brought in by influential friends.

The tide had turned. Coy's following eventually fell upon hard ground, and, one day, Timber found himself with only one Partner.

THINK

Not many people are out to do mean things, just because they are mean. A large part of human sufferng, many of the accidents that occur, much of the sorrow that brings blood from the heart, takes place just because we are absent-minded, or crazy for the time being. One of St. Paul's most earnest appeals was that we think. That person who thinks clearly and keeps his mind with him, is not likely to act like a crazy man. To let the mind wander when we are under test, is to invite many of the calamities that hurt us and hurt the world.

It takes sane people to run a successful business, to manage a plane in the sky, to pull a mogul and carry it safely through signals and orders. It takes a sane father and mother to direct a family safely through the years of growth. It takes sanity to steer a nation through these days of reconstruction and bring a world out of chaos into the calm. It takes sanity to keep the church with her upward pull in these times of temptation and trial. If there is ever to be a permanent peace, now is the time for us to keep our minds with us. Our great grand-children will be paying for the mistakes that we make today. To be sure this is no time for people to act like crazy men and women.

If we desire to do the right things, then it behooves us to keep our thoughts with us. "Whatsoever things are right—think on these things," and then keep your thoughts with you.

—Speakers' Library.

THE BIBLE IN AMERICAN HISTORY

(The American Bible Society)

Historians seeking to discover the major influences which have molded the course of American history find that the Bible has played a significant role. Within the pages of this greatest of all documents lies the inspiration for the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and the Four Freedoms.

The Bible was the first textbook of the American colonies. It was the most important factor in the educational system of those years, for, both in private and public schools, the Bible was the chief text. In the New England primer, used extensively in the elementary schools for more than a century before the Revolutionary War, characters from the Bible were used in teaching the three R's.

Making the Bible better known appeared to be the whole purpose of early American education. Of the 10 colleges founded before the Revolution and still in existence, 9 were begun to give adequate training to ministers of the gospel. There were Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Princeton, Washington and Lee, Columbia, Brown, Rutgers, and Dartmouth. The 10th, the University of Pennsylvania, developed from a charity school founded by George Whitefield, the great Bible evangelist.

Thomas Jefferson, who was asked to frame the Declaration of Independence, was steeped in the Bible. Much of the beauty and clarity of his prose were acquired through years of reading the New Testament, which he mastered in Greek, Latin, French, and English in order to compile a collection of excerpts covering the life and teachings of Jesus.

Where but in the Bible had he learned that men are equal under God and are endowed by their Creator with certain inlienable rights? Jefferson was expressing in immortal phrases the conviction which had led to the revolution which men had first gleaned from the Word of God.

One of the very earliest acts of Congress was to approve the printing of a large edition of the Bible and officially recommend it to the people of the land. The desire to maintain the Bible's influence in American life led to the formation of the Bible Society movement, whose purpose was to make the Boble available to every household in the rapidly expanding country. Nowadays, this function is carried out on an infinitely broader scale by the American Bible Society founded in 1816, which prints millions of Bibles, Testaments, and Scripture portions in many languages and dialects, and distributes them to the populations of teeming cities and to obscure people of the earth.

The influence of the Bible on American life has never waned, for each year since 1800 it has been a national best seller. In times of war, it is in greater demand than ever, among the men on the fighting fronts, prisoners of war, and families praying for their loved ones to come home.

As the Bible guided the men who founded our Republic, so today it guides the statesmen who are lead-

ing civilized nations out of the jungle of war, greed, and prejudice. At the dramatic meeting of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchhill when the Atlantic charter was given to the world, the Bible was read in a service of Public worship. This was a symbolic incident, for the truths of God given in the Bible chart the road to permanent peace and human brotherhood.

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I WANT to HEIP YOU

I want to be the kind of friend,
That means so much to you,
That you will always think of me
In everything you do

That you will always call on me
When I might be of aid
To help you out or keep your heart
From being too afraid

I want you to remember that
Wherever I may be,
I am prepared to help you in
The least capacity.

That I will use my knowledge and
What strength I may possess,
To make each day along your way
A time of happiness.

And that it is a joy to me
Whenever I can do
Some favor that may pave the path
Where all your dreams come true.

—James F. Metcalk

HOLDING GOD IN CONTEMPT

(Charity & Children)

The slaughter on our highways is a national scandal. It shows that the people of this country have a disregard for human life. Every day lives are snuffed out on our highways and very little is done about it. The reckless driving is increasing every day. This disregard for human life grows out of contempt for God Almighty, who watches the sparrow fall and declares that a human life is more precious to Him than many sparrows.

Hasty marriages and quick divorces are no longer front page news. It takes on an average of four minutes to grind out divorces in one of the superior courts in North Carolina. This disregard of the sacredness of the marriage ties shows a contempt for God Almighty, who performed the first marriage ceremony himself and established the home as the basic human institution.

The great desecration of the Sabbath Day is a fact that is beyond question. Truly it can be said that the Father's Day has been made a day of merchandise and commercialized entertainment. This desecreation of the Sabbath Day arises out of the contempt that people have for God. In the little southern city where this is written the great majority of the people never let their shadow darken the church house door. Little groups meet in the church houses for worship and the masses of people pass by. This is further evidence that the people hold God in contempt and will have nothing to do with the worship of Him. They are God's houses, but the majority of the people that live in our little city disregard these places of worship, as they disregard the God who established them.

In addition to the home and the Sabbath Day God established civil government and all through the Bible there are instructions about obeying the rulers and rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. The state together with the home and the church form God's earthly Trinity. When people hold the law of the state in contempt it is because they hold God Almighty in comtempt. The flagrant disregard for the law of the state is seen on every hand. The drunken driver, the bootlegger, the black marketeer are just a few of the law breakers. The Baptist preacher who drives faster than the legal limit places himself in the company of the above mentioned. This contempt for the laws of the state has its root in the contempt that people have for the Lord God Almighty, who ordains that people should live under the laws of the state.

The only hope for this distraught world is a new reverence for God Almighty, His institutions, and His commands Nothing short of reverence for God will cure the widespread lawlessness of today. It must start in our churches and in the homes of the people who are called "Christians."

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS

(The Morganton News-Herald)

The movement to place Bibles, Story Bibles and other Christian books in the public schools and public libraries of this county should have the backing of every citizen. We believe that it will.

It is the belief of a strong committee of ministers and laymen that the absence of the Bible from the public schools is the main reason for juvenile delinquency.

As we all know, juvenile delinquency is growing fast all over America. The FBI attributes this to the breakdown of home restraints and the neglect of child training by parents. Parallel to the breakdown of the home are divorces, decline of Sunday School attendance, which in some cases appear to reach 30 per cent compared to 20 years ago. And down at the bottom of all lies the neglect of moral and religious instruction in the schools. We have raised two or three generations who know not the Lord, and the accumulative effects are being felt in a marked way.

America was not always thus. The pioneers of the United States were religious people, who believed in the Bible and taught it in their homes, their churches and in their schools, even after the adoption of the Bill of Rights, which provided that Congress should make no law respecting the establishment of the free exercise of religion. It is only in the last 75 years that the Bible has disappeared from the curriculum of the public schools and colleges. The churches have offset this by their own colleges, which have given training in the Bible but the public school has gradually departed from its old custom of teaching the Bible.

Dr. J. Elmer Wright, managing editor of the United Evangelical Action of Cincinnati, from an investigation that he made with respect to the past and present conditions of one state, Vermont, with reference to the Bible in the public schools found that without exception the religious material of reading books from 1800 to 1850 ran from 25 per cent to 100 per cent. Dr. Wright then turned to books used in Vermont schools today, and found a striking contrast. We quote his finding: In the primer, no reference to God. In the First Reader, 70 pages of mythology, fairy tales, and other fanciful stories. Not a reference to God or Christ. Fifth reader, 485 pages, nearly three pages of selections from Psalms and Proverbs, 20 pages of mythology, two and a half about Buddha. Sixth reader, 480 pages, God mentioned six times, 42 pages of mythology. What Dr. Wright found in Vermont could be found in every state of the Union, for they all get their textbooks from the same sources.

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To profit from good advice requires more wisdom than to give it.
—Churton Collins.

DIVORCES

(Stanly News & Press)

More than 502,000 marriages ended in the divorce courts during 1945 in this country, according to government figures released this week, indicating that all is not well on the matrimonial front. This was an all-time record, and was 25 per cent larger than in 1944.

The divorces last year were 31 per cent of the marriages in that same year, which means that one American family broke up for every three that were formed.

Of course, these are abnormal times, with many marriages going on the rocks because of hasty marriages during the war as well as long separations of husband and wife while the man was in the service. Then, too, periods of prosperity tend to create dissatisfaction in many homes, for there are few people who can stand prosperity.

Basically, most divorces result from marriages which are unwise in the very beginning, and that is where steps must be taken to reduce the divorce rate. There is no need to wait untill the marriage has been performed, and then seek to make it work. Rather safegards should be thrown about marriages that would serve to prevent many of them.

Publication of intention to wed for a period of 30 days and raise the minimum ages at which couples may wed will serve to reduce the number of unwise marriages, and that, in turn, will automatically reduce the number of divorces.

The home is the foundation of the nation, and when that is weakened by a definite trend towards more and more divorces, the stability of the nation is threatened.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM FOR ALL RACES

The Lord shepherds all races, not one does he neglect;
He gives rest to everyone through the green pastures of this fact;
He leadeth his flock away from prejudice,
He restores belief in the final fairness of life,
Even in the presence of injustices so grave that they deaden personality
No one need fear! His justice lives!
His promises, and their repeated fulfillment, comfort.
He gives the Bread of Life to all his hungry children,
Even in the presence of racial discriminations,
Impartially, he heals his bruised lambs,
The cup of living water overflows,
Surely understanding and kindness shall increase between races and between nations,
All the days of the world's life,
And we shall dwell in the presence of One Shepherd forever.

—Mary Dickerson Bangham.

THE HARDSHIPS OF COLUMBUS

(Sunshine Magazine)

It was in 1502, ten years after discovering the land known as America, that Christopher Columbus undertook his fourth voyage to the West. His purpose was to find a strait which would lead to a complete circumnavigation of the globe. He was sixty-two years of age, and his health was none too good. His brother, Don Bartholomew, and his younger son, Ferdinand, joined him in the adventure. The journey was filled with disappointments.

When Columbus reached the West Indies, he sent a messenger ashore at San Domingo to wait on Ovando, the governor, with a request that his squadron might shelter in the harbor until an impending storm had passed. He asked also for a vessel to replace one of his own which was defective. Both requests were ungraciously refused.

In his search for the strait, the explorer sailed along the coast of Honduras and Costa Rica, later called the "rich coast," because of the gold and silver found among its mountains. In the spring of 1503, Columbus had his ships near the entrance to the present Gulf of Darien. He experienced every kind of hardship that is possible to imagine—shipwreck, mutiny and scarcity of food.

Toward the close of the year he was in Jamaica, whence he sent a message to Ovando, asking for assistance. Two ships came to his relief, and one historian relates that the Indians wept at his departure, still believing him to be a visitor from another sphere. He was taken to San Domingo, and sailed from there on the twelfth of of September, 1504, on his last trip home to Europe. Storms swept the Atlantic, and Columbus was confined to his bed most of the way, but on the seventh of November he arrived in Spain.

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ROSES

To dig and delve in nice clean dirt
Can do no mortal any hurt.
Who works with roses soon will find
Their fragrance budding in his mind;
And minds that sprout with roses free—
Well, that's the sort of mind for me!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

GOING AFTER WATER

(The Washington Star)

There was a time when education held a definite inducement to a young man. The one-room rural school was located in a spot to serve the needs of the greater number, a thoroughly commendable democratic procedure. Thus the district school was often a quarter mile or more from the nearest farmhouse. Sometimes the town just did not get around to digging a well for the use of the pupils. Sometimes a well was dug but proved uncertain in its productive capacity. Or perhaps some of the town fathers remembered when they had the privilege of going after water and believed that such dividends of the educational process should be passed along to succeeding generations.

Naturally there had to be some ritual and organization regarding such a vital matter. Going after water was reserved for ninth grade boys. If a lad did satisfactorily in his geography, history, spelling, arithmetic and literature, if he had no tardy marks, if his report card showed an "A" in deportment and various minor conditions were met, such as bringing in his share of the wood for the big stove he could reasonably assume that he would be allowed to go after water for a week's period.

Over the years an understanding had been reached between teacher and the big boys who went for the eight-quart milk can of water. He could take about half an hour at 10:30 a. m. and half an hour at 2:30 p. m. It was a five-minute walk to Farmer Johnson's well. But the water fetching was of course a minor consideration. The important thing was that a lad might have a change to engage in a few minutes' man-to-man talk with the farmer on crops, livestock, weather and the incomprehensible lackadaisicalness of the road commissioner in keeping up the roads. In the interest of complete historical accuracy, it should be mentioned that with surprising regularity a lad was offered something to eat by the farmwife—pieces of pie, freshly made doughnuts or wedges of chocolate cake with thick frosting. Modern education is excellent in its way, but it offers nothing to compare with going for water.

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If we are ever in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done.

—Selected.

NO NATION MORE GENEROUS TO VETS THAN AMERICA

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

The Veterans Administrator, General Omar Bradley, said that no nation has been more generous with its veterans, when it comes to dollars and cents, than the United States. The latest charts show that Congress has set aside a total of 12 1-2 billion dollars in cash or benefits for veterans. That would average out to nearly one thousand dollars for every soldier discharged since V-E Day.

But, warned General Bradley, the time has come to put the emphasis on quality rather than quantity. This must be done, he said, if the nation is to avoid a scandal.

Last week, Bradley warned that the veteran's bureau already is aware of abuses in the on-the-job training program. He told of a case where one man making six hundred dollars a month, said he was entitled to ninety dollars a month veterans compensation, because he was in training for a still better job.

Now said Bradley, obviously this is not the intent of Congress. The law was intended to help veterans in need of financial assistance to better themselves. It was to give on the job training to veterans who could not afford to go to school and yet who needed opportunities for advancement while they earned a living. So the on-the-job training program was formulated to give the ex-G. I. 65 dollars a month, or ninety if he was married —the same benefits as the college man gets.

General Bradley explained today that the abuses which have occurred are the fault of a law that was not precisely worded. He expressed the belief that the new law which President Truman signed this week will cure most of the evils, since it sets up standards for the courses and training veterans are to receive. The new law also specifies that a veteran earning more than one hundred and ten dollars a month will have his education benefits cut accordingly.

On July first, one million 770-thousand vets were covered by the educational program—one million in school and seven hundred thousand training on the job. This costs about one hundred million dollars a month.

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Reckless automobile driving arouses the suspicion that much of the horse sense of the good old days was possessed by the horse.

—Will Rogers.

BROTHERHOOD

(Selected)

Brotherhood is not a luxury, but a necessity. It is the recognition of the true relationship of man to his fellow man, obedience to the law of man's being. The brotherhood of man is a corollary of the fatherhood of God. All men are brothers because all are children of God. For men of different races, nations, or religions to treat one another as brothers is to live in accord with the nature of man as God has created him. To live otherwise is contrary to nature and carries with it the penalties that are attached to such dereliction. To deny brotherhood is to deny God.

Brotherhood always requires the effort to understand our fellow. It always demands justice in our relations with him.

The essence of brotherhood is a willingness to give to other men every right and dignity we want to keep ourselves. This elevates it from the level of sentiment into that of purpose and action. Brotherhood, so conceived, is essential to the fulfillment of our democratic ideals of America.

It is essential, also, in the world, if we are to have a just and lasting peace. To perpetuate unnatural attitudes of intolerance, animosity, contempt, and hatred is to keep men divided and hostile. Peace cannot be built on it.

The dearth of brotherhood brought on this war. Only the practice of brotherhood between nations and within nations can make wars cease.

This is the teaching of religion, and statesmen are coming to see it and to teach it, too. A triumph of armed might, a rearrangement of nationl boundaries, even the organization of an association of nations, will not, singly or together, guarantee a durable peace. But brotherhood will do it. Nothing else will do it.

———:———

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of October 6,1946

Oct. 7—Woodrow Norton, Cottage No. 3, 13th birthday.
Oct. 9—Walter Ray Burns, Cottage No. 2, 15th birthday.
Oct. 9—Terry Hardin, Cottage No. 13, 16th birthday.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

Speak kind words and you will hear kind echoes.—Franklin.

—:—

The riches we impart are the only wealth we shall always retain.

—M. Henry.

—:—

Rogues differ little. Each begun first as a disobedient son.

—Chinese Proverb.

—:—

It is all right to dream of things you are going to do, but begin work right away.—Briggs.

—:—

Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant; and of all tame, from a flatterer.—Ben Jonson.

—:—

The future always holds something for the man who keeps his faith in it.—Selected.

—:—

Any fact is better established by two or three good testimonies than by a thousand arguments.—Emmons.

—:—

Man must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.—Bulwer.

—:—

God often comforts us, not by changing the circumstances of our lives, but by changing our attitude towards them.—S. H. B. Masterman.

—:—

One must do nothing in private life which will reflect unfavorably upon the organization of which he is a part.—Charles R. Gow.

—:—

That which is won ill, will never wear well, for there is a curse attends it which will waste it. The same corrupt dispositions which incline men to sinful ways of getting, will incline them to the like sinful ways of spending.—M. Henry.

—:—

Whatever happens, don't lose your hold on the two main ropes of life—Hope and Faith. If you do, God pity you because then you are adrift without sail or anchor.—W. L. Brownell.

—:—

The successful man lengthens his stride when he discovers that the signpost has deceived him. The failure looks for a place to sit down.

—Exchange.

—:—

It goes far toward making a man faithful to let him understand that you think him so; and he that does but suspect I will deceive him, gives me a sort of right to do it.—Seneca.

—:—

The most sublime moments lie very close to the most painful situations. We get the good things of life with the hard things, the bitter with the sweet.—Rev. Dean A. Dutton.

—:—

While America's keenest minds are using newspapers, magazines, movies, and radios to entice youth to drink whiskey, smoke cigarettes, and make heroes of criminals, these youths should be given the other side of the argument by someone.

—Roger W. Babson.

—:—

When a man's desires are boundless his labors are endless. They will set him a task he can never go through, and cut him out work he can never finish. The satisfaction he seeks is always absent, and the happiness he aims at is ever at a distance.—Balguy.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 29, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Maynard Chester
William Epps

COTTAGE NO. 1
Lyndon Barnette
Hubert Black
William Britt
Horace Collins
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Clay Shew
Harry Thompson
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 2
Ray Burns
Julian Commander
Judd Lane
William McVicker
Eddie Medlin
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Russell Seagle
James Smith

COTTAGE NO. 3
James Arrowood
James Christy
Paul Denton
James Dunn
Glenn Evans
Jack Jarvis
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
Olin Sealey
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 4
Paul Carpenter
Herman Galyan
James Hunt
Lacy Overton
Harvey Purdy
James Smith
Robert Thompson
James Tew
King Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 5
Hicks Allen
George Bird
James Little
George Swink
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 6
Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Earl Holloman
Glenn Mathison
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE NO. 7
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 9
Albert Allen
J. C. Alley
Charles Angel
Thomas Corley
Charles Francis
D. B. Jones
James Norton
James Upright
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE NO. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11
Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
Charles Davis
Leslie Gautier
Luther Hull
Robert King
James Phillips

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
Earl Allen
Ralph Drye
Earl Grant
Terry Hardin
Larry Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 14
Carl Ballew
Lee Bradshaw
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
John Moretz
James Smith
James Walters

COTTAGE NO. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best
Henery Coffey
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
Herman Kirby
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Evan Myers
James Peterson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Thelbert Suggs
Ralph Stewart
Soloman Shelton
James Shepherd
William Stamey
Robert Wicker
Howard Herman

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Thomas Chavis
Harvey Jacobs
Donald Moose
Roy Orr
Benny Payne

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
Thomas Davis
William Hunter

———:———

DOES IT HAVE TO BE THAT WAY?

The other day there appeared in a newspaper an interesting paragraph by a columnist. It was on the subject of improving one's mental capacity. The writer stated, "The best way to improve your brain power is to look at a familiar object, such as a doorknob, or a chair, and ask the queston,"Does it have to be that way, Could I make it better,"I am having a lot of fun with the idea. You should try it.

"You must not be discouraged if your first answers seem rather silly. As you go on to examine other objects, you may find that you have "got something." Perhaps your discovery will revolutionze morden industry. Perhaps not. Whether you make a startling discovery or not, it is a fasinating sort of solitaire.

"Try it on your furniture. What is its purpose, What does it do, Could you imagine a better way to do it? Look at your work. What do you do? Why? Is there a better way to do it? While you are at it look at yourself. Ask yourself whether you are fulfilling the purpose for which you were created. Do you have to be as you are, or could you improve?"—Sunshine Magazine.

OCT 1 5 '46

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 12, 1946 No. 41

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A SMILE

Let others cheer the winning man,
There's one I hold worth while;
'Tis he who does the best he can,
Then loses with a smile.

Beaten he is, but not to stay
Down with the rank and file;
That man will win some other day,
Who loses with a smile.

—Author Unknown.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

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SPORTS WRITER—Raymond Byrd.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—James Hensley.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE LIGHTS OF HOME

How beautiful the dawn of day,
Which greets the traveler's eyes;
How glorious bright sunbeams that play
Where storms have cleared the skies!
But most entrancing of the lights,
On land or billows' foam,
I see when through the darkest nights,
Shine forth the lights of home!

How oft I've journeyed through the dark,
For many a weary mile,
Until the road seemed grim and stark,
And lips forgot to smile.
Then, like good angels beckoning
From heaven's lofty dome,
The distant hill revealed a ring
Of twinkling lights at home.

Sometimes, when storms have raged around,
And I have lost my way;
My feet have trod uneven ground,
And far off seemed the day.
Among the things which held me true,
And would not let me roam,
Were visions of that faithful few
Around the lights at home.

I've come a long and rugged road;
I cannot see ahead;
I know not how I'll bear life's load
Where others toiled and bled.
But this I know, without a fear—
Not learned in musty tome:
Upon a hill somewhere shine clear
The radiant lights of home!

—John Cline.

MRS. WILL N. REYNOLDS MAKES A MAGNIFICENT BEQUEST TO THE SCHOOL

Mrs. Will N. Reynolds, a resident of Winston-Salem, in her will which was recently probated, left a bequest of $50,000 to the Jackson Training School. The announcement of this wonderful gift was received at the school with great delight. In other years, Mrs. Reynolds, along with her husband, had made gifts to this institution, and it was typical of her interest for her to remember the boys of this institution in her will. All of us here at the school wish to take this opportunity to express our gratitude for this bequest. We feel sure that a gift of such proportions will make it possible for the institution to render a greater service to boys in the future than it has in the past.

At the present, there are no definite plans as to how these funds will be used, but there is general sentiment that some permanent building, which would represent a permanent memorial, should be erected with these funds. For instance, it seems it would be possible to erect a beautiful chapel. Then, too, there are other possibilities. Certainly, we who work in the school here feel additional responsibility to demonstrate that we, in our service to the boys, are worthy of this magnificent bequest.

Mrs. Reynolds died at her home in Winston-Salem on September 23rd. She left an estate of approximately $8,000,000. The will places the estate's residue of nearly $5,000,000 in perpetual trust, with income to be administered for the benefit of the poor and needy. Mrs. Reynolds established trusts and bequeathed outright gifts to about one hundred friends and relatives. Under the terms of the will, three-fourths of the income from the residue fund will benefit charity patients in hospitals throughout North Carolina.

* * * * * * * *

CLYDE SMALL MAKES GENEROUS DONATION TO COTTAGE NUMBER TEN

boys, is making a generous gift to the boys in Cottage

We are delighted to announce that Clyde Small, one of our former boys, is making a generous gift to the boys in Cottage No. 10. The Liskes and their boys have a splendid tennis court for which they

wanted outside lights. To their joy and delight, Clyde instructed that the proper lighting equipment be installed as soon as possible, and that the entire bill for the project be sent to him. It is estimated that the cost will be about one hundred dollars.

This is a very thoughtful and appropriate gift, and it is appreciated all the more because it comes from one of our former boys who has gone out into the business world and made good. It is an inspiration to know that he remembers the boys here and what the school did for him in other years. No doubt, the boys of Cottage No. 10 will spend many additional happy hours on the tennis court, where they will enjoy the game and forget their difficulties of other years.

After the lights have been installed, we hope it will be possible for Clyde to come by for a visit and have a chance to observe the boys on the tennis court.

Clyde was a member of the Army Air Corps during the recent war, and made a splendid record in the service. Now that he has returned to his business, we wish for him the very best of success. All of us thank him for this gift.

* * * * * * * *

LOYALTY—A QUALITY OF THE SOUL

"I will pay Thee my vows" were the ringing words of the psalmist in olden times. These were simple words of one syllable each, but in and through them the writer was attempting to convey a solemn and profound truth. In them he sought to identify himself with God, and also to pledge his devotion, his loyalty, and his allegiance to the cause of righteousness.

When this great commitment was uttered, it seems reasonable to assume that there was absolutely no mental reservation, nor any secret evasion of mind. Without doubting, this saintly man of God, inspired and motivated by the loftiest sentiments and ideals, unequivocally took his stand for God's cause. There is positively no cause for any feeling that the words of his solemn vow were empty words. Nor did they represent any fainthearted devotion.

Henceforth, there were in the mind of the psalmist no grounds for uncertainties, for doubts, nor for fears. Instead, the way was open

for zealous and enthusiastic service in a great movement. By this act the psalmist had cleared away all of the obstacles, the beclouding underbrush, and henceforth he was ready to lead a crusade for the kingdom of heaven. Henceforth, his soul was aflame with a great and dynamic purpose or goal.

As the psalmist paid his vows, there was no fanfare, there was no flag raising, or boisterous cheering. It was instead, a sacred and reverent occasion, when he was speaking alone with God. There was no great show in "the public square." His soul had been stirred and he was moved to make a pledge of allegiance from the depths of his strong heart.

The pathetic and unhappy person, the one who wavers in the clinches (testing times) is that one who is not sure of himself, who has no well-grounded convictions, and who has no deep sense of loyalty to a great ideal or to some useful institution. Dr. E. Stanley Jones explains that one of the great impediments to happiness and contentment in the lives of many people is that those people are obviously unresolved in their attitudes towards God and towards Christianity. They are among those who sometimes want to claim the benefits of Christianity, but without personal cost or sacrifice to them. These are they who are never sure of themselves and, consequently, never greatly influence others.

Loyalty is one of the primary essentials of individual success. People as a whole are either loyal or disloyal to such agencies or institutions as business organizations, churches, schools, homes and political parties. They are also loyal to ideals, to convictions, and to great social and religious enterprises. Loyalty is of transcendent importance, if one is to be useful, or if he is to be fair and just. No salesman ever succeeds in selling merchandise when he does not boost his own wares above all others.

Christopher Columbus, the Italian explorer who discovered America on October 12, 1492, had an overpowering conviction that the world was round, and that a near route could be found between Europe and India. He set out on the most famous exploration trip ever made by man. On this fateful trip there were dark moments when the spirits of those about him faltered and wavered. He, too, would have despaired and returned to the home port had it not been

for the fact that he was steadfast and unmovable in his convictions. When his fellow seamen weakened, his loyalty to a great idea represented the difference between failure and success in the project.

On the anniversary of that date, throughout the world, wherever people assemble, speakers will honor the immortal navigator. Of course, someone would have sooner or later, stumbled over a continent as large as this one, but God only knows how long the discovery of America might otherwise have been delayed.

It would be foolish not to realize that the hand of God plays an important part in all human affairs. The psalmist declared that he would pay his vows unto the Lord. So it was that he expected the will of God to rule his life always. So it was when Columbus sailed out upon the uncharted seas and his feeble bark landed on a continent which, apparently, God had consigned to the Anglo-Saxon race. So it was that destiny placed in our hands here in America the fulfillment of a dream that had its origin in the precious thought that loyalty to a conviction is a priceless treasure.

In all things be loyal and steadfast.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of October 13, 1946

Oct. 14—Wilton Wiggins, Cottage No. 1, 14th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

News Items of Interest

By Marshall Lamb and Charles Moor, 9th Grade

Mrs. William Morrison and family spent a most delightful week end in the mountains of western North Carolina.

"The mountains are lovely with the many colored leaves of Autumn," Mrs. Morrison said, "and I have never seen anything so beautiful."

Mr. J. W. Hines has gone on a two weeks' vacation. We all will be glad when he returns.

The boys of Cottage No. 14 went over to Mr. Hooker's farm and picked cotton. After we got through, we had a weiner roast.

Mr. R. H. Walker has taken his vacation. We will be glad when he returns.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield attended the Duke—Tenn. game at Durham last Saturday afternoon.

Our Coach, Earl Walters

By Jack Benfeild, 9th Grade

Mr. Earl Walters is doing a great job of coaching football this year at J. T. S.

He has been coaching the players about seven weeks. He has taught the boys things about football that they never knew before. He has worked hard with them in trying to get them in shape so they will be ready to play.

Mr. Walters' brother came out Sunday and helped him out. He had four boys from Concord to play with us, to show some of our mistakes, so we could correct them and do better afterwards.

Mr. Walters says he is going to make a football player out of his son when he gets older; he says he will play for Duke.

The boys will play Landis High School Thursday night at Landis, and we surely hope they will win this game.

Cotton Picking

By Robert King, 9th Grade

The boys of cottages 11 and 13 went to pick cotton at Mr. Morris' farm.

The boys of Cottage number 11 made $8.92. They were paid two cents a pound. All the boys enjoyed picking cootton very much. The money will be used to improve our cottage. All the boys received a cold drink. Mrs. Rouse picked over 50 lbs., which was the most anybody picked.

Fire Prevention Week

By J. W. Sorrell, 9th Grade

Local Fire Chief, Miller states "This is Fire Prevention Week." Fire Prevention taught to the American boys and girls at school should be adopted at home also. At the home each person should know what to do and when to do it. Fire drills can

be made a game if everyone does his part.

Fire drills in the schools is important also. It is compulsory in all schools. In some place in the United States a dwelling house fire breaks out every 90 seconds on the average. Remember to help prevent fires all the time not only in Fire Prevention Week.

Weekly Football Results

By "Moe" Thomas, 9th Grade

The football results for last Saturday afternoon, Oct. 5th, are as follows:

"A" League—Tenth Cottage 19, Fourth Cottage 0; Ninth Cottage 26, Fifth Cottage 0; Fifteenth Cottage 20 Second Cottage 6.

"B" Leage—Eleventh Cottage 0, Third Cottage 0; First Cottage 7, Thirteenth Cottage 6; Sixth Cottage 6, Seventh Cottage 0.

The boys are looking forward to next Saturday afternoon's games.

Apple Picking

By Harry Mathews, 9th Grade

A group of boys from the Training School went up to Barium Springs Orphanage the other day to pick apples. We spent the whole day over there and came back late that evening. We picked around 500 bushels of apples.

The Picture Show

By Raymond Cloninger, 9th Grade

The movie last week was "Objective Burma." This is a M-G-W production. The main player was Errol Flynn.

It was about the invasion of Burma. A platoon went to destroy a radar station. About five came back.

The comedy was "Behind the Meat-Ball."

We are sure everyone enjoyed it very much.

Columbus Day

By William Epps, 9th Grade

Columbus Day, or Discovery Day as it is frequently called, is celebrated in all parts of America. October 12, 1492 is the date of the descovery of America and not the date of the birth of Columbus. The date of his birth is unknown. Columbus is one of the child's first heroes, and even to older children and adults, the story of his difficulties, his success, and his ultimate fate is a tale not only full of vivid lessous put one full of interest as well.

There is nothing that we can properly call our own but our time, and yet everybody fools us out of it who has a mind to do it. If a man borrows a paltry sum of money, there must needs be bonds and securities, and every common civility is presently charged upon account. But he who has my time thinks he owes me nothing for it though it be a debt that gratitude itself can never repay.—Seneca.

PUBLIC EDUCATION, A STATE FUNCTION

(State School Facts)

Early Beginnings

Although North Carolina was among the first of the states to make provision for the establishment of public schools, the development of a system of schools wherein an equal opportunity is provided for every child living within the boundaries of this State to secure an education was very slow. And although the educational advantages afforded the children of this State now are greater in every way, the ideal of an "equal educational opportunity" for all the youth of the State has by no means been reached. Notwithstanding this fact, the story of public education in North Carolina is one of the most interesting and inspiring phases of her growth and development.

The Constitution of 1776 provided "that a school or schools shall be established by the Legislature for the convenient instruction of youth. . . and all useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more universities." Despite this early provision of the State Constitution, which was continued in the revised Constitution of 1835, no legislative action was taken except the chartering of the University in 1789, its organization in 1792, and the creation of the Literary Fund in 1825, until January, 1839, when the law providing for the establishment of a system of public instruction was enacted. It was not until December 4, 1852, more than ten years later, that provision was made for the appointment of a person to supervise and direct the system of schools which had been authorized by law. Prior to this time, the schools that had actually been established, were left largely under the control of local officials. Most of the legislation enacted was permissive in charactor. No provision was made for reports, and consequently no statistical information concerning the schools for these early years is available.

Due largely to the untiring labors of Calvin H. Wiley, who served 13 years as the first State Superintendent, to his genius for leadership and organization, and to his philosophy that public education is the only sure and safe foundation in a democratic society, the State public school system was finally established. According to historians, North Carolina at the beginning of the War Between the States in 1861, had one of the best systems of public schools in the nation. Statistics for this year show that there were: six colleges with 2,400 students; 350 academies with 15,000 students; and 4,000 public schools with an enrollment of 160,000 pupils.

By an act of the Legislature, the office of Superintendent of Schools was abolished on March 10, 1863. And thus came to an end a system of schools for which provisions for financial support had been made by a combination of local taxation and income from the Literary Fund for ed-

ucating the youth of the state.

1868 to 1877

The Constitution of 1868 provided for a State Board of Education and "for a general and uniform system of Public School, wherein tuition shall be free of charge to all the children of the State between the ages of six and twenty-one years."

Under this new fundamental law the Rev. S. S. Ashley, who had come to the State three years before, was elected to head the State educational system. He served in this capacity until October 1, 1871. Due to the many obstacles in the way of establishing a system of public schools—lack of money, opposition to taxation, lack of competent teachers, and prejudice against Negro education—not much progress was made during Ashley's administration.

Alexander McIver of Guilford county was appointed by Governor Caldwell to succeed Ashley, and he served until he was defeated for re-election by Stephen D. Pool. The approximately three years of McIver's administration as State Superintendent were marked by little improvement in the public school situation. The schools operated from two to four months, but in many instances no schools at all were conducted.

Stephen D. Pool, of Craven County, took the oath of office on November 19, 1874, and served until June 30, 1876, when he was forced to resign on account of the fact that he had defaulted in the payment of moneys due the Peabody Fund for which he was acting as agent at the same time. His nearly 18 months' administration was largely a continuation of the policies of his predecessor, Alexander McIver. The people were still apathetic toward education and the public schools, therefore, languished.

John Pool, Stephen's cousin, was appointed by Governor Brogden to serve from July 1, 1876, to January, 1877. He repeated the recommendations made by his immediate predecessors, and expressed the opinion that the schools could be improved by sending the State Superintendent to study the systems in other states.

1877 to 1901

ulating sex "stuff" onthe kids;

The next 24 years, from 1877 to 1901, of the office of State Superintendent is characterized by the names of three men: John C. Scarborough, who served two terms, one of eight years from 1877 to 1884, and a second of four years from 1893 to 1896; Sidney M. Finger, who served eight years from 1885 to 1892; and Charles H. Mebane, who served from 1897 to 1900.

Although school progress during this period was slow, a number of provisions were made for the improvement of public education. Among these the more important were perhaps the following:

1. Gradual increase in the revenue authorized for schools (1877-1900).
2. The provisions for summer schools, normal schools, and teachers' institutes (1879-1881)
3. The voting under legislative authority of special taxes in towns for the esablishment of graded schools (1875-1885).
4. The creation of county boards of education (1885).
5. The creation of the office of county superintendent (1881).
6. The provision making mandatory

a levy of special taxes for the support of a four-months, school term by the commissioners in case the uniform levy was insufficient. This provision was held unconstitutional by the Surpreme Court in the Barkdale vs. Sampson County case (1885).

7. A State appropriation of $100,000 to be apportioned to the counties on the basis of population was made (1899).

1901 to 1918

of his predecessor, Alexander McIver

The history of the development of public education during this present century got off to a good start under the administration of Governor Charles B. Aycock. In his campaign he declared that it would be his aim to aid the cause of education if he were elected. In part fulfillment of his promises to the people he called a conference of the educational leaders of the State. As a result of this conference an educational campaign was inaugurated with a committee in charge entitled "The Central Campaign Committee for the Promotion of public Education in North Carolina."

The committee, composed of Governor Aycock, State Superintendent Thomas F. Toon, who had been elected at the same time, and Dr. Charles D. McIver, chairman of the campaign committee of the Southern Education Board, and other leaders, planned for the general improvement of the educational opportunity of the youth of the State. Early in the campaign, February 10, 1902, State Superintendent Toon died, and James Y. Joyner, Professor of English in the then State Normal and Industrial College at Greensboro, now Womans' College of the University, was appointed to succeed him.

Joyner served as the State Superintendent of Public Instruction for nearly 17 years, until January 1, 1919. During his incumbency the schools made much progress. A few of the highlights of this period were the following:

1. The number of local tax districts was greatly increased.

2. Many districts were consolidated into larger districts.

3. Many new schoolhouses were erected.

4. The equalization fund of $100,000 was started and increased in later years.

5. The Literary Fund was converted into a revolving fund to be used as a loan fund for the erection of school buildings.

6. State aid was provided for the establishment of rural libraries.

7. The State Department of Public Instruction was strengthened and authority was given for the issuance of bulletins.

8. The State Association of County Superintendents was organized (1905).

9. The establishment of rural high schools was authorized, and an appropriation of $45,000 was made to aid in their maintenance (1907).

10. The school term was lengthened by the effect of the reversal of the opinion of the Supreme Court decision of 1885 (1907).

11. An improved compulsory attendance law was enacted (1913).

12. Children under 12 years of age were prohibited by law from being employed in factories except as an apprentice and only after they had attended school at least four months

during the year (1913).

13. A Statewide law based on the Guilford County Act providing for the teaching of agriculture and domestic science in the high schools was passed (1913).

14. Legislation permitting counties to issue bonds upon favorable vote by the people to build scholhouses was enacted.

15. A new certification sheme designed to improve the training of teachers was set in motion (1917).

16. Provision was made for submitting to the voters of the State the question of amending the Constitution to extend the minimum school term to six months (1917).

Brooks' Administration, 1919-1923

Dr. E. C. Brooks, Professor of Education in Trinity College, now Duke University, was appointed State Superintendent of Public Instruction by Governor Bickett on January 1, 1919, and served until June 11, 1923.

During this period the public schools made noticeable progress. Perhaps the most outstanding facts during these 4½ years were the following:

1. The effective year of the six-months school term amendment (1919-1920).

2. The inauguration of salary schedules for teachers, principals and superintendents, and the strengthening of the certification regulations, including a plan for standardizing the teacher training facilities in the normal schools and colleges of the State (1920-21).

3. The first two $5,000,000 special building funds to be loaned to the counties for the erection of schoolhouses (1921 and 1923), thus stimulating the erection of many modern buildings for school purposes.

4. The increase in staff personnel of the Department of Public Instruction.

5. The decrease in number of districts and a corresponding increase in larger school instructional areas by consolidation in accordance with a countywide plan of school organization, thus resulting in a decided decrease in the number of small schools.

6. The beginning of transportation at public expense.

7. A recodification of the public school laws.

8. The beginning of vocational education under the provisions of the Federal Smith-Hughes Act. The State Board for Vocational Education was created with the State Superintendent as executive officer.

Allen's Administration, 1923-1934

A. T. Allen, Director of the Division of Teacher Training for the State Department of Public Instruction, was appointed by Governor Morrison as State Superintendent of Public Instruction and took office on June 11, 1923. He died while serving in this position on October 20, 1934.

During his more than 11 years service the public schools made remarkable progress. This period also witnessed the depths of the depression and consequently much retardation in school improvement. Perhaps, the most outstanding facts during these years are the following:

1. The continuation of the building program under the stimulation of two additional special building funds, $5,000,000 and $2,500,000 (1925 and 1927).

2. The introduction by law of the countywide plan of school organization (1924).

3. The emphasis upon better elementary schools and their standardization.

4. The improvement in the training of teachers, including a scheme for rating the teachers employed in a unit.

5. The revision of the school curriculum.

6. The introduction of a monthly paper, State School Facts, for the dissemination of information about the schools.

7. An increased emphasis upon library facilities, with the addition of a person to the Department staff in charge of school libraries.

8. An increase in the Equalization Fund to $5,250,000 and a tax reduction of $1,250,000, (1930-31).

9. The assumption of the support of the six-month school term by the State, supported by a direct appropriation of $11,500,000, a 15-cent property tax levy estimated to yield $4,350,000, and $1,320,000 from fines, forfeitures and penalties. In addition an appropriation of $1,500,000 was made toward the support of the extended term in schools operating eight months

10. The provision for a State-supported uniform eight-months school term on State standards (1933).

1934 to the Present

Clyde A. Erwin, Superintendent of Schools of Rutherford County, was appointed State Superintendent of Public Instruction on October 24, 1934, by Governor Ehringhaus to succeed the late Dr. A. T. Allen. The State had just started on the second year of its eight-months term program at State expense. The appropriation for the operation of that first year's program was $16,000,000, and this sum, plus $2,296,364 from fines, forfeitures, penalties, and other local funds—a total of $18,296,364—was the amount of money expended for the current operation of the public schools.

Since that low point in our recent history, the public schools have fared better at each subsequent convening of the General Assembly. The trend both in funds made available and in expanded opportunities provided for the children of the State has been upward and outward. Public education is more fully realized now as a State funtion than ever before.

The annual State appropriation for the support of the regular school program has increased every year, as follows:

1935-36	$20,031,000
1936-37	20,900,000
1937-38	24,396,367
1938-39	24,986,160
1939-40	25,941,313
1940-41	27,000,000
1941-42	28,158,324
1942-43	29,454,233
1943-44	37,062,874
1944-45	38,140,941
1945-46	41,360,374
1946-47	41,997,738

In addition to this particular appropriation the appropriation for vocational education has increased from $146,000 in 1935-36 to $1,257,427, for 1946-47. Then too, the appropriation for the purchase of school buses was separated from the regular support with a $650,000 appropriation for each of the years for the 1943-45 biennium and $1,338,764 and $960,-

000 respectively for 1945-46 and 1946-47.

Other significant advances made during this period have been the following:

1. The establishment of a rental system of textbooks in 1935.

2. The provision for free basal textbooks for grades 1-7 in 1937.

3. The provision for voting taxes for supplementing school purposes in districts having a school population of 1,000 or more in 1939.

4. The establishment of a retirement system for all teachers and other State employees in 1941.

5. The provision for the introduction of a 12-year program of instruction in lieu of the 11-year plan in 1942-43

6. The provision for a single State Board of Education to take the place of five existing State agencies in 1943-44.

7. The extension of State support to a nine-months' school term in 1943-44.

With free textboks now furnished to all elementary school children; with transportation at State expense for approximately 350,000 pupils; with nearly 1,000 high schools in which more than 129,000 boys and girls are enrolled; with facilities increased to more than 3,000,000 books; with many modern and adequately equipped buildings valued at nearly $130,000,000 located throughout the State; with vocational education greatly expanded; and with the curriculum extended to a 12-year program on the basis of a nine-months term—surely it can be said that educational opportunities in North Carolina have been greatly expanded.

BE AN OPTIMIST

Let's take an optimistic view
For cheerfulness may see us through
When all about are trying cares
That come to trip us unawares
To cast down with cruelty
And rob us of our goal to be.
It helps to keep our courage up
If we with optimists would sup;
But if we take another chance
And even though we trip again
And go down as do other men,
We must get up and struggle on
Or future chances may be gone.
And have the courage to advance,
If we are brave and rightly led
And follow on our flickering light
We'll reach our goal of heart's delight.

—Selected

GENERAL SERVICE

By Harris P. Blanchard

Chaplain Robert Walker addressed the General Service congregation last Sunday morning, speaking, in part, as follows:

"The boss in every industry notices two things in his workmen—is he laying down on his job, or is he standing up to it. Jesus tells a story of a money lender who was going away on a long journey, so he called three of his clerks and gave each some money to invest for him, saying he wanted an accounting of the money when he returned. He gave each man a sum of money according to his ability—to the first he gave five talents, to the second 2 talents, to the third 1 talent. A talent was a piece of silver worth approximately $1000 of our money. Down through the years a talent has come to mean not only money but an ability to do things.

"After a long absence; the money lender came back from the country and called in his three clerks. The first said he invested his five talents and it had increased to 10; the second had invested his 2 talents and it had become 4. The third man said, "Here is your talent. I did not invest it but I buried it in a hole in the ground. I did not invest it because I think you are a hard boss and are not square." The boss fired him and put him on the blacklist. Now that fellow who buried his money had thought that he was spiting the boss, but he was not, he was only spiting himself. While he was burying the silver he thought he was having sweet revenge. He was cutting off his own nose to spite his face. He not only buried the silver but at the same time he buried his own opportunity to improve himself.

"Spite gets a lot of people into trouble. 99 times out of 100 you will find that whoever indulges in spite to get even with someone else gets the worst of the bargain. When they come to themselves they realize that spite has consumed them and leads them to remorse. The spite man always loses.

"We have two words that have been coined in recent years. One is 'hunch.' A fellow has a hunch that if he developes he will be someone worthwhile eventually, so he plods along. He knows that progress comes to the man who makes the most of what he has.

"A lot of boys were in the institution have had talent but they did not use it, they shifted over to other things. Their friends and neighbors said, "Go ahead with your talent, you are good," but they do not have the gumption to make it worthwhile. The hunch is a builder, a booster, and by doing the best for himself the man is doing the best for others. Those men who have risen to great heights had a hunch that as they worked at the little talent they had they would make more talent and enrich their lives.

"The man who lays down on his boss is burying himself. Sometimes you hear a man say, "Why should I work so hard, I do not like the boss anyway?" He may not notice it but the boss is watching him and one day

he gets his ticket, his talent is no longer needed.

"The point I want to bring out, is to do your best. You are doing it not only for your firm but for your interest. Do not let down on your job, and whereever you go keep in mind you have a hunch that you will make good.

"The other word is 'grouch.' No one likes a grouch, one who is always complaining and never has a kind word for anyone. Be a smiler, a booster, a builder, for yourself and by that way you can make the 1 talent 2, the 2 talents 4, the5 talents 10. Life is a journey and along that journey we find opportunities; if we take them and use them they will make us strong, honorable and great.

"You are your own boss if you want to be, and all men will respect and admire you for your fight to make yourself count. Why not try it? Do not hide your talents in a hole in the ground; bring them forth where they may work and bear interest for you."

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DO YOU WISH YOU WERE SOMEBODY ELSE?

Have you ever said to yourself: "I wish I were taller," "I wish I were blonde," or "I wish I had her looks"?

There is no such a thing as self improvement. But improving yourself and trying to be someone else are two entirely different things.

Johann Lessing tells the story of th dissatisfied horse that asked the Gods for longer, thinner legs, a neck like a swan, and a saddle that would grow upon him as a part of his body.

Admiring all these separate articiles of beauty or utility, he iong-ed to incorporate them all in himself.

Straightway, the obliging Godds produced before him a creature embodying each of these features.

But desirable as they appeared separately, the entire assembly struck terror into the horse. For the result was a camel!

"There now!" said the Gods. "Let this ugly creature be a lesson to you. It shall continue upon them as a reminder, so that whenever you see it, you'll be thankful for what you are.

How often we long for a quality or property that someone else possesses- Yet if we were able to attach each of these to ourselves, the result would be very disappointing.

It is better to improve what you have than to wish for what you haven't.

—Journal of Living

THE SCHOOL ROOM

(The Orphans' Friend)

The influx of students into the colleges and other schools of the nation is the greatest in history. Of course, the Federal assistance given mustered-out Service Men helps a lot, but this by no means constitutes the full solution. Experiences gained in the technical, educational and professional branches of the various services brought into bold relief the difference between the trained and untrained men.

In the sport sections the old Roman adage mens sana in corporesano is given full emphasis and athletes are flocking to institutions great and small in unprecedented numbers. For instance, football teams that in the recent lean years were hard put to round up eleven men of sorts now boast of varsities three and four deep. It is announced widely and loudly that in 1946 and 1947 the sporting world will see such athletic exhibitions as they have never seen before.

Quite many new ideas were tried out educationally among service men who needed quick and readily absorbable mental food. In matters of health, sanitation and alimentation, considerable advance was made. It is said that the men of World War II are appreciably bigger than those of World War I and proportionately more able to withstand the rigors of Mars.

But the minds of all are being directed towards the pursuits of peace. There is a world wide wish on the part of the masses for permanent peace, in spite of the Russian situation. The atomic bomb has taught some things and posed some queries that it is not going to be easy to forget or answer in two or three syllable words.

It is difficult to dodge the conclusions that nations and people are much what their schools make them. Ideas implanted early in plastic minds are difficult to dislodge, be they good or bad. Some theologian is said to have remarked that give him the nurture and care of a child up to six years of age, and anybody else can take him from then on.

All the impingings that minds are called on to experience are for the purpose of making humans think. Formal education exists for the purpose of providing mental pabulum to think with and to think right.

If there is any institution that should be maintained at its possible best, it is the school room; from the small one in the depth of the sticks to the biggest one in the university. In every one the lessons, not only of freedom and gain but those of sellessness (which some prefer to call enlightened and sublimated selfishness) should be taught endlessly and abundantly.

The foundations of all decent, satisfying, accomplishful living, is founded in the home and in the school room. Nations prosper or disintegrate in equal steps with them.

It is a significance of good omen that the eyes of the youth of the land are seriously turned to the school room.

HE TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF

(Author Unknown)

A monk once lived in a rude stone hut on the mountain-side, where he could see from his window the village on whose streets he had played as a happy little boy. But it had been five years since he had left his home on the hillside where he had cared for the cattle.

Wearing the cross and a long robe fastened with a cord about his waist —the symbol of his order—he had entered into solitude, hoping to rid himself of the poverty, sin, and shame which lurked about him.

He had climbed the plateau, built his hut, and planted his garden, enjoying the sunrise and sunset as he listened to the birds and breezes. Ignorant of the world and the sufferings of others, he had meditated and prayed. Thus he was content and thus he grew strong.

Then one day he fell asleep and dreamed. He had just finshd reading the story of Calvary, and was so thrilled with that sad story of the cross, that he knelt in prayer, and as he prayed he fell asleep. As he slept he dreamed that he walked upon the road from earth to heaven. It was dark at first and hard to travel. But as he traveled on it grew lighter, and then beautiful with blossoming flowers.

At a turn in the road he met the Master. "O Master," he cried, kneeling at His feet, "why didst Thou leave us? We need Thee so sorely. Couldst Thou not have stayed?"

The Master answered, softly, "I finished the work I had to do."

"But the poverty and sin," said the monk, "are still with us. O Master, who can bear the burden of man's need?"

The Master smiled. "I share with those who love Me the burden of man's need. I left part of the burden for them."

"But, Master," cried the monk, in sorrow and in fear, as the Master looked deep into his soul, "What if they fail thee?"

"Ah," said the Master of Men, "I am counting on those who love Me, 'love never faileth,"

The monk awoke. His dream had been so real, and the vision so clear, that he gazed for some moments about the tiny room, and then out into the moonlight. Later he sat down in silence to think. It had been so quiet, so comfortable; there had been time for worship and thought. But the dream disturbed him.

Again he fell upon his knees and prayed. Then he arose, took off his robe, and folded it neatly with the cross and beads laid it away. With mingled feelings of fear and hope he dressed in the clothes he had worn when, as a young student, he had left his father's house. "Now,' he said, "I am one of them—His friends on whom He is counting." Then he grasped his mountain stick firmly and started down the trail. And as he walked his look of fear changed to one of joy.

"I am going back," he said aloud. "Back down into the midst of problems that must be met and solved

—down where life is hard and men must toil; down into the thick of the battle with selfishness and greed; down into the midst of mad pleasure, where souls seek release and find it not—into homes where men and women struggle to be true and fail. The Master has finished His part. Now He works through me, I must not fail Him."

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ENOUGH REWARD

A singer's song may never reach
A single listening ear;
A poet's dream may never teach
A heart to cast out fear.

But tho' the song may never ring,
And tho' the dream's untrue,
God knows it's joy enough to sing
And dream a dream or two.

We need so little patience
To produce a pleasant smile,
And it can do so much for us
To make this life worth while.

It is so easy to be kind,
And shake another's hand;
While just a friendly word will help
Someone to understand.

So why be mean to anyone?
Why let our tempers rise?
Why frown away the hours
Or look daggers with our eyes?

What profit is there in a grudge?
Where is there any use
In blowing up and hollering,
And handing out abuse?

Our goal is always closer and
Much easier to win
If we can take our punishment—
And take it with a grin

—Selected

WHAT MAKES A MAN

(Religious Herald)

Denny curled one of his little legs underneath his small body and dropped his rosy cheek into his hand.

"Course," he said, "There's the old box to fill. Always is an old wood-box to fill when Saturday comes. If ma only thought so, she could fill it herself and let me do something that'll make a man. Ben Lee says its doing stunts and going fishing', and things that, makes you a man."

Then suddenly Denny straightened his shoulders. "I'm going to do something toward being a man," he said "I'd like to ask pa the best thing to do, 'cause he'd know. I s'pose I might's well go fill the old box."

When he reached the kitchen, he found his mother and Aunt Sue there. The very first words that his mother said were, "Denny, I wish you'd hurry with that wood, and then Aunt Sue wants some peas. You'll have to get them for her dear.

So, when the wood-box was full, Denny gathered the peas and started back to the house. Aunt Sue started to meet him and smiled, as she said, "Mother's half-sick, Denny boy. Try to help her as much as you can today."

Denny looked this way and that. Across the field the boys were doing stunts. Beyond the hill Ben and the other boys were fishing. Then he swallowed twice very hard. But of course, if she is sick—then he marched up the path to the house.

After the peas were shelled there was a stack of baking dishes to be wiped. He noticed how white his mother was, and he said, "I can wash those dishes as well as wipe em' if I am a boy. You go and lie down. I'll stay around and answer the door."

When he caught sight of the look that came into her eyes, It seemed at once as if he was at least two inches taller. The dishes done, he wandered into the garden and weeded awhile. "Might as well," he said "as long as I've got to stay around; then I won't have it to do tonight."

Before he knew it he was whistling. It seemed to him that he never felt so good. He had no idea it was five o'clock until he heard some one say, "Mother's been telling me our boy is the best thing ever." Looking up, he saw his father holding out his hand. "Denny," said he, and something in his voice made Denny wink very fast, "here's my hand to the lad who's on the straight, sure road to becoming a man."

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Centuries ago devout men thought that they had to fight with one another to preserve their different religious beliefs. But we have learned through long and bitter experience that the only way to protect our religious beliefs is to respect and recognize the right of others to their religious beliefs.—James F. Byrnes.

HUMAN RACE IMPOVING

(Morganton News-Herald)

There are any number of worthy worthy citizens distrubed by figures that show an increase in crime in the United States. We have seen it stated that crimes last year exceeded those of 1944 by 12.4 per cent.

While this is a matter of concern, it does not mean, in our opinion, a permanent depravity for the race as a whole. The nation, and the world, has just come through widespread warfare, with young men taught to kill rather than to respect life. The denunciation of enemy people has naturally affected the regard that civilization inculcates for others.

The pessimistic viewpoint that is taken to the progress of humanity by many moralists in not justified, in our opinion. They like to contrast selected facts like the great advance in material well-being and what they consider lower moral standards but they seldom point out that churches, hospitals and schools are receiving greater financial support than ever before.

The crimes and sins that are committed by human being do not necessarily reflect the average behavior of the race. In this day of fast and widespread publicity these happening are news and are generally known. The quite lives of good people seldom make the radio broadcasts but there are many of them, just the same.

We find it difficult to reconcile the easy declarations that the "home has broken down" in its training of young people with the oratory that we hear on commencement day and other occasions, like Mother's Day. It is hard to believe that the schools have likewise collapsed in their effort to train young people when it is a matter of common knowledge that they now instruct more pupils than ever before and, in many of them, give them valuable insight into basic and fundamental truths not necessarily associated with textbooks.

It is alright for anybody, who want to believe these pessimistic conclusions, to take them to their heart's content but the reader can write us down as firmly convinced that mankind is today better than ever, that the average man or woman, the world over, is a better being than ever before and that the progress of civilization, including the upward swing of public and private morals, is encouraging to those who work for better days.

A great city is that which has the greatest men and women.
—Walt Whitman.

UNDEFEATABLE PURPOSE OF GOD

(The Alabama Baptist)

Long centuries ago the prophet Isaiah picturesquely proclaimed, "Behold the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance," and that God "taketh up the isles as a very small thing." In other words, nations, whether they be many or few, rich in material possessions or poor, weigh not at all in the balances of God. This means, of course, that God's purpose is far greater than one nation or many nations. This truth affords hope concerning the world's destiny There is no insubordination of the divine will, no evading obedience to the divine law, either individually or collectively. This fact God clearly set forth in his dealing with His ancient people.

The truth is that nations measured in the balance with God's infinite purpose or plan are small indeed—"a drop of a bucket . . . the small dust of the balance." Which means that millions of men and women, organized as a nation, or as nations, may vitally serve but never defeat the plan and purpose of God. Which again means that nations are worthy or great only in the degree that they fulfill God's purpose. "Whosever of you will be the chiefest shall be the servant of all."

The Christian can never doubt as to the future steps of world progres, God is his rock—the governor of all. His faith is never at the mercy of the selfish policy of any nation. It is never endangered by the intrigues of wicked men. The purpose of God outweighs them all. "He uttered his voice, the earth melted." Human organizations, political or otherwise, cannot take to themselves the powers which are presently and eternally inherent in God.

Over the Harvard University Law School is a worthy Latin inscription, which freely translated, says "Our destiny is determined not by men but by God and His law." Surely now is the time to believe this persistently and understandingly. The kingdom is the Lord's. He is the Governor and Sustainer of the nations, and His purpose can never be defeated.

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Be not too presumptuously sure in any business; for things of this world depend on such a train of unseen chances that if it were in man's hands to set the tables, still he would not be certain to win the game.—Herbert.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Our old friend, Clyde A. Bristow, of Winston-Salem, who was a memben of the printing class more than twenty years ago, continues to write us at frequent intervals. For the past fifteen years he has been operating a large transfer truck for the Roadway Express Company. For more than two years he has been driving a truck owned by himself, which he leased to the company.

Back in the summer he wrote, stating that he hoped to be able to get off the road and land a position with the same company which would enable him to spend more time at home with his family.

A little later he wrote that he was off the road and was helping in the dispatcher's office in Winston-Salem. While he stated that he liked the work very much, he felt that he would not be there long, as the assistant operations manager wanted to have him transferred to his department.

From the way Clyde explained it, a position in the operations department would be quite a promotion. Here he would learn to sell and lease equipment; become familiar with hauling rates; maintain contact and help keep the drivers on the East Coast rolling; settle disputes and regulate drivers' hours, maintain correspondence with new operators and new accounts. All of which, as it seemed to us, would be quite a responsible job.

A later bit of correspondence from Clyde told how he had been awarded a nine-years gold and blue pin by the American Trucking Association, Washington, D. C., for 486,295 non-accident miles operating a motor vehicle. The presentation was made by the assistant operations manager.

Clyde's most recent letter, dated October 1st, reads in part as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Am supposed to be in operations and safety department, but for the past four weeks I've been handling freight like a regular dock walloper. Don't mind it, though. Perhaps they want to see if I really will work

"Went to Petersburg, Va., last week to pick up a load from a wrecked trailer. Am sending you some pictures of the wreck, in which two white men were killed.

"I salvaged the load and returned home. The boss was pleased with results and with photos I made, which were forwarded to our insurance company. Have been busy in spare time painting our home. Have finished five rooms and hope to complete the job in a couple of weeks.

"The children are getting along fine, and the 'missus' is as great as ever. She seems to be right proud of the paint job the old man has been doing on the cabin.

"George is still driving with Roadway and getting along fine. I pass The Uplift to him each week.

"In line with some of my office work I've been appointed a Notary Public.

"Best regards to Mr. Fisher and the rest of the folks I know at the school. If you ever get around, please remember the invitation in precious letters —come in and see us. As ever, your friends, the Clyde Bristows."

We are glad to learn that Clyde is

still getting along so nicely. He has been doing just that ever since leaving the school in 1927, and his friends here are proud of the record he has made.

As usual, his letter contained snapshots of his wife and their three fine children. We appreciate them very much. They are now occupying a place in our scrap book.

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Eldred B. Watts, of Tabor City, a former student here, called at The Uplift office last week. This young fellow, who is now nineteen years old, entered the Training School, Febuary 17, 1939 and was conditionally released, October 9, 1943.

During his stay at the institution, Eldred was a member of the Cottage No. 5 group and most of his work experience consisted of employment in the carpenter shop.

Upon returning to Tabor City, he went to live with his parents. He secured employment in a factory which manufactures strawberry crates. He told us that he was still working for the same firm. This however, is now only a part-time job. When not making crates for use during the strawberry season, he works in an ice plant.

This lad made a good record after leaving the school, and the local superintendent of public welfare recommended that he be given a final honorable discharge from further parole supervision. This was issued, August 14, 1946.

We recall Eldred as a "pint-size" youngster who was constantly running errands for the carpenter shop force. He was a friendly boy with lots of ambition, and soon became quite dependable.

It was a pleasure to see Eldren again and we were very glad to learn that he has continued to do well since leaving us.

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Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from James T. Jacobs, one of our former students. He is now in the United States Marine Corps and is stationed at Parris Island, South Carolina. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Just a few lines to let you know that your old office boy is now in the Marines. I really like it here. It is as good as any life you can live.

"I know I haven't written you in a long time, but I have not forgotten the school, and never will, because I was treated very nicely up there, and I thank God for letting me stay there. At the school I soon found out that if you treat people right, they will be nice to you, and that's the way I want to live.

"Please remember me to Mrs. Hawfield, Miss McCoy and Miss Niblock. Tell Mr. Corliss that I had to finish my Boy Scout work to be able to join the Marines. Write soon and let me know how things are going at the school. Yours truly, J. T. Jacobs."

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We recently received a letter from Luther McIntyre, one of our old boys, who is now attending Pfeiffer Junior College, located at Misenheimer, N. C. It will probably be recalled by some of our readers that in a recent issue of The Uplift, we mentioned the fact that Luther had graduated from Norwood High School, where he was an honor student. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: I have been in

college for one week and will begin my studies tomorrow. The freshmen took tests and registered this week. We had tests on Math., English, Science and History. Combined, these tests took about eight hours. We took them in one and one-half hour periods. In the group of 190 freshmen, I had the 21st highest score with 165. The highest mark was 220.

"So far, I like Pfeiffer College very much. Please remember me to all old friends at the school, and write soon. As ever, Luther B. McIntyre."

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A recent post card from Liston Grice, a former member of our printing class, informed us that he is now in the United States Army, and is stationed at Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone.

Liston was admitted to this institution, March 15, 1944 and was conditionally released, August 21, 1945. While at the school he became a very good linotype operator, and for several months before leaving us he worked for the Concord Daily Tribune.

Upon being released, Liston went back to his home in Goldsboro, where he obtained employment on the daily paper as linotype operator. Judging from the letters he wrote us from time to time, he got along there very nicely. On February 27, 1946 he was given a final discharge from further parole supervision.

Liston's short message on the post card was to the effect that he liked army life very well, and that he thought his present location was a beautiful place.

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THE PRINTING PRESS

I am the printing-press, born of the mother earth.

My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass.

I sing the songs of the world, the oratories of history, the symphonies of all time.

I am the voice of to-day, the herald of to-morrow, I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike.

I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations, and make brave men do better deeds, and make soldiers die.

I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust.

I am the Printing Press!—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Roy C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord was the guest speaker at last Sunday afternoon's service at the school. He was accompanied by Rev. Carl Day, pastor of Keller Reformed Church—St. Paul's Charge, located near Concord, and Mr. Vance Patterson, superintendent of the Sunday school at that church.

Following the singing of the opening hymn and the reading of the lesson for the afternoon, Rev. Mr. Day led us in prayer.

For the Scripture Lesson, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt read a part of the 16th chapter of Matthew, and in his message to the boys he stated that he would talk about "The Church."

Since this week is being observed as "Church Loyalty Week," the speaker said that he wanted to talk about what the Christian Church is and what it means to the world. His talk was in the form of four questions, as follows:

(1) What is the Church? The church is not merely a building in which people gather to worship God. It is a body of people who follow and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. The people constitute the church. The buildings in which the services are held are of secondary importance.

(2) What Has the Church Done? The Church has kept us aware of God all down through the ages. It keeps alive the love of God in the hearts of men.

The church has given us democracy, which we have fought to uphold through devastating wars, the most horrible of which ended just last year. If we trace freedom back to its source, we find that it came from God. Over in Germany, Adolph Hitler wanted to drive out the church. He was afraid of it. He realized if the German people had freedom such as we enjoy in America, he would be stripped of all his power, and his career brought to a ruinous end.

(3) Why Do We Need the Church? We need the church for guidance. The church develops character, and that character will develop courage in people.

The church puts the power of goodness into our hands that we may control the things created by man and use them to good advantage, rather than as weapons of destruction. Human beings created the powerful atomic bomb. This great atomic force is liable to destroy us unless we have Christian leadership in the nation. We need the church to keep us from committing suicide. The Christian Church is the only power that can save the world.

(4) What is the Christian Way of Looking at the Church? There are many people in the world today who criticize the church; some are careless about it; while others use it whenever it is a convenience to them. All this. of course is wrong.

We, as Christians, should love the church, seeking to follow the example of Jesus Christ, who loved it to such an extent that he willingly gave his life for it.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told the boys that the church is the arm of God in the world. If we want to strengthen that arm, he added, we

should get into the work of the church without delay. On the other hand, said he, if men fail to help the church carry on its great work, the forces of evil will surely prevail in the world.

———:———

DODN'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must—but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As everone of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow—
You might succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man,
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup.
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt—
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

—Selected.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

Easy street is a blind alley.
—Wilson Mizner.

—:—

Facts do not cease to exist because they are ignored.—Aldous Huxley.

—:—

Faith is the pencil of the soul that pictures heavenly things.—Burbridge.

—:—

It is not the places that grace men, but men the places.—Agesilaus.

—:—

Better do a little well than a great deal poorly.—Franklin.

—:—

Adventure is not outside a man; it is within.—David Grayson.

—:—

Action is the proper fruit of knowledge.—Thomas Fuller.

—:—

Positive anything is far better than negative nothing.—Elbert Hubbard.

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.—Plutarch.

—:—

Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers, and are famous preservers of youthful looks.—Dickens.

—:—

If we encounter a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he reads.—Emerson.

—:—

It does not take great men to do great things; it only takes consecrated men.—Phillips Brooks.

—:—

Reputation is a bubble which man bursts when he tries to blow it up for himself.—Carleton.

—:—

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Henry Ward Beecher.

—:—

He who lives only to benefit himself confers on the world a benefit when he dies.—Tertullian.

—:—

Doing easily what others find difficult is talent; doing what is impossible for talent is genius.—Amiel.

—:—

It's no good crying over spilled milk, because all the forces of the universe were bent on spilling it.
—Somerset Maugham.

—:—

You may be deceived if you trust too much, but you will live in torment if you do not trust enough.
—Dr. Frank Crane.

—:—

The secret of success lies not so much in doing your own work, but in recognizing the right man to do it.
—Andrew Carnegie.

—:—

Intelligence is a luxury, sometimes useless, sometimes fatal. It is a torch or firebrand according to the use one makes of it.—Caballero.

—:—

Never hold anyone in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—Chesterfield.

—:—

The humor of turning every misfortune into a judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which, in its own nature, produces good will toward men, and puts the mildest construction upon every accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not religion that sours a man's temper, but it is his temper that sours his religion.—Addison.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

RECIEVING COTTAGE
Maynard Chester
Ernest Johnston
Marion Ray

COTTAGE NO. 1
Hubert Black
Carl Church
Paul Church
James Jones
Jack Lambert
Fairley McGee
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Harry Thompson
Benson Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 2
Ray Burns
Julian Commander
Ramson Edwards
Judd Lane
William McVicker
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
Russell Seagle
James Smith

COTTAGE NO. 3
James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Robert Duncan
Glenn Evans
J. C. Littlejohn
John McKinney
Woodrow Norton
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 4
James Hunt
William Lewis
Lacy Overton
Harvey Purdy
Robert Thompson
James Tew

COTTAGE NO. 5
Hicks Allen
George Byrd
Charles Cain
James Little
Ralph Medlin
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis

COTTAGE NO. 6
Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Robert Driggers
Richard Davidson
John Gregory
Earl Holleman
Robert Peavey
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7
Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Ralph Gibson
Edward Gwinn
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Jerry Peavey

COTTAGE NO. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 9
Albert Allen
J. C. Alley
Charles Angel
Hubert Inman
Lester Ingle
David Johnson
D. B. Jones
James Norton
James Upright
Frank Westmoreland

COTTAGE NO. 10
James Brigman
Ted Clonch
James Elder
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Harry Matthews
Hoyt Mathis
J. C. Michael
Garvin Thomas
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE NO. 11
Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
Charles Davis

Donald Fagg
Edward Morgan
James Phillips
Bennie Riggins
J. C. Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
Earl Allen
Robert Bailey
Floyd Canady
Ralph Drye
Earl Grant
Terry Hardin
Larry Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 14
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best

Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Robert Holland
Marcus Hefner
Howard Herman
James Johnson
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
William Stamey
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Harvey Jacobs
Roy Orr
Bennie Payne

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
Thomas Davis
William Hunter

———:———

LIFE'S MIRROR

When you get what you want in the struggle for self,
And the world crowns you king for a day,
Then go to a mirror and look at yourself
And see what that "guy" has to say.
For it is not your father, mother or wife
Whose final judgment will pass.
But the one whose verdict counts most in your life,
Is the one staring back from the glass.
He is the one who knows—never mind the rest,
For he is with you clear to the end
And you have passed the most dangerous, difficult test
If the man in the glass is your friend.
You may, like Jack Horner, chisel a plum,
And think you are a "wonderful guy"
But the man in the glass says you are only a "bum"
If you cannot look him in the eye.
You may fool the whole world as you pass down the years
And get a pat on the back as you pass,
But your final reward will be heartache and tears
If you have cheated the man in the glass.

—David L. Edge

THE U[illegible]T

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 19, 1946 No. 42

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OCT 21

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN

Through this toilsome world, alas!
Once and only once I pass;
If a kindness I may show,
If a good deed I may do
To a suffering fellow man,
Let me do it while I can.
No delay, for it is plain
I shall not pass this way again.

—Author Unknown.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE LAW OF LIFE

'Tis a truth as old as the soul of things,
"Whatsoever ye sow, ye must reap."
'Tis the Cosmic law that forever springs
From the dark and fathomless deep.
It is shown in life's puzzles and sorrowings;
It is taught by remorse with its secret stings;
That "whoso grief to another brings,
In his turn one day shall weep."

From the planting of kindliness, blessings will bloom.
Plant curses and hatred will grow.
If today you are harvesting sorrow and gloom,
In the past you sowed suffering and woe.
"From the past doth the present eternally spring."
You may sow what you will; but tomorrow will bring
You the harvest, to teach you what manner of thing
Is the seed you have chosen to sow.

For the selfish who heareth the sufferer's cries,
And hardeneth his heart at the sound,
A Nemesis dread in time shall arise
Out of the deep profound.
"Whoso soweth the thoughtlessness, greed, or hate,
Shall receive his deserts in the years that wait."
For the slow and remorseless wheel of Fate
Forever turns 'round and 'round.

Though the mills of God but slowly grind,
"Yet they grind exceeding small."
When the heart in its folly deems Justice blind,
Then the stroke of the sword shall fall.
The success of the race is the only goal.
"If ye would succeed, help mankind as a whole;"
For all men are brothers of every soul,
And each soul is the brother of all.

But, "If ye give mercy, love, and light,
The same shall return to you,"
For the standards of Right are infinite,
And the scales of God weigh true.
"By its good and its evil is each life weighed."
By thought, motive, and deed is each record made.
"With the coin ye pay shall ye be repaid"
When at length your wages fall due.

—Anonymous.

PROPOSED STUDY OF THE RECORDS OF OUR RELEASED BOYS

There has always been a desire on the part of the public and all who are connected in any way with the Jackson Training School to know definitely about the records of the boys who go out from the institution on releases. Efforts have been made in the past to collect information concerning the records of the boys, but no data of recent date has been assimilated. We are, therefore, making an effort to collect some information about the boys who have returned to their homes from the Jackson Training School. This information will be collected on the boys over a five-year period ending December 31, 1945.

For this study to be a success, it will be necessary for us to have the hearty cooperation of the superintendents of welfare and their case-workers. We believe, however, that these people themselves will be just as deeply interested in the results of the study as are we who work on the staff here at the Training School. It will be greatly appreciated, then, if they will fill out whatever blanks may be sent to them and return them to us at the earliest possible date. If they will take the time, it will require only a very few minutes for the welfare workers to fill out these questionnaires and mail them to us.

It will require about two weeks before the information will reach the welfare officials. In the meantime, however, they can be collecting whatever information they will need regarding the boys from their own counties. In order to make this study, we are asking the following questions:

1. Do you consider that this boy has made a satisfactory adjustment after his release from the Jackson Training School?
2. If he ultimately failed to make good, for how long a period did he succeed?
3. To what extent was his home or his placement (environment) responsible for his failures?
4. Did he enter the armed services of the United States? Was he successful in the service?
5. Did he re-enter the public schools? To what degree did he succeed, and to what grade in school did he advance?

6. If he has worked, what has been his "work record"?

7. Has he been given an honorable discharge, or some other form of discharge from this school?

8. After his release, did he commit any crime or offense for which he received a court sentence? For how long?

9. Would it have been beneficial to him if he had remained at this school longer?

* * * * * * * *

THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL FARM EQUIPMENT

Here at the Jackson Training School we operate a large farm, consisting of between 550 and 600 acres of cultivated land. The work on the farm constitutes one of the important features of our program. More boys work on the farm than in any other activity at the school. At no time, however, is it the purpose of the officials here to over-stress or over-emphasize the importance of the farm in relation to other activities.

In order to keep the farm activities going, it is necessary to have numerous types of farm equipment, including various tools and various types of machinery. Below is a list of most of the different items of farm equipment:

1 Silage Cutter
3 Grain Drills
2 Tractor Mowers
1 Corn Harvester
1 Hay Tedder
1 Weeder
1 Lime Spreader
4 Combination Corn Planters, (horse-drawn)
2 Fertilizer Drills
1 Hammer Mill
2 Disc Plows for Tractor
3 Disc Harrows for Tractor
1 Subsoiler
10 Wagons
1 Spraying Outfit
2 Dump Rakes
2 Side Delivery Rakes
3 Mowing Machines
3 Grain Drills
3 Drag Harrows
1 Feed Thresher
1 Threshing Machine
1 Combine
1 Old Hay Baler
1 Road Machine
1 Tractor Wagon
1 Tractor Farmall 20
1 Farmall M
1 International Crawler T-6
1 Allis-Chalmers M Crawler
1 Set Cultivators and Planters for Farmall 20
4 Trucks
12 Cultivators
12 Turn Plows

12 Single Plows
40 Hoes
24 Rakes
12 Potato Diggers
12 Picks
24 Shovels
18 Axes
18 Mattocks
10 Cross Cut Saws
8 Post Hole Diggers

* * * * * * * *

MR. J. W. PROPST CONTRIBUTES FUNDS FOR ATHLETIC SUPPLIES

Mr. J. W. Propst, representing the P & P Construction Company, Inc., recently made a donation of $300 to the Jackson Training School for the purpose of purchasing athletic goods and supplies. We wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Propst for this very generous gift. The money is greatly needed, and it will be used in a good cause.

Mr. Propst has been a liberal contributor to the school for some time. He has made contributions for other purposes here, and in making this latest contribution he is doing the thing that is typical of his interest. We are most grateful to him for his interest.

* * * * * * * *

MR. AND MRS. PAUL CRUSE LEAVE THE SCHOOL

We regret to announce that Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cruse, who have been at the school for a little more than a year, have decided to take other work.

Mr. Cruse has been working with Mr. Carriker in the carpenter shop and on the buildings here at the school. He has always done his work cheerfully and pleasantly. He has made a very enviable record here at the school. It is with regret that we see him leave us now.

Mrs. Cruse has been serving as matron at Cottage No. 9, and has given good service in her work there. She has been faithful to her duties and stayed on the job regularly.

We wish for Mr. and Mrs. Cruse the best of success and much happiness in their new work, and we wish to invite them back to be at the school at any time.

WHITHER OUR IDEALISM OF THE WAR PERIOD?

During the critical moments of the war period, when the very fate of the nation was hanging in the balance, when we were praying to a divine power for sustenance and for victory, our reverence and sincerity in prayer were matched by an altruistic spirit that was willing to make great sacrifices for the common good. Everyone at that time paraded his patriotism out in the public places where it could be seen of others. Because patriotism was at such a high premium, the flags of the country were on display in conspicuous places. The soldiers of the armed forces—our soldiers—were on the march, and their mighty tread thundered from shore to shore. One bond drive followed another, and they were all over-subscribed. Each patriot was trying to outdo the other.

Finally, we came through the conflict victorious, and everyone had high hopes of the future because of the fact that, apparently, a great spiritual benediction had fallen upon all. Now we find, however, that the great masses of the United States are more disturbed and more confused than ever. Many of the people are in ugly moods, their tempers are on edge, and in their hearts there is far too much greed and bitterness towards others. It is estimated that we have more than fifty-five million people employed, but on the other hand production is much lower than it was in the pre-war days, because people are unwilling to give their best. There is much distrust abroad in the land; many seem to be afraid that others, even their neighbors, will get more than they. They even seem to fear that there is approaching a day of starvation for them. At the very time when we anticipated a great spiritual awakening for the nation, we find that too many have degraded themselves to the point of utter selfishness, and to the point of being willing to exploit the public good for purely selfish objectives..

It is most unfortunate that this is the case. Too many people have forgotten the common good in the preservation of the nation, and have been blinded by the impulses of greed and selfishness. Here in the United States it has not been many years since millions of people were on the ragged edge of hunger and need and since the time when veterans of World War I stood on the street corners and sold apples. We thought then it was a terrible situation, but now

when there is a shortage of an insignificant article of clothing or food, then there is a great howl and people feel that they are enduring a great calamity. This seems to be the path human nature has followed from time immemorial.

We read in the Bible that immediately after Jesus, in the beginning of His ministry, was baptized by the apostle John in the River Jordan, and when a voice from heaven cried out, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," almost on the next day there occurred for Christ Himself the greatest temptations of His life. At the very moment when He should have been at the highest point of spiritual strength He was caught in His unguarded moments and encountered the temptations to yield to selfishness. One wonders, then, if we too, after the Gethsemane of the war period, when our spirits have enjoyed a spiritual benediction, will find ourselves being tempted towards selfishness and find ourselves even yielding to the uttermost degree.

It has been reported that recently a merchant in a certain city had on hand an article of merchandise for which the sales were languishing. Knowing the psychology of the people at the present time, he advertised this article in the show window with the explanation that only one could be sold to a customer. This article sold out like the proverbial "hot cakes," and one customer was heard to say that he had never used the article before, but he declared he would get his while they lasted, and that he would try anything once. Thus it seems that the only necessary thing to do to get a rush on almost any merchandise is for a merchant to faintly suggest the possibilities of a shortage. People seem to delight in being taken for "suckers."

Now we are in a critical period of the post-war era. People are on their own in a great many ways, and there is now being manifested the real essence of both the spirit and the intelligence of the great masses of people. One now begins to wonder, in view of all that is happening, if we were sincere in our petitions; if, in fact we meant what we said when we prayed for divine help. There seems to be grave danger that we shall become fully engulfed in a great floodtide of greed and selfishness. Too many people seem to

be clamoring for unrestrained liberty or license to do as they please, regardless of the public welfare.

One would not be surprised to find such a spirit in the nations of the world where the people are illiterate or where the masses are overridden by religious demagogues whose purpose it is to exploit the ignorance of people, or where paganism is deep-seated. It is expected that much confusion and suffering and injustice will be found in such backward countries as China, India and even Japan, but here in America we boast of our intelligence, we boast of the fact that this is a Christian nation, functioning under the guidance of a divine power.

There seems to be no valid reason why it should not be possible for this nation, through its government and its duly elected representatives, to work and plan towards the common good. In fact, it seems that it would be foolish if we did not. A planned economy, designed for the common good just because it is a planned economy, is not necessarily a curse. It was intended that the government function for the good of all.

It was possible for America to plan for the war period and to come through this travail and this great agony out into a glorious day of victory. Surely, we here can be wise enough and great enough in our statesmanship to plan together, to work together, and to pray together for the preservation of peace and for the development of our country upon the high principle of justice and equality for all. It is to be hoped that we shall not now lose the idealism which carried us through the ordeals of war.

The very heart of the world is crying out to America to lead the way in moral and spiritual affairs. People are looking to us from all corners of the globe to be the leaders for righteous causes, and it is, therefore, all the more to be lamented that here among ourselves there is so much disunity and so many weakening movements. The very foundations of our nation are endangered, and this occurs at a time when we should be strong enough to show others the way. Today we have more crime than ever in the history of the nation. Today more people are using alcoholic beverages than ever in our country's history. Today there are more disagreements between labor and capital than ever before. Surely, with all these things, the other nations will not for long look to this nation for inspiration.

Here in the United States, if we delude ourselves in the thought that God Himself has guaranteed, or will guarantee, the perpetuity of this nation for what we have done in the past, then we, of all people, will be most foolish. Throughout all history, there have been other nations which have risen to the highest pinnacle of prestige and yet, because of their inner weaknesses, they failed to endure. Surely, we shall not here in America be so foolish or so audacious as to believe that this nation will not perish, too, unless we deserve by our own worth and dignity, the blessings of the deity.

———:———

NO TIME

I have no time to find fault with others,
I have too many faults of my own;
While I, myself, may not know them
I'm sure that to others they're known.

I have no time for idle gossip,
It may all be a lie,
And soon the story will die out
If everyone passes it by.

I have no time to believe everything I hear,
And to others the story repeat;
I would rather obey the Golden Rule
And be kind to all whom I meet.

I have no time to listen to those who tell
Something to stir up strife.
Far better to tell of good deeds done
And brighten the journey of life.

I have no time to be moody and lonely,
No time to be gloomy and sad.
It takes all my spare time planning
How I can help to make others glad.

—Selected.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Library Activities

By Miley Gunter and Wm. Phillips, Student Librarians

Recently the Library has received some new books. They are some of the best books in the Library. They are as follows: "Thunderhead," "Hurricane Treasure," "Kit Carson," Tomahawk," "Shep," West to the Setting Sun," "The Black Stallion," and "Bombardier."

In the mornings, Mrs. Baucom reads to the grades. She is reading "Seven Came Through," "The Matchlock Gun," and "Silver for General Washington." Due to Mrs. Baucom's having 9th Grade classes in the afternoon, she cannot read to the boys at that time, but Jack Benfield, a ninth grade boy, substitutes for her. We are sure all the grades enjoy these good books.

Lately the Lirary has had its floors fixed. It has been varnished, then waxed and polished. The boys who work in the Carpenter Shop did the varnishing, and the boys of the 6th and 7th grades did the waxing and polishing. We think all this helped the looks of the Library very much. We are sure all the boys will help to keep it that way.

At the Zoo

By Robert Driggers, 3rd Grade

Tuesday morning a boy came to our room and said,"We will see a show at nine o'clock." It was a surprise to us. We were glad that we were going to see a picture show. We saw tigers, bears, lions, elephants, monkeys, raccoons, and seals. The tigers were eating raw meat. All the wild animals were having a good time. The show was not very long, but it was a good show. Mr Hawfield, Mr. Fisher and Mr. Hines are going to make it possible for us to see other pictures from time to time.

The Wild Animals

By Judd Lane, 3rd Grade

Tuesday a boy came around and said, "Come to the picture show in the auditorium," and we were glad. This show was about wild animals in a zoo. We appreciate the fact the Mr. Hawfield Mr. Fisher and Mr. Hines let us see this picture.

What I liked was a lion sticking his paws through the bars and getting a big piece of raw meat and eating it. I also liked the white bears and the sea-lions. I liked them the best of all because they would try to catch fish that the keeper threw to them. The man threw some raw meat into the water, and the bears would dive into the water and get the meat and eat it. Then they would dive to get another piece. At the last of the picture one of the bears went to the bottom and stayed a while.

Second Grade Boys' Chapel Program

By Russell Beaver, 6th Grade

Friday, October 12th, Mrs. W. M.

Morrison's 2nd Grade gave a program in the school auditorium. It was given in two parts. The first part centered around the life of Christopher Columbus, and the second part was about autumn. It featured poems and songs about autumn.

The entire grade opened the program by singing "America." Then this was followed by the Lord's prayer. The Twenty-third Psalm and the Ten Commandments were given from memory. The following is the program:

Part I—Columbus

(1) "Columbus," Andrew Daw; (2) "Acrostic about Columbus," by a group of boys; (3) "Story of Columbus," John McKinney; (4) "A Wish," Wade Cook; (5) Song, "Our America" by a group of boys.

Part II—Autumn

(1) "Autumn Time," John McKinney; (2) "Signs of Fall," Lester Ingle; (3) "Autumn Song," by a group of boys; (4) "Golden Days," Olin Sealey; (5) Song, "Autumn Hues," by a group of boys; (6) "October's Bright Blue Weather," by a group of boys; (7) "Autumn Winds," by a group of boys; (8) "October Night," Andrew Daw; (9) Song, "Jolly Jack Frost," by a group of boys; (10) "Autumn Memories," Paul Denton; (11) "Farewell to the Farm," J. C. Taylor.

The stage was attractively decorated with all kinds of fall flowers, corn, pumpkins and leaves.

The Radio Program

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

Last week the Second Grade gave the radio program. They sang three songs as follows: "Jesus, Friend of Little Children", "Praise Him," and "I Know What I'll Do for Jesus." Mr. Hawfield talked about the subject, "The Magnitude of Training School Problems." We all enjoyed this program very much.

The Picture Show

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

The title of the show for this week was "Nothing But Trouble," starring Laurel and Hardy. They tried to get a job, but no one wanted them. At last they got one after having to go to many countries. Chris, a boy king, came to the house where they were working and asked for shelter. They took him in and gave him something to eat. The woman in charge saw the boy, and, not knowing that he was the king, told him to get out.

The king's uncle tried to kill them by making them jump out of a window. Some painters had left their platform sticking out of a window, and Chris landed on it. He got the police and captured his uncle.

We appreciated this picture very much, and we thank everyone who helped in making it possible for us to see this picture.

A Birthday Remembrance

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

Mrs. Morrinson's Second Grade remembered Mrs. Liske's birthday, and they gave her a very nice present. They gave her a box of stationery. Mrs. Liske surely did appreciate the Second Grade's gift.

JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL SEEKING FUNDS FOR NEEDED IMPROVEMENTS

By W. M. Sherrill, in The Concord Daily Tribune

North Carolina's lawmakers at their 1947 session, which opens early in January, will be asked to earmark $434,500 for permanent improvements at the Stonewall Jackson Training School at Concord.

These funds are urgently needed for improvements which S. G. Hawfield, superintendent of the school, says "would add greatly to the safety of the boys and to the effectiveness of the program of the school."

School officials, including both the local executive board which is headed by J. J. Barnhardt of Concord, and the State Board of Correctionc and Training, are backing the request and the funds if appropriated would be used to enlarge some of the school's present buildings and to erect several new buildings.

Superintendent Hawfield said the State Board of Corrections and Training has employed as architect for all the correctional institutions of the State the firm of Northrup and O'Brien of Winston-Salem and these engineers have already drawn sketches of the proposed building at the local school. The firm also has made estimates of their costs and these are reflected in the $434,500 appropriation sought from the next General Assembly.

Here in detail is the program sought for the school:

1 Additions to fifteen cottages, $37,500.

This involves alterations to make the cottage stairways flreproof and to add space for workrooms adjacent to the kitchens.

2. Cottage heating unit plant, $85, 000.

This involves the installation of the unit heating plant in each of the fifteen cottages for the purpose of replacing the present equipment whereby the cottages are heated with coal stoves and open grates. The steam heating would eliminate most of the fire hazards and would render the cottages much cleaner and more comfortable. It would also improve health conditions with more uniform heat.

3. Addition of three rooms to day school building, $22,000.

This addition would make available a science laboratory room and an adequate number of standard classrooms for all the ten grades.

4. Addition to trades building, $50, 000.

This involves the provision for larger space and other facilities for the trade training departments of the school, such as print shop, indusrial arts shop, and machine shop. Under the present arrangemnt, there is unnecessary crowding to the extent that there are great dangers in the operation of the school machinery. The trade training department of the school urgently needs to be expanded.

5. Laundry building,—$40,000.

The school urgently needs a new modern laundry department. With a

new building it would be possible to improve the training of the boys and to improve the cleanliness of the boys. Under the present arrangement the laundering is done on two different floors in an old structure that is inadequate and poorly arranged. The poor arrangement is due to the fact that the building has been added to from time to time without systematic planning for effective operation.

6. Central dining hall, bakery and refrigeration plant, $125,000.

(A) With a central dining hall it would be possible to improve the feeding program, because it would be possible to employ a dietitian with special training who would supervise the planning and the preparation of the food. There would be every assurance that every boy would receive an adequate supply of food daily, and that the food would be well-balanced and well-prepared.

(B) The present facilities for the bakery are both obsolete and poorly arranged. They are not the result of systematic planning. The oven in use at the present time has been in operation for approximately twenty-five years.

(C) There is urgent need for larger refrigeration facilities and also for a modern freezing unit for the preservation and conservation of meats, fruits and vegetables. At the present time the refrigeration facilities are very inadequate.

7. Superintendent's home, $15,000

There iis urgent need for a new building to be used as a superintendent's home. Under the present arrangement the superintendent, who is needed at the school at all times, finds it necessary to live at the Administration Building.

8. Staff Cottages (4)—$30,000

There is urgent need for a new quarters or staff members who are not charged with constant custodial care duties. With such facilities it would be possible to employ more staff members with specialized training. It would improve the situation if it were possible for these workers to have convenient, adequate, and comfortable living quarters at resonable cost.

9. New Textile Building and Equipment,—$30,000

A good many boys in the school are from textile communities in this part of the state. With a modern textile unit, including all the operatoins from the raw cotton to the finished product, it would be possible for these boys to be given proper training in all these operations. The present building is poorly arranged, poorly constructed, and much of the machinery is antiquated or obsolete.

———:———

To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life.—Stevenson.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

Distance is a great promoter of admiration.—Diderot.

—:—

'Tis said that wrath is the last thing in man to grow old.—Alcaeus.

—:—

"Some are atheists only in fair weather."

—:—

The materials of action are variable but the use we make of them should be constant.—Epictetus.

—:—

Lord grant that I may always desire more than I can accomplish.
—Michelangelo.

—:—

Experience is the child of thought, and thought is the child of action.
—Disraeli.

—:—

God gave us memories so that we might have roses in December.
—J. M. Barrie.

—:—

Sometimes to be positive is to be mistaken at the top of one's voice
—Ambrose Bierce.

—:—

When a man feels that the world owes him a living, he is usually too lazy to collect it.—Selected.

—:—

All that I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for what I have not seen.—Henry Ward Beecher.

—:—

Treat your friend as if he will one day be your enemy, and your enemy as if he will one day be your friend.
—Exchange.

—:—

The only man who never makes a mistake is the man who never does anything.—Theodore Roosevelt.

The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is.
—George Bernard Shaw.

—:—

A penny will hide the biggest star in the universe if you hold it close enough to your eye.—Samuel Grafton.

—:—

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.—Carlyle.

—:—

Kindness is a language which the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand.—C. N. Bovee.

—:—

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it to anyone else.—Dickens.

—:—

If you have no enemies, you are apt to be in the same predicament in regard to friends.—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

I am an old man and have known a great many troubles, but most of them never happened.—Mark Twain.

—:—

One of the very best rules in conversation is never say a thing which any one of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid.
—Selected.

—:—

Give, and you may keep your friend if you lose your money; lend, and the chances are that you lose your friend if ever you get back your money.
—Bulwer-Lytton.

—:—

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

SHALL WE PALLIATE OR CURE?

(The Charlotte Observer)

The 20 per cent increase in salaries of teachers as requested of the Budget Commission by the State Department of Education and approved by the leaders of the North Carolina Education Association is disappointingly low to this newspaper, which on September 11 proposed a salary schedule that it believed—and still believes—to be the lowest scale that can effectively meet the present crisis in our schools.

We shall not, of course, oppose any increase that may be granted to the teachers or that they may ask for, but we consider 20 per cent wholly inadequate to meet the present emergency. To compromise on that insufficient figure is merely to postpone the final reckoning with this problem, which will grow worse with each succeeding procrastination.

Moreover, the cost to the state of the 20 per cent increase would be more than half the cost of the salary schedule proposed by this newspaper. Why, in view of the prosperous condition of the State treasury as reported to the Budget Commission last Wednesday, should we stop with a half measure that merely postpones our coming to grips with this problem when a full measure would provide a solution at once?

This newspaper holds to its original thesis that this crisis is for more deeply seated than the mere financial embarrassment of the present corps of teachers. That is important; it must be relieved.

But, if this were merely a matter of meeting a temporarily inflated cost of living or of throwing a sop to the teachers to hush up their clamor for more pay, it would not be a crisis and would not be worth all the scarce paper that has been covered with arguments about it.

As we conceive this situation, it goes far deeper than that, and those who argue only about the cost of living and cite individual cases of teacher distress are missing the whole point.

That point is this:

We are not getting enough new teachers to replace those who die, retire, or change to other professions.

Twenty-five years ago 22 per cent of all college students were preparing for teaching. In 1945-46 only 7 per cent of our college students were taking the education course.

In the opening week of school this year, C. W. Phillips, president of the North Carolina Education associa- asked all of the 100 county superintendents in the state to report on vacancies and on the number of substandard teachers. Only fourteen supenintentents could report none of either. All others had both, and one superintendent reported seven vacancies and 67 substandard teachers in his system.

Throughout the state and the nation the number of substandard teachers is increasing in direct proportion to the loss of teachers holding Class A certificates.

It can be easily seen, then, that the plight of our present corps of teach-

ers, bad as it may be, is not the source of the greatest danger to the schools. The most pressing danger is found in the steadily diminishing supply of replacements, which is gradually approaching zero as a limit.

If this process continues, it will be only a matter of time before the number of Class A teachers will reach the vanishing point. That should need no demonstration.

The reason for this situation is obvious to all who have studied it. The salary scale offered to teachers provides no inducement for young people to prepare themselves for teaching when, with the same amount of preparation, they can qualify for other professions that offer far greater financial rewards.

Our present salary scale is a relic of the days when women could do little but teach, and consequently they had to take whatever salary was offered.

But those days are gone forever. Today so many vocations are open to women that a student entering college can take her choice of almost any number of professions or vocations that will offer higher salaries and more rapid advancement than teaching. With these choices open to her, she is no going to spend four years in college to qualify for a profession that will never give her an assured income of more that $1,623 under the present scale, or $1,948 with the proposed 20 per cent increase.

This newspaper does not believe that increasing the maximum Class A salary to $1,984 (without supplements) is going to induce a single additional student to prepare for teaching when almost any other vocation will offer a higher financial reward after ten years of experience.

We firmly believe that the lowest salary scale that will provide that inducement is the one proposed by this newspaper on September 11, as follows:

For the Class A certificate: First year, $1,560; second year, $1,650; year, third year, $1,740; fourth year, $1,830; fifth year, $1,920; sixth year, $2,000; seventh year, $2,1000; eight year, $2,200; ninth year, $2,300; tenth year, $2,400; eleventh year, $2,-6000; twelfth year, $2,750; thirteenth year and thereafter, $3,000.

For the Graduate certificate: Third year, $2,000; forth year, $2,100; fifth year, $2,200; sixth year, $2,350; seventh year, $2,480; eight year, $2,-600; ninth year, $2,700; tenth year, $2,800; eleventh year, $2,900; twelfth year, $3,100; thirteenth year, $3,300; fourteenth year, $3,500; fifteenth year and thereafter $3,600.

Character is like a tree and reputation like its shadow. The shadow is what we think of it; the tree is the real thing.—Lincoln.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING IN INSTITUTIONS

By M. LaVinia Warner, Ph. D.

Residential Training Schools with full control of their students for twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week and with the power of the courts back of them, plus the maintenance requirements of the institution set-up, are ideal for vocational training centers. This can be true for all types of training or boarding schools for youth, providing they are properly organized with this as one of their goals.

To do this, the training school must be provided with proper vocational guidance facilities. First of all, there must be good vocational guidance counselor, or some other trained person who understands vocations, easily accessible to each student. In the larger schools there should be a Department of Vocational Counseling with access to the best clinical facilities — psychological, psychiatrical, medical, educational, and sociological. The smaller school can call upon these services furnished elsewhere within the state or nearby cities. Of course the larger school, as well as the smaller, will occasionally need to call upon a more highly specialized outside service with some of the individual and unusual cases.

The children—students with whom the Training School deals are sometimes no different from those found in any day school, yet in many cases are very different. Some emergency occurred in each of their lives that caused them to be placed in the institution. Perhaps the emergency was not much more serious than something that happened to other young people in their crowd who remained at home. But they were "sent away" just the same, which makes a difference within the minds and lives of these training school students. Even though in some cases it has not affected him and he is even actually glad, it makes him different and the effects may take action later on in his life. In every case the vocational counselor must understand and know his clientele. The student, in turn, must have no fear of the counselor. The counselor should be completely removed from any weight in the student's mind that he has any influence or power in behavior or disciplinary matters or anything regarding the child's placement elsewhere. This will give the child more freedom to be his real self in the presence of the counselor, and in the vocational choices. There will be no pressure or feeling of need to keep in the good graces of the vocational counselor for any personal favors.

Some of the training school children will be neurotic cases in varying degrees and for various reasons; some organic, some functional. In some cases the mere fact that they are helped to plan for their future and that the plan has given them a purpose in life, will help considerably. Therefore, the vocational counseling will serve as a therapeutic method.

Other children may be so unstable,

psychopathic, or defective mentally, combined with an instability, that no special life's work can really be acceptable for or to them. They will be the no-goods, the wanderers from one laboring job to another. Their social adjustment is a real challenge.

The stable, but mentally incapable student is another definite problem for the vocational counselor. He may have high ambitions for his choice of a life's work which he cannot possibly reach. He must not be discouraged, but be lead to climb to the star below, but leading to or in the same direction as that of his ideal. A mentally defective, but stable girl who wants to become a nurse can find happiness as a nurse's aid, or a maid in a hospital, or perhaps a charwoman in a hospital or an office where people will appreciate a willing and capable worker. The feebleminded boy who proudly boasts that "I'm scrubbin," feels just as important in his mind when the bank's floors are clean as the bank's president does when the bank is progressing.

The bright, unstable child is the most difficult problem in helping to train himself for avocation. There will need to be guidance and more guidance combined with patience plus. The help of all types of specialists must be sought—the neurologist, the glandular specialists, X-Ray technician, and other specialists in order to attempt to locate and treat the cause of the instability.

The normal children with average or above mentality who have learned the wrong things because of poor home conditions, present another type of a problem for the vocational counselor. Sometimes because of their good ability and insight into their social handicap, they are even more difficult to treat than those suffering from organic causes. In their own minds, they have no excuse for their difficulty other than the poor home and family of which they are ashamed. This often creates a more stubborn problem within the child's mind which is the most difficult of all to cope. Although wanting help most of all, the child resents it because he feels, unwantingly, the pressure that helps show up his social low standing. Here, the vocational counselor must exercise tact and understanding, not sympathy or the type of praise which would only emphasize to the child the predicament which he is in. Biographies of persons who have achieved regardless of poor beginnings, other than the physically handicapped, often help in these cases.

The children who find their way to a residential training school are varied and different indeed. They come from all walks of life. They are suffering from various causes. Each must be considered and treated as much and as wisely as is humanely and scientifically possible. Understanding the child and his needs and treating him accordingly, with vocational guidance in mind, is the theme of this paper.

It is not the intention of this theme to indicate that the vocational counselor leads in all training, placement and follow-up of the children. It is the intention to emphasize the vocational training and to mention a few points in procedures. Also the importance of all professions workings closely together along this line, both

from the practical angle of placing the children in occupations so that they will be useful to society and to themselves, and from the standpoint that placing a purpose in the minds of these problem students is a therapeutic means in itself. To the child, getting placed at home and getting a job is the most important. He will want to talk to the psychologist, the teacher, the social worker, recreational director, and house parent as well as to the vocational counselor.

Any natural material at hand can be used as educational, whether in an institution or not, providing it is placed on a learning basis. Housework at home can be a drudgery or it can be as scientific, interesting, and vital as the new atom bomb. Residential training schools are natural villages with all needs for a miniature community at hand. If these facilities are placed on a learning basis for the child, they can be used as vocational training for work in the same field that is found naturally in any outside community. The school's store room, for example, can be used for vocational training and for valuable experience if a little organization is made and effort is put forth, and at no extra expense. The institution kitchens, in either a boys' or a girls's school can be placed on a professional training level just as easily as a department of Home Economics in a day school for the regular students. The boys could learn the trade of a chef commercial cooking, scientific side of food supplies, or the work of a waiter. In the kitchen of a girl's residential school, the students could learn the problems in foods in one class and waitress training in another. This could easily be as complete or as simple as the students ability can grasp. They could learn the management of a tea room, using the cottage kitchen and dining rooms as their class rooms, and other problems in home economics without much or perhaps no extra cost to the tax payer. This natural training is most valuable even if it does cost something over the service work already required in the institutional setting. Food must be supplied and served to its residential employees and students. The daily housework in the cottages can be used for vocational and social training in home management and household arts for the girls, and it would be of no special handicap to the boys, providing the work is organized for the purpose. At Blossom Hill School the students receive school credit for this. The cottage work at Blossom Hill is organized in somewhat the same way as practice houses for students in Home Economics Departments in Universities. When the work is placed on this basis, the necessary employees in the cottages are inclined to take more pride in their work as a profession. This gives it more of a purpose than is too often found in residential training schools. Of course, the students housed there like it better and are happier. The mental hygiene alone pays for the effort. The cottages afford excellent opportunities to teach subjects such as interior decorating for both boys and girls. Even if none of these children become interior

decorators, as such, they could be better helpers as a result of this experience. No extra time at the school would be necessary since this work would be carried on while the children are in the cottages and outside of the other working and school hours. In this connection the students could make scrap books on interior decorating or on other phases of home planning and social living that might strike their fancy. There should be books on these subjects as vocations in the cottage library for them to read when they so desire.

Dr. Gale H. Walker, Superintendent of the Polk State School for the Feebleminded at Polk, Pennsylvania, recommends that occupational classes be established in connection with the different shops of production work for the institution and that these classes be completely severed from the responsibility of any production. Then, if a child is personally inclined to continue in a particular activity, Dr. Walker recommends that he be permitted to do so on the production level. This is easier to accomplish in an institution for the feebleminded than in a training school for delinquent children due to the fact the children usually remain longer in the institution for the feebleminded than those in a training school for delinquents. Nevertheless the idea of shop class rooms is a good one. The shop itself should be organized on a learning basis for the students with adults in charge who have an attitude of instruction whether they have a teachers certificate or not. Perhaps it would be better if the atmosphere of a workshop prevailed in every class room and vocational shop whether in an institution for delinquents or in the regular day school. Our schools should plan for less book learnig and more workshops for all children and especially for the non-verbal students. One third of our school population does not pass in school by rights. They are not stupid or underprivileged, but are simply non-verbal. The residential training schools should have the same type of vocational training as is found in our good school systems for the regular children, only better vocational opportunities than is found in any regular public school set-up, since these training school children need more because of the problem they present. They should be supplied with the best of qualified teachers in all fields.

It is the job of the vocational counselor to rightly place the children in the shops and to keep a watchful eye on them in order to continue his study of them from the vocational angle. Boys and girls can be placed around in the various shops within the institution, for the experience, when they are uncertain as to their choice of a vocation or, if they feel so inclined, they can spend a longer time in a particular shop class room far specialization. Regardless, the child should feel that his work is on a learning basis. He should be graded in his work and receive school credit and school grade advancement for his work. This could be true in the paint shop, the tailor shop, the shoe making shop, the shoe repair shop, in carpentry, plumbing, the auto industry, printing, laundering, music, art, dress designing, and in all other institutional activities, even

in farming. The various farming projects could easily be placed on a scientific study basis. Pamphlets and books on animals husbandry ad scientific gardening, placed in the hands of the children doing this work, will help them to appreciate the breadth, the value, and necessity of the work. All of these shop activities should be closely correlated with the work in the so-called academic rooms. In fact these various practical shop activities would lend incentive for work in the classes in English composition, spelling, reading, and general science which would be real and meaningful to the student. Mathematics and the like would become alive also. First aid and home nursing has a connection when closely applied to the shop work. Danger lurks everywhere and the well trained worker should be aware of it and able to meet it correctly from his angle if it should arrive. The regular registered nurses in the training schools could be used to advantage in the instruction of organized classes in first aid, home nursing, and personal hygiene. Recreational directors can also be used to advantage as instructors in some of these classes on health. These introductions to the health angle within the shops might help some of the children to locate themselves permanently and happily in a good hospital job, as an attendant or a nurse's aid, or in a similar position in a factory medical department. Or if they are not so inclined, the knowledge they acquire while they are in the training school would help them stay away from what might prove an unhappy job placement.

Each child should be accepted in the residential training school as a potential worker in some field and he should be guided in as many directions as is at all possible while there and helped as wisely to locate himself in life. He should be led to think of himself as he will be five, ten, or more years hence. He should think of where he will be and what he will be doing when he reaches these ages. He must plan now to take care of that man he is going to be at the age of 20, 25, and 40. When he begins to see himself in this manner, many of the current disciplinary problems cease. The little day by day problems will not seem so important when his mind is occupied with bigger plans for the future. However, if the child is not rightly placed in his vocational training at the school, or if he has a feeling that he is being pushed or imposed upon in his shop placement, disciplinary problems could result. There must be freedom for the student to move around within the institution among the various vocational opportunities. Some will never find satisfaction and will not make a decision as to their choice for a vocation, but they can gain much from the various experiences offered within the school's maintenance shops and training classes. Thus, they will be better prepared to find their life's vocation after they leave the training school. Maintenance work for the school's plant offers a real live part for vocational training, but it does not take the place of it. The vocational training work should have a definite self-motivation for the boy or girl. The student may make an unwise choice for a vocation, but with wise guidance

he can make a satisfactory substitution. He must also have a feeling of pride in his choice.

The training schools should provide vocational opportunities other than those required for maintenance work such as watch repairing accounting, drafting advertising art, various building trades and machine shop work of as many kinds as is possible. Completion of the regular arts or commercial high school is a step towards vocation also. Those children who desire a regular academic high school diploma should have that opportunity if their ability permits. Some might desire to attend the academic school class rooms all day without any experiences in the school's maintenance of vocational shops. The vocational counselor must be able to distinguish between a real motive for this and a desire of the child to get out of the more active types of work on the campus.

The usual work in a technical high school is too difficult for all but a very few of the students in the residential training school and probcational program. The more practical, every day type of work should be given instead. Every child who has reached the age of 14, at least should be included in the vocational guidance program. Occasionally a younger student is matured enough to be able to think in these terms. Every child, regardless of age, should feel free to change his mind on his vocational choice.

How shall the counselor select the individual for a certian vocation? The answer to this question is don't" The vocational counselor's job is to acquaint the child with the various vocations available to him and along the lines that are interest to him. To do this the counselor must know the child. Vocational testing must be done by trained psychologists who can consider general personalities as well as special vocational abilities. The psychologists will want to use tests for personality and interest traits as well as for aptitudes in mechanics, arts, and for practical and intellectual potentialities. To have high mental dexterity and ability in one line does not necessarily mean that the child would be a success in that field. He must be studied from all angles, level and type of mentality, special and genuine interests, degree of stability, personal qualities, sense preception, and other facts or lack of them, physical stamina, which a professional psychologist should determine. The status of his mental health from the viewpoint of a psychiatrist is a vital for the counselor ability to acquire skills in the chosen field, physical abilities and handicaps to know. The child's rate of growth and amendability in the treatment program is important also in the prognosis of his success in a field of work.

The child must not only be made acquainted with the various vocational possibilities, but he must be acquainted with himself in connection with those vocations. Here is where the vocational counslor must ask for assistance from the other professional staff. How to approach the child and who should acquaint him along these ticklish lines is a serious business. If the wrong approach is made the connection for the child may be lost entirely. The counselor must know the child's disabilities, but through the use of tact, not divulge

them to the child. It might prove a grave mistake for the vocational counselor to tell the child too much about his abilities and disabilities, especially the latter. The psychologist or phschiatrist is in a better position to discuss these with the child. If the vocational counselor does too much along this line, he is in danger of losing the child's confidence and the feeling of freedom with him. He can lead the child to give the information to him if need be.

The child's stay in the training school is usually too short to do what the vocation counselor should want to do for him. The counselor's work with the child should begin as soon as the child arrives at the school. The work should be diagnostic from the standpoint of the boy or girl: the counselor to find out what the child can do, and the child to discover what he actually wants to do.

The child must become aware of the need for planning or a vocation and a need to study himself for the vocation as well as a need to correct his defects and develop his better qualities and abilities. He should study the limitations of the job also.

The vocational counselor must know his own limitations and constantly take inventory of himself in relation to each child. Is he doing the correct thing by each student, or is he cheating him and the job itself by poor counseling, advising him wrongly and not spending the child's time to advantage? He must keep calling upon the experts and other who know the child for rediagnosis and to assist him with the child.

The child should be taught how to apply for a job. This will in addition show him the importance of preparing himself for a vocation and the dignity of the job. The student should know where to apply for a job, how to use such organizations as the United States Employment Service, the Young Men's Christian Association or Young Women's Christian Association, churches, nationality groups, the newspapers, and how to use the telephone book for lists of employment agencies.

The student must be given insight on how to hold a job and when it is proper to leave a job or give up the work entirely. He must be taught the importance of self-control and to be a gentleman even when an injustice is shown. He should know where to go for advice in his community after he leaves the training school. For this, he can again be referred to the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, and become acquainted with the help offered by church leaders, school principals, social agencies, vocational guidance bureaus, and Psychogical Clinics in Universities, and whatever his local community or state affords. He should learn to use the library for information on vocation if his community affords one. He should be so taught that he would want to go on for more training after he leaves the residential school. In many cases, the actual and definite training could begin after the child is placed from the school. To do this the counselor must know the resources and job possibilities of the individual child's community. The counselor must instruct the child in the Labor Laws of his state and how they apply to the child's age. The

child must know how to secure a working permit if one is required of him.

The counselor should discuss the vocational possibilities for the student with the parents, older siblings, or other responsibile persons connected with the child, regardless of their intellectual, social standing or attitudes. These individuals will feel complimented or at least they cannot complain that they were not approached in the matter. When the boy or girl is away from the school, these persons can do a lot to discourage or to help the child continue any good advice started. Domineering parents and relatives should receive considerable guidance so that they will not interfere with the child's freedom of choice in his work. Warn the children of "quack" counseling and receiving help from well—meaning, but wrong directing friends.

The counselor can give much guidance to the children under his care in their selection of a congenial work by meeting with them in groups where he not only can give them pointers, but they can hear one another freely discuss ideas in the vocational fields. These group activities would do much in therapy also as it would inspire the children to a higher level of thinking and planning. This form of the meeting would also serve as a "disciplinary" or a training in group behavior. Group meetings would tend to help the students to study themselves objectively and without a feeling that they, individually, are being pointed out as would be the case in individual conferences. It is a help to hear others discuss personality qualifications required of various vocations and professions. To discuss professions would aid the children to understand the persons who have achieved in the higher professions and thus enable them to have a better appreciation of these professions and skills.

It is helpful to make visitations and observation trips to factories, hospitals department stores, and the like to see persons at work and thus get a mental picture of working conditions and processes. Employment personnel are often glad to give talks to visiting groups on work in their organizations. Outside speakers who can come to the schol to discuss various vocational fields would add to the knowledge and inspiration of the members of the group.

"Clubs are trumps in guidance" according to some who have used this method of acquainting young people with various occupational opportunities. Club activities can be very personal and effective. The Club gives the young person a sense of belonging and is an effective instrument for social, moral and vocational guidance. The use of clubs is a good way to show the students the importance of planning. The students learn to listen to others and to express themselves in a constructive manner. Conferences with small groups as well as with individuals who have destructive ideas will help to alleviate any harmful thoughts. The children should feel free to ask for conferences and to come together in groups to the counselor to talk over their problems.

The school newspaper can be used to advantage in vocational guidance. It gives opportunities for editors, reporters, rewriters, artists, and printers. The higher the position earned

and the more responsibility required, the more self-discipline is gained. Such activities give the boy or girl more respect for authority. They learn the value of authority.

A dramatic club offers opportunities for talented writers and actors, costume designors, stage managers, on down to the unattractive and personally handicapped child who can at least be a successful stage hand or an usher. All of those experiences offer jobs that are compensating.

It is handy to have a question box in the schol building or in the cottages where boys and girls can drop in their questions to be answered or requests to see the counselor or other persons.

There should be a Vocational Bulletin Board and books on vocations in every cottage, not on shelves in the library, but on tables in the cottage living rooms, and also in the school building where the children can use them easily. Magazines on vocations and on matters related to the subject such as Popular Mechanics, Home Economics Journals and United States pamphlets on Vocations should be supplied in sufficient numbers so that the student body would have easy access to them. It is helpful to place items on the bulletin board such as pictures and clippings showing others at work. For example, college girls working on a farm, mechanics at work, house cleaners, and 4H Club winners. These will tend to popularize labor and industry in the student mind.

There are some very excellent films sent out free for the return mailing on all types of vocations and work in various fields of industies. As the children look at these movies, they can picture themselves as workers in the industry if they have had some introduction to the vocational opportunities. The students must be directed to think in terms of requirements for the job and the qualifications they must possess for it. They must be stimulated, at the same time be led to come down to earth and think of themselves as to what success they can actually have in the particular field. These films are a help in letting the children understand that a vocation is not just a single job, but that they should think in terms of occupational field for their selection.

The vocational counselor must bear in mind that his training school students should learn that life itself and the art of living and working peaceably together is the most important vocational subject of all. These are far more important than any acquired subject matter or vocational skills, and espectially so for the training school child who has already met with some misfortune in living. He must be directed to train himself to be a good person as well as a good worker. Educational movies, proper radio programs, dramatics, fine arts, good music, and paintings can be used to advantage to acquaint the child with real everyday normal and wholesome living.

The vocational counselor's work extends beyond the mere selection of a field of work for the child, but on to his ability to hold one and to succeed in it after he secures the work placement. The child must learn that mere skills are not sufficient, that such personal qualities as honesty, dependability, punctuality, in-

dustry and willingness to do more than expected, and to keep on learning after securing the job are essential. The child should be taught that the worker has a responsibility to his country and community; that unreasonable demands are an injustice to fellow being; that workers and employers must be responsible partners in a joint enterprise. He should learn to recognize merit as his standard.

The student should be led to have a national outlook, like the stone cutter who felt that he was helping to build a Cathedral, not just cutting the stone for it. To be happy, the worker must feel its importance and breadth and his importance in it. Vocational guidance with these children must go far beyond just finding a suitable vocation for them, it must include endowing them with an attitude and understanding that will carry them on through a successful life as well as success on the job; how to live with people, how to meet discord, how to cooperate with employer, who and what to listen to, how to weigh the complaints of fellow workers and the justices and injustices of their employer. They must be made able to see their responsibilities as well as their rights.

If at all feasible, it would add much to the vocational training program if the student could try his wings by going out on work experience jobs while he is still at the training school. Even if not in his chosen field, it would give him an opportunity to work for an employer for pay. The student would at least have the experience of meeting people on the employer—employee basis. Work experience in camps under the supervision of the National Youth Administration is reputed to have rehabilitated delinquent youth. It, no doubt, could help, at least some of these training school students.

The proper vocational placement of these training school people is the best instrument for their mental health. If rightly placed, their emotional life will taper off to a fairer degree of normalcy. Their total personality is at stake and must be dealt with carefully. The child does not necessarily need to follow in life what he is interested in at the time. If it gives him satisfaction and inspiration to go on and achieve, it may be doing for him what it should. The particular vocational training should have real interest and import for the child at the time other than to please those in charge or to get it over with and out of the institution.

In vocational guidance the educator must extend his influence into building a greater America. The recent strikes should have taught him a lot in the problem of directing the socially maladjusted and delinquent children. These children must also face the fact that following the war emergency there will be fewer job opportunities for minors, and they will have to prepare to meet it by better preparation for the job.

The vocational counselor should avail himself of a handy, but complete system of cards or folders in which he can keep track of each student's work schedule and advancement. This should be used when in conference with the child to show him his progress and what his various instructors and teachers think of him in his practice work.

The counselor must not get dis-

couraged if some of the students are not successful. There are some who will never succeed as far as it would seem they should. They are the unstable individuals and the ne'er-do-wells. Some will never seem to care whether they are learning something useful or not. All they seem to want is to "have a good record" so they can get out of the training school as soon as possible. They will either take things "easy" after they leave the training school or will have revenge, in their way of thinking, by making up for lost time in anti-social behavior.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Erbert Summers, pastor of the First Babtist Church in Concord, had charge of the services at the school last Sunday. He used for a Scripture lesson the first eleven verses of the fourth chapter of Matthew. This is the selection in the Bible which gives an account of the three temptations by Satan, encountered by Jesue at one period in His life.

First, there was the temptation to turn stones into bread; second, the temptatioon to place Himself on a high pinnacle and jump off, to be borne up by angels; and third, the temptation to bow down and worship Satan so that He would be given authority to rule over the world.

Jesus withstood all three temptations by replying that it had been written in the Bible that men should not do the things with which Satan had tempted the Master. Through it all, Jesue was sure of himself because of what was written in the Bible and because He was familiar with what was written there."

Mr. Summers used as the topic for his discussion with the boys, "The Power of Christ over Satan."

Mr. Summers, in the first place, explained to the boys that men, of their own power, are not able to overcome temptations. They may be sure that temptations will come to them and that if they rely entirely upon their own strength there will inevitable be periods when they will falter and walk in the ways of sin. The only sure safeguard, then, for anyone is to have the sustaining power of Christ in his own soul. This is available to all, and everyone should claim it for himself. Mr. Summers explained to the boys that there are two powerful forces, or to spirits, in the word at all times. There is the spirit of Satan, which is more powerful than the spirit of man, but it is not more powerful than the Spirit of God.

When Jesus was in the world and assumed the form of a man, this made it possible for him to live among men and to know the difficulties which they encountered. In one sense He was human, and it was in His human element that He was tempted. Of course, Jesus was also divine, as he sought to bring the revelation of God to man, and other blessings to mankind.

It was explained to the boys that Satan, at the time, knew the weakest

points in the life of Jesus Himself At that time Jesus had experienced forty days of fasting, and He was intensely hungry. Therefore, Satan tempted Him to turn stones into bread which He might eat. Next, when Satan led Him upon the roof of a temple and appealed to Him to do a foolish, silly thing for show, he sought vainly to appeal to any spirit of vanity or self-importance which the Master had. Satan hoped that Jesus would decide to do this spectacular thing of leaping from a pinnacle. In the third place, he knew that Jesus was deeply interested in the thought of worshiping the highest authority in the universe. He knew the tendency in the soul of Jesus was to worship something great, and therefore Satan appealed to the Master to worship him.

Every person should aspire towards the highest ideals, always keeping his life free from sin in his temptations. The only sure power in the world is that one should have the power of God in Christ. Satan is always holding up the allurements of sin in order to keep Jesus away from men. Satan inspires sin in many forms, such as vulgar stories, lying, stealing, and other evil-doing. Only Jesus has the power to overcome the allurements of such temptations.

In conclusion, Mr. Summers explained to the boys that everyone should read the Bible constantly as the best book for guidance in Christian living. If this is done, it is possible for everyone to be triumphant and victorious in his daily struggles with the temptations of Satan.

I COVER MY HURT WITH A SMILE

Nobody knows of all the sorrows that I hide behind a smile,
And only God knows the hidden pain that is with me all the while;
I hide from the world the sorrow and pain so none but God will know,
I smile and laugh and cover the hurt as I journey here below.

No one knows how I struggle to live a life that is free from sin,
Only God knows the failures I make struggling the fight to win;
I try to hide from the sight of the world things that are hard to bear,
I smile and laugh to cover the hurt that comes with a load of care.

Many nights when the house is still, I struggle with burdens and care,
And upon my knees I plead with God to hear and answer my prayer;
I have hid from the world the things that hurt, but not the things worthwhile,
I try to laugh and face the world and cover the hurt with a smile.

Hid away from the sight of the world I carry my load of care,
Though my heart may ache and tears may flow, I still go to God in prayer;
And I'll laugh and joke and face the world and tell of those things worthwhile,
I'll not show my hurt to the world, I'll cover that hurt with a smile.

—Frank H. Burleigh.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 13, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Maynard Chester
William Epps
Ernest Johnston
Roger Ivey
Marion Ray
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE NO. 1

Horace Collins
Raymond Harding
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Clay Shew
William Smith
Harry Thompson
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 2

Ray Burns
Julian Commander
Judd Lane
Robert McDuffie
William McVicker
Eddie Medlin
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle

COTTAGE NO. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Jesse Hamlin
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Purdue
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Benard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE NO. 4

Herman Galyan
William Lewis
Coy McElvin
James Smith
Roy Swink
Robert Thompson
King Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 5

Hicks Allen
George Byrd
Earl Hoyle
James Little
Ralph Medlin
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Richard Davidson
Earl Holleman
Robert Peavey
Glenn Mathison
Ralph Seagle
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Glenn Davis
Edward Guinn
John Hill
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Jerry Peavey

COTTAGE NO. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 9

Albert Allen
J. C. Alley
Thomas Corley
Raymond Cloninger
Charles Francis
Hubert Inman
Lester Ingle
Edward Johnson
James Norton
James Upright

COTTAGE NO. 10

Earl Kinlaw
Harry Matthews
Hoyt Mathis
Garvin Thomas

COTTAGE NO. 11

Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
Charles Davis
Donald Fagg
Leslie Gautier
Luther Hull
James Phillips
Benney Riggins

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Earl Allen
Robert Bailey
Terry Hardin
Larry Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 14

Lee Bradshaw
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Charles Moore
John Moretz
James Shook
James Smith
Thomas Styles
Charles Todd
James Walters
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Elzo Fulk
Robert Holland
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Marcus Hefner
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Alton Stewart
Ralph Stewart
Solomon Shelton
James Shepherd
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Donald Moose
Roy Orr
Bennie Payne

INFIRMARY

David Brooks
Thomas Davis
William Hunter

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of October 20, 1946

Oct. 21—Carl Ballew, Cottage No. 14, 13th birthday.
Oct. 21—James Christy, Cottage No. 3, 14th birthday.
Oct. 22—Ray Roberts, Cottage No. 10, 13th birthday.
Oct. 23—J. C. Taylor, Cottage No. 11, 15th birthday.
Oct. 25—Lester Ingle, Cottage No. 9, 12th birthday.
Oct. 26—Curtis House, Cottage No. 13, 16th birthday.
Oct. 26—James Scott, Cottage No. 2, 15th birthday.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 26, 1946 No. 43

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HOW VERY TRUE

If you feel sad and you are blue,
Think of others worrying, too;
Just because your trials are many,
Don't think the rest of us haven't any,
Life is made up of smiles and tears,
Joys and sorrows, mixed with fears,
And though to some it seems one-sided,
Yet trouble is pretty well divided,
For could we look into every heart,
We'd find that each one has its part,
That those who travel fortune's road,
Sometimes carry the biggest load.

—Author Unknown.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

HOW DO YOU TACKLE YOUR WORK?

How do you tackle your work each day?
Are you scared of the job you find?
Do you grapple the task that comes your way
With a confident, easy mind?
Do you stand right up to the work ahead
Or fearfully pause to view it?
Do you start to toil with a sense of dread
Or feel that you're going to do it?

You can do as much as you think you can,
But you'll never accomplish more;
If you're afraid of yourself, young man,
There's little for you in store.
For failure comes from the inside first,
It's there if we only knew it,
And you can win, though you face the worst,
If you feel that you're going to do it.

Success! It's found in the soul of you,
And not in the realm of luck!
The world will furnish the work to do,
But you must provide the pluck.
You can do whatever you think you can,
It's all in the way you view it.
It's all in the start that you make, young man:
You must feel that you're going to do it.

How do you tackle your work each day?
With confidence clear, or dread?
What to yourself do you stop and say
When a new task lies ahead?
What is the thought that is in your mind?
Is fear ever running through it?
If so, just tackle the next you find
By thinking you're going to do it.

—Edgar A. Guest.

WHOLE-HEARTED COOPERATION VERSUS INDIFFERENCE

Wherever groups of people are associated in any mutual activity, there are different prevailing standards by which they judge their own personal obligations. This is true in any enterprise or activity where people mingle together and where they perform different duties or different functions.

It is quite interesting to note the varying senses of responsibility. Some people, by their everyday responses and behavior, manifest a deep and genuine interest in what they are doing, and it is perfectly evident to one and all that these people are thoroughly happy in their work, that they enjoy life in many ways, and that they rejoice in every opportunity of service that comes to them through the work that they do. From time to time people of this type do many things beyond which they are expected to go, and they even seek for additional opportunities to give of themselves, their time, and their talents. Of course, these are the people who really make life enjoyable and, too, add a tone of spirituality to whatever occupation they may have aligned themselves.

Of course, there are a great many other people who meet their responsibilities on an average basis. They do their work in such a manner that there could be little or probably no complaint. From day to day they accept the routine responsibilities and come to the end of the day with the feeling that they have done their own work well enough so that no great amount of complaint could be registered against them. This group of people, of course, have little ambition, and they rarely ever rise to the top of the ladder. They are content to drift along with the current until they come to the end of their lives without ever having done anything outstanding.

Then, of course, there are those who do their work poorly. There are those who take advantage of every opportunity to shirk their work or to evade responsibilities. There are those who say to themselves and by their conduct say to others that it is all right for other people to accept heavy responsibilities and do extra work if they want to, but as for themselves, they refuse to do anything extra, and they even refuse to fulfill the reasonable standards of efficient work.

The people who are always watching the clock, or counting the hours, never make any great success in life. Some offer alibis that

they have imaginary physical ailments, and seek to excuse themselves, when in fact their real reason for evading their share of the want to do any better. So it is with many adults in all ways of life.

It would be wonderful if every person, whether in the home or in any industrial or institutional enterprise, could reach the high point in his own personal philosophy where he would say he would do his own work so well that his standard of work could be taken as the ideal pattern by all others, and that there could be assurance at the same time that there would be no let-down in a high quality of efficient work. The person who fails to do his work so that he knows it would be a correct pattern for everyone to follow, must know at the same time that he is being unfair and unethical and that he is not fulfilling the moral standards of an honest worker.

Sometimes boys and even men form a philosophy that they will do just as much as they know they have to do, or as much as they are required to do and no more. This is a cheap standard of performance, and the person who measures the quality of his work in terms of such standards is consigning himself definitely to the class of inefficient workers. The person who does only what he thinks he should do, never really does what he should do.

Again, there are those who always wait to be told what they should do. They expect to have somebody else to plan their work and lay it out definitely before them. Sometimes, they even expect another person to go and put his finger on the job to be done, and then after the work is done they satisfy themselves by saying that they did what they were told to do. However, they never looked for things to do on their own initiative. Adults generally criticize the young people who never look for extra things to do, when at the same time there are many adults who are just as delinquent in their work as are the young people.

Then, of course, there are those who do their work in such a manner that they can boast of how well it is done. Their work speaks for itself. They are those who see beyond themselves. They are those who from day to day are always doing a little bit more than they think has been expected of them. They are those who have gone out of the way to do extra things. They are those who have been willing to share to the limit in all the responsibilities, and have

work is that they don't want to do it. Boys here at the school frequently fail to do as well as they should, simply because they don't not at any time asked for special considerations and special privileges.

With reference to the varying standards of work, there is, after all, however, very little that one person can do towards helping another. Those who deliberately evade extra duties and who ask for special privileges most often never realize in the least wherein they fail. They, seemingly, have built up a feeling that the world owes them, and that there is no good reason why they should not be the beneficiaries of special consideration. They justify themselves easily that they have performed adequately and fairly. This is where the tragedy of the situation lies. It has always been so, and, no doubt, will always be so in the future.

How grand and glorious it would be, on the other hand, if every person, every worker, could reach that enviable position where his own example would be a suitable one for all those with whom he works.

The importance of honest labor is so adequately expressed by Edgar A. Guest in his poem entitled "Clinching the Bolt," that we are passing it on to our readers, as follows:

CLINCHING THE BOLT

It needed just an extra turn to make the bolt secure,
A few more minutes on the job and then the work was sure;
But he begrudged the extra turn, and when the task was through,
The man was back for more repairs in just a day or two.

Two men there are in every place, and one is only fair,
The other gives the extra turn to every bolt that's there;
One man is slip-shod in his work and eager to be quit,
The other never leaves a task until he's sure of it.

The difference 'twixt good and bad is not very much
A few more minutes at the task, an extra turn or touch,
A final test that all is right—and yet the men are few
Who seem to think it worth their while these extra things to do.

The poor man knows as well as does the good man how to work,
But one takes pride in every task, the other likes to shirk;
With just as little as he can, one seeks his pay to earn,
The good man always gives the bolt that clinching, extra turn.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 2nd Grade

The B. T. U. met in the auditorium, and we sang two songs. Then we went to our rooms. First on the program, Olin Sealey and David Brooks read the Bible. A group of boys sang some songs. The boys who sang were as follows: John McKinney, Ollie Daw, Olin Sealey, Clyde Hill, and Wade Cook. They sang the following songs: "Praise Him," "Jesus, Friend of Little Children," and I Know What I'll Do for Jesus." Leroy Shedd had a part on the program. Our teacher brought his airplane to show to the boys. It was a bomber like the ones used in the war. The next part was given by Bernard Webster. It was "Knowing How to Choose Favorite Passages." That was the last part on the program.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Thomas Staley, 4th Grade

We put a group of words on the blackboard about strong lives and weak lives. Then some of us read verses in the Bible. Mr. Helms read the lesson to us. We then had prayer. Then we went to the auditorium to be dismissed.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

First, Mr. Isenhour asked us what a church was. Then he led us in prayer. After this, mr. Isenhour read us some in the Bible. When he was through, he asked who had parts in the program. Bobby Kerr had the first part. It was entitled "Respect." "Consiousness of God" was given by Glenn Evans. The next part was given by Harold Kernodle. "Worship" was the name of his part. Clifton Rhodes gave the talk on this topic, "Good Manners." After this, we went to the auditorium. From there we were sent to our cottages.

Painting the Bakery

By Thomas Hutchins, 7th Grade

Mr. Frank Liske and the boys who work in our bakery have been painting the bakery two different colors, so that it will look good on Halloween. The bakery is looking much better than it did a few days ago. All the boys are pleased with the clean building.

The Picture Show

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

The picture show this week was "Call of the South Sea." An American government man went over to the Hawaiian Islands to catch some men who had broken the laws of the country. He was put in jail, later freed, and still later taken to the beach. At the last of the story he was killed, but another government man, who had gone to the Hawaiian Islands before

their work, already having finished four of the cottages. They started with Cottage Number 1. They are now working on Cottage Number 5. Since they are doing such a fine job at it, every cottage will look nicer after they get through with the painting.

Radio Program

By Charles Angel, 7th Grade

The radio program which was given by the first grade boys of the school, began with a song. The song was was "How We Say Good Morning." Another song by these boys was "In October." A poem was then given. The title of it was "Jack Frost." It was given by Elbert Gentry. "Jack Frost Was So Tired," was sung by Donald Branch. The group sang"When the Red Leaves Dance." Then after they had sung the song, the group gave a poem, "Indian Children."After that, they sang another song, "At Harvest Time." The following boys took part in the program: Harvey Jacobs, Ralph Gassoway, Donald Hoyle, James Wilson, Donald Branch, Paul Allen, Elbert Gentry, Elmer Southerland, Franklin Robinson, and Frank Belk.

Mr. Hawfield made a talk. His talk was "Conservation of Youth through Community Programs.

Birthday Party

By Bobby Joe Duncan,4th Grade

Wednesday, October 16, all the boys who had a birthday during the month of September had a birthday party. We went to the gymnasium. First we pushed a peanut with our nose. Roger Ivey won. Cecil Clark said a poem, "Seeing Things at Night," by Eugene Fields. Mr. Walters told jokes.

The boys were served ice cream and cookies. After the refreshments were served, we went to our cottages. We all enjoyed it very much.

They boys who went to the party were the following: Bobby Joe Duncan, Roger Ivey, William Britt, James Johnson, Jimmy Wiles, Evan Myers, Calvin Owens, Leon Poston, Elmer Sutherland, Frank Belk, Billy McVicker, Eugene Murphy, Wade Cook, Donald Stultz, Howard Wise, Jack Lambert, John Gregory, Clifford Martin, James Knight, Harry Thompson, Marion Ray, Emory King, and Jesse Hamlin.

Boys Receive Magazines

By Clyde Wright, 7th Grade

Mr. Leon Godown sent some magazines up to Mr. Hines for the boys to read. We boys of the Special Seventh Grade were each given one magazine to take to the cottage to read. We surely do appreciate them very much, and we think it was very kind of Mr. Godown to send them to us. We boys enjoy reading them very much. The names of the magazines are as follows:"Life," "Time," "Sports Afield," "Liberty," "Progressive Farmer," and "Country Gentleman."

The Chapel Program

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

First we had devotional evercises, conducted by Mr. Hines. He led us in prayer first, and then he read some passages from the Bible on the sub-

he went, was able to capture the offenders of the law.

We liked and appreciated this picture very much.

J. T. S. Played Hartsell High

By Glenn Davis, 7th Grade

Jackson Training School played a game of football with Hartsell High School on last Thursday, Oct. 17, 1946. We had a good game, but Hartsell won by the score of 33-0. We hope that the next game we play will be won by us.

New Boys at the School

By Miley Gunter, 7th Grade

Rencently the school has received some new boys. They are as follows: Charles Hudson, first grade; Henry Shepperd, second grade; Curtis Helms, third grade; Joe Cain and Richard Messick, fourth grade; and Herbert Landreth, sixth grade. We all are sure these boys will enjoy their stay at the school.

The Shoe Shop

By Eugene Martin, 7th Grade

Recently Mr. Hooker has been giving out new shoes to the boys. Some of the boys could be fitted with used shoes that he and the boys repaired. We hope all the boys will take good care of their shoes.

Football Game Between Grades

By Billy Baynes, 7th Grade

On Monday afternoon at our recess period the 7th grade played the 6th in football. It was a hard-fought game but everyone enjoyed it. The 6th grade scored a touchdown but failed to make the extra point in the first half of the game. No one was able to score again until the last few minutes of the game. When the 7th grade scored a touchdown and made the extra point, it gave them the victory over the 6th grade with a score of 7-6.

The Bus Driver

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

This week we got to see a picture. We saw it Tuesday in the auditorium. Of all the pictures we have seen lately, it was the most educational. The name of the picture was "The Bus Driver." It was very good, and we enjoyed it very much. The picture was about how a bus driver does, and it taught courtesy, safety, and the wise use of time. It was about how a bus driver changes when he comes to a bus station. The driver stops at a station, and then another man takes his place.

We all thank Mr. Fisher and Mr. Hines for showing this picture.

Painting at J. T. S.

By George Swink, 6th Grade

Mr. A. L. Carriker and the boys of the Carpenter Shop are painting the top of every cottage. I mean that they are painting the tin part. Mr. Carriker is training the boys to do many useful things. The boys who are helping him with the painting are as follows: Robert Wikins, George Byrd, Hicks Allen, Burton Routh, and David Eaton. They are getting along fine in

ject of "Watch." He made a talk on the subject "Watch Your Habits."

After the devotional exercises, the First Grade sang some songs. They were "In October" and "Now We Say Good Morning." Then we had a poem, "Jack Frost," by Elbert Gentry. The group sang some more songs as follows: "Jack Frost Was So Tired," "When the Red Leaves Dance," and "Sing at Harvest Time." The whole group said a poem, "Indian Children." Mrs. Hawfield told a good story entilted "Two Out of the Bag." I think I am speaking for the entire audience when I say that the program was a good one.

News Items of Interest

By Miley Gunter 7th Grade

Recently Mrs. Sadie H. Dutton left the School. She has been here about three years. We all are sure she enjoyed staying at the School and helping the boys.

On October 15, 1946, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Cruse left the school. The boys of Cottage No. 9 regretted to see them leave. The boys were sent out that night.

The boys of the Special Sixth and Special Seventh Grades are getting up a program for Hallowe'en. It will be very funny, so if I were one of the officers at the School, I would be sure to come and see it. The name of it is "The Hallowe'en Minstrel from Pumpkin Center."

Library Activities

By Miley Gunter,7th Grade

During the month of October, Mrs. Baucom and the librarians have been fixing up the Library for Hallowe'en. It does not look like it now, but it will before long.

More Boys Released

By Howard Herman, 7th Grade

Some more boys have been released to go to their homes as follows:

Benson Wilkins, Wilmington; Ralph Gibson, Murphy; Frank Westmoreland, Winston-Salem; James Little, Lincolnton; and Robert Mason, East Lumberton; and Norman Hentschell, Ridgecrest.

We are hoping that all of these boys will do well at their homes.

———:———

Act well your part, there all the honor lies;
Stoop to expediency and honor dies.
Many there are that in the race for fame,
Lose the great cause to win the little game.
Who, pandering to the town's decadent taste,
Barter the precious pearl for gaudy paste,
And leave upon the virgin page of time
The venom trail of iridescent slime.

—Anon.

DIM TRAGEDY TURNS TO GLORY AS STARS CONQUER HANDICAPS

(Our Paper)

Now and then in the annals of human history, a great story of faith will blossom like a rose in the desert of despondency. The will to win becomes triumphant over tragedy.

Jane Froman and Susan Peters have proved to the world that even when specialists said it could not be done, faith would make seeming impossibilities possible.

Young, beautiful, talented, these two apparently had everything. But one day the shining light of stardom seemed to have been snuffed out by bleak-bitterness of fate. Today, however, comes the news, that Jane Froman has taken her first steps, and that Susan Peters is already conquering her crippled condition.

Jane Froman, bewitching singer of radio and Broadway, was cruelly injured in a plane crash while she was en rout to a USO post. Two broken legs, and a spinal injury, prompted physicians to say this girl would never walk again.

Miss Froman, who had conquered a stuttering habit before she became a singer, accepted their decision as another challenge to her fighting spirit. The result: Jane is learning to walk again. More that 30 operations have brought about this triumphant occasion for her, and it may be necessary to have two or three more before her legs are strong enough to allow her to walk. A thrilling voice which resounds with understanding, reveals to Broadway audiences the soul of a girl who has suffered.

In the life of Sucan Peters, tragedy struck sharply one day while she was duck-hunting. The accidental discharge of a bullet cut through her spine and one of her lungs. Doctors feared for her life. If she did live, she would never walk again, they said.

Her body writhing in pain, Susan called her husband to her bedside one dark night, to tell him that she would live again.

"And I'LL walk again, without braces, too." This she asserted despite the fact that her body had been completely paralyzed from her waist down.

Miss Peters was the height of stardom as a screen singer and actress when the accident occurred. Though she lived through the crisis, this great handicap, in her young life, left her a very shy and self-conscious young woman.

Her devoted friends helped her over the rift of recovery. They invited her to parties and made her the center of attraction.

Now there are no shadows of discouragement in Susan's future plans. She'll walk again, of course she will One is sure of that, even though the dream comes from a girl who is still confined to a wheel chair. The faith that saw her through the past grows grows stronger with each new day.

THE DAWN OF BETTER THINGS

(The Orphans' Friend)

What is happening in the world is what no one foresaw. All the seers of any kind and another, the politicos, the industrialists, the pyschologists and rest of them, have poor percentages for their prophecies. It is very evident—and it becomes more so every day—that even greater things are involved than human acumen. It would seem that every interest of mankind has been given more powerful impacts than ever before and few really know what is happening.

Science and industry's smart people have brought about a situation that demands wide readjustments. It is human nature for the greater part of humanity to want to get into a rut and stay there. Thinking and action based on thinking is rather a painful experience to the majority. The late Thomas Edison said that people will resort to any sort of expediency to avoid hard thinking.

Throughout recorded history one may read of the never-ceasing effort of men to gain wealth and power. These have been ends in themselves instead of means to a higher end. All the wars, from the recent global one to personal strife, have been mostly motivated by personal gain. This is true when the operations were on a personal basis.

The time has come when the world attitude must change and cause men to react to less selfish motives.

The entire world is a big corporation in which each individual, whether he knows it or not, is a stockholder. No longer can what happens in one part of the world be confined to a small area. Nowdays our next-door neighbor may be thousands of miles away yet in a position to powerfully effect our fortunes. Mileage, by land, sea or air, no longer separates nations or individuals in the world sense. Within sixty hours any point on the globe can be reached from any other point. One day's breath-taking scientific invention is ephemeral, for another comes right along after it and makes it seem commonplace. The mechanical side of life is running away with us mortals and we are bewildered.

The other side of life must come into its own. In order to save himself the individual must yield more to the group, to the weal of mankind in general. The age-old trouble is the propensity of one class or section to read out other classes and sections. In the final analysis the only way one individual can get the best out of life is by cooperating with those measures and forces that serve the many. When all men unite in service to all, not one will be left out in the cold.

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You've got to do your own growing, no matter how tall your grandfather was.—Exchange.

THE ARMY AND THE NEGRO

(Christian Science Monitor)

On the same day Selected service reduces occupational exemptions to practictlly nil, the Army orders suspension of Negro general enlistments. Since the first action presumes that the bottom of the barrel, within the authorized age limits, is being scraped, it invites the question why shut off the flow of voluntary recruits, whatever their color? And from one quarter, at least, comes the cry of racial discrimination.

The Army explains that it is simply following its policy of keeping the ratio of Negro to white soldiers at the same level as that in the United States' total population—one in ten. Negroes have been enlisting for some months at twice this rate.

Without presuming to analyze the complex of reason and motives which underlie it, this policy, although immediately inexpedient, seems in the long view thoroughly sound. American Negroes have a right to serve their country in proportionate numbers, and their country should expect it of them. But an excess of that proportion simply multiplies problems which are difficult enough already.

First, because it is highly important that the armed forces be truly representative of the American people. To permit disproportionate numbers of any clearly defined minority group—especialy one which endures an inferior status—would be a mistake. From there to the escape mechanism of mercenaries is not too far a journey.

Second, because Negroes in large numbers, frankly, still present the Army with a serious problem. It is not that they cannot be made into good soldiers. Some Negro outfits have been of the best. But whole regiments and divisions of Negroes cannot be stationed just anywhere there is an Army post, without difficulties—perhaps even more in the North than in the South.

This is not an indictment of the Negro. It is not an indictment of the Army. It does point an accusing finger at all the apathy, intolerance, ignorance, and fear which keeps what American calls its "Negro Problem" a long way from solution.

Above all things, keep clean. It is not necessary to be a pig in order to raise one.—Exchange.

CRITICISM THAT BUILDS

(Speakers Library Magazine)

There are two kinds of criticism: constructive and destructive. The former is difficult, the latter easy. Any fool can tear down and destroy but it takes a wise man to build. Let us remember this as we go through life. Ibsen, in "The Wild Duck," told the story of a destructive critic. He tore down the illusions of a happy family. It is true that the illusions which he tore down were false, that they were based on lies and deception, but he gave that family nothing to take the place of those illusions. Robbed of their most cherished ideals and with nothing to take their place, the result was misery, and suicide. Ibsen is a deep student of human nature, and the lessons that he teaches are to be found repeated in everyday life.

We must be very careful how we destroy the ideals of our neighbors. If we have nothing better to put in the place of these ideals it is better to hold our peace. It is better to have false ideals than none at all. The people most to be pitied in this life are those who have lost their illusions. They are the cynics of the world, who have nothing to live for and go about making themselves and others miserable. The disillusioned are the most hopeless of all types. If we have nothing better, then we had best let our neighbors have the poor ideals that they have—not leave them entirely destitute. Before we take away from them their own ideals we must convince them that ours are better. To do this we must convert them to our way of thinking, persuade them to give up their own ideals, and ideas, of their own free will. In this manner we can make them substitute what is better for what they have. This is constructive criticism and is the only worthy kind.

"Gulliver's Travels" is one of the most interesting fantasies ever written if we read it merely as an adventure story. But that was not what it was intended for. Swift wrote it as a satire upon the life of his times. Read in this light by one who knows the life of the people of Swift's time, it becomes one of the most disgusting books imaginable. He mercilessly flays the customs, the morals, the manners of his time. Now it is true that these were far from all that they should have been, but Swift's satire is always destructive, never constructive. He never suggests ways whereby his fellow-countrymen could better themselves. Addison and Steele found the morals, manners and customs as depraved and low as did Swift. They, too, wrote satire, but theirs was constructive satire. They portrayed lovable humans, living in respect to their fellow man as the Creater intended man to live. The result was that Addison and Steele had great influence in reforming conditions in England and their influence has extended even to the present day, whereas Swift is shunned by those who understand his true meaning and is read only for the pleasure of his superficial story.

Dickens portrayed the lower levels of society in his novels. He exposed the cruelty of the charity schools and the futility of the debtors' prison. Yet he did it in a kindly way and he always had a suggestion for betterment lurking in the background for those who sought it. The result was that the charity school system was drastically reformed and the deptors' prison system abolished in the years immediately following the appearance of Dickens' novels. That is another illustration of constructive criticism, while Swift and the reformer, Ibsen, illustrate the destructive type.

It is easy to be destructive. The child delights in knocking down the pile of blocks that his father has built for him. But it only when he leaves the state of childhood and enters manhood that he can create. It takes experience and a trained mined to create and only animal force to destroy. The world is full of reformers and preachers of panaceas for all the ills of humanity, but the strange thing about all this is that these remedies which they so vociferously advocate are all for the reformation of other people and should not be applied to the advocate. One famous pacifist once remarked, after expounding upon his ideas of America's ability to enforce world peace: "That is the solution and if the nations of the world cannot see it, then the United States should make them see it." Somehow, that seems a strange way to attain peace: to fight for it and force it upon the other nations.

The true critic never criticizes until he has a remedy ready which he is convinced is workable and one that he can convince the people will be satisfactory. We must first remove the beam from our own eye before we can safely trust ourselves to attempt to remove the speck from our neighbor's eye. We may be sure that there is a better way of doing things than the way that our brother is doing, but we must first find that way. If we go to him, and tell him that his way is a poor one he may agree with us if he is open-minded. But he will at once ask us to suggest the better way that he may follow it. If we have none ready, then he will distrust us thereafter, and even if we should discover the better way he would probably distrust us, and rightly.

It is easy to destroy but difficult to build. Unfortunately the nations of the world too often honor those who destroy. There are monuments all over Europe today to the men who have destroyed life, liberty and property. But America is different. She raises monuments to men who have created. They may have created a nation, a machine, or an ideal—but the point is that they created. Today Europe is beginning to get the American ideal, they are beginning to realize that it is the man who builds and not the one who destroys that is worthy of honor. When they get entirely away from the idea that man was put upon this earth to destroy and learn that he was put here to create, then they will have learned one of the prime requisites of peace.

Until the nations of the world learn that the difference between men and the animals is that man has the ability to create and that the animals lack that ability, peace is impossible. When they learn that their duty is

to create and to let their fellow-man do the same, then they will be on the highroad to international understanding. In individual and in national life it is easier to criticise and desrtoy than it is to be correct and create, but the honor goes to the creator. His name is called blessed long after the destroyed is forgotten.

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OPINIONS AND COMMENT

"The American flag has meant every good thing I have ever known. If I could speak for the 18,000,000 Filipinos I would say to you good people across the Pacific, 'God bless you. We will never forget.' "—Al Valencia, Manila AP writer.

Word comes from Philadelphia that fluorine, described as a "gas that burns water," has been placed on the market. Maybe it will be cheaper to burn water than coal at the latest John L. Lewis prices for the latter.—The Times-Picayune.

"In order to restore confidence among nations, the peoples of the world must know one thing. They must know that atomic bombs are no longer being produced. They also must know that such bombs as are available have been destroyed.."—Dr. Oscar Lange, Polish delegate to the U. N. Security Council.

"The atomic bomb, we found out equals in destructive force the bomb loads of 400 B29's. This should have been cleared up sooner, I think, because people began to expect the atom bomb to do the impossible."—Gen. H. H. Arnold.

"In the worldwide struggle between Democracy and Communism as ways of life, the outcome will be determined by education, not by force, the victor will be the teacher; not the soldier."—Dr. Ralph McDonald, executive secretary NEA department of education.

"A strong United States is a first step—an essential, if the world is not to be engulfed in chaos, or permitted once again to plunge itself in ruinous war."—Robert Patterson, Secretary of War.

"The indirect approach—study classes, forums, discussion groups letter writing to Congress. as practiced by women's organizations today—is totally inadequate. The time has come for women to clean up 'smelly kitchen politics,."—Margaret A. Hickey, National Federation Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Morganton News-Herald)

In Tuesday's column I used the first part of a "Looking Backward" feature, borrowed from Charity and Children. The following is the final and concluding installment of this article:

I want to go back and carry a few laplinks in my pocket just in case the hoss busts a trace chain; I want to tie the coonhide hamestring once and set the colter deep by hiking the backband up just behind the hoss' withers. I want to spend Christmas in the country and get off the Christmas tree one stick of candy, one orange, and one penny pencil. The rich ones gave their children a French harp and the night was filled with music and the cares that infested the day folded their tents like the Arabs and as silently stole away.

I want to go back where they make sausage and souse meat; where the pumpkin is sliced and hung on quiltin' frames to dry. That was before germs, vitamins, and termites had been invented. I want to carry the old Barlow knife once again and whittle red cedar and soft poplar. I want to see the yaller "thundermugs" drying in the sun back of the kitchen; I want to go back where only gran'ma smoked; granny used a long-stemmed clay pipe which she fired by dipping it into the ashes on the "heath" and tamping it down against the jamb of the chimney—chimbley.

I want to go back where the geese are picked every month; where the roosters are permitted to run with the hens, openly and brazenly; where corn is planted and soap is made by the signs of the moon; where warnits and hickory nuts are gathered in the fall for the winter mast; where the boys still sell peachseeds to buy their winter boots, where said boots are greased with sheep or beef taller; where the peggin' awl is still in use; where Arbuckle's coffee is parched in the stove and ground in a mill hung on the wall of the kitchen; where pap ties the brooms; where they make popguns out of elder and shoot two wads in them; where they still order stickpins from J. Lynn and Company; where squirrel hides are tanned for the family supply of shoe strings. And' did ye ever borrow the flutin irons?

Yes, I want to go back where they drink sassafack tea to "thin" their blood in the springtime; where they churn the old up-and-down churn; where they turn the cream jar around as it sits by the fire in the big-house so it will get in the right "kelter" for churning; where they always lick their knives before they cut butter; where goosequill toothpicks are still in use; where they still "battle" the clothes, and use bluin'; where they fill the straw ticks right after thrashin' time; and cord beds every month; where they wear long red-flannel drawers and where the children wear bibs.

Yes, I want to go back to the country and get my fill of cracklin bread; I want to see the old whatnot in the corner of the big-house; I want to engage in a spellin' match in Webster's

old blue-back speller, the finest in the world; and read from McGuffey's Reader—none better; I want to see the school children one after another, raise their hands and say; "Teacher, may I go outdoors?" I want to see the people eat again and shovel it in with their knives; I want to go to the neighbor's to borrow the gimlet; I want to go back where they eat three meals a day: breakfast, dinner, and supper and where the word "lunch" will never be heard again.

Yes, I want to go back and make another corn-shucker out of locust. I want to strip some cane and top it; dip the skimmin's offen the bilin molasses; I want to go to the neighbor's for a bushel of seed corn; to pull out the old trundle bed and sleep the sleep of the just once more; I'd like to call a few doodle bugs outen their holes; but I want to avoid the Spanish needles, the cuckle burrs, the sedticks, the beggar lice and the chiggers that make life unbearable; to avoid stone-bruises forever.

Yes, I'd like to see the old side-saddle hangin' on a peg on the front porch, covered by a sateen riding skirt the women did not ride astraddle then. "I'd like to "prime" the ash-hopper; and get a sassafack stick to stir soap.

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight:

Make me a child again just for to-night.

O' Lord! let me go back once more to this land of simple things!

WORK

"Work," according to Ruskin, "does more to dignify the individual than high office or public praise. Young men and women who learn to respect work and to enter into it with eagerness and abandon will reach maturity with a solid foundation for happy and useful living."

"Of all work that produces results." said the Bishop of Exeter, "nine-tenths must be drudgery."

"You never stub your toe standing still,"says Charles F. Kettering, General Motors executive. "The faster you go, the more chance there is of stubbing your toe, but the more chance you have of getting somewhere.

Work is not only a way to make a living, it is the way to make a life.

Work with the hands can only result from work with the brain, for the brain is the master of the hands.

Work is a tonic that tones the system for play.

If "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," then "all play and no work makes Jack a dangerous boy."

Work is not merely a means to an end, it is an end itself. Blessed is he who loves his work for he shall know great joy from day to day.—Selected.

TODAY'S YOUTH

By Boie In Paahao Press

The courtroom was packed with shattered bits of human wreckage. Bleary-eyed drunks mingled with unshaven vagrants; jaded prostitutes, glamourless in their bedraggled finery, rubbed elbows with gamblers, small time racketeers and third-rate con men. The great nets of the law had gathered all the human jetsam which the tide of civilization daily carries in from the dark, uncharted seas of human despair.

And in spit of the stillness in the courtroom this morning, the heavy, fetid air was pregnant with a sense of the unusual. All eyes were focused on the two figures which stood before the judge's bench. There was an ethereal quality about the girl—she was scarcely more than a child—which contrasted strangely with the hardened cynicism of the battered derlicts in whose accustomed place she stood. She was obviously terrified, and her chalk-like pallor only accentated the frailty of the immature figure. A crop of rich, blue-black hair topped the high forehead and a pair of dark wistful eyes sought vainly to answer His Honor's kindly scrutiny.

Even as he watched, the girl's full under lip trembled and she placed a slim hand upon the rough sleeve of the grey haired man who stood at her side.

Nor was there in the man's appearance any clue which might explain the presence of a pair so obviously out of place. His face was that of a strong and intelligent man of middle age. His clothes though frayed and worn were clean and neat. He returned the judge's gaze unflinchingly and with complete composure.

The judge glanced at the pile of papers on his desk. For a moment he studied them, and then his eyes returned to the man.

"The report of the arresting officer," His Honor began, shows that he went to your home as the result of your neighbor's complaint. On his arrival he found you beating your daughter. Is that true?"

A deep flush mounted slowly over the prisoner's face. "Yes Your Honor, it is."

"Surely, you have some explanation to offer the court."

The prisoner hesitated for a moment, as if reluctant to begin.

"It's a long story, Your Honor. You see about ten years ago her mother left. Since then I've had to be father and mother to her. I lost my business a few months ago, and since then I haven't been able to spend much time with her. Maybe that's the trouble. Anyway, she's got a lot of wrong ideas. It's not that she's a bad girl, only kind of wild. She won't obey me. She wants to be out with her friends every night. Thery're a fast crowd I don't think they're the right kind for her to be running with. I—"

The girl broke in with an unexpected show of spirit. "My friends are all right, Dad, you just never want me to have any fun, you want me to sit at home all the time, as if I were still a child."

The judge turned to the girl. "Just

a minute, young lady. You'll have your turn. Right now, I'm talking with your father." He addressed the man. "Please go on."

"I can't seem to understand her at all, Your Honor. When I was a boy girls didn't go about half the night with fellows they hardly knew. They didn't go to disreputable places and drink—at least the nice ones didn't." He stopped for a moment. "Maybe I shouldn't say that. I don't know that she drinks, but I know the fellows she goes with do. And she won't obey me if I tell her to stay at home she sneaks out when my back is turned and goes off with that no good crowd."

The Judge glanced again at the girl. "And what have you to say about all this, young lady?"

"Father says he doesn't understand me. We—I don't understand him either. I'm young. I don't want to spend all my life sitting home in a cornor. Doesn't he know that I want to have a little fun like the other young people my age. He says the girls did not do the things I do when he was a boy. We're not living in the Nineties, Your Honor. I haven't done anything wrong—anything I'm ashamed of—but I think I ought to be allowed to live my own life.

The man passed a calloused hand across his temple.

"Your Honor, I guess she thinks I'm harsh and mean. I don't mean to be. I want her to have a good time. I want her to enjoy herself, but I don't want anything to happen to her. She doesn't realize that she's the only thing I have left, the only thing that matters to me. I'm not trying to spoil her life or even her fun, I'm trying to protect her from things that are disagreeable and sordid. Oh, I struck her, sure. I struck her when I lost my temper because of her consistent disobedience." He hesitated for a moment and then plunged on. "I suppose you're going to send me to jail. I don't care. Only please, Your Honor, make her see that the things I'm trying to do are for her own good. Make her see that her foolishness will only get her into trouble. Show her that I'm really only trying to make things easier for her."

His Honor pondered for a moment and then turned to the girl. "And what do you say to that?" he asked.

She was very slow to answer, so slow that the Judge was almost ready to repeat the question. When she spoke there was a throbbing, strained quality to her voice.

"Why," she asked, "didn't he tell me these things before? Why doesn't he explain them to me, like he does to you. I'm not stupid." She smiled a little. "Really I'm not. Only I get awfully tired of 'Don't do this' and 'Don't do that' when I'm never told the reason why I mustn't."

The Judge looked very grave as he spoke once more to the father. "You know, don't you, that I can have you put in jail for striking your daughter?"

The man nodded and the Judge turned to the girl.

"Do you want me to have your father put in jail?"

The girl gasped, but her answer came very quickly. "Oh no Judge, No!"

The Judge smiled. "Don't you think," he asked, "that it would be better if each of you tried a little harder to understand the other. You

sir, bear in mind the fact that your daughter is still young. Try to see things from her point of view. Remember that the standards of this generation are not the standards of your generation. The youth of today," he added, "are perhaps a little freer, a little franker, than we were when we were young, but I don't think you'll find them any less decent.

"And you my child," he turned to the girl. "Try and meet your father half way. Realize that the things he does, he does because he loves you better than anything else in the world."

The Judge paused for a moment and then his kindly searching glance took them both in. "Are you willing to try?" he asked.

"I am, Your Honor," the man answered. Father and daughter looked at each other. The girl nodded eagerly.

"Then that is all. The case is dismissed. You may go."

For a moment the dingy, dreary, court room seemed a little brighter, as arm in arm the tall grey haired man and the frail, smiling girl walked down the aisle to the open door.

FAMOUS TRADE SCHFOOL GIVES SUCCESS FORMULA

The Dunwoody News in the September 13th issue had an interesting article on being a successful workman. This famous trade school which has trained thoundsands of workmen uses the formula of "learning by doing" and list the habits and attitudes that an employer looks for in an employee. Here are 20 of then.

1. Is clean and neat.
2. Has good personal appearance.
3. Is prompt.
4. Gets along with others.
5. Follows instructions and orders.
6. Keeps busy.
7. Sees the job through.
8. Checks and corrects his work..
9. Does accurate work.
10. Does neat work.
11. Develops speed.
12. Co-operates with others.
13. Accepts critisism.
14. Conducts himself properly.
15. Follows orderly procedures.
16. Takes care of tools, equipment, materials and supplies.
17. Makes proper use of tools and power equipment.
18. Is economical of materials and supplies.
19. Practices efficient methods of work.
20. Heeds safety and health precautions.—Selected.

SCHOOLS AND DEMOCRACY

(Speakers Library Magazine)

In America we are fond of referring to our schools as the bulwark of Democracy. Even though we are often unable to define ourselves too clearly, we still feel that somehow our American life as we know it could not exist apart from the process of education.

Our educational system has come a long way since the early days of formalism and rote. We see today a great deal more flexibility both as to administration and as to content. We realize that the real objective of an education is not to steer the child into a narrow channel of pedantism, but to lay before him a broadened view of the world in which he lives and in which he is expected to make his living. We recognize the fundamental differences that exist between one child and his neighbor and we adjust our curriculum and our administrative techniques, not to eliminate those differences but to give each child full opportunity to develop along the lines which are suited to his own aptitudes and capacities. We do not as yet realize this objective as completely as we should like to, but a beginning has been made and progress is apparent.

At the same time we are attempting to instil in the student an appreciation of the high adventure which is democracy. Too often in the past, the picture obtained through the textbook has been one of an infallible America, led by infallible leaders, pursuing infallibly righteous objectives, and guided by unquestionably pure motives. We stressed, and rightly, the glories of American history, but we neglected to make a realistic approach to the inperfections and failures which we have experienced, and for which we, as sensible people, should seek the cause and the cure. Perhaps our failure in this respect has been largely responsible for the tendency on the part of recent generations of our young people to swallow foreign ideologies; in youth, disillusionment can be acute, and those who would propagate radical social and political theories are quick to make converts of youngsters who learn, with shock and shame, that our history has its blemishes and that our system has its imperfections. This could not happen to a youth who, throughout his entire school period, has been trained to maintain an appreciative yet critical attitude in his view of our national history and problems.

It is truly questionable whether a vigorous, progressive democracy can exist unless it guarantees to students and teachers a high degree of academic freedom, an unrestricted license to search for truth. It was the conclusion of Justice Holmes that the ultimate good desired is better attained by free trade in ideas; that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market place; and the truth is the only ground upon which men's wishes safely can be carried out. This is the philosophy which underlies the Constitution and

is the foundation on which the educational system of America has been built.

It is of utmost importance to the preservation of the American way of life that both the educator and the scholar be free to express their views, however critical, upon any aspect of that life, or indeed, however foolish the views expressed may seem. From the earliest ages progress has been determined by the ability of the human mind to experiment with thought. There is scarcely a doctrine, however commonplace today, which did not at one time seem novel, if not monstrous; scarcely a tenet of science which did not evoke derision of those who heard it for the first time. The genius of democracy lies in the conviction that the value of thought is its ability to withstand the ravages of time and criticism. The glory of democracy is that upon such a foundation it has been able to survive in a hostile world.

The fundamental challenge which the war has made to all thoughtful people is the need of organization human life on juster and saner lines in the construction of a better sort of world. The Reformation gave us a start towards religious freedom; the Revolution gave us a start towards political freedom; the recent world tragedy gave us a still bigger start towards encomic freedom. In our attempt to meet the opportunity with which the war's challenge confronts us, we have already discovered that no superficial remedy will answer because the disease lies too deep. We have discovered the futility of attempting to purify the water in a well by painting the pump. We must go deeper in our remedy.

The remedy seems, in the final analysis, to be more educational than political. The Free American Public School should be not only the community Capitol, but the people's university. Here is the one guarantee that local self-government communities shall be capable of self-government. Thomas Jefferson was correct and wise in saying, "If the people expect to be free and independent, and at the same time ignorant and illiterate, they are expecting something that never has been or ever can be." This same theme was renewed by Madison, who said: "A popular government without popular information or the means of acquiring it is but a prologue to a farce or a tragedy, or perhaps both. Knowledge will forever govern ignorance; and a people who mean to be their own governors must arm themselves with the power which knowledge gives."

"There are two ways to govern a community," said Lord Macauley in the British Parliament; "one is by the sword, the other is by public opinion." Ours is a government by public opinion. It is obvious that the welfare of a democracy requires that public opinion be informed and educated. The corollary follows that its principle must be freedom of thought and freedom of expression.

Undoubtedly, where freedom of expression is permitted, there is constant danger that erroneous opinions will be expressed. It is one of the risks which the exercise of liberty necessarily involves. But then it is more dangerous for them not to find expression. Exposure to fresh air is the best cure for mental as well as physical diseases. Thus freedom furnishes its own antidote to this

danger. Jefferson well stated it when he said, "Error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is free to combat it." It is highly important to understand that the right to preach truth is in danger whenever the right to preach error is denied. The truth needs no apologists and no defenders; it needs only a free field and no favors.

The impetus of such a philosophy applied to our American educational system can have an important bearing on the future of our society. To be realistic, academic freedom is still an experiment. But we are prepared to take our national life on the success of this experiment. Academic freedom has been and will continue to be of incalculable value to the progress of American democracy.

THE AGE OF FREEDOM

The horse and buggy, symbol og by-gone days, should not be looked down upon in this modern world of machinery and high-speed living. The day when the horse and buggy were the height of luxury when the ambition of every young man was to own a horse and gig—was the freest time in the history of this country.

In those days a young man worked hard to save enough for his first driving outfit, and his proudest moment came when he drove down the road behind a good horse, his best girl seated beside him. He did not need gasoline, and there were not any roadhouses, and the speed he traveled was less dangerous for both the physical and moral well-being of himself and his friend.

If he married, a stout heart, strong arm, and long hours of hard work yielded a comfortable home, plenty of good food, firewood for warmth, and all the other things necessary for a rich, sane life. Friends were closer and more dependable in time of sickness, or other emergency. There were not so many things to buy, or to do, so pleasures were simple and home-made. People depended upon themselves and their friends for entertainment, not upon movies and night clubs. Relief had not been "invented," and the Government never meddled in private affairs.

Hard work and independence of spirit, fundamental American characteristics, paid rich dividends in material and spiritual benefits back in the days when the horse and buggy was the symbol of comfort and luxury.—Scottish Rite News Bureau.

THE MISUSE OF DIVINE POWER

(The Christian Index)

In the heat of last summer's political campaign, a young man touched our little candle's wick with a good lighter. To our question, "Why will men spend so much money to get elected to an office the salary of which, over a term of years, is a mere fraction of the cost of the campaign?" he said, "They want power." Strange as his assumption was to us at that time, we have come to believe that he was right. Many men do want power, and some are willing to pay the highest price for it.

Power is God-given. Moses reviewing the travelog of Israel said, "—thou shalt remember Jehovah thy God, for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth." Daniel said to Nebuchadnezzar, "God giveth thee power and glory." Paul did not use to the full extent his right in the gospel. In his letter to the little church in mighty Rome, where kings were crowned and military heroes extolled he said, "Let every soul be in subjection to the higher powers: for there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God." Pilate, at the trail of Jesus, said to Him: "Spakest Thou not unto me? knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and have power to release Thee? Jesus answered, Thou couldst have no power at all against Me except it were given thee from above." All power is ordained of God.

Our day is dark, and threatening clouds of disaster hang over the world, because men in possession of power have misused it. A few minutes ago the radio announced that President Truman had asked for and received the resignation of Henry Wallace, the Secretary of Commerce, because he favors a less hostile attitude towards Russia. The President had the power and authority to ask for Mr. Wallace's resignation but time only will reveal whether the demand for the "tougher" policy towards Russia is a misuse of his power.

Power when wisely and beneficently used is a blessing to society, but when misused it becomes a curse to its possessor and those over whom he has authority. Solomon, the great builder and solidifer of Israel's tribes knew this. So, before he ascended the throne he asked God to give him wisdom and understanding that he might rule in righteousness. He enjoyed a peaceful reign and the people great prosperity, the glory of which spread to far countries.

Much might be said of the misuse of power by ancient kings and princes, but we have a more authentic record of modern times to which we turn for illustrations for our theme.

Thoughtful people are asking, what will labor do with with its power? We know what the masses did in France. Under the influence of Mirabeau and Rousseau, they set up the guillotine from which the streets of Paris ran red with blood. Napoleon rose on the crest of the bloody tide and placed most of Western Europe under tribute.

We know the history of the past ten years. We see it on the streets

of our cities and towns and far out in the rural areas of the country; we hear its sobs and moans in homes and hospitals; and its staggering cost in money is a burden upon the shoulders of a hundred and forty million people; and its aftermath in decency and morals the lamentation of all who revere God.

In Russia the masses seized power, overthrew the Romanoffs, slew thousands of the nobility and bourgeois and established the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Newspaper reports and other news seeping through the "iron curtain" indicate that bloody purges are characteristic of this "people government."

Mussolini, of the blackshirts, at one time the hero of Italy and the wonder of the world, misused his power to engage in a war of conquest which led to the destruction of his Empire. He lies buried in an unmarked grave cursed and spat upon by the people who trusted him. Generations of Italians will stagger under the burdens his misuse of power brought upon this nation.

Hilter rose to power amid the acclaims of a grateful people. Under his leadership Germany recovered many of the losses suffered in World War I. But the sense of power demoralized him and his people. If reports of his death are authentic he died a suicide when he saw Berlin surrounded by allied armies. Today his soldiers are disarmed and his country occupied by the soldiers of America, Britain, Russia and France.

Japan under her Emperor, Hirohito, has been reduced to a second rate nation by the power of American arms. An American Army occupies her Capitol and other strategic points in his island Empire, her Emperor is under surveillance, her people are hungry and her once powerful army and fleet are no more a menace to the world.

Thus one might go on and on with this story of The Misuse of Divine Power. But we shall be more practical if we call attention to some things at home. Industrial and business kings in America became fabulously rich by grinding the faces of the working people. For generations they paid the minimum wage, and opposed the organization of labor. Their tyranny and misuse of power welded the workers into units the strength of which threaten not only industry and business but the government.

Among the important questions in America at this time is "What will organized labor do with its power?" The power to create and control is in the hands of labor. In the past, with rare exceptions, those who have had power have misused it.

For our statesmen we pray that they may be aware of God and of His gift of power. Jesus is on trial today. Will they stand with Him on the floor or sit with Pilate on the bench or with those who for religious or political reasons, seek his death.

What spirit influenced Mr. Wallace to ask for a softer policy towards Russia? What spirit motivated President Truman to call for his resignation ? What spirit stirred Secretary Byrnes in Paris? Who of these statesmen has misused his God-given power? Time willl answer these questions.

How will America and Russia use their power is the greatest question before the world today?

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

Society is built upon trust.—South.

—:—

The fewer words, the better prayer.
—Luther.

—:—

Be slow of tongue and quick of eye.
—Cervantes.

—:—

"No man is free who cannot command himself."

—:—

"In idleness there is perpetual despair."

—:—

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.—Syrus.

—:—

Men often make up in wrath what they want in reason.—W. R. Alger.

—:—

Many can argue; not many converse.—Alcott.

—:—

Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder.—Washington.

—:—

Charity is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands.—Addison.

—:—

He who sings frightens away his ills.—Cervantes.

—:—

The difficulty in life is the choice.
—George Moore.

—:—

Character is much easier kept than recovered.—Thomas Paine.

—:—

Economy begins in not wanting something one cannot afford.
—Exchange.

—:—

The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new.
—Cato.

To attempt to advise conceited people is like whistling against the wind.
—Hood.

—:—

Those who depend on the merits of their ancestors may be said to search in the roots of the tree for those fruits which the branches ought to produce.—Barrow.

—:—

A vulgar man, in any ill that happens to him, blames others; a novice in philosophy blames himself; and a philosopher blames neither the one nor the other.—Epictetus.

—:—

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice on others it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.—C. C. Colton.

—:—

Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe.—Blair.

—:—

Character is not cut in marble; it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.—George Eliot.

—:—

A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty.
—Franklin.

—:—

All the means of action—the shapeless masses, the materials—lie everywhere about us; what we need is the celestial fire to change the flint into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
—Longfellow.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Luke 7:1-17. As the text for his message to the boys he selected the 13th, 14th and 15th verses.

The speaker first pointed out that the two occurrences as related in the lesson just read, were most unusual and startling. Jesus healed the centurion's servant, and He raised the widow's son from the dead. From these two events we may learn a valuable lesson.

In this Bible story, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, we read of two processions which were met by Jesus and His disciples. One was a sad procession, the people taking slow steps, with heads bowed in mourning. The other was not as slow as the first. The eyes of the people were fastened upon the leader, and they were marching happily. In these two groups we see life and death coming face to face.

Things took place at Capernaum and at Nain which astonished the people of that time, and which still astonish people today, said the speaker. They see therein the great God-given power operating through the Master. To the people who lived during Jesus' ministry upon earth, such miracles as they saw and of which they heard, were simply unbelievable. In this day and time, many people who profess faith in Jesus Christ, fail to realize His great power.

Jesus said to the sorrowing mother at Nain, "Weep not," and to her only son, who was dead, he spoke these words, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise," and the young man immediately sat up and began to speak.

These people were astounded, said the speaker. It suddenly dawned upon them that the young man, whom many of them had known from childhood, was dead, and the Master had restored him to life. They were dumfounded. No man whom they had ever seen had been able to do such things.

We should get a great lesson from this, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. As Christians, we should look forward to the time when Jesus will call to life those who have died in the faith, and we, too, may find our places around the great white throne of God.

The speaker then called attention to the following very important things revealed in this story of the Master:

(1) Jesus is the Great Comforter. Just as He spoke to the widow at Nain, telling her to "weep not," He stands ready at all times to comfort sorrowing people everywhere. She was thinking of her great sorrow—the loss of her only son—and she was weeping bitterly. The Master had compassion on her, and restored her son to life.

We of today may go to Jesus for comfort, and if we go in faith, we are sure to realize many things which will give us a new hold on life.

(2) Jesus is the Prince of Peace. There is something tensely dramatic in the meeting of those two proces-

sions. One was moving down the hill toward the tomb of the dead. The other was moving up the hill to the place of the living.

Jesus stopped the funeral procession for a distinct purpose. He wanted to show the people the power of God. It was His desire that they should fully understand that the only safe path to take in life was to follow God.

Jesus challenges us today. What are we going to do with the lives which God has entrusted to us? God desires that we give our lives to Him. He wants all men to be His followers, serving Him and trying to make this world a better place by leading others to Him.

The world places many stumbling-blocks and pitfalls in the pathway of men. By becoming true disciples of the Master, men may learn to avoid them.

Youth is the time to give our lives to God. Many a man mourns today because of a misspent youth. By laying the proper foundation in youth, we build fine character. Fine character is an incentive to right living. God calls us to true manhood.

A youth generally knows what is holding him down, keeping him away from the very best things in life. A very small percentage of the evil acts committed by young people today are the results of ignorance. Most of them know they are doing wrong. As Jesus called to the widow's son, He calls to the present-day youth, saying, "Young man, arise!" He wants them to realize the folly of their evil ways, and turn about in an effort toward right living while they are still young.

(3) Jesus, the King of Love. As the great King of Love, Jesus unites sorrowing hearts. As he said to the widow at Nain, "weep not," He is at the present moment asking men to refrain from doing that which would cause them sorrow. He loves all human beings on earth, and to see just one stray from the straight and narrow path of righteousness brings sorrow to His heart.

We hear much today about various plans for maintaining peace among the nations of the earth. Over a long period of hundreds of years, many plans have been tried, and all have failed. We need not search for new plans. The Master gave us the right plan nearly two thousand years ago when He said, "Love one another." The sooner the leaders of the world recognize the true value of this plan, the sooner we shall have a peaceful world. Then, and only then, will the world turn from hatred and greed and the lust for power, and learn the true meaning of Christ's great lessons of love.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner told the boys that Jesus calls them today to arise from the sins that hold them down and go forward in Christian living. Evil ways hold boys down, just as the hand of death had stricken the widow's son. The same hand of the Saviour that caused the young man to arise from death, will also support the young man of today who really desires to arise from the low level of a sinful life.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 20, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Maynard Chester
Ernest Johnston
Herbert Landreth
James Moore

COTTAGE NO. 1
Lyndon Barnette
William Britt
Donald Hall
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 2
Julian Commander
Judd Lane
Robert McDuffie
William Phillips
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Clyde Smith
James Wilson
Henry Shepherd

COTTAGE NO. 3
James Arrowood
James Christy
Joe Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Purdue
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE NO. 4
J. C. Alley
Judson Flinch
Herman Galyan
Lacy Overton
Harvey Purdy
Burton Routh
James Smith
Robert Thompson
James Tew

COTTAGE NO. 5
Hicks Allen
George Byrd
Earl Hoyle
Ralph Medlin
George Swink
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE NO. 6
Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Richard Davidson
John Gregory
Earl Holleman
Jerry Oakes
Robert Peavey
Lester Ingle
Glenn Mathison
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7
Thomas Edwards
Ralph Gassoway
Edward Guinn
Authur Lawson
Jerry Peavey
D. B. Jones
Hubert Inman

COTTAGE NO. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 9
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 10
Charles Francis
Robert Hamn
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Harry Matthews
Garvin Thomas
Robert Trout

COTTAGE NO. 11
Charles Bryant

Cecil Clark
Miley Gunter
Carl Hull
James Phillips
Raymond Cloninger

COTTAGE No. 13

Ralph Drye
Terry Hardin

COTTAGE No. 14

Joseph Cain
Carl Ballew
Lee Bradshaw
Elbert Gentry
Clifford Martin
Charles Moore
John Moretz
James Shook
Charles Todd
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Henry Coffey
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Robert Holland
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Marcus Hefner
Howard Herman
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Evan Myers
James Peterson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Thelbert Suggs
Ralph Stewart
Solomon Shelton
James Shepherd
William Stamey

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Thomas Chavis
Harvey Jacobs
Perry Martin
Donald Moose
Roy Orr
Bennie Payne

INFIRMARY

William Hunter
Thomas Davis

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of October 27, 1946

Oct. 27—Robert Albert Allen, Cottage No. 9, 16th birthday.
Oct. 28—Charles Edward Morgan, Cottage No. 11, 17th birthday.
Oct. 29—Jackie Jarvis, Cottage No. 3, 13th birthday.
Oct. 30—Earl Wood, Cottage No. 5, 14th birthday.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 2, 1946 No. 44

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NOV 4 '46

OUR PRAYER

Oh Lord, in the quiet of this morning hour,
We come to Thee for peace, for wisdom, power.
To view the world today through love-filled eyes
Be patient, understanding, gentle, wise;
To see beyond what seems to be, and know
Thy children as Thou knowest them, and so
Naught but good in anyone behold.
Make deaf our ears to slander that is told,
Silence our tongues to anything unkind,
Let only thoughts that bless dwell in our minds.
Let us so kindly be, so full of cheer,
That all we meet may feel Thy presence near.
Oh, clothe us in Thy beauty, this I pray,
Let us reveal Thee, Lord, through all the day.

Amen.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

HOW DO YOU TACKLE YOUR WORK?

How do you tackle your work each day?
Are you scared of the job you find?
Do you grapple the task that comes your way
With a confident, easy mind?
Do you stand right up to the work ahead
Or fearfully pause to view it?
Do you start to toil with a sense of dread
Or feel that you're going to do it?

You can do as much as you think you can,
But you'll never accomplish more;
If you're afraid of yourself, young man,
There's little for you in store.
For failure comes from the inside first,
It's there if we only knew it,
And you can win, though you face the worst,
If you feel that you're going to do it.

Success! It's found in the soul of you,
And not in the realm of luck!
The world will furnish the work to do,
But you must provide the pluck.
You can do whatever you think you can,
It's all in the way you view it.
It's all in the start that you make, young man:
You must feel that you're going to do it.

How do you tackle your work each day?
With confidence clear, or dread?
What to yourself do you stop and say
When a new task lies ahead?
What is the thought that is in your mind?
Is fear ever running through it?
If so, just tackle the next you find
By thinking you're going to do it.

—Edgar A. Guest.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The editorial appearing below was carried in last week's issue of "The Uplift." Unfortunately, in making up the forms a number of lines were misplaced, which destroyed the continuity and the meaning of the editorial. We regret very much that this occurred, and this week we are carrying the same editorial, properly corrected.)

WHOLE-HEARTED COOPERATION VERSUS INDIFFERENCE

Wherever groups of people are associated in any mutual activity, there are different prevailing standards by which they judge their own personal obligations. This is true in any enterprise or activity where people mingle together and where they perform different duties or different functions.

It is quite interesting to note the varying senses of responsibility. Some people, by their everyday responses and behavior, manifest a deep and genuine interest in what they are doing, and it is perfectly evident to one and all that these people are thoroughly happy in their work, that they enjoy life in many ways, and that they rejoice in every opportunity of service that comes to them through the work that they do. From time to time people of this type do many things beyond which they are expected to go, and they even seek for additional opportunities to give of themselves, their time, and their talents. Of course, these are the people who really make life enjoyable and, too, add a tone of spirituality to whatever occupation they may have aligned themselves.

Of course, there are a great many other people who meet their responsibilities on an average basis. They do their work in such a manner that there could be little or probably no complaint. From day to day they accept the routine responsibilities and come to the end of the day with the feeling that they have done their own work well enough so that no great amount of complaint could be registered against them. This group of people, of course, have little ambition, and they rarely ever rise to the top of the ladder. They are content to drift along with the current until they come to the end of their lives without ever having done anything outstanding.

Then, of course, there are those who do their work poorly. There are those who take advantage of every opportunity to shirk their work or to evade responsibilities. There are those who say to themselves and by their conduct say to others that it is all right for other people to accept heavy responsibilities and do extra work if they want to, but as for themselves, they refuse to do anything

extra, and they even refuse to fulfill the reasonable standards of efficient work.

The people who are always watching the clock, or counting the hours, never make any great success in life. Some offer alibis that they have imaginary physical ailments, and seek to excuse themselves, when in fact their real reason for evading their share of the work is that they don't want to do it. Boys here at the school frequently fail to do as well as they should, simply because they don't want to do any better. So it is with many adults in all ways of life.

It would be wonderful if every person, whether in the home or in any industrial or institutional enterprise, could reach the high point in his own personal philosophy where he would say he would do his own work so well that his standard of work could be taken as the ideal pattern by all others, and that there could be assurance at the same time that there would be no let-down in a high quality of efficient work. The person who fails to do his work so that he knows it would be a correct pattern for everyone to follow, must know at the same time that he is being unfair and unethical and that he is not fulfilling the moral standards of an honest worker.

Sometimes boys and even men form a philosophy that they will do just as much as they know they have to do, or as much as they are required to do and no more. This is a cheap standard of performance, and the person who measures the quality of his work in terms of such standards is consigning himself definitely to the class of inefficient workers. The person who does only what he thinks he should do, never really does what he should do.

Again, there are those who always wait to be told what they should do. They expect to have somebody else to plan their work and lay it out definitely before them. Sometimes, they even expect another person to go and put his finger on the job to be done, and then after the work is done they satisfy themselves by saying that they did what they were told to do. However, they never looked for things to do on their own initiative. Adults generally criticize the young people who never look for extra things to do, when at the same time there are many adults who are just as delinquent in their work as are the young people.

Then, of course, there are those who do their work in such a manner that they can boast of how well it is done. Their work speaks

for itself. They are those who see beyond themselves. They are those who from day to day are always doing a little bit more than they think has been expected of them. They are those who have gone out of the way to do extra things. They are those who have been willing to share to the limit in all the responsibilities, and have not at any time asked for special considerations and special privileges.

With reference to the varying standards of work, there is, after all, however, very little that one person can do towards helping another. Those who deliberately evade extra duties and who ask for special privileges most often never realize in the least wherein they fail. They, seemingly, have built up a feeling that the world owes them, and that there is no good reason why they should not be the beneficiaries of special consideration. They justify themselves easily that they have performed adequately and fairly. This is where the tragedy of the situation lies. It has always been so, and, no doubt, will always be so in the future.

How grand and glorious it would be, on the other hand, if every person, every worker, could reach that enviable position where his own example would be a suitable one for all those with whom he works.

The importance of honest labor is so adequately expressed by Edgar A. Guest in his poem entitled "Clinching the Bolt," that we are passing it on to our readers, as follows:

CLINCHING THE BOLT

It needed just an extra turn to make the bolt secure,
A few more minutes on the job and then the work was sure;
But he begrudged the extra turn, and when the task was through,
The man was back for more repairs in just a day or two.

Two men there are in every place, and one is only fair,
The other gives the extra turn to every bolt that's there;
One man is slip-shod in his work and eager to be quit,
The other never leaves a task until he's sure of it.

The difference 'twixt good and bad is not very much
A few more minutes at the task, an extra turn or touch,
A final test that all is right—and yet the men are few
Who seem to think it worth their while these extra things to do.

The poor man knows as well as does the good man how to work,
But one takes pride in every task, the other likes to shirk;
With just as little as he can, one seeks his pay to earn,
The good man always gives the bolt that clinching, extra turn.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

The Bookmobile

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

The boys of the Training School are very glad for the bookmobile to come. It comes every two weeks to bring out books that can be kept for two weeks. The boys check out the books that they want, and then when they are through with them, they bring them to the library. We all enjoy the privilige of getting bookmobile books.

Gathering Apples

By Horace Collins, 6th Grade

Recently some of the boys of the Jackson Training School have been going to Barium Springs to gather apples. Mr. Liske and Mr. Corliss were in charge of the boys. They went in the School's new International truck. We took our dinner with us. We all enjoyed picking apples.

Painting Flower Pots

By George Swink, 6th Grade

I have been painting some for Mr. Hines. I have been painting flower pots for him and his boys to use in their cottage, since they are planting many flowers. I like this job very much. Mr. Hines thanked me for painting them for him. He said that I did a very good job. They surely do look better than they did before I painted them for him. He said that he might want me to paint some more for him some time.

More Boys Released

By James Shook, 6th Grade

Recently, we have had same boys to go home. All three of them were in the 6th Grade. The boys and their home towns are as follows: Robert Bailey, High Point; Robert L. Hamm, Goldsboro; and James Eller, Charlote. We hope these boys make a good record at home.

Mr. Corliss' Vacation

By William Jenkins, 6th Grade

Mr. Corliss, our 6th Grade teacher, has just left on his vacation. He has gone to New York. He left Monday morning, and the boys in his room are now working while he is gone. We all hope that he enjoys his vacation trip.

Memory Work

By Jack Lambert, 6th Grade.

The boys of the Special Sixth Grade are memorizing poems for Hallowe'en. They are the following: "The Brownie's Punishment", "Hallowe'en for Boys", "Hallowe'en Eve", "A Recipe for Hallowe'en", and many more. We all enjoy memorizing these poems.

Basketball Games

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

At recess, we are having games. We enjoy playing basketball very much.

We are glad that we can play basketball.

Wednesday morning, Mr. Hines and Mr. Caldwell played with us. Mr. Hines had James Shook, James Dunn, Claywood Sparrow, Robert Jarvis, and Clyde Wright on his side. Mr. Caldwell had Charles Angel, Glenn Davis, Ray Roberts, Horace Collins, and Billy Jenkins on his side. Mr. Hines' team won by the score of 30-6. Glenn Evans was the score-keeper and time-keeper. John McKinney was the referee.

Football Games

By Howard Herman, 7th Grade

Wednesday we had a football game here at the school. The Training School's "B" Team played Kannapolis' "B" Team The score was tied with the score of 7-7. All the boys enjoyed the game, and we are hoping to win the next game.

Currents Events

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

"Current Events" is a paper that the School gets once a week, and we use it in the grades from the 6th through the 9th. This is a very interesting little paper, and I am sure that every boy enjoys it very much.

The titles for the parts in this week's "Current Events" are as follows: "German War Leaders Pay for Their Crimes", "Who's Who in the News", "The Nazi Calendar", "The Week's News in a Nutshell", "History—Then and Now," "U. N. Build a Language Bridge", and "Smile Awhile".

The Importance of Being on the Honor Roll

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

There are several reasons why a boy should aspire to be on the Honor Roll. It helps to build up his record here at the School, and if we make a good beginning here at the School we are likely to succeed in life. Too, it is a honor to be among the group of boys making the Honor Roll. It is an honor that each boy can have if he tries. Some day when we want a job, it might help us more than we think it will.

Of course, there are several things that a boy, must do in order to have his name placed on the Honor Roll, but it is also a privilege as well as a responsibility. I think that every boy should watch his conduct, appearance, and work, so that he can be on the Honor Roll.

The Football Game

By Harvey Leanard, 10th Grade

Everyone enjoys seeing a good wholesome football game that is played fair and square. We have football games here at the School every Saturday afternoon, and every cottage has the chance to play. All of the boys here at the School enjoy playing their game. They not only play for the championship but also for the fun that they get out of it. In last week's games we had a very good time. The scores were as follows:

Ninth Cottage 6 Fifteenth Cottage 6; Thirteenth Cottage 6 Seventh Cottage 0; Indian Cottage 12 Fifth Cottage 0; Second Cottage 0 Fourth Cot-

tage 0; Sixth Cottage 7 Fourteenth Cottage 6; First Cottage 9 Third Cottage 6

Everyone is working really hard to win the thirty-five dollar football trophy that was a present to the School to be presented to the cottage that wins the most games.

Mr. Earl Walters, our Physical Education director, stated that in picking the winners for the championship he would pick them on a percentage basis. This will be done by taking the number of games played and dividing them into the number of games won. In this way there will be two winners in the "A" League and two winners in the "B" League. Then the winner from "A" League will play "B" League. Then the winners of these two groups will play for the championship in the final. It is up to them to do their best in both leagues to win the trophy.

B. T. U. Intermediate Group

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

The first thing on the program was a song, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," followed by another song, "When the Roll Is Called up Yonder." The next thing on the program was the Scripture Reading by Mr. Puckett. James Arrowood led us in prayer. This was the opening part of the meeting, and it was held in the auditorium.

In our group meeting, several boys made talks about the topic for today, "The Lord's Supper." The following boys made talks: Ray Roberts, Harvey Leonard, Jack Lambert, Donald Stultz, and Horace Collins. Then Harvey Leonard dismissed us with a short prayer.

Boys' Mail

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

The boys here at the School always look forward to getting mail from their relatives and friends.

The mail is delivered by Talmadge Duncan, one of the office boys here at the Training School. It is delivered in mail bags with the number of the cottage on the front of the bag. The mail is taken to the officer in charge of the cottage. He signs for the mail, and at the cottage he gives the mail to the boys to whom it is sent.

How I Like J. T. S.

By Herbert Landreth, 6th Grade

I am a new boy, but I like my cottage officer, the boys in my cottage and the superintendent. It is very good to be in a school that is so good in every way. The thing I like the best of all about the school is that it teaches boys the things that they have missed. I think that the school is what we make it for each one is a part of it.

We see a movie every Thursday night. We go to school a half of every day and work the other half. On Sunday we can go to Sunday School. Then after we come back to our cottage, we can play some games. We have good meals. After supper, we can go to the sitting room and play games and listen to the radio until time to go to bed. These are a few of the things that I like about Jackson Training School.

A Helpful Lesson

By Miley Gunter, 7th Grade

On October 22, 1946, the School had a picture show about "Butterflies.' There are four stages in the life history of a butterfly: The egg, larva, pupa, and adult. The female lays the eggs. Then in about four days the larva eats its way out of the egg shell. When the larva grows and molts its skin several times, it goes into the pupa stage. It forms a shell around its body known as the chrysalis. Inside this chrysalis a great transformation takes place. The worm changes to an insect with eyes, legs, wings, and body. Then it forces it way out of the chrysalis an ugly wet creature. In about an hour it dries and expands into a beautiful adult butterfly.

Just before the picture began, Mr. Hines asked Mrs. Baucom to tell something about butterflies. She made a very good talk which was enjoyed by all.

Radio Program

By Alvin Fox, 2nd Grade

Mrs. W. M. Morrison's 2nd Grade went over to WEGO in Concord last Tuesday morning to be on the regular Jackson Training School program. The program was as follows: Song, "Oh October," by the entire group; Poem, "Signs of Fall," by Lester Ingle: Poem, "Autumn Memories," by Paul Denton; Song, "Autumn Hues," by the group; Poem, "October's Bright Blue Weather," by the group; Song, "Autumn Winds," by the group; Poem, "October Night," by Andrew Daw; Poem, "Autumn Time," by John McKinney; and songs "Jolly Jack Frost" and "Our America," by theentire group.

Writing Stories

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

The boys in the Special Sixth Grade have been having a contest to see who could write the best Hallowe'en story. Some of the stories were very good, but Ray Roberts and William Phillips wrote the best stories. Here are the stories they wrote. One is entitled "How John Celebrated Hallowe'en," and the other is "The Best Hallowe'en Party."

How John Celebrated Hallowe'en

By Ray Roberts, 6th Grade

John was a boy who had lived in China and had come to America. He was living in Chicago in an apartment house. He thought that he could not have a good time on Hallowe'en in a big city apartment house. It seemed that Hallowe'en would never come, but finally it came. One of his friends invited him to a Hallowe'en party.

John put on a white sheet and a false face and went to the party. Everyone was having such a good time! It was a time of merriment and cheer and fun, but all at once the lights went out. The room was plunged into darkness. Someone got a candle and came toward them. They noticed that the one bearing the candle was covered with a sheet and had on a false face. All the girls began to scream and yell. It was an exciting time.

The person who caused the excite-

ment took off the false face. There stood John, laughing as loud as he could. Then his friends said, "I thought you said that anyone could not have a good time in a big city." Then John said, "No matter how large or how small the place, you can have a good time on Hallowe'en, and I hope that all of you have had as good a time as I have had."

The Best Hallowe'en Party

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

Once a little boy wanted to go to a Hallowe'en party, but his mother would not let him go for he did not have a costume. He remedied that by making one out of black and white cloth, but something happened to him the next day. That was certainly bad luck for him.

The next morning came, and he was so busy getting ready for the Hallowe'en party that he did not notice something lying on the floor. He had left a roller skate on the top of the stairs, and when he started down for breakfast he slid on the skate, breaking his arm when he did. His mother called the doctor, and he said that his arm was broken. He would have to go to the hospital to have it fixed.

The boy was so sad that he began to cry, but the doctor said that he might still go to the Hallowe'en party. However, he did not go to the party at Susan's home. Instead of going to the party, some boys and girls surprised him with a lot of presents. They had heard that he had broken his arm, and they decided to do something nice for him. He said, "This is the best Hallowe'en party of all!"

B. T .U. Junior Group No. 1

By John McKinney, 2nd Grade

We sang two songs. Then Mr. Puckett read the Bible. After that, we went to our rooms.

Our teacher asked us some questions. The boys explained their answers very well. Olin Sealey read the Bible, and James Arrowood told how Daniel kept well. John McKinney told what the Sunday School lessons are about when the teacher asked what we are now studying in Sunday School. That shows us how paul tried to improve in every way. Ben Wilson told what kind of a father you would call God. After he had made a talk, our teacher made a talk.

B. T. U. Junior Group No. 2

By Emory King, 5th Grade

First we had a talk, one prayer, and two songs. Our teacher, Mr. Iley, talked about our bodies. Here are some of the things he stressed: Keeping our body clean, eating the right kind of food, exercising, drinking plenty of water, going to bed early, and not straining our eyes.

Then we went back to the auditorium and sang two songs.

Boys' Orders

By Clyde Wright, 7th Grade

The officer of each cottage has a certain boy to fill out the orders each week. Each boy has a choice which he wants. He can order things such as the following: chewing gum, candy, peanuts, cakes, locks, sweaters, picture frames, and belts. The amount he

can spend is, of course, limited, for one of the great lessons for us to learn is to spend our money wisely.

The boy who fills out the orders on Monday sends them in by Tuesday. When Saturday comes, the boys look forward to getting their orders. They all appreciate this opportunity to order. The orders are filled out at the Boys' Store here at the School.

Reading Work

By Julian Commander, 4th Grade

Mrs J. D. Morrison gave us a reading test to see how well we could read on a standard test taken from "Our Weekly Reader. There were fifteen paragraphs, and under each paragraph there were four questions. The perfect score was 60. The three boys making the highest scores were Julian Commander, who scored 59; Ralph Drye, who scored 58; and George Marr, who scored 55.

Using Library Books Wisely

By Clyde Wright, 7th Grade

Mr. Hines and the boys of Cottage No. 3 had been wanting to read more library books, because reading good books helps us very much in our work.

The other day Mrs. Baucom selected thirty-eight books, which are suitable for boys from 12 to 14 years of age, for us to read in our cottage. We have a reading period for reading them. However, we read the library books that each boy checks out in our spare time.

Mr. Hines, our cottage officer, read us a very interesting book. It was entitled "A Disastrous Flood." The setting for the story is in our state, in the northwestern part of the state. The time of the story was August 13, 1940. Many people were drowned in the flood. We appreciate his reading it to us. He also read to us "Two Little Confederates" and many others.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of November 3, 1946

Nov. 6—Coy McElven, Cottage No. 4, 15th birthday.
Nov. 7—Lindsay Elder, Cottage No. 3, 14th birthday.
Nov. 8—James Brigman, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday

UNFINISHED BUSINESS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

By John K. Norton and Eugene S. Lawler

Why "Equal Opportunity" is a Myth

There can be no equal opportunity without equal educational advantages. A good general education is increasingly essential to success in life. In spite of exceptions, the person who leaves school prematurely feels that he is at a disadvantage. He feels this because he actually is at a disadvantage since modern schooling is more and more focused on the vital problems of life.

When it comes to earning a living, he is even more severely handicapped if he lacks vocational training, or technical, or professional education. More and more one can gain admission in the more desirable callings only if he has some specialized training on top of a good general education. In spite of these facts, America today is a land of enormous inequalities in educational opportunity.

The principal reason why the public schools of America do not provide equal educational opportunity is that their financing is shockingly uneven. Some schools are housed in one-room shacks and taught by nearly illiterate teachers; others leave nothing to be desired in the way of spacious, comfortable and even magnificent buildings and equipment, beauty of surroundings, and professional competence of staff. In money available between these two extremes.

There is a Difference of 60 to 1

The best financed school system in the United States expended $6,000 or more per classroom unit in 1939-40. The poorest financed schools expended less than $100. That $100 per classroom unit covered teacher's salary, books and equipment, and all other expenses of running a school.

Some 19,497 children attended schools expending $6,000 or more a year per classroom unit. Almost twice as many children--38,283--went to schools costing less than $100 a year. At the extremes, therefore, some children get sixty times as much educational opportunity as others--insofar as cost affects opportunity.

Inequality as it affects children in schools, however, is only a part of the story. How about the children of school age--more than 2,000,000 of them--who are not in school at all? How much better opportunity does a child who goes to a $6,000 school--or a $1,600 school, which is the average for the United States—get than one who does not go to school at all?

You Get What You Pay For

It is true that the amount spent to run a classroom does not wholly determine quality of schooling. Good education may be had in some classrooms financed at a proverty level, and poor education may go on in a magnificent building. These are exceptions, however. It is obvious

that a board of education with only $100 or even $500 with which to buy schooling of a class of thirty children for a year can purchase less education than can be bought for $4,000, $5,000 or $6,000 a year. In the long run, in education as in automobiles, one gets about what he pays for.

In well-financed schools will generally found the best teachers, excellent building and equipment, many fine books, and a well-rounded curriculum. These superior schools will not only give superior instruction in the three R's but will provide health education, character education, and similar instruction which adds to an adequate school program.

In poorly financed schools, one will generally find a very different situation--less competent teachers, miserable buildings and equipment, few books, and a meager curriculum. These poor schools will not only provide poor training in the three R's but they send forth young people ill-equipped to earn a living and to take their part as citizens in a modern world.

There were 1,401,605 children in 1939-40 attending classrooms which cost more than $4,000 a year. Another 1,175,996 children were attending classrooms costing less than $500 a year.

Those Who Need the Most Get the Least

Most schools that are housed in beautiful and well-appointed buildings with fine libraries and laboratories and athletic fields which provide health service and physical education, as well as teachers of professional skill and fine experience, are located in communities of lovely homes.

The poorest schools are generally found in poverty communities where the home environment is not of the best.

In other words, the children who most need good schools usually get the poorest schools. "To him that hath it shall be given, but from him that hath not, it shall be taken away, even that which he hath."

School Costs and Cost of Living

Some variations in school expenditures can be justified on the basis of differences in costs of living, or in the purchasing power of the dollar in different regions. It is undoubtedly true that a dollar in a rural community in the South will buy more groceries and education than it will in a city in the North.

The question is: Is there any community where the dollar buys so much that less than $100 a year will pay for acceptable schooling for a classroom of thirty children?

Are there communities where $500 may reasonably be expected to purchase all the schooling requirements for a class for a year--a qualified teacher, books and supplies, heating, cleaning and repairing the school building, health service, and general overhead and miscellaneous costs? Anyone who has visited even half a dozen schools costing less than $500 per year per classroom will have no difficulty in answering this question. He will know beyond doubt that such poverty-stricken schools do not provide the kind of education all American citizens should have.

Yet there are more than a million children in school systems costing less

than $500 a year per classroom unit.

Many would insist that even double this sum, of $1,000 a year, will not purchase adequate school facilities even in low cost communities. They believe that education in low cost communities should be at least equal to that provided in the "average" American community where the schools cost $1,600 a year in 1939-40.

A First Priority in Education

The time may come when we will need to know more exactly how much more a given amount of education of a particular quality costs in low cost as compared with high cost areas.

At present this problem had best be postponed. We know now that millions of children are living in communities whose schools have so little financial support that they cannot be expected to provide decent educational opportunity. A first priority of the blessed peace that has just come to the United States should be the elimination of the slums of American education. Some decent minimum of financial subsistence should be provided for every one of the thousands of poverty-stricken school systems which now mock the idea of fair educational opportunity for all.

What is a Decent Minimum of Support?

Opinions may differ as to just how much per classroom is necessary, even in low cost communities, in order to buy American children adequate schooling. Is $500 a year per classroom enought? or should it be $1,000, or $1,600, the average or median for the country, or $2,000, or even more? These questions need not be answered now. More than a million children are in school systems costing less than $500 per classroom. Another two million who are clearly of school age are not in any kind of school. These dispossessed children are being denied their educational rights. This situation should have immediate attention.

Something can be done about this situation by every state on its resources. In a considerable percentage of states with high per capita incomes, the establishment of an acceptable minimum of financial support in all school districts can be accomplished at once. The techniques whereby this can be done, without injustice to any taxpayer, are now well known. Several states may already say that they have abolished their educational slums.

In a considerable percentage of the states with low per capita incomes, it will be fiscally impossible to establish an acceptable minimum of financial support. This, however, should not deter them from doing everthing within their power to eliminate their worst areas of educational blight. A $1,000 or even an $800 minimum of support per classroom per year may seem tragically inadequate in this day and age, but it is better than $500 and infinitely better than $200 or $100 a year.

Poor States Try Harder than the Rich

It is not for lack of effort that many states support their schools so poorly. Ten of the states with lowest expenditures as a group devote a large percentage of the income of their people to the support of schools than do the ten highest expenditure states. Their relative effort is such that if the average

effort of the whole country is taken as 100 per cent, the effort of the ten highest expenditure states as a group is 91 per cent, while that of the ten lowest expenditure states is 106 per cent.

Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Nevada, Delaware, Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvanis, and Ohio rank above the middle in level of expenditure, but make less than average effort.

Vermont, Virginia, Maine, Florida, Tennessee, and Arkansas are states of low expenditure which are making less than average effort.

On the other hand, New York, California and New Jersey make slightly more than average and rank high in expenditure, while in spite of more than average effort, New Mexico, Idaho, West Virginia, Nebraska, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Alabama, and Mississppi all have less than average expenditures.

The states poor in income generally have low expenditure for schools in spite of greater than everage effort. For instance, the state of Mississippi, which has the lowest level of support for schools in the Union, ranks ninth in percentage of income devoted to education. Mississippi spends 3.41 per cent of its income to maintain schools with a median expenditure of $400 while New York expends only 2.61 per cent of its income but has a median rate of expenditure of $4,100 per classroom unit.

Children Not in Any School

The millions of children not in any kind of school, according to the 1940 federal census, is shocking revelation of how far we fall short of providing all children with a fair educational, opportunity.

The number of children not in school depends on what ages are included. In 1940 there were 1,908,299 children aged six to fifteen and 5,196,510 aged five to seventeen who were not in any school, but who should have been in school, both for their own good and for the good of the nation as a whole.

Larger proportions of children not in school are found in states with low school costs.

Why Don't They Go to School?

This situation results from a number of causes such as the following: (1) there is little incentive to go to schools which are so meagerly financed that they provide very poor education and therefore lack holding power; (2) school officials who do not have enough money to pay for the adequate education of children already in school are not likely to enforce compulsory attendance laws; (3) ignorant parents oftenn have little realization of the importance of schooling for their children, and feel they must put their children to work as soon as possible to add to the family income. Thuse a vicious circle develops: children who do not go to school usually become ignorant parents, and ignorant parents tend to keep their children out of school.

It has been said that wise children will be very careful where they are born. If they are born and raised in some communities they are likely to be discriminated against educationally, either because they will attend a poor school or no school at all.

There are few things which more directly strike at the foundations of

our democratic way of life than a situation in which the children born in certain areas continuously receive substandard schooling. Yet this situation exists in the richest country in the world.

Education and National Well-Being

The importance of maintaining education and other factors of social well-being at a high level is shown by comparing the South with other regions. The South has had natural resources to match those of other regions—great forests of pine and heardwood, coal, iron, fertile soil water power, and climate—and still it has the lowest income and the lowest standard of living of any of the great regions of the nation. A potent cause of its situation has been a failure to capitalize on its human resources—a failure which sufficient amounts of the most suitable and effective types of education can go far to obviate. The progress in certain parts of the South shows what is possible.

But substandard schools are a matter or serious consideration not only in the South but in the majority of the states. Whereever they exist, whether their cause is lack of finance or some other reason, they blight the future. Most states have some schools that are financed below any reasonable standard of support. Such conditions should not be allowed to continue—for the sake of the children involved, of the communities they will live in when mature, and of the common national future.

Ignorance Cannot Be Quarantined

The people of the richer regions and cities cannot afford to be indifferent to the lack of educational opportunity in other regions. The cities of the nation and the more prosperous states draw a considerable proportion of their population from the poorer and rural regions. Population tends to move to the wealthier areas. Many of the future citizens of the wealthier areas are now children going to substandard schools or not going to any school.

Ignorant populations are the meat on which demagogues fatten. Mere enlightened self-interest demands that the richer states and cities protect their citizenship and economic security by promoting the level of education in the poorer communities from which they will inevitably draw a part of their population.

Much of the industrial strife during recent years has been caused by the migration of hundreds of thousands of untrained, uneducated, undisciplined rural workers from areas which, so far as schooling is concerned, have given them little or no preparation to deal with the problems and conditions which they encounter in the great cities of the nation.

Need for Consolidating Small School Systems

The proper distribution of funds among local school units is only part of the problem of achieving adequate educational opportunity for all children and youth. The nature of these districts needs to be carefully considered. Often they are two small to permit development of educational problems sufficiently comprehensive and specialized to provide modern educational facilities—including such matters as guidance—as well as effective citizenship education and training in the three R's and scientific

fields. If these services were provided in very small school districts, the cost would be prohibitive. The problems of reorganizing local school ditricts should be solved previous to, or concurrently with, the provision of adequate funds; otherwise a situation can be created in which more money can be expended without achicving genuine educational opportunity for all.

Some of the finest schools in the world are among the public schools of the United States. The nation may properly take pride in the public school system as a whole. The record of our educated soldiers, sailors and marines, indicates that they have not failed in courage, patriotism, intelligence and adaptability. The enormous wartime production of the nation may partly be credited to the American public school.

However, the large number of illiterates and educationally deficient selectees has made it evident that over large areas of the nation young men and women are failing to realize the best that is in them because they were born and raised in educational slums, succeeding, when they so, in spite of the schools they attended rather than because of them. Furthermore, we were able to go forward in our war effort after we had caught up some of the educational slack. Some 12,000,000 workers had to be trained with funds from the federal government after June 1940 to man civilian industries, and amount of money expended by the military services to finish training of half-trained men was stupendous.

In many states special studies should be made in preparation for the enactment of sound legislation, so that each state educational system may offer opportunities that are as equitably distributed and as efficient as their resources permit. Because of the complexity of the problems involved, the commission responsible for such studies should engage experts to provide it with pertinent facts as well as counsel and advice.

The Need for Federal Aid

Finally, there is need for all citizens to consider attentively what the federal goverment should do to increase the competence of citizens and the prosperity of the nation through education. It is in the public interest that some method be found to insure reasonable educational opportunity for every child without undue tax burden on any citizen or state.

The assurance of an opportunity for an education for all future citizens is as important and suitable a task to be undertaken through the federal government as the building of highways, or lighthouses, or increasing the products of agriculture. Such action is long overdue.

The United States has been a favorite of fortune. It has been heir to vast natural resources. It has developed an industrial technology which makes it pre-eminent as the greatest economic power the world has ever known. Its standards of living are the highest of any nation. Its armed forces are the mighiest in history.

But the crowning achievement and blessing of the nation is American citizenship. This citizenship has stood for the right of the individual to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It has vested each individual with sovereign rights and responsibilities. It is a peril to the highest hope and

ideals of our nation to allow conditions to exist which deny to millions of Americans the preparation for sharing in this precious heritage.

In the light of the unparalleled production of World War II there can be no doubt of the ability of the people of the United States to remove from every part of the land the blight of illiteracy, ignorance, and inadequate preparation for the responsibilities of citzienship. To do so will increase the material prosperity and raise the general level of intelligence and morality of the nation. It will contribute to its happiness, promote its security, make it a greater power for good in the world, and cause it to approach ever nearer the patriot's dream. The accomplishment of these ends is the unfinished business in American education.

How Important is Education?

Education of the right kind has been rated as a "matter of primary concern" by great leaders from Washington down to the present day. H. G. Wells, in his famous statement of the 1920's predicted that the fortunes of the world were dependent upon the out come of a race between education and catastrophe. By 1939 it was clear that catastrophe had won the race. It cost the world six years of bitter warfare, 60,000,000, casualties, and three trillion dollars to give itself another chance——a chance to start the race over again.

Will the world as a whole and the United States in particular take full advantage of that chance? Will sound education and the other instruments of human progress become first priorities? If they do not the Four Horsemen will again ride the land. Intelligence is the stuff of victory, the weapon for peace.

It would be good business for the United States to be sure of its educational foundations. World War II cost us 300 billion dollars up to V-J Day. In one year of war alone we spent 90 billion dollars for military purposes. Victory was cheap at any price. Any other alternative would have been unthinkable.

We should know, however, that 90 billion dollars is more than we have spent for public education since the begining of the nation's history.

In spite of our faith in education, we have never supported it adequately. We are spending about two and one-half billions a year now for all forms of public education. How inadequate this is must be clear to all those who will study thoughtfully the facts of this document. Our bill for education is a small one for a nation whose people had an income of 160 billions in the year that the war ended, and who, according to conservative economic opinion, can have an annual income of at least 130 billion dollard in the period just ahead.

The importance of the trained mind and of the skilled hand was dramatically demonstrated in the Second World War. Trained minds and skilled hands are the products of good education. How important is it that we guarantee that all, not merely some, have the benefit of sound education? In answering this question, ponder the following considerations.

Education is More Important than Ever Before

Now more than ever before, democratic govenment and a democratic way of life is possible only to educated

citizens.

The great power of education—both good and bad—has been dramatically demonstrated in recent decades by totalitarian as well as by democratic nations.

The most important wealth of any nation is its human resources—provided these resources are carefull conserved and vigorously developed.

Soldiers from the states with the best financed educational systems scored higher on intelligence tests than those from the poorer supported schools, in both World Wars I and II.

A high standard of living is possible in a nation even though its natural resources are scant, providing a high standared of education is maintained. (For example, in the Scandinavian ccountries, Switzerland, and other

A low standard of living is inevitable in a nation, even though natural resources are abundant, when the people as a whole have a low standard of education. (For example, certain areas in South America, Africa, and other parts of the world.)

The unbeatable combination is a nation where both abundant natural resources and a high standard of education exist. Witness the United States which now commands approximately half of the economic power of the earth and enjoys the highest standard of living of any nation, even though it has only partly capitalized the full possibilities of good education for all.

In the United States some of the regions richest in natural resources have the lowest standard of living and also the lowest standards in education. The opposite is also true.

Throughout the world illiterate and ignorant nations tend to be proverty-stricken; literate and educated nations tend to have a high stanard of living and health. No nation has achieved and advanced economic, political, and social position without making abundant use of education.

STICK TO IT.

Learn a trade, or get into business and go at it with a determination that defies failure and you will succeed. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck or disagreeable work to be performed. Those who have korked their way up to wealth and usefulness do not belong to the shifty, less unstable class, and if you do not work while a young man as an old you'll be nothing. Work with a will and conquer young prejudices against labor, and manfully bear the heat and burden of the day. It may be hard the first week, and after that I assure you it will become a pleasure, and you will feel enough better satisfied with yourself to pay for all the trials of beginning. Let perseverance and industry be your motto, and with a steady application to business you need have no fear for the future. Don't be ashamed of your plain clothes, providing you have earned them. They are far more beautiful in the estimation of all honest men and women than the costly gewgaws sported by some people at the expense of the confiding tailor.—Selected.

FOLLOW THROUGH NECESSARY FOR YOUTHFUL DELINQUENTS

By J. P. Shore in Public Welfare News

Juvenile delinquence is a product of insecurity, poverty and dissatisfaction that will diminish only when society's other ills diminish. The most fertile breeding place is in the slums of the great cities where the effects of inadequate or nonexistent home life is aggravated by poverty, ignorance, and filth. It is possible there will be a very substantial increase in juvenile cases in North Carolina within the near future, notwithstanding the magnificent work of the State Board of Public Welfare and other agencies working in conjunction with it. Persistent work, study and co-operation between the public and the courts to effectuate a barrier for this growing problem.

All who work with this problem know that a great majority of the trouble rests with parents. Nearly every case I have handled was the result of neglect, ignorance, disrupted homes, or stupidity on the part of the parents—conditions existing in the homes that can be charged against the parents.

How can we expect conditions to improve when there are literally thousands going into the divorce courts every month, seeking divorces and disrupting homes, and unfortunately in many of these homes there are children? How can these children be trained and disciplined when the real foundation on which society is built is disrupted, if not completely destroyed? A great number of children will be victims of "war marriages".

There are hundreds of parents jailed or fined every year for neglecting their children or for contributing to juvenile delinquency. Americans could learn much about the prevention of delinquency from the Chinese among whom there is virtually no delinquency. They believe that a child is not a responsible, reasoning individual and hence cannot plan for himself, that it is the duty of the parent to guide the child. Whatever the child does, good or bad, is a direct reflection on the parent. In this way a parent's reputation is established as much by his children's deeds as by his own. Chinese maintain that under such an influence, family unity and pride are the dominating factors in the life of any child, and juvenile crime is exceedingly rare.

The juvenile judges of North Carolina have great latitude in dealing with offenders. They may be left with parents under the supervision of a case-worker or probation officer; they may be placed in a boarding home under the control of the court; or they may be sent to an institution. I personally am a great believer in giving a child every opportunity under strict supervision before committing him to an institution. Supervision is absolutely essential. Just to bring a child before a judge for a hearing and not follow the case through does very

little good. The law provides that a juvenile judge shall appoint a probation officer who, in my opinion is about 90 percent of the court. Lectures, warnings, entering judgments are worth something, but generally the child doesn't understand the significance of the proceeding.

The need for careful study of delinquency as it applies to case histories and the need for physical and psychological examinations should be employed. In order to appraise a case properly it is highly important to have the case history. The background, the conditions in the home, the habits of the parents, the location of their abode, the reaction of the child are very important in determining what should be for the best interest of the child. There are no two cases alike and there is no fomula to go by. If a case is not properly handled by a juvenile court, the child would be eminently better off if he had never been brought into court.

It is absolutely necessary that the court follow through on every case, get the child's confidence, and also get the co-operation of both the child and the parents. Otherwise, the child has no respect for the court and the court can do very little in the reformation of the child. The physical condition of a child should be known before making any decision. There are many cases generally in poverty stricken homes where the parents have failed to provide necessary medical care. Before a judge expresses an opinion in any case, he should be thoroughly satisfied as to the physical and mental condition of a child.

In every city or county where there is a juvenile court, the governing body of such a city or county should be required to provide a boarding home and facilities to take care of children who are removed from their homes. There should be a matron or superintendent trained to care for, nurture, and look after the general welfare of these children. It is getting to be a very difficult problem to place children in a boarding home where they will be under proper care and influence. So often people who are willing to take a child are not suitable, and the child is not given the special opportunity to which it should be entitled. A juvenile court cannot properly and effectively function without facilities and adequate help to carry out the duties and resposibilities of the court. It is absolutely essential, therefore, that the governing body of a city or county fully realize its responsibility to support and provide public funds for the necessary maintenance of the local juvenile courts in handling the case of unfortunate children, most of whom have not had an opportunity in life.

When a child is placed on probation, if it is humanly possible, he should be permitted to remain in his own home, under the control and supervision of the probation officer. If the co-operation of the parents and the child can be obtained, it is the most effective way to keep the home life in the child's mind and at the same time, to furnish sustaining help to the upbuilding of the child's welfare and happiness. No matter how poverty stricken and untidy the home is, the child who is taken from his own home naturally losses the very intimate relationship with his parents. The matter of taking the child from his

parents is a very serious decision and should be execised with the utmost deliberation and concern by the court.

When there is no question about the inability of the parents to help with the reformation and discipline, then there is no alternative except to remove the child to a boarding home or institution.

He should never be put in jail, however. It is a flagrant violation of the law to place a child in jail along with adult criminals, and should not be tolerated. A city or county large enough to support and maintain a juvenile court should realize its responsibility to the public and not allow any child to be placed in a common jail. The building of good citizenship is very important in maintaining a democracy in our country. We cannot afford to appear to be reformers when our own acts in dealing with the subject constitute a violation of the law. This situation should be corrected by the people who believe in courts and justice—in humanity and tolerance.

———:———

CITIZENSHIP

The success of democratic government depends upon the faithful performance by each citizen of his public duties. By living as citizens of this school, students learn to be citizens of the larger society.

Do we as students measure up to the standards of citizenship? Here is a scorecard. Check your own points:

Trustworthiness—Do you keep your promises?

Selfcontrol—Do you control your tongue and your temper?

Loyalty—Are you loyal to your friends, your school and your community?

Obedience—Do you obey those in authority promptly and cheerfully?

Sportsmanship—Can you win without bragging and lose without offering excuses?

Selfreliance—Do you think for yourself?

Courtesy—Are you considerate of others?

Health—Do you secure the proper amount of sleep, eat the right kind of food, and exercise sufficiently in open air?

Teamwork—Do you get along with other people.

Dependability—Can people count on you?—Selected

FRONTIERS

(Speakers Library Magazine)

Numerous and loud have been the complaints that there are no more frontiers. Are we, then, a nation of frustration frontiersmen? Are we imprisoned, suffocated, within these mere three million square miles of our Continental United States? Shall we challenge this complaint, which is so generally accepted as being true?

Occasionally, of course, we find apologists who say that there are "other frontiers"—frontiers in science and human relations and so forth. Quite true. There always were. Men have been battering at the science frontier for ages. So the apology is not the answer. The real answer is that no frontiers have vanished—that ever sort of frontier that ever was is still here. But to find a frontier one must first be a frontiersman.

In talking about frontiers several points are usually conveniently forgotten. The first is the fact that there is nothing very comfortable or inviting about them. Frontiers never invited anybody. There are no air-conditioned Pullmans available on the frontier trail and no welcoming committees to greet the newcomer. Frontiers are among the hardest, most resistant things in the world. They tend to repulse rather than draw; they pit their strenght against men. They exact a price in sweat and blood from those men who would conquer them.

At one time the Atlantic was the western frontier. Can we call "a stern and rock-bound coast" inviting? Forty-one men signed the Mayflower Compact before landing at Plymouth Rock. Twenty-one of these were dead in four months, the victims of that frontier which men today find so pleasant. Old Deerfield, Massachusestts, was once our western frontier. Gentle and inviting now, it was once so dangerous that only the hardiest hearts could venture, and many paid with their lives for the privilege. As pleasant and hospitis Salt Lake Valley, Utah. Yet ninety able a valley as one could wish to see years ago it was all frontier. People came to it on foot, hauling their few belongings in two-wheeled carts. They broke down and wept when the word was given to settle there, for this treeless, sterile, sagebrush desert was by far the most hostile country they had encountered in their long march. The blossoming of the desert is the result of tears and suffering and faithfulness unto death. Without the people that vally would revert to sagebrush in fifteen or twety years.

Do you bewail the passing of this frontier? If so, be comforted in the knowledge that you can duplicate it almost anywhere in the United States today. You can exchange the hardships of civilization for this at any time you choose. We cannot regard the United States as settled yet—not to speak of Canada, South America, Africa, Asia and Australia. A glance at a population map will show you that the United States is the most sparsely populated of all the great nations. Make a few compar-

isons: Belgium, 17 times more thickly settled than our country; Netherlands 15 times; Great Britain 12 times; Germany eight times; France five times. And yet the American frontiersman complains from his armchair that he is suffocating for room to turn around.

"But," he argues, "there is no more free land." When was there any free land? Frontiers have never been easy and they are never free. The highest price is paid by the first man on the spot. That is why so many of us stay behind and follow the frontiersman at a respectable distance; we do not possess the sort of stuff you have to pay for frontiers.

To say that there are other frontiers ofscientific research, invention, organization of production and extention of service is quite all right, as long as we explain that these are in addition to the others, not instead of them. The point is, the territorial frontiers are there, too. Just to show you how uninhabited most of North America is, we could sweep the whole population of the United States into one small corner of our land; we could settle the entire population of Canada in a space as large New York State.

There is in America space that has never been used, vast unoccupied empires. But thos who moan, "no more frontiers" will never occupy these, and they will never occupy the frontiers of science. For most of us, the price of pioneering is to high; we would prefer that some one else break the trail and endure the initial hardships. There is nothing essentially wrong in this, but it is not proof that frontier have vanished. When a man is a true frontiersman, he will find frontiers.

———:———

Many people do not have enough time; others have too much, and do not know what to do with it.

Now, there is just so much time in the world, but it is divided equally; no one has more time than someone else. The difference is, one person uses it wisely, and when so used, there is not enough of it. Another uses it unwisely, and wastes it, and finds too much on his hands.

Time goes this way but once. Each one of us can lay up a store of good deeds, convictions upheld, and kindnesses performed lovingly. Such accomplishments will endure in the hearts of those about us. Time cannot take them away.

We can do nothing in the past; we can do nothing in the future. We have only the immediate now. Now is the time; make it count!

—Capper's Weekly.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Oren Moore, Jr. pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday.

Following the singing of the opening hymn, Rev. Mr. Moore and the boys read responsively one of the selections found in the back of the hymnal used at the school. This selection, Matthew 5: 1-16, is called the Beattitudes. In commenting briefly upon these verses, the speaker explained that the word "blessed" meant to be happy. There is a high price placed upon these verses, said he, for they mean that we cannot be happy unless we serve one another. The Beattitudes do not mean that a person must have a lot of money in order to be happy. Neither do they mean that a man can be happy only when he has great power. They mean that true happiness can only come to man when he is serving God and his fellow men.

Rev. Mr. Moore read Matthew 25: 31-46 as the Scripture lesson for the afternoon. He then told the boys that instead of trying to preach a sermon, he would tell them a story. His inspiring and helpful story, showing the value of service to others, was as follows:

There once lived a man who had spent his entire life collecting money. He had no regard for others as he amassed his great fortune. He foreclosed a mortage on a poor widow's home. He took advantage of poor and defenseless people in many ways in order that he might make more money.

This man, although having great wealth, could not be classed as a good citizen. He never gave anything to the schools of his city; he never helped in the work of the church. In fact, he refused to take part in any movement which tried to help other people. He helped nobody. He had hurt everybody he could in his mad rush to gain wealth.

One day this man sat in front of his strong box, gleefully fondling his huge pile of gold. How it glittered—and how he gloated over his great fortune.

Suddenly, he realized that he was a very lonely man. He had no friends among all the people of the city. With all his wealth, he had not money enough to buy a smile from one of his neighbors. Nobody cared whether he felt good or was ill. This man had everything that money could buy—except friendship. He had sold his soul for gold. The gold was very pretty and shiny, but it was cold.

As this poor, deluded man handled his money, he suddenly began to think of himself. He realized how selfish he had been all his life. Since he had shown no love, he had received no love from those who had lived near him all through the years.

It dawned upon him that his great store of gold was responsible for his loneliness, and he resolved to give it all away.

There was an old hermit who lived in a cabin on the outskirts of the city. He had the reputation of being a very wise man. The rich man decided to go to him and ask how he

might get rid of his sin of selfiness. After he had entered the cabin, and had told his story, the wise old man agreed to help him. The hermit gave his visitor a small bottle, and said: "When you get this bottle filled with pure water, your sins will be forgiven."

The rich man gasped the bottle and hurried to do as the hermit suggested. Coming to a small pool of water, he tried to fill the bottle. After holding it under for some time, he was surprised to find that it did not contain a single drop of water.

Thinking the pool was too small, he went to a large river. Here he left the bottle in the stream for more than an hour, but the result was the same. There was still no water in the bottle.

By this time the rich man was frantic. He walked several miles to a large lake. Here, he thought, would be plenty of water, and it would be easy to fill his bottle. Reaching the lake, he put in the bottle, and, after waiting all day, he discovered that it was still empty.

Greatly discouraged, he resolved to take the bottle to the ocean. Surely, he thought, it could easily be filled in such great body of water. The journey to the sea was long and tiresome. He had to climb mountains, cross deep gorges and make his way through dense thickets. He was weary, ragged and footsore. Finally, he reached the low lands, and in a short time he come to a point from which he could see the waves of the ocean, and he started to run toward them.

As he came close to the sea, he heard a voice faintly calling for help. He saw an injured man lying in a ditch, who, from his appearance was suffering intensely. The rich man was so intent, however, upon getting something for himself that he paid no attention to the sufferer. All he could think of was to get his little bottle into the ocean so that it might be filled, and that the sins which had been troubling him greatly, might be forgiven. Reaching the sea, he fell down upon the beach, crawled to the water and tried to fill the bottle. The result was the same as he had experienced at the other places. Not a drop of water was in the bottle.

By this time the rich man was almost exhausted. He sat on the beach and gazed at the empty bottle, wondering how his many sins might be forgiven. As he sat there, he again heard the cries for help coming from the injured man whom he had passed by just a short time before. He went to the suffering man and asked what he might do to help him. In a very weak voice, the sufferer asked for water. The tired, trembling rich man still had the little bottle in his hand. Nearby was a very small spring. He painfully made his way to the spring, and, much to his surprise, he very easily filled the bottle with cool water, with which he was able to refresh the injured man, wash out his wounds, and help him on his journey.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Moore told the boys to never lose sight of the fact that the more love and friendship we give away, the more we shall have. So far as our dealings with Jesus Christ are concerned, he added, whenever we help others, we are rendering service unto Him.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—Rowland Hill.

—:—

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

—Colton.

—:—

Chance happens to all, but to turn chance to account is the gift of few.

—Bulwer-Lytton.

—:—

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens.

—Daniel Webster.

—:—

What one has, one ought to use; and whatever he does he should do with all his might.—Cicero.

—:—

Animals are such agreeable friends; they ask no questions, pass no criticisms.—George Eliot.

—:—

If you always live with those who are lame, you will yourself learn to limp.—Latin Proverb.

—:—

The avaricious man is kind to no person, but he is most unkind to himself.—John Kyrle.

—:—

It is in general more profitable to reckon up our defects than to boast of our attainments.—Carlyle.

—:—

There is no folly equal to that of throwing away friendship in a world where friendship is so rare.

—Exchange.

—:—

If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as that it may be said to possess him.—Bacon.

Falsehoods not only disagree with truths, but usually quarrel among themselves.—Daniel Webster.

—:—

Strike from mankind the principle of faith, and man would have no more history than a flock of sheep.

—Bulwer-Lytton.

—:—

Education makes a people easy to lead, but difficult to drive; easy to govern, but impossible to enslave.

—Lord Brougham.

—:—

That which is striking and beautiful is not always good, but that which is good is always beautiful.

—Exchange.

—:—

There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate: when he can't afford it, and when he can.

—Mark Twain.

—:—

He who loses wealth loses much; he who loses a friend loses more; but he that loses his courage loses all.

—Cervantes.

—:—

The prosperity of a country depends not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character.—Martin Luther.

—:—

The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The cynic puts all human actions into two classes—openly bad and secretly bad.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

"If you sleep in a chair,
You have nothing to lose;
But a nap at the wheel
May mean a permanent snooze."

—:—

The latest things in men's clothes —women.

—:—

Money talks, but it never gives itself away.

—:—

Where moonshine comes from is a secret still.

—:—

A narrow mind and a wide mouth usually go together.

—:—

Three persons can keep a secret—if two of them are dead.

—:—

The more you think you know, the more you'd better listen.

—:—

The more a man is wrapped up in himself, the colder he is.

—:—

Don't tell a girl she looks sweet enough to eat—or she will.

—:—

All the world's a stage—and everybody wants to ride on top.

—:—

As a man thinks, so is he, therefore, some people never think.

—:—

Some wives are like fishermen. They think the best one got away.

—:—

The most difficult job of all is that of trying to look busy when you are not.

—:—

Robert Quillen says: "An alibi is like a jewsharp. You can have the best one that ever was, but who wants to hear it?"

Don't get the habit of telling people where to get off unless you are a bus driver.

—:—

No law has ever been adopted that will keep a man from making a fool of himself.

—:—

Running people down is bad business, whether you are a motorist or a gossip.

—:—

Horse sense is that sense which keeps horses from betting on the human races.

—:—

Co-operate; remember the banana —every time it leaves the bunch it gets skinned.

—:—

Here's one nice way to get your spinach—feed it to the cow and then drink the milk.

—:—

When a check comes back marked "no account" perhaps it refers to the one who wrote it.

—:—

We wouldn't say that a farmer treated his corn cruelly just because he pulled its ears.

—:—

A fellow who had imbibed a little too much joy-juice boarded one of the Fifth Avenue double-deck busses. The bus was crowded, but he managed to find a seat near the driver. He insisted upon talking to the driver, and the latter, somewhat annoyed, suggested that he go on the top deck. The drunk did so. In a few minutes he was back. The driver asked, "What's the matter? Didn't you like the view or the fresh air up there?" The wobbly passenger replied, "Yep, nice view, nice air on top, but it ain't safe to ride up there—no driver."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 27, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ernest Johnston
Herbert Landreth

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnette
Hubert Black
William Britt
Paul Church
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Raymond Harding
Donald Hall
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Franklin Robinson
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Harry Thompson
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Ranson Edwards
Judd Lane
William McVicker
Eddie Medlin
William Phillips
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Jesse Hamlin
Jack Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
Clifton Rhodes
Thomas Staley
Benard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

J. C. Alley
Paul Carpenter
Herman Gaylan
James Hunt
Donald Johnson
William Lewis
James Norton
Harvey Purdy
Burton Routh
James Smith
Roy Swink
Clifford Shull
Robert Thompson
James Tew
James Wiggington
King Watkins

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
George Byrd
Charles Cain
Earl Hoyle
Robert Kerr
Ralph Medlin
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Richard Davidson
John Gregory
Clyde Hill
Earl Holleman
Glenn Mathison
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery
Lester Ingle

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Authur Lawson
D. B. Jones

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Charles Francis
Thomas Hutchins
J. C. Michel
Robert Trout
Garvin Thomas
Harry Matthews

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Donald Fagg
Leslie Gautier
Max Herring
Luther Hull
Robert King
Benny Riggins
J. C. Taylor
Raymond Cloninger

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Earl Grant
Terry Hardin
Larry Johnson
Albert Allen
James Upright

COTTAGE No. 14

Carl Ballew
Elbert Gentry
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Eugene Martin
Charles Moore
John Moretz
Lawrence Owens
James Shook
James Smith
James Walters
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Henry Coffee
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
Howard Herman
Carl Holt
Marcus Hefner
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
James Peterson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Ralph Stewart

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Canady
Thomas Chavis
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Roy Orr
Bennine Payne
Robert Phillips

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis

We all like to be with people who make us feel good. Instinctively we turn away from those who are always trying to hand us a "crying towel." Those who tell us about their troubles, their illnesses, their disappointments, are people to avoid. They lower our vitality. But the cheerful, the positive, the creative people—they cause our spirits to soar. They lift us onto a higher plane, and we are thankful to them.—Thomas Dreier.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 9, 1946 No. 45

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HIGH RESOLVE

I'll hold my candle high, and then
Perhaps I'll see the hearts of men
Above the sordidness of life,
Beyond misunderstandings, strife.

Though many deeds that others do
Seem foolishness, and sinful, too,
Were I to take another's place,
I could not fill it with such grace.

And who am I to criticize
What I perceive with my dull eyes?
I'll hold my candle high, and then
Perhaps I'll see the hearts of men.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

I LIVED TODAY!

Let me today do something that will
Take a little sadness from the
    World's vast store;
And may I be so favored as to
Add to joy's too scanty sum
    A little more.

Let me not hurt by word
Or deed the heart of foe
    Or friend,
Nor would I pass unseeing
Worthy need, nor sin by silence
    I should defend.

However meager be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that will
    Aid my kind;
A word of hope, or thought of health,
Dropped as I pass, for troubled
    Hearts to find.

Let me tonight look back across
The span 'twixt dawn and dark, and
    To my conscience say:
Because of some good act
To man or beast, the world is better
    That I lived today!

—Author Unknown.

ANNUAL HALLOWE'EN FESTIVAL

On last Thursday the boys at the Jackson Training School celebrated Hallowe'en with many delightful experiences and gala events. All work at the school was suspended after the noon hour, and the

Mr. Fisher Serving "Hot-Dogs" to the Boys at the Hallowe'en Party.

entire afternoon and evening was given over to sports, games feasting, and entertainment events.

Beginning at two o'clock, the boys of the football team weighing up to 125 pounds, engaged the football team from Spencer on the football field. To the delight of all the specators, the Training School boys won the game, and they thoroughly enjoyed the taste of victory. The boys of the school played a good game and thrilled the spectators on the side lines with several sparkling plays. The final score was 19-12 in favor of the Training School boys.

For the next event, the boys were thrilled with the contest of catching a greasy pig. This caused lots of excitement among the boys. Unfortunately, there were so many boys that the one lonesome greasy pig never had very much of a show really to start a race. A prize of one dollar had been offered to the boy who could catch this pig, and this prize was won by Jimmy Smith, of Cottage No. 4.

The next event of the afternoon was a contest among the boys to see who could climb the greasy pole upon which had been placed a

dollar bill. Several of the boys tried their hand, and after doing their best they gave up in despair. One after another went up the pole, as far as he could go, and then slipped back to the ground. Finally, the boys contrived a scheme of building a pyramid about the pole, one boy on top of other boys, until finally, Wade Cook, of Cottage No. 13, managed to get his hands on the dollar bill. Most of the boys who worked at the contest were from Cottage No. 15, and because they had scrambled and struggled at this event so hard, Mr. Hawfield gave them an extra dollar.

Following these events on the athletic field, the boys made their way over to the bakery where Mr. Liske, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Carriker and Mr. Willie White had prepared a great feast of hot dogs, peanuts, popcorn, cakes and cold drinks. This was really the highlight of the afternoon. The boys were given the privilege of eating four hot dogs, and some ate even more. They found the hot dogs and all the accessories very delicious and tasteful. Every year the boys look forward with great anticipation to the hot dogs on Hallowe'en.

We are presenting in this issue a picture of the hot dog stand showing Mr. Fisher and some of his assistants.

For the evening program, the boys had the usual picture show in the auditorium. This time it was "Tarzan and the Leopard Woman."

* * * * * * * *

VISUAL EDUCATION

Visual education is universally recognized as being very efficient and of great importance. Visual aids are being more widely used in all educational programs throughout the world. It has been conclusively proven that people remember much more permanently the things that they see than they do what they hear and read about. In other words, it is a sound educational policy with both children and adults to use a good supply of visual aids of one type and another.

In recent years it has become a custom to utilize the facitities of the motion picture industry to facilitate visual instruction in the schools and even in the churches. Here at Jackson Training School, there was recently purchased a new Bell and Howell sixteen milli-

meter motion picture projector. This equipment was bought in order that the school might avail itself of the opportunity to show the many valuable educational films designed for use in the schools. In cooperation with the Bureau of Visual Instruction of North Carolina, we are presenting to the boys one educational film each week. The subjects of the films have been selected because of their interest and special appeal to our boys. The first four of these have been shown, and the boys have been greatly benefited and delighted with these pictures. They have learned to look forward to them with a great deal of pleasure. The following is a full list of the films which have already been scheduled so far:

Animals of the Zoo.
The Bus Driver.
Butterflies.
Children of Russia.
Common Animals of the Woods.
Elephants.
Finding Your Life's Work.
Inside the White House.
Normandy Invasion.
Servant of the People.
Vanishing Herds.
Winston-Salem
Touchdown Thrills of 1945.

* * * * * * * *

ARMISTICE DAY

November 11th is Armistice Day in America and throughout the nations of continental Europe. This year on that date we will celebrate the 28th anniversary of this momentous event. Marking as it does the anniversary of a great victory in arms for the allied soldiers over the central powers of Europe, it has become a fixed and established event in the annals of history, so that nothing can ever erase or dim the luster of that victory.

Twenty-eight years ago hostilities on the battle fields of Europe came to an end, and once again the dove of peace settled to her accustomed place in the temple and on the shrines. It was a day of

great rejoicing and jubilation, because the shedding of blood in the conflicts of war was at an end.

Most of the hostilities of that terrible conflict transpired on the land; the battles were fought in the mire and the mud of the trenches; where there was much suffering and discomfort. On the other hand, however, there were the horrifying and breath-taking events when waves of soldiers made their charges across the spaces of No Man's Land. Likewise, there were the bloody battles of the Meuse and of the Argonne Forest of eastern France. History has recorded it as the bloodiest and most costly war in the history of mankind up to that time. It was the unconquerable Yanks of the Thirtieth Division that broke through the vaunted defenses of the Hindenburg Line and started the grand march to victory.

In the wake of that war it is both sad and pathetic to say, but it is true, nevertheless, that history as it has been written in the post-war years tends to show how utterly futile war between nations can be. The historians now say that the allies won that war, but that they lost the peace. It is no exaggeration to say that although the soldiers in the armed forces fought with matchless splendor and bravery for a great ideal, yet in the councils of peace our leaders have not been able to match the glory of the achievements of our soldiers.

Yet, despite the seeming failures of the post-war era, we pause once again to pay a glowing tribute to the valiant and intrepid soldier lads of World War I. With bravery and courage they not only upheld the highest traditions of American heroes, but in reality they added a new and a brighter chapter of splendor and glory for American soldiers; they set new standards of heroism. They won for themselves immortal and undying fame and glory, which is their priceless treasure for all times.

On November 11th we bow in humble tribute to all who took part in that awful conflict and, figuratively, we place a wreath upon the graves of those who fell in the conflict. We pledge again and make a new covenant that their sacrifices shall not have been in vain. Perhaps it is, after all, too early to appraise properly the results of that victory, but no doubt the pages of history will forever proclaim the fact that these boys made their sacrifices, and some gave their lives for the cause of liberty and justice throughout the world. Although

the soldiers of World War I did not in their day have the implements of warfare equivalent to those of the last war, nevertheless they had all the spiritual qualities of great soldiers, measured by any standard.

Today in America, and throughout the world, there is still much to be done in the cause of peace. The clouds of suspicion and distrust hang heavily across the continents of the world. There are many reasons why men everywhere should consecrate themselves again this year to the cause of peace. It is a debt that is due to those who fought in the conflict of 1918. It is a time when we should remember the sacrifices and the devotion of the soldier lads of that other war and exert every possible effort to give assurance that war will never curse the world again.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

By Joseph Auslander

O Thou that maketh wars to cease,
On this most solemn day,
The people's cry is yet for peace,
For peace the people pray.

They do not seek millenium,
Nor ask for more than bread;
They only pray Thy peace to come
With bowed, beseeching head.

Not theirs the clever argument
That twists the simple truth;
They only know the young men went
And poured out their bright youth.

The prophets press on every side
With half a hundred choices;
They only know the young men died,
And they hear ghostly voices.

They hear the voices all around
Of war's insane endeavor,
Of brave hopes buried in the ground,
Of brave dreams dead forever.

They beg an end of this, O Lord,
An end of all this madness,
This toll of famine, fire and sword,
This age-long human sadness.

O Thou that maketh wars to cease,
On this most solemn day,
The people's cry is yet for peace,
For peace the people pray.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Chapel Program

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

The program Wednesday was given by the boys of the special sixth and special seventh grades. Mr. Hines was in charge of the program. Some of the parts were as follows: Song, "America," by all; Devotional, Ray Roberts; Special Song, "Take Up Thy Cross and Follow Me," Talmadge Duncan, Bobby Duncan, and Clyde Wright; "Welcome Poem," Woodrow Norton; "O, Mr. Jack O'Lantern," John McKinney; "A Hallowe'en Recitation," Robert Driggers; "Uncle Jeremiah's Advice," Clyde Wright; "How to Make a Jack O'Lantern," Clifton Rhodes; and "Billy's Hallowe'en Trick," by Talmadge Duncan. After these poems, we sang two songs,"My Jack O'Lantern Winks" and "This Is the Eve of Hallowe'en." Next we had an acrostic by nine boys.

One of the highlights of the program was a play, "What Johnny Said and What He Did," by James Shook and Ray Roberts. Ray Roberts played the part of a girl and James Shook the part of a boy. He was telling of his boldness on Hallowe'en when Rosie came in with a sheet and a false face. That is when Johnny ran as fast as he could.

Following the play, we had a number of poems by a group of boys, and after that we heard two original stories. One of them was by Ray Roberts, and the other was by William Phillips. After the stories, came a play, "One for Me and One For You," by five boys.

A play, "The Hallowe'en Minstrel from Pumpkin Center," was given next by Clifton Rhodes, Clyde Wright, Talmadge Duncan, Harold Kernodle and Miley Gunter. We had fortune telling by Mrs. Baucom and two of the ninth grade boys. This was followed by the fish pond. While we were fishing, Mrs. Hawfield read two poems, "Out Fishing" and "The Fishing Party."

One of the funniest things about the program was "The Rocky Road to Jericho by the Way of the Ghost House." Then after that was over, Mr. Caldwell gave the boys a special stunt, "An Airplane Ride." The boys who were in it were Glenn Evans, Bobby Joe Duncan, and John McKinney.

The entire group of boys in the special sixth and the special seventh grades sang three songs, "Old Hallowe'en," Hallowe'en Song," and "It's Old Hallowe'en."

The next thing on the program was the cake walk. The winner in the morning was Ralph Drye, of Cottage No. 13, and the winner in the afternoon was Sylvia Ann Peck. After the cake walk, Cecil Clark recited the poem, "Little Orphan Annie."

The last thing on the program was a ghost wedding by sixteen boys. I am sure that everyone enjoyed this program very much.

Fishing

By Phillp Kirk, 6th Grade

In our Hallowe'en festival, we had a game called fishing. Glenn Evans caught the most fish. He caught the following: two wax guns, peanut candy, and two more pieces of candy. This was a very interesting game, and I am sure everyone enjoyed it.

The Cake Walk

By J. B. Shepherd, 6th Grade

One part of the program we had Wednesday was the cake walk. All the boys got to walk in the cake walk. The boy that won it in the morning was Ralph Drye. Sylvia Ann Peck won the cake in the afternoon. We all enjoyed the cake walk.

Fortune Telling

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

Mrs. Baucom, our librarian, was in the Hallowe'en play. She was the fortune teller. She told two "girls" their fortunes. The "girls" in the play were two boys dressed as girls. They were William Epps and Bobby King. She said that they were going to have good health andd that they would have a lot of wealth and happiness. All the boys enjoyed the play very much, and we hope Mrs. Baucom will have a part in another play very soon.

Rocky Road to Jericho

By Billy Jenkins, 6th Grade

Some boys in the sixth grade and two other boys from the fourth grade gave a part in the program. The name of their part was the "Rocky Road to Jericho by Way of the Ghost House." Two boys, who were blindfolded, were led around the stage by the other boys. There were many obstacles on the stage. When they got to a certain place on the stage, Mr. Hines read a poem about a ghost. The other boys gave the two who were blindfolded, Jesse Hamlin and James Christy, something to represent the different parts of a dead man's body and let them feel each part. They let them feel the brains, ears, eyes, etc. I am sure all the boys enjoyed this program very much.

Hallowe'en Party at the School

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

The boys at the school were made happy yesterday by Mr. Hawfield who arranged such a nice party for the boys. Each boy got four hot dogs, one drink, peanuts, pop corn, and two cookies. The boys enjoyed this party. We thank the ones who helped to make it such a success. We got half of a day off from school work. We surely appreciate this very much. While we enjoy our school work, a change is always good for us.

Hallowe'en Party

By Ray Roberts, 6th Grade

Thursday, October 31, 1946, the Jackson Training School had a party. Part of it was held at the football ground, where a football game was played and where they followed it with a contest to see who could catch a greased pig and who could climb a greased pole. The boy who got the

dollar for catching the greased pig was Billy Smith, of Cottage No. 1, and the boy who got the dollar from the greased pole was Hubert Brooks, of Cottage No. 13. He had to receive help from some other boys.

Later on during the afternoon, the boys went to the bakery where they received hot dogs, drinks, popcorn, peanuts, and cookies. All the boys liked the party very much. When the boys went to the cottages, some of them had a party. All the boys had a good time and enjoyed the Hallowe'en party.

Children of Russia

By Russell Beaver, 6th Grade

On Wednesday of last week the school had another picture. It was called "Children of Russia." It showed how they took training and played games. The boys of the school enjoyed the picture and hope to have another very soon.

The Greased Pig and the Greased Pole

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

Excitement prevailed while the boys were catching the greased pig and again when they were climbing the greased pole. These games were held Hallowe'en day. The greased pig was caught by three boys first, but when it was turned loose again it was caught by Billy Smith. He was rewarded for catching the pig. He was given a dollar bill. I am sure he was very happy.

The boys had a time climbing the greased pole. At first nobody could climb it, but when the boys were allowed to build a pyramid some large boys got on the bottom and some little boys got high enough up to reach the dollar. Hubert Brooks was the boy who reached the dollar. It was on the very top of the pole. He was happy to get the prize. All the boys enjoyed this game very much.

The Show

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

The show last week was entitled "Tarzan and the Leopard Woman." Tarzan and Boy fought many hard battles with some men dressed as leopards. At last they captured Tarzan. The Leopard Woman told him, Jane, Boy and some girls they had captured must die, but Cheechee, their pet monkey, cut them loose. They killed all the men and the Leopard Woman and got away safely. We liked and appreciated this picture very much.

Radio Program

By Clyde Wright, 7th Grade

In that Hallowe'en mean so very much to the boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, and to all other children as well, we presented a program of Hallowe'en songs and poems over the radio station WEGO, Concord, last Tuesday. This program was given by a group of boys, principally boys of the sixth and seventh grades. Mr. Hines was in charge of the program.

The songs we sang and the poems we recited were as follows: "Hallowe'en Song," by the group; "A Hallow-

e'en Welcome," Woodrow Norton; "Hallowe'en Recitation," Robert Driggers; Song, "Jack O'Lantern Winks," by the group; Poem, "Spook and Pumpkin Pie," Billy Jenkins; Poem, "Mr. Jack O'Lantern," John McKinney; Song, "This is the Eve of Hallowe'en," by the group; Dialogue, "What Johnny Said and What he Did," Ray Roberts and James Shook; Song, "Old Hallowe'en," by the group; Poem, "Little Orphan Annie," Cecil Clark; and Song, "It's Old Hallowe'en," by the group. We all enjoyed giving the program over the radio.

New Boys at the School

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

The School has received some new boys. The names of the boys, their home towns, and the grade in which they were placed are as follows: John D. Gupton, Louisburg, seventh grade; Charles Autry Wilmington, seventh grade; Hugh Ball, Statesville, seventh grade; Richard Sandlin, Kinston, seventh grade; W. L. Steele, Mount Airy, sixth grade; Silas Orr, Raleigh, sixth grade; Donald Austin, Asheboro, sixth grade; James Myers, Winston-Salem, sixth grade; Clifford Millian, High Point, fifth grade; Melvin Ledford, Bryson City, fourth grade; Charlie Robinson, High Point, third grade; and Robert Williamson, Gastonia, third grade. We all hope these boys will get along nicely.

English Can Be Fun

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

Recently the boys of Cottage No. 3 (the ones in the special sixth and special seventh grades) have organized an English Club which is to help them learn more about the English language. The chief aim is to help them to learn to speak correctly and to write without making mistakes.

The members of our club, Clyde Wright, Talmadge Duncan, Glenn Evans, James Dunn, Clifton Rhodes, and Robert Jarvis, think that English can be fun. Mr. Hines, who is our teacher, principal, and cottage officer, is in charge of our club. We enjoy studying English very much, and we spend our time wisely when we do. We are looking forward to the next meeting of our club.

Cottage Competition in Football

By Harvey Leonard, 10th Grade

The boys play their games hard on Saturday afternoons, because they want to win the thirty-five dollar trophy that is to be presented to the champions. All of last week's games were very interesting, because in every game one team won over the other team with at least two touchdowns to nothing.

Last week's scores were as follows: Tenth Cottage 27 Fifth Cottage 0; First Cottage 15 Fourteenth Cottage 0; Seventeenth Cottage 12 Second Cottage 0; Fifteenth Cottage 25 Fourth Cottage 0; Eleventh Cottage 20 Sixth Cottage 0; Third Cottage 13 Thirteenth Cottage 0.

All the boys enjoy jlaying football, and they try their best to play the game fairly. In this way the boys learn to develop the play spirit which will help them to play all games fairly.

CURING DELINQUENCY AT THE SOURCE

By Elizabeth Fajen, in Survey

This is the story of nineteen children. That is not very many, out of the 816 who every day file into classrooms of P. S. 33 down on the lower West Side of Manhatten. But the distinguishing thing about these children is that they were having trouble in school. None of them was a juvenile delinquent in the legal or technical sense, but in each case the principal of the school suspected that the child was headed for more than classroom trouble. She was pretty sure that, back of the behavior in school, were health or home difficulties, perhaps both.

One of these children had refused to take a school test for tuberculosis. That seemed to follow a pattern, for his family had a TB history and had always resisted health examinations. Another of these youngsters had an I.Q. of 130. But he was completely apathetic and showed no interest in his school work. Another, fourteen years old, was retarded and her family apparently regarded her as its ugly duckling. Still another was stubborn toward his teacher and combative with other children. So it went for each of the others of this little group. For some reason they were not getting along, either in the class room or on the playground. Their teachers and the principal were worried about them. They thought that somebody ought to do something.

Somebody did do something and, for at least some of these nineteen, the story is taking on a happier tone. Nine of them are now doing very much better in school. Constructive modification of their behavior is quite evident. In the families of five, community agencies have noted that the home situation is much better. We are hopeful about the remainder, but time has been too short to be sure that the procedures followed and the sevice rendered will be effective.

Already, however, the youth and health committee of Neighborhood Health Development's Lower West Side District Health Committee thinks it has found the answer to a couple of questions worrying those who want to establish fundamental community patterns for the long range prevention and control of delinquent behavior. Can we identify at an early stage, symptomatic difficulty that later may develope into serious behavior trouble? In these cases, by mustering and coordinating the skills of the psychiatrist, psychologist, social worker, physician, vocational adviser, and others, can we successfully diagnose the underlying difficulty in the child and his family, and offer a planned treatment service which will remove or modify that difficulty? On the basis of its experience to date, the committee's answer is "Yes," to both questions.

The suggestion for this demonstration project originally came about two years ago from Lawrence K. Frank, director of the Caroline Zachry Institute of Human Development

(see "What Price Specialization," Survey Midmothly, January 1946). The idea, in outline, was simple. As in all other schools, among the children attending the lower West Side schools were some who were truant, retarded, troublesome, in poor health, or otherwise showed evidence of behavior difficulties. Serving the West Side were many family, children's, health, and youth agencies, each with particular kinds of difficulties that might be found among these children and their families. Why not try to set up some machinery which would systematically bring the children and agencies together and see whether early discovery, a complete diagnosis, and the special treatment called for by the diagnosis really could get at the root problems which produce delinquent behavior.

So the committee was set up, with a membership of specialists from family and chiildren's agencies, visiting nurse service, the health department's West Side health center and, of course the schools. The interest and cooperation of P. S. 33 was enlisted, made easier perhaps by the fact that school social worker is a member of its staff. Plans were made which disabused everyone of the notion that the committtee intended to duplicate the service of any existing agency.

The committee's procedure, as it has developed, involves these steps.

First, the principal of P. S. 33 selects children whose school behavior reveals personality deviations indicative of serious social or health problems. She refers each case to the committee for consideration.

Second, some member of the committee clears the case with the Social Service Exchange. On the basis of this clearance or pertinent information from the principal agencies that have been previously registered.

Third, either this same committee member or the school social worker obtains data from the principal and teacher of P. S. 33 about the child's current and past behavior and adjustment.

Fourth, this material is then assembled and presented for clinical discussion at one of the regular meetings of the committee.

Fifth, as a result of the committee discussion, a plan of treatment is recommended and a particular agency assigned responsibility for carrying out the plan. Because it is important that the child should not be conscious of the fact that his problems have been considered by the committee, an agency with previous contact with the family frequently takes responsibility for introducing the plan of service agreed upon. Often, for example, a visiting nurse, who has known the family, will work with the child or mother to obtain the proper entree for the agency that is to handle the case.

Sixth, the committee receives periodic reports of progress, both from the administering agency and from the child's current teacher. When it seems called for, the whole situation is brought up for review, and recommendations made for modification in the original plan.

In its attempt to manipulate the enviroment of a child under stress, the committee's recommendations cover a wide field. It may call for special casework, groupwork, health, or recreation services. Extra school attention is frequently suggested. One

case was allocated to a neighborhood church and two specialized group-work set-ups. The commmittee has also experimented with maintaining contact with the child while he progresses from one school to another. If he moves to a new community, the committee apprizes his new teachers of his problems and need for help. In other words, all of the community's specialized resorces are mobilized and pooled for the benefit of the child.

Members of the committee would be the first to admit that, in terms of the number of children served, this is a modest experiment. But we can assure those who may be struggling to find their way through the maze of ideas and plans about better ways to meet the problems of child behavior and juvenile delinquency that it has been a rewarding one. We have found ourselves able to reach children who would not otherwise have been helped. By dealing with the child in his natural setting, we have helped those who are in daily contact with him to become more sensitive to his needs. And, in addition, we have learned from experience the diagnostic values that come from a clinical discussion where various specialist concern themselves with the total problem of the child and his family. As a by-product, we have come to a much better understanding of the role which each of our specialists can play in relation to a total problem. Most important of all, we have seen individual children grow and improve in their own capacity to adjust to their own social environment.

THE SERMON THAT YOU SEE

Yes, it is possible to see a sermon as well as hear one. The sermon that you see is likely to make a deeper impression than even the best one that you hear. It is a "vitalized" sermon—made alive in the face and in the behavior of the one who preaches it. That sermon is expressed in the joy that shines through the countenance, the sense of repose and comfort and joy that is pictured in glowing colors on the face, whether that face be wrinkled with the years or yet buoyant in the springtime of life. The sermon that lou see is preached by faithfulness in service, loyalty to God and His cause, in devotion to the church in all its interests, but more especially in the unwavering devotion to Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Someone has well said that as the pastor looks into the faces of his congregation, the faces of godly men and women, on Sunday morning, he sees sermons that are more powerful than any he will ever be able to preach. And you can preach such a sermon.

—Religious Telescope.

DELINGUENT CHILDREN

By Dr. Roy Hoke, Ph. D.

Whether delinquency in boys and girls is inherited or acquired has been the subject of debate. Perhaps in some cases it is acquired and in others it is inherited. Generally, there is a working together of heredity and environment that produces the juvenile delinquent.

As for as intelligency is concerned, the average delinquent is normal or low normal. There are millions of socially normal people whose intelligence is no higher than that of the delinquent. From this it can be seen that low intelligence alone is not a cause of delinquency.

A characteristic of the average delinquent is his educational retardation. We would expect the delinquent to be retarded because of his lower intelligence. The average delinquent is about a year retarded mentally and about three years educationally. He does very poor work in school, as a rule, and this in turn results in discontent and frustration. It is quite easy therefore, for him to turn to antisocial behavior.

Delinquents do not like school. There attendance record is poor. There are many children with less ability who love school, attend regularly and study hard. Entelligence alone will not explain delinquency. There must be other factors at work.

Certain investigators have found that there are many physical abnormalities among delinquents. There is however, only a small excess of physical defects among delinquents as compared with nondelinquent boys. Large numbers of boys and girls who are physically defective are nevetheless perfectly normal in behavior. Obviously, physical defects could not be an outstanding cause of delinquency. Where physical defects do enter as a cause of delinquency, there are usually emotional and social factors which also contribute.

Delinquent boys and girls have many fine traits and abilities. Many of them have qualities of leadership. Usually they excel in making friends. delinquents do not rate very high with teachers, but they do with their fellow students. In fact, they have an unusual ability to get along with those of their own age.

Schools simply do not stimulate the delinquent, and textbooks fail to fascinate him. The delinquent often has knowledge beyond his years, but it does not help him with his school work. He has a tendency to express his social talents in antisocial conduct. The school will have to discover better means for developing the social talents of boys and girls in acceptable ways.

The typical delinquent likes the wrong kind of people. He desires to do the wrong things. He craves excitement and change, and is bored with commonplace things. He resents discipline even from an early age. He resents restriction, and prefers to make his own rules for all relationships of life. The delinquent admires antiscocial behavior in others. He criticizes any conformity to the standards of polite society.

Perhaps the main cause for delinquency is to be found in the realm of the emotions. As a class, delinquents are emotionally maladjusted. In a recent study of delinquency, 92 per cent showed major emotional disturbances in their home relationships. They felt rejected and unloved, inferior and inadequate. They were jealous of brothers and sisters, were disturbed over family troubles, or had others conflicts centering in the home.

Another study shows that delinquents are more nervous and neurotic than the average child. They have an unusual interest in sports, reading and movies. There are usually aggressive and dominating. Whenever one avenue of expression is thwarted, they try another—even one that is not socially approved.

One 10-year-old boy had a glandular disorder that made him too fat to compete in games with other children of his age. This brought him a certain amount of ridicule. To compensate for this weakness, the boy began to invent stories concerning himself as a burglar and robber. Even this did not satisfy him. So he started to steal from parents, teachers and others. He showed his spoils to the other boys and thereby won the respect he craved. In due time he was discovered and brought before the juvenile court. This added to his prestige among his fellows. His troubles were finally remedied, according to Graves and Blanchard, by combined medical, athletics and psychological treatments that removed the need for his own unsatisfactory efforts at adjustment.

Another boy, 14 years old, had developed a reputation for toughness. He began to run with a rowdy gang and participated with them in some street brawls. Then they committed several small burglaries. This boy had always been afraid that he would be a "sissy." His mother, who was a widow, kept him under close supervision. His playmates ridiculed him as a mama's boy. He reacted by going to the opposite extreme so as to avoid their disapprovel.

The predelinquent child needs such training in acceptable forms of emotional expression. A socially approved outlet for his energy must be found.

The real difference between the delinquent and the normal child is found in the emotional immaturity instability and thwarting that puts the former out of harmony with home, school and society.

Juvenile courts are found pretty widely throughout our land today. Psychiatrists, psychologists and others are at work on the problem. Delinquency, after all, is an error of habit formation. What is needed to solve the problem is objective consideration, free from all emotional bais and sentimentality.

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Since what we choose is what we are,
And what we love we yet shall be,
The goal may ever shine afar—
The will to win it makes us free.

—William DeWitt Hyde.

THE RIGHTFUL INHERITANCE

Adapted From Elizabeth Barr Haas, in Good Business

In Boston about the beginning of the century a public-spirited clergyman, E. J. Helms, one day flung a gunny sack over his shoulder and set out among his parishioners to collect clothing for the poor and needy folk of his community. Soon he had a sizeable collection of castoff garments. But he collected a problem at the same time, for it was necessary to mend and clean much of the clothing before it was usable.

Pastor Helms decided to employ destitute and handicapped folk to do the work of reclamation. The refurbished articles were later sold at a small price, to pay the workers for their labor. Thus was started the Goodwill Industries.

It was a simple and workable idea that spread with amazing rapidity. More than a hundred cities in the United States, China, India, and New Zealand maintain their own Goodwill outlet stores and workshops. The unselfish ideals of the founder have been well preserved. The Goodwill Industries extend the blessing of a new chance to thousands of unfortunate and handicapped men and women. The skilled artisan, injured and incapacitated for participation in commercial industry, can find respectable work that supports him and takes him off the lists of public charity. Here the aged are given independence and added years of life through the blessing of creative endeavor.

One who has visited a Goodwill workshop has a new conception of what work can mean to humanity. He realizes afresh that work is a symbol of men's mutual need and interdependence, and that a man or woman cut of from participation in the world of income-producing work needs "not charity, but a chance" to come back into his rightful inheritance.

In keeping with the strong spiritual idea embodied in its existence, the organization takes thought for the inner life of its workers as well as their needs of food, clothing, and work. Many of the workshops have a chapel, where each morning the employes meet to start the day with reverence. Dining rooms are provided, where the grateful workers receive a well-balanced meal that costs then just twelve and one-half cents.

"Man shall not live by bread alone," neither can he find complete expression of his mental and physical powers save through the activity we call work. At Goodwill there is work that can be performed by stiff fingers, by eyes grown dim with age; work for the halt, the lame, and the deaf; work that blesses and heals.

In one place there are handicapped and elderly women at sewing machines mending and remaking garments. In another place, in a corner all to herself, is a gentlefaced, low-voiced deaf woman working with dolls that flow into the Goodwill workshops. Her shelves are piled high with dolls in all stages of mutilation. Some get new heads, some have gaping cracks mended, and others have

new arms or legs grafted on. By means of this gentle surgery some little girls who could not afford new dolls are made happy.

Perhaps there is a venerable workman happily re-fashioning old furniture with skilled fingers, but long past the preferred employment age. Not once do his active hands falter in their task of making something useful and beautiful out of that which had been broken and wrecked.

In a corner of one Goodwill shop is an eighty-nine-year-old former minister, beloved by all the workers. He remakes tiney trucks, airplanes, and other small toys dear to the heart of youngsters. All day he sits happily painting and tinkering, and along the stream of gay, rehabilitated toys that flows from his nimble fingers, his gentle philosophy and kindly wisdom flow also into the lives of his fellow workmen. He daily proves that one does not have to occupy a pulpit to preach the most powerful sermon of all—that of living so as to bless and inspire others.

For almost four score years the Goodwill Industries have conserved cast-off materials, have used handicapped people to do the task of reclaiming them. Thus they have effected not only a nation-wide salvage of material, but a human salvage of untold worth to the world. More than thirty thousand people are employed in the Goodwill workshops, and these handicapped people earn annually more than two and one-half million dollars—and self-respect.

Almost invariably, when a handicapped person is employed, a miracle of human reclamation takes place. Once the worker finds that he is not an object of charity, but a needed member of socitey, able by the work of his hands to bless the lives of others, the old shell of bitterness is cast aside, courage and self-reliance return, and a newer, happier person emerges.

———:———

By a misplaced blow with the hammer, a man disabled one of his thumbs. "That's bad," said a friend when he heard of the accident.

But the man was a philosophical man. He replied, "No it isn't. It is one of the best things that ever happened to me. It has taught me to appreciate that thumb. I never knew its value to me before. I found out by actual count the first day after I injured my thumb that there were two hundred and fifty-seven things I had been using my thumb for every day of my life, without giving it a thought. And I never realized that it is practically indispensable to me."

We never value our commonest blessings until we are deprived of them.—Sunshine Magazine.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR BEN COHEN GOES HOME

(The Atlantian)

My day to leave Atlanta will have come and gone by the time this issue of The Atlantiancomes off the presses. As I wanted to leave my impression of The Atlantian comes off the presses. As I wanted to leave my impression of Atlanta the editor told me to write them out and he would print them. So, here they are:

As I stepped through Atlanta's front doors early in 1943 I was actually afraid of the three years ahead, afraid of what those years would do to me. I dimly heard the doors closing behind me as I walked down a long hallway bound for, I found out later, the building in which the admission quarantine quarters are located. I was discouraged and confused. I felt that those doors had shut out all hope for the future. There was something akin to panic mounting in me as I undressed and doned my newly acquired suit of prison blues.

Alone after being examined by a doctor and answering a lot of questions put to me by a kindly gentleman who was, he told me, the institution's record clerk, I envisioned a future sans friends as well as freedom. The days in quarantine passed slowly and with their passing my plight assumed frightful proportion and became more and more appalling to contemplate. All of these mental whip lashes were hurled at me by a conscience that would not be stilled.

Question — interviews, interviews questions they seemed interminable. It was months later before I understood the definite purpose behind these official maneuverings which I then viewed with alarm. When I was released from quarantine I resolved to take advantage of the opportunities which I had been told awaited me. I asked for and was assigned to the maintenance paint shop inasmuch as I had worked as a painter and decorator for a time outside. Here I recieved a thorough grounding and much valuable and practical experience in this type of work. I also enrolled in several correspondence school courses, and studing typing. Becoming proficient in pounding the "Royal" I was assigned to The Atlantian for the last few months of my sentence, an assignment that I particularly wanted and especially enjoyed. Atlanta's excellent library provided me with all of the textbooks I needed to help me with my studies as well as making available books of all kinds for relaxation and enjoyment during my leisure hours.

When my time left to serve had shortened to a few weeks the result of my labors became apparent to me. And they were results which would have seemed unattainable during my first days in quarantine. Something had become outworm and had been discarded. I realized there wasn't a way for me to undo the damage I had already done to myself and my reputation, but the future opened new vistas of opportunity to me. My sen-

tence was practically over and it was with renewed hope and faith in my ability to overcome the obstacles and difficulties of life that I now faced the future.

I know that most prisoners and ex-prisoners are held in contempt by many people outside. But I also know that many men have left this institution resolved to reestablish themselves in society, and have done so. I will, too.

Is it ridiculous to suggest that an ex-prisoner, given the opportunity, can become a law-abiding citizen upon being released? The destiny of every man and woman is selfdetermined, in my estimation, influenced only by personal action, thought, and outlook. Reformation comes only through individual initiative. The problem of what to do with and for men or women who serve time in prison is, and always will be, a thought provoking problem to society. But with a little straightforward thinking on the part of society, the problem can be solved. Ex-prisoners must be given the opportunity of proving themselves worthly to society. I know all I want, all I need, to succeed is a chance.

And now good-bye. To local friends who will sometimes think of me, as I shall surely think of them, I wish a speely passage of time. To the officials who always treated me as a man, capable of thinking as a man, I express my appreciation for their treatment. But as far as Atlanta itself is concerned I leave gladly. I know I shall heave a sign of relief as I catch my last, and it will be my last glimpse of its towering walls.

———:———

READY FOR PROMOTION

There's going to be a vacancy above you later on,
Someday you'll find the foreman or superintendent gone,
And are you growing big enough,when this shall be the case,
To quit the post you're holding now and step into his place?

You do the work you have to do with ease from day to day,
But are you getting ready to deserve the larger pay?
If there should come a vacancy with bigger task to do,
Could you step in and fill the place if it were offered to you?

Tomorrow's not so far away, nor is the goal you seek,
Today you should be training for the work you'll do next week.
The bigger job is just ahead, each day new changes brings—
Suppose the post was vacant now, could you take charge of things?

It's not enough to know enough to hold your place today,
It's not enough to do enough to earn your weekly pay.
Someday there'll be a vacancy with greater things to do—
Will you be ready for the place when it shall fall to you?

—Edgar A. Guest.

THANK YOU!

Adapted from Margaret Harmon, in Sunshine Magazine

Recently I wrote a brief note to my congressman, thanking him for voting for a piece of legislation I thought was especially good. I received the following reply:

"Your letter was both a surprise and a pleasure. I have represented your district for the past thirteen years. In all that time yours is the first letter I have received in which a constituent actually thanked me for doing my duty as a legislator. It was like stumbling upon an oasis in a desert of kicks and complaints. If you ever wish any favors that are within my power to grant, you may be sure your request will receive my prompt personal attention."

This letter was an eye opener. I had been taught from childhood that gratitude is a desirable personal attribute, one that every well-bred person would do well to cultivate. Now for the first time I realized that gratitude is also good business. Should I ever seek a favor, I can't imagine an easier way to win it than by a "Thank you."

Experts who make a profession of sampling public opinion report that our lawmakers are usually months behind their constituents in thinking out the social reforms that we, the public, want them to make into law. The reason this condition exists is that we Americans, as a nation, are too tight-lipped when it comes to expressing thanks and approval. We "holler" like mad when things in Washington don't suit us, but we are too often as stingy as Scrooge with our cheers for what good is already being done to help move our nation forward.

This subject was discussed at a dinner recently. One of the guests laughingly commented: "That reminds me of my experience with razor blades. Several years ago I wrote to the manufacturer of a new safety-razor blade, thanking him for the big improvement he had made in the familiar article. I received a prompt reply of appreciation from the company's sales manager. He also sent a big package of blades. You'll hardly believe this, but every year since, on the anniversary of that letter, he has sent me another year's supply of razor blades absolutely gratis! Do you blame me for simply oozing over with good will for the company whenever razor blades are mentioned?"

Every one of us, from time to time, runs across a newspaper or magazine article, a poem, editorial, or cartoon that seems to hit us squarely between the eyes. Yet how seldom—if ever—do we let the author or editor know that we have been helped or inspired or pleased?

An invalid woman received a great deal of cheer and comfort from her radio. One day the happy thought came to her that it would be nice to let those responsible for her enjoyment know about it. She now keeps a supply of penny postal cards on her bedside table. Whenever she likes a particular program, she writes a line of thanks to the sponsor as well

as the peformer. As a result, she has built up a fascinating correspondence with people whose names are known around the world.

Two very small words these—"thank you." We say them in a jiffy, but what a lot of good things they can accomplish for us and others before their echo dies away in the hearts of those to whom they are spoken!

ALL THINGS WORK OUT

Because it rains when we wish it wouldn't
Because men do what they often shouldn't
Because crops fail, and plans go wrong
Some of us grumble, the whole day long,
But somehow in spite of the care and doubt,
It seems at last that things work out.

Because we lose where we hoped to gain,
Because we suffer a little pain,
Because we must work when we'd like to play
Some of us whimper along life's way,
But somehow, as day will follow the night,
Most of our troubles work out all right.

Because we cannot forever smile,
Because we must trudge in the dust awhile,
Because we think the way is long—
Some complain that life's all wrong.
But somehow we live and our sky is bright,
Everything seems to work out all right.

So bend to your troubles and meet your care,
For clouds must break and the sky grow fair
Let the rain come down as it must and will,
But keep on working and hoping still,
For in spite of grumblers who stand about,
Somehow, it seems all things work out.

—Selected.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from Sam Linebarrier, a former student, who left us a little more than a year ago. This young man is now in the United States Army, and at the time the letter was written, he was stationed at Fort Belvior, Virginia. Sam's letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: I guess you will be surprised to hear from me. It has been quite some time since I left there, but I think of the school practically every day. I certainly would like to see the old place again, and, if possible I'm coming down some weekend when I'm off duty.

"How are you and Mrs. Hawfield getting along these days? Hope you are both well and happy. Please give my best wishes to the rest of the folks down there."

"Since I have a lot of rifle cleaning to do, I'd better close now and get to work. With best wishes and sincere regards, I am, your friend, Sam Linebarrier."

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Amos Newsome, one of our old boys, called on friends at the school a short time ago. Amos was admitted to this institution, August 15, 1928, and he was permitted to return to his home near Asheboro, July 9, 1932. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 15 group and was employed at the dairy. His record at both places was very good.

For several years after going back to his home, Amos was employed on a farm. He then went to work in a hosiery mill in Asheboro, remaining there about three years.

While employed in the hosiery mill, he took a correspondence course in radio repairing and building. Amos stated that for the past four years he had been operating his own radio shops—one in Asheboro and the other in Cheraw, S. C. He added that he had two men working for him in each shop; that business was very good, and that he was getting along very nicely. He is now thirty-two years old.

Amos was accompanied on this visit by his wife and two children, a boy four years of age and a five-months'-old daughter.

We were delighted to see this young man and his family, and to learn that he has been doing so well since leaving us.

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Virgil Lane, who was formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 2, recently called at The Uplift Office. He entered this institution, August 15, 1940 and was conditionally released, December 16, 1942. He is now nineteen years old.

When Virgil left the school, he went to live with an uncle and aunt on a farm near Andrews. He informed us that while there he attended school for about one year, and was in the seventh grade at the time of leaving.

Virgil stated that he then went to Gastonia, where he worked in a cotton mill for about one year. He then went to Bryson City, and worked with a railroad section gang for a while.

On June 29, 1945, Virgil was inducted into the United States Army. He

received basic training at Fort Bragg, after which he was stationed at the following places: Camp Crowder, Missouri; Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; transferred back to Fort Bragg about about five months ago. At the latter place he became a member of a medical corps unit. Virgil stated that upon his return to Fort Bragg, he expected to be assigned to duty elsewhere, possibly as a member of an army of occupation in Germany or Japan.

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James H. Burr, better known here as "Bre'er Rabbit," one of our former students, called on us about a week ago. James was admitted to the school, April 1, 1941, and was conditionally released to return to his home in Kannapolis, May 23, 1944. While here he was a member of the group at Cottage No. 4.

For a little more than a year after going home, James attended the Kannapolis public school. He then left school to work with his father as a carpenter's helper for several months.

James stated that he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, July 27, 1946. Following his thirteen weeks' period of basic training at Parris Island, S. C., he was granted a leave of absence. He told us that after returning to Parris Island at the expiration of his leave, he would be transferred to Camp Pendleton California.

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A recent letter to Superintendent Hawfield from Donald Daniels, a former student, reads as follows: "Dear Mr. Hawfield I am writing you a few lines to let you hear from me. I know you will be surprised but I thought I would write you anyway. It has been a long time since I saw you, and it would be good to see you one more time.

"Well, how is everything down at the school? Fine, I hope. Where I am it is not so good, because it is cold here. I am at New Foundland. I am in the Navy, and I like it pretty good.

"I do not know just what all to say, but I am trying to make a good record. Tell all the boys I said 'hello'. I am going down there when I get back to the states. It will be another week until we do go, and I will be glad to get there.

"Do you have many boys down there now? I miss the school a lots now. I liked to stay there; it was not as bad as a lot of the boys thought it was. I think the school is a nice-looking place. It is kept so good all the time.

"Is Mr. John D. Corliss still down there? He was a good man to me while I was there, and I like him a lots. All the officers were good to me all the time I was there.

"Have you still got the Boy Scouts? I never did get my first class Scout badge. I would like to get it sometime if I could. I like the Scout organization. It is a good thing. I stayed in the scouts when I left the school. Douglas (my brother) is still in the scouts. He is a big boy.

"This life in the Navy is not like that at the school— not at all. I am on the ship now and it is a nice ship, too. It takes us where we want to go. Anyway, I am S-1-C. I have been in seven months. Being out on the sea is a good place. You have much fun and get to go and see foreign ports and see other places in the world. I am in the radio room now.

"The Navy is a good place for any of the boys if they like it, as I do. You can learn lots of things that you will never learn on the outside anywhere. The Navy pays pretty good. As a S-1-C I get 110 a month which is not so bad after all.

"Well, I can't think of much more to write, so I will close for this. time Answer real soon, and best wishes to all the boys at the school. Your friend always, Donald Daniels S-1-C."

THE GAME GUY'S PRAYER

O God, help me be a sport in this little game of life. I do not ask for an easy place in the lineup. Play me anywhere you need me. I only ask for the stuff to give you one hundred per cent of what I've got. If all the hard drives seem to come my way, I thank you for the compliment. Help me to remember that you won't let anything come my way that you and I can't handle. And help me to take the bad breaks as part of the game. Help me to understand that the game is full of knocks and trouble and make me thankful for them. Help me to get so that the harder they come the better I like it.

"And O God, help me to always play on the square. No matter what the other fellows do, help me to come clean. Help me to study the Book so that I'll know the rules, and to study and to think a lot about the Greatest Player that ever lived and the other great players that are told about in the Book. If they found that the best part of the game was helping other guys, help me to find it out too. Help me to be a reg'lar fellow with the other players.

"Finally, O God, if fate seems to uppercut me with both hands, and I am laid on the shelf with sickness or old age or something, help me to take that as part of the game too. Help me not to whimper or squeal that the game was a frame-up, or that I had a raw deal. when in the falling dusk I get the final bell, I ask no complimentary stones. I only like to know that you feel that I've been a good game guy."—Anonymous.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. A. J. Cox, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Mica 6:6-8. The subject of his message to the boys was "Divine Requirement," and the text which he selected was part of the eight verse of the lesson just read: "And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

At the beginning of his remarks, the Rev. Mr. Cox stated that he had read recently in the newspapers that religion was too complicated to a man who would earnestly look for the truth. There is a necessity for a simple approach.

In the time of Jesus, continued the speaker, there was a group of people called Pharisees. They were the leaders among the Hebrew people who dictated the rules for them to follow. Everybody had to follow certain detailed instruction. None could scarcely move without violating some of their religious rules. These leaders would assume an air of great piety, and they never missed an opportunity to proclaim loudly how they had faithfully observed these rules, many of them of their own making. They also claimed that only a chosen few would be called to God's Kingdom.

Then came Jesus, who taught that religion was a thing that could only be determined by what was in a man's heart, and that Christianity was for all people, and not a chosen few. This, of course, infuriated those pious leaders, and it is a familiar story to all Christians how they went about making false accusations against the Son of God, even going so far as to put Him to death.

Rev. Mr. Cox pointed out how Mica, in the words of the text, proclaimed the three major requirements made by God concerning man. This is the kind of creed, he added, that could be practiced every day by people of this day and time. These things are just as urgently needed in our day as they were in Mica's time.

Speaking of Mica's words, "To do justly," Rev. Mr. Cox told his listeners that justice is something that is never old-fashioned or out of date. Great suffering has come into the world because men have not been just in their dealings with each other. Today the Jews are homeless and despondent. They are crying out for justice. The people oof China and India are undergoing great suffering and they, too, are crying out for justice. It is the duty of the Christian people of the world to see that justice is given these millions of God's people. One of the foundations of belief in the Christian religion is that God is just. Men only break themselves when they break God's laws.

During the recent war, continued the speaker, the Germans rose to great power. We shuddered as their war planes filled the sky. They crushed one country after another. They ruled God out of the lives of the German people.

Because of their actions, said Rev. Mr. Cox, their cities are today lying in ruin. God's justice has overpowered them in their evil ways. All of this, he added, simply proves that

we should be just in all our dealings with our fellow men. God demands that we keep our feet on the road of the loving heart.

Of course, we all have troubles, said the speaker, but many of our troubles would vanish if we would always remember to show mercy to those who wrong us,. By so doing we give them another chance in life. We should think of what would happen to us if God should treat us in our wrong-doing as we treat those who have wronged us. We should remember that God has been merciful to us, and then show our appreciation by being merciful to others.

Rev. Mr. Cox then called attention to the fact that Mica said that we should walk humbly with God. We bow our heads before God to show that we realize that He is supreme, and we are weak creatures. Jesus Christ was great because He always followed the will of God. We ought always to be conscious of the presence of God. When we work; when we play; when we greet our friends; in fact, in all our doings we should have God as our constant companion.

Rev. Mr. Cox then pointed out that we seem to have more troubles in our lives than we can bear. While this may be true, we have no one to blame but ourselves. Troubles come to us because we put too many things before our duty to Almighty God. By putting so many things ahead of our Christian dutie, our souls become shriveled. They become so small that there is room for nothing except our own selfish desires. When thoughts of God go out of the human heart, the way is opened for sin to enter, and when sin once gets a firm hold in the lives of men, the results are disastrous.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Cox told the boys that true religion is not complicated that even men in the humblest walks of life could understand what is required of them. The creed that Mica has given us, he added, is big enough to live by. In very simple language it points out a Christian's duty. If we live by this creed, we have no fears as to what will become of us when life on earth is ended.

———:———

Last season during the progress of an opera in New York, the star became suddenly ill. His place was taken by a young and unknown tenor, who received only perfunctory applause from the bored audience.

However, at one tense point in the performance, the young tenor's six-year-old son, being seated near the front, stood up on his seat in his enthusiasm and called out in a loud voice that reached clear up into the gallery, "Bravo, Daddy! That was swell!"

There was a moment of silence, and then the audience cheered the startled father in encore after encore.—Sunshine Magazine.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

What this country needs is more people raising beans and fewer people spilling them.

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Travel, it has been said, brings out all that is in one. This especially applies to ocean travel.

—:—

Opportunity opens many a door, but hard work is required if one wants to stay on the other side.

—:—

The thing that keeps many men broke is not the wolf at the door, but the silver fox in the window.

—:—

America has some fine old ruins. Many of them may be seen at night clubs with their sweeties.

—:—

A single-track mind would not be so bad if we were sure that the track would lead somewhere.

—:—

Many people think they are painfully over-worked just because it takes them all day to do a three-hour job.

—:—

Don't think you are getting a bargain when you buy something for a song—watch out for the accompaniment.

—:—

The only place one can work and be reasonably assured of getting flowers for making a mistake is in a powder factory.

—:—

We are not questioning the fact that women can keep a secret as well as men—but it takes more of them to do it.

—:—

There's not much chance for a woman to be elected President of the United States. If she should throw her hat into the political ring, by the time people figured out what it was, her opponent would already have been elected and installed into office.

—:—

If we were only as interested in reforming ourselves as we are in reforming others, we would all soon be reformed.

—:—

A noted physician says a person looks like what he eats. Perhaps that explains the huge consumption of prunes.

—:—

Growing old is somewhat like trying to dress or undress in an upper berth of a sleeping car—few can do it gracefully.

—:—

If you always tell the truth when you are awake, you need not worry over what you say when you talk in your sleep.

—:—

Money is a commodity that will purchase anything but health or happiness, and is a universal passport to everywhere but heaven.

—:—

Here are two reasons why some persons do not mind their own business: They haven't any mind, and they haven't any business.

—:—

A sign in a restaurant, during the coffee shortage, read: "Don't kick about the coffee—you may be old and weak yourself some day."

—:—

A tourist entered a village store and asked, "Whaddya got in the shape of automobile tires?"

"In the shape of automobile tires?" replied the store-keeper, "well, we've got funeral wreaths, life preservers, invalid cushions and doughnuts."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 27, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Roger Ivey
James Moore
Marion Ray
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE NO. 1

Lyndon Barnett
Hubert Black
William Britt
Carl Church
Paul Church
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Donald Hall
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Jack Lambert
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
Harry Thompson
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 2

Ray Burns
Ransom Edwards
William McVicker
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE NO. 3

Paul Denton
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Robert Jarvis
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Purdue
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE NO. 4

J. C. Alley
Herman Galyan
James Hunt
David Johnson
Coy McElvin
James Norton
Harvey Purdy
Burton Routh
Roy Swink
Clifford Shull
Robert Thompson
James Tew
James Wiggington
King Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 5

Donald Austen
Hicks Allen
George Byrd
Charles Cain
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE NO.6

Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
John Gregory
Earl Holleman
Clyde Hill
Lester Ingle
Melvin Ledford
Jerry Oakes
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Edward Guinn
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavey
W. L. Steele

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cottage Closed

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cottage Closed

COTTAGE NO. 10

Charles Angel
Arthur Ballew
James Brigman
R. L. Crawford
Charles Francis
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Harry Matthews
Hoyt Mathis
J. C. Michael
Garvin Thomas
Robert Trout

COTTAGE NO. 11

Charles Davis
Donald Fagg
Leslie Gautier
Luther Hull
Bennie Reggans

COTTAGE NO. 12

Cottage Closed

COTTAGE NO. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 14

Howard Hall
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Charles Moore
John Moretz
Lawrence Owens
James Shook
James Smith
Thomas Styles
Charles Todd
James Walters
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Henry Coffey
Elzo Fulk
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Carl Hall
Marcus Hefner
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
James Peterson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Ralp Stewart
William Stamey
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Thomas Chavis
Harvey Jacobs
Carl Locklear
Donald Moose
Roy Orr
Robert Phillips

INFIRMARY

David Brooks
Thomas Davis
William Hunter

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of November 10, 1946

Nov. 10—J. W. Sorrell, Cottage 16, 16th birthday.
Nov. 10—Billy Best, Cottage 15, 16th birthday.
Nov. 13—Major William Loftin, Cottage 1, 16th birthday.
Nov. 13—William Lunsford, Cottage 13, 15th birthday.
Nov. 15—Joe Lynn Cain, Cottage 14, 13th birthday.
Nov. 16—Thomas Victor Edwards, Cottage 7, 12th birthday.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 16, 1946 No. 46

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NOV 16 '46

PLAYING THE GAME

Do you wilt and whine, if you fail to win
In the manner you think your due?
Do you sneer at the man in case that he can
And does, do better than you?
Do you take your rebuffs with a knowing grin?
Do you laugh though you pull up lame?
Does your faith hold true when the whole world's blue?
How are you playing the game?

—Anonymous.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS— J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Raymond Byrd, Thomas Cottrell, Gerald Johnson, Harvey Leonard, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

SPORTS WRITER—Raymond Byrd.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—James Hensley.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Charles Francis, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Herman Hughes, Charles Moore, Robert Trout, Vernest Turner.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

SAY IT NOW

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—until he's dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song.
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes.
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own your kinship in the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.

Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So until the happy end
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—Author Unknown.

NATIONAL BOOK WEEK

Once again we are in the midst of observing National Book Week. Once again there will be a universal effort to stress the importance of good books in the processes of education and the advancement of the human race towards higher civilization. Throughout the ages good books have played an important part in the advancement of the human race, and they have represented the most treasured resources for both inspiration and for the documents of the great historical events of the past.

Throughout the history of mankind, great leaders—men and women have testified to the fact that good books played an important part in the development of their youth. For instance, Abraham Lincoln is said to have profited greatly from the reading of a few books—the Bible, Shakespeare, Aesop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, a history of the United States, and Weem's "Washington." Furthermore, the careers of many other young men in the United States have been completely changed by the marvelous life stories of Abraham Lincoln himself.

For many centuries there have been available many book for those who had cultivated the appreciation of good literature. There have been books filled with legends, fairy tales, animal stories, exploration and travel, humor and nonsense, with information on astronomy, inventions, aviation, and many other fields of science. To the scholar and to the person who is a lover of good books, there has been an abundance of books upon which to feast his soul and refresh his spirit.

One important feature of Book Week this year is the sentiment that is expressed in the theme for the year—Books Are Bridges.

There has never been any time in the history of the human race when it was quite so important that people of all races and all nationalities should find a common ground on which they could unite towards universal peace and good will for all. Through reading good books it will be possible for nations to have a better understanding of one another and, consequently, a better feeling towards each other.

One of the most marvelous things is to find a home where there are many books and where the reading of books by children and others is encouraged and promoted. Within such homes it is possible to develop individuals with culture and refinement and with various intellectual attainments. Happy is that individual who can lose himself in the pages of a great book. On the other hand, it is a most pitiful sight when people in some homes have no appreciation for the messages of great books.

Most parents do not fully realize to what extent their children are influenced by the reading of good books. Many a life would have been different if the child had been encouraged to read and study the inspirational life stories of great men and great women who have wrought such wonderful things in the world. No doubt, there is nothing that will take the place of reading the stirring biographies of the world's great leaders.

It is truly wonderful to be able to live intimately with the heroes of the past, to commune constantly with those whom we admire, and to be able to summon through books into our presence those whose triumphs over poverty and hardship represent inspiration and encouragement from laziness to ambition. A young boy who reads the thrilling life stories of Abraham Lincoln will unconsciously say to himself, "If Lincoln in the wilderness with all his handicaps could get an education, why can't I?"

A good book is the very essence of a good man. His virtues survive in it, while the foibles and faults of his actual life are forgotten. All the goodly company of the excellent and great sit around my table, or look down on me from yonder shelves, waiting their wisdom. A precious book is a foretaste of immortality."—T. L. Cuyler.

"Books are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age.

They support us under solitude, and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or evil design in their conversation."—Jeremy Collier.

"The silent influence of books is a mighty power in the world; and there is a joy in reading them known only to those who read with desire and enthusiasm. Silent, passive, and noiseless though they be, they yet set in action countless multitudes, and change the order of nations."—Giles.

"A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge, in a young mind, is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices."—H. Mann.

In a recent issue of the News Letter from the University of North Carolina there occur some interesting statements, as follows:

"One million more North Carolinians in 1945 have access to public libraries than in 1940. Almost one-half the negro population has public library service. State aid has proved to be a stimulating fund for increasing local and county appropriations. Income per capita from city, county and state has increased from 9 to 21 cents. Of the 100 counties in the state 82 are now sharing in state aid with county-wide public library service, and 42 bookmobiles are now serving 46 counties.

"Almost 500,000 North Carolinians are without public library service. Another 1,000,000 people have very limited service. The public libraries of North Carolina contain only one-third of a book per person. The standard set by the American Library association is two books per person or six times the number of books in our public libraries. The North Carolina expenditure per capita for public libraries is 21 cents; the national average is 42 cents."

With reference to the increase in the number of books in the public school libraries of the state, some interesting facts are presented in the June, 1946 issue of State School Facts. According

to these statistics, the number of volumes on hand in the white schools increased from 1,113,250 in 1929-30 to 2,690,066 in 1944-45. Thus, the number of volumes in white schools in a span of 16 years more than doubled. Regarding the negro schools, the same publication indicates that the number of volumes increased from 104,830 to 507, 867. Thus, the total of volumes in all the schools increased from 1, 218, 080 in 1929-30 to 3, 197,933 in 1944-45.

These figures represent a tremendous increase in the number of books in our schools. On the other hand, however, North Carolina is still far below the national average in the number of books available for its children and for its adults. Consequently, there is still urgent need that we shall make every possible effort to continue to increase the number of books in the years ahead.

BOOKS

Books, books, books, and the treasure they hold,
The tales they tell and the songs they sing—
Worth their weight in the finest gold
That was ever given a king!

One tells of gardens, and one of the sea,
One's full of fairies all spangly slim.
Yours are for you and mine are for me,
And the one about bears for him.

Opening a book is like opening a door,
Turning a leaf's like a bend in a lane—
You never can know how far you'll go,
To Kalamazoo or Spain.

You may meet a bear, or a prince at a ball,
Emperor, poet, you can't tell what.
Books, books, books—they are just like that,
You never can tell at all?

—By Nancy Byrd Turner.

* * * * * * * *

In one of our institutional exchanges, The Riverside, published at Red Wing, Minnesota, The State Training School for Boys, we note with interest an account of the installation of their new Protestant chaplain. Filling this position is Rev. Eling E. Ramsey, and he has been on the job since early in September of this year.

Mr. C. J. Jackson is the superintendent of the State Training School for Boys at Red Wing. The school was first opened in 1890

and it has an average population of about 375 boys, who are admitted in the age limits between 8 and 18.

We extend our congratulations to that institution, and we wish for Mr. Ramsey the very best of success in his endeavors. We are sure there is no development or treatment for boys that is more important than that which relates specifically to their spiritual training. The possibilities for achieving permanent improvement lie defintely in the field of spiritual or religious training. We look forward to the day when all our traninign schools may have full-time chaplains.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of November 17, 1946

Nov. 17—Harvey Jacobs, Cottage 17, 14th birthday.
Nov. 20—Charles Rhodes Jr., Cottage 15, 16th birthday.
Nov. 20—Hubert Brooks, Cottage 13, 13th birthday.
Nov. 20—Roy D. Orr, Cottage 17, 15th birthday.
Nov. 22—William Stamey, Cottage 15, 15th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

What the Cub Scouts are Doing

By Ray Roberts and Bobby Joe Duncan

The Cub Scouts of Pack Number 60 have surely been making things to take to the Armory to put on exhibit. The things they took are as follows: clay models, boats, weaving, pictures, soap models, bird houses, airplanes, and rattlers. Then they took some Indian tomahawks Indian dresses, and Indian wigwams. Mrs. Liske has been making a ship. It has small airplanes and boats. It took a long time to make this ship.

Mr. Liske took a truck to take the other things. They are as follows: posters of grain and grasses, pot holders, oramental fruit—made of clay, wooden dolls, dolls made of soap, butterflies that have been mounted, scrapbooks, den doodles, knives made of wood, book stands and dart boards. Mr Liske took the decorations over to the Armory. They were rows of pine trees and a rail with red, white and blue paper on the rail. This will be placed in front of the booth.

There is a man who is going to give a show of dogs climbing a ladder, pigeons walking a wire, and parrots acting. Mrs. Liske is going to take Donald Branch, Joe Duncan, and Robert Gorden. We hope these boys will have a good time Wednesday and Thursday over at the Armory.

Literature Work

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

Recently the boys in Mr. Hines' room have been making many book reports and reports for stories that we read from our reading text and from supplementary readers. Some of the best stories that I have read recently are the following: "The Bush," by S. W. Meader; "Sky Hostess," by Elisabeth Lansing; and "Old Scarback," by S. W. Meader. We like to read nice stories like these, and we thank our teacher for encouraging us to read them We also enjoy reporting on boooks and stories at our cottage.

Boy Scouts and Cub Scouts Go to the Armory

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

This week the Boy Scouts have been going to the Amory. They have been showing things on camping, cooking, photography, airplanes, and other things. The Boy Scouts of the Training School's two troops, Number 60 and 61, showed something on camping and had a skit about neglected boys. It showed how they stay out of school and fall into bad habits.

The Cub Scouts of the Training School went over to town, too. They had a good time.

Gifts for the Boys

By Miss Elaine McEachern

The Home Circle of the Harrisburg Presbyterian Church, Harrisburg, North Carolina, has been so kind in sending some of the boys here at the School nice gifts about once a

month. These gifts vary. Some boys receive money, others, fruit and candy; while still others receive a small toy or game. Miss Evelyn Quay is chairman of this Circle and is doing a splendid piece of work in making some of the boys here at the school happy.

We wish the ladies of the group could see the happiness these gifts bring to the boys. The boys want, at this time, to express their appreciation for these nice and helpful glfts.

Animals in the Woods

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

The show last Tuesday was about animals. The name of it was "Animals in the Woods." It showed some of the following animals: squirrels, opossums, porcupines beavers, skunks, woodchucks, rabbits, minks, raccoons, and otters Their homes and habits were shown. There was talking in the picture, and that helped us to understand the picture very well.

The boys of the School thank every person who made it possible for us to see it, especially Mr. Hawfield, Mr. Hines, and Mr. Fisher.

An Interesting Letter

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

Recently Mr. Hines received a letter from one of the boys who was in the 10th Grade here at the school last summer. It was such a good letter and showed how our school has helped this boy so much that Mr. Hines read it to us.

Here are some of the things he said: "I am going to school every day and working on Saturday. I am doing my best in school. We had three tests, and my grades are 80 on agriculture, 95 on algebra, and 72 on English. I am not going to miss a day in school or a Sunday in Sunday School or preaching. We all go to Sunday School now, and my daddy is my teacher in Sunday School. I go to Sunday School in the morning and stay for preaching, and then in the evening I go to B T. U. and stay for preaching. One certainly can't go to church too much." We all wish this boy the best of luck.

Two Games of Football

By Robert Wicker, 7th Grade

Nov. 4th, the boys of the Jackson Training School played two football games with Landis. Our midget team was defeated with the score being 13-6, but our second team defeated them by the score of 7-0. The games were very exciting. I think that everybody enjoyed both games.

My Liking for the Training School

By Charles Autry, 7th Grade

I am a new boy and still in the Receiving Cottage. I have been here almost a month now and have learned to like it here.

I like Mr. Adams, my officer, for he is a very square man and likes to see a boy doing better.

I was surprised the other day when I enterd this School for the first time. I found that Mr. Hines, my principal and teacher, was a good friend of my uncle, the late Rev. J. W. Autry of Fayetteville Mr. Hines is very nice to the boys, and I think all the boys like him, at least I do.

I work on the farm, and I thought at first that I would not like truck-farming, I have found out that it is not so bad after all. In fact, I think it is fun to be working with other boys.

I have to say that I get homesick once in a while. I concentrate on something, and I forget all about being homesick. I wish some of the rest of the new boys would try this and see if it doesn't work for them, too.

How I Appreciate the School

By J. D. Gupton, 7th Grade

I am a new boy at the school. I have been here two weeks today, and I am liking it just fine. I am sure if I will listen to what the instructors tell me that I will make a good record. I am in the Special Seventh Grade, and I am going to do my best to keep up with the other boys in it.

I work in the dairy in the mornings and go to school in the afternoons. Mr. Hobby is my cottage officer. I am in Mr. White's Sunday School class. I am going to be the leader in my Sunday School class.

Radio Program

By Clyde Wright, 7th Grade

Last Tuesday some boys of the Training School went to the radio station. The first thing on the program was a song by a group of boys. It was "Glory to His Name." Then we sang "He Keeps Me Singing." Mr. Hawfield gave a talk about the Hallowe'en Festival at the Training School The next number on our program was a song. It was "There Shall Be Showers of Blessings."

We enjoyed giving the program very much.

Mr. Beck's Visit

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

Sunday, Nov 3, 1946, Mr. Beck, one of the men from Concord who used to come out to the B. T. U. on Sunday afternoons, came out to the School to see Mr. Hines and the boys in the B. T. U. Mr. Beck has been ill and in the Watts Hospital in Durham. When he got home he told his wife that he wanted to visit at the School and be with Mr. Hines and the boys in the B. T. U. We were very glad to see Mr. Beck and to know that he was so very glad to visit with us.

New Boys in the Printing Office

By Eugene Martin, 7th Grade

Recently, Mr Godown has taken in some new boys, so they can learn a good trade, printing. The new students in the printing classes are the following: Eugene Martin, Charles Angel, Robert Shepherd, James Dunn, and Richard Sandlin. We are trying to do our best and to make good. The other boys who have been working there for some time are trying to improve too. We hope all these boys will make good at their trade.

The New Fifth Grade Teacher

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

Mrs. W. V. Tarlton, our new teacher for the Fifth Grade, came last Monday. The boys of her grade said that they were glad to be back in school, for they have been work-

ing all day for about two months. Miss Jenkins, who was their teacher, left about the 1st of September.

Mrs. Tarlton said that she already likes the work and enjoys working with the boys of the Fifth Grade. She said that she finds them polite and respectful to their teacher. We all hope that she will enjoy her work at the School. The boys of the Fifth Grade are doing their best to be kind, so that she will be glad to teach here at the School.

Mrs. Tarlton lives on Kerr Street in Concord, N. C.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

After the meeting in the auditorium, we went to our usual class room. We had a very good meeting with an interesting and helpful program, and everyone enjoyed the meeting. Clifton Rhodes, who was in charge of the program, had the first part on the program. His part was entitled "He Is an Educational Director." Clyde Wright gave the second part, "Duties of an Educational Director," and "Talents and Preparation Needed" was the part given by Robert Jarvis. The fourth part, "What Are the Rewards of Service?" was given by Glenn Evans. The fifth and last part, "How Does One Become an Educational Director?" was given by Robert Kerr. Mr. Puckett was in charge of our group.

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 2nd Grade

We sang some songs. Then the teacher gave us a topic. Olin Sealey, John McKinney, James Arrowood, and Ben Wilson said some Bible verses. Olin Sealey said the 23rd Psalm. After that, James Arrowwood read the Bible. Our teacher read the Daily Bible Reading and asked questions about the Daily Bible Readings for the week. Paul Denton said the Ten Commandments. Then we went to the auditorium from where Mr. Hines sent us to our cottages.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Emory King, 5th Grade

First on our program was a song, "This Is My Father's World." Four boys, John McKinney, Paul Denton, Clyde Hill and Ollie Daw, said poems and sang one song. Then we had prayer. After prayer, we went to our classes. Mr. Helms was our teacher. He gave us some verses in the New Testament.

Mr. Helms made a talk on temptations. He said that if we overcome one temptation, we can overcome the next one more easily. He urged us to read our Bibles every day and to pray every day and every night. We had a talk on Bible reading. It was by Mr. Faulk. Mr. Helms was glad to find out that so many in our group are reading the Bible and praying regularly. The last thing on our program was a story by Mr. Helms. It was about a group of travelers.

Machine Shop Work at J. T. S.

By Burton Routh, 6th Grade

Mr. L. S. Kiser is now teaching some of the boys of the Jackson Training School to be mechanics.

J. C. Alley and James Myers are learning fast. These boys enjoy working for Mr. Kiser, and they can learn a useful trade here in our school. Mr. Kiser and J. C. Alley have been working on a tractor. They have been fixing the track on the tractor. They have done a good job, too.

———:———

THE WORLD PAYS WHEN A JOB IS WELL DONE

Sometimes a man works all his life, grows old, and never gets the things he planned to get, and never knows the reasons why. Yet, the reasons are simple.

Too often he thinks only in terms of getting. Two often he only takes; he seldom gives. This is a life of giving and getting, but the element of giving comes first.

Then, the vast majority of men never think of mastering their jobs. They never try to do their work in a way that is better than just common. Too many do their work in volume and kind just to "get by." That is why the good things in life they have been expecting never come.

You see, the world pays for the amount and kind of work we do; pays less for this kind, pays more for that kind; and pays with fair exactness. And when it finds we do a fiery, thinking job, it pays us well and poys us regularly, and adds, in time, the extras. But if it finds we do our work carelessly, or casually, or grudgingly, as though it weren't worth the doing, we get paid in kind—we never get the things we wanted.

The world pays for masterpieces, and has no patience with lesser things. Knowing that, many men succeed, become master craftsmen, famed machinists, famed chemists, famed accountants, famed office executives, financial wizards, famed in work that some do mediocrely.—North American Union News.

CALVIN HENDERSON WILEY

State School

Calvin Henderson Wiley, son of David L. Wiley and Anne Woodburn, was born in Guilford County, N. C. February 3, 1819. The founder of the Wiley family in North Carolina was William Wiley, who moved into the State from Pennsylvania in 1754. His son David, grandfather of Calvin H. Wiley, was present as a boy at the battle of Alamance, and later became a soldier of the Revolution.

Mrs. Wiley's ambition for her son marked out for him a career in the pulpit, and as a step in this direction, she bestowed upon him the names of two Presbyterian ministers—that of the great John Calvin and that of her old pastor, Rev. Dr. Henderson. In furtherance of these wishes, young Wiley was sent to Caldwell Institution in Greensboro, conducted under the auspices of the Orange Prebytery, and at that time perhaps the most celebrated preparatory school in the State. Here he was prepared for college. Entering the University of North Carolina, he was graduated in 1840 with highest honors.

Not feeling called to the scared work planned for him by his mother, he chose law as his profession, was admitted to the law in 1841 and settled at Oxford. Clients were few in number, and the young lawyer found more time than cases on his hands. Most of this spare time was devoted to literary pursuits, in which he delighted throughout his life. From 1841 to 1843 he edited the Oxford Mercury. In 1847 he published his first consierable work a novel entitled "Alamance; or, Where is Utopia?"

But the author found graver work awaiting him than the writing of romances. A close observer of the educational and industrial conditions in North Carolina, he wrote feelingly and eloquently of what he saw. Among other things he noticed with great solicitude that the people of North Carolina, unaware of the immense resources of their own State, were deserting her by the thousands, seeking in other regions fields for imagined advantages. He wrote that the State had "long been regarded by its own citizens as a mere nursery to grow up in;" that it had become a great camping-ground, the inhabitants considering themselves as merely tenanted here for a while; and that thousands sought homes elsewhere, whose sacrifices in moving would have paid for twenty years their share of taxation, sufficient to give to North Carolina all the faniced advantages of those regions whither they went to be taxed with disease and suffering; that the melancholy sign. "For sale," seemed plowed in deep, black characters over the whole State; and that even the State flag which waved over the capitol, indicating the sessions of the General General Assembly, was jestingly called by our neighbors of Virginia and South Carolina an auctioneer's sign. The "ruinous effects," he wrote, "are eloquently recorded in deserted farms, in wide wastes of guttered sedgefields, in neglected resour-

ces, in the absence of improvements, and in the hardships, sacrifices and sorrows of constant immigration."

In addition to this deplorable condition. Dr. Wiley observed that North Carolina was regarded by Northern publishers as the "best mart in the world for the sale of trashy and uncurrent production, and the very refuse of literary quackery was sent out and circulated among our people." They were thus drugged with foreign narcotics and heavily taxed for the benefit of fabrics that could not be sold where they were published.

These two evils caused him no little anxiety about the future of the State. Careful study of the situation revealed to him but one remedy—universal education. The children must be taught to know and appreciate the opportunities offered at home, and must be given the training necessary for intelligent use of those opportunities. Year by year the conviction grew steadily upon him that he could render no greater service to North Carolina than by revealing the State to herself through a complete system of public schools. Abandoning personal ambition, he threw himself into this new work with all the energy of his nature.

The first step taken toward the establishment of a public school system in North Carolina was Judge Murphey's famous report of 1816, in which the organization of such a system was recommended to the General Assembly. It ended however, with the recommendation, and nothing further was done until 1825. In this year, certain funds in the State Treasury and the revenues derived from certain sources were set aside as a fund for the establishment of a system of public schools In 1836 the surplus revenue of the Federal Government was distributed to the several states; and of her share North Carolina devoted $1,133,757.39 to the Literary Fund. Soon after this an act was passed by the Legislature providing for a system of public education. The plan was crude and imperfect and was not put into general operation. By November 1, 1840, the Literary Board's resources amounted to $2,-241,480.05. With this considerable funds on hand, it became necessary to have a better organization of the school system. In 1840 (1839), therefore, an act was passed, entitled "An Act for the establishment and better regulation of the common schools." The Literary Board was made the executive of the system. But this was an inadequate arrangement, the board from the very nature of its composition, not being able to attend properly to the various duties incumbent upon the executive of such a system. A single executive head was needed. Recommendations for the appointment of a general superintendent of common schools were continuously urged upon the Legislature, during a period of 12 years, but to no purpose. The system thus floundered about without a pilot, and in this situation was on the point of going to wreck when Calvin H. Wiley took hold of the helm.

In order to introduce the necessary reforms, he desired a seat in the General Assembly. As he realized that there was no chance of his obtaining this in Granville County, he returned to his native Guilford, and at once elected a member of the General As-

sembly of 1850-51. During this session he introduced a bill providing for the appointment of a superintendent of the common schools. He supported his bill with a speech of great power and eloquence, but failed to secure its passage. Disappointed, but not disheartened, he again stood for election and was returned. Though his influence a similar bill was introduced by Mr. J. B. Cherry of Bertie and passed both Houses. This act provided for the election of a superintendent by the General Assembly. He was to hold office for a term of two years, or until his successor should be duly appointed and qualified.

This law once passed, it became necessary to find a man of sufficient ability to undertake the arduous and responsible duties of the office. All voices called on one man. Though he was a Whig, all the Legislature was Democratic, yet State patriotism prevailed over party allegiance, and without solicitation on his part, Wiley was elected in December, 1852. On January 1, 1853, in the 34th year of his age, he entered upon the duties of his office.

The attempt to establish a system of public schools in North Carolina, owing to the lack of proper organization and the absence of an efficient executive head, had proved worse than a failure. Teachers were scarce and inefficient, schoolhouses were worthless, uncomfortable, unhealthly, and inadequate for their purposes, money was squandered, results were meagre, and the confidence of the people in the schools, absolutely destroyed.

As a consequense of these conditions, Dr. Wiley found himself faced at the outset by six difficulties: First, the diversified character of the people, resulting in a lack of sympathetic harmony fatal to a systematic conduct of the schools; second, the novelty of the common-school idea, from which grew misconception of the purposes of the schools and an impatience at their necessarily slow work; third, the illiteracy of the population, which gave birth to a mistrust of the ability of the people to conduct successfully a system of schools; fourth, the erroneous idea that the common schools accept their benefits; fifth, the lack of a feeling of responsibility for the schools among the citizens of the State, causing difficulty in getting efficient men to fill the official positions in the counties, finally, the scarcity of teachers, which, of course, struck at the very roots of the system. To meet and overcome these obstacles, there were, as Dr. Wiley wrote, "a thousand little springs invisible to the casual observer to be delicately touched, a thousand nameless duties to be performed, a thousand crosses and difficulties unknown to the world at large."

The work was slow, discouraging and tedious, and the superintendent was often compelled to draw heavily on his fund of patience. The results were far beyond his calculations. Old friends were discovered, new ones made and enlisted in the work; enemies were met and routed; tardy officers were spurred on to more diligent and efficient work, incompetent ones found out and removed; many misconceptions were corrected; colleges, high schools and academies were awakened to a sense of their

vital interest in the common schools: unity was gradually introduced into the system; and school men in all parts of the State and in all phases of educational work were taught to see that the interest of all were bound together in one great and ever-widening circle.

He (Wiley) labored long and faithfully; he met and overcame almost insuperable difficulties; and he placed his State foremost among the states of the South in the education of her children. During the decade from 1850 to 1860, covering the period of Dr. Wiley's work, although the population of the State increased less than 14 per cent, the number of children in the common schools increased more than 36 per cent. In 1850 the percentage of illiteracy in the State among the voting population was 29. 2; by 1860 this had been reduced to 23.1. In 1850 Dr. Wiley had been alarmed at the neglect of our wealth-producing resources. At the close of the decade he had ample grounds for declaring that a great revolution was silently going on in North Carolina. Dr. Wiley's fears for the future of the State had been aroused by the the constant stream of emigration from her borders. By 1860 the outward current had been greatly checked and an inflowing current started. The spirit of education was revealing itself in the industrial progress of the State; in the generally awakened confidence in her resources; and in a growing attachment for home. The blight which had fallen on North Carolina was about to vanish under the touch of his strong hand.

Whatever of success has been attained was admitted by all to be due to the genius of Calvin H. Wiley. So universal was the confidence in his ability and intergrity, that he numbered his supporters in all ranks and conditions of life, in all religious denominations and in all political parties, and received hearty support from all. A Whig when elected by a Democratic legislature, he retained his party affiliations and voted according to his political convictions, and yet was continuously re-elected by a legislature generally Democratic at a time when party feeling ran high. On one occasion the Democrates in the legislature moved his election at the beginning of the session, in order to forestall the rise of party passion and the possibility of a Democratic opponent.

This confidence reflected no little credit on the Democratic party, and the results showed that it was not misplaced. Dr. Wiley was met at the beginning of his work by six obstacles. He had found the people separated by their diversified characters and aspirations; he gave them a common interest and united them in a common effort to promote a common cause; he found them ignorant of the common school idea, he taught them by unanswerable example and filled their minds and hearts with knowledge of and pride in their educational system; he found them diffident of their ability to manage; he put them to the test and compelled their confidence in themselves and in their schools; he found their minds filled with errors he turned on them the light of knowledge and they vanished like mist before the sun; he found them indifferent, he roused their enthusiastic support; he found a vineyard without laborers, he created an army of devoted workers. but with

the outbreak of war came the supreme test. North Carolina seceded from the Union May 20, 1861. It became apparent from the first an attack would be made upon the school fund for the purpose of converting it into revenue for the support of the war. Dr. Wiley was filled with great anxiety and began at once to prepare for the attack. He first sought the support of the county officials by issuing to them a very able circular, giving the arguments in favor of preserving the school fund intact for school purposes. His next step was to win the governor and his council. Previous to the meeting of the first war legislature, he appeared before them to present his case. His statement was able and his appeal eloquent. "No people," he exclaimed, "could or would be free who were unable or unwilling to educate their children"; and the fact the State was waging a war for independence was an additional reason why the schools be kept open. He cried with indignation against those who were so shortsighted as to "think that a war for political, social, commercial and intellectual independence could be waged with better results by arresting or destroying all those springs of life on which national wealth and greatness are founded." The governor and the members oof his council were completely won over, and entered into a solemn, though informal, covenant to support the superintendent in resisting any attack on the school fund. This agreement, be it said to Governor Ellis's credit, was faithfully kept, and the precedent thus set was followed by his successors.

And so the schools were kept open, but, of course, they felt the strain of war. From this time onward their existence was a struggle heroically maintained by the superintendent. The remarkable feature is not that the system became impaired, but that it did not fail altogether. That it did not do so was due to the energy and zeal of Calvin H. Wiley; he refused to yield to discouragements, but labored incessantly for the betterment of the system. While the country lay bleeding in the iron grip of war we find him planning a system of graded schools and actually getting a bill for their establishment through the House of Commons. It was also reported favorable by the Senate Committee, but had to be tabled, because of the pressure of more urgent business. The task before Dr. Wiley was more than human abilty could cope with successfully. Difficulties increased daily. The attention of the people was attracted from the ordinary affairs of life by the novelty and the suffering of war. Many thought it best to suspend the schools altogether. It was hard to get capable officials. It was hard to get teachers. In spite of all the difficulties, the report of 1863 shows 50,000 children in the common schools. Dr. Wiley truly says that "the future historian of this stirring age will not fail to find evidence of the moral energy that this fact implies."

But the end was drawing near. The distressing condition of the people and the depreciation of the currency made it almost impossible to continue the schools. Dr. Wiley never for an instant relaxed his energy, but the task was beyond the power of man,

and with the close of the war the schools went down for lack of funds. The superintendent was in his office in the capitol when the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston was announced to him, April 26, 1865. Even then he did not cease from his labors. He retained his office until October 19th, when by an ordinance of the constitution convention all offices held on April 26, 1865, were declared vacant. And in 1866 the office of superintendent was abolished for want of funds to meet the expenses.

After his removal to Winston, Dr. Wiley enterested himself in the establishment of the public school system of that city. His voice and pen were given to the cause, and when established he was called to the chairmanship of the first board of commissioners. This place he held till his death, January 11, 1887.

The fame of his services is limited neither by State boundaries nor by the lapse of years. His reputation was national, and his school system was recognized as one of the best in the Union. At the National Convention of Educators held in Cincinnati in August, 1858, Dr. Wiley was on the program as "one of the distinguished educators who would address the convention" along with Horace Mann. He received an invitation to visit the legislature of Georgia to aid in preparing a system of schools similar to those he had established in North Carolina. He could not go, and he was then urged to prepare an essay on the subject, to be read to the legislature. The Boston (Mass.) Post of May 1, 1856, says that Dr. Wiley's report for 1855 is "written with ability and shows that Mr. Wiley has largeness of views and a zeal and energy in the duties of the office which eminently fit him to fill the responsible position which he now occupies." Since his death, one of the school buildings in the city of Raleigh has been given his name. In the city of Winston the school children have erected a handsome monument to his memory.

This sketch is a reprint of excerpts from the Biographical History of North Carolina, Vol. II, pp. 427-440, by R. D. W. Connor. Used by permission of the author.

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Recently, we read in the news of an "unexpected" visit by President Truman to Sunday morning services in a Washington church. This brought to mind an incident that occurred during the late President Roosevelt's time in Washington.

A feminine voice over the phone asked the rector of the church if President Roosevelt would be in church the following Sunday.

"I don't know as yet whether the President will be here," replied the rector, "but I do know for sure that God will be with us. That in itself should be sufficient reason for your attendance."

—Exchange.

A BOY AND HIS BICYCLE

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

Down in Atlanta, Ga., the other day, 12-year-old Arlie Trulove went to a public auction at police headquarters. Arlie hoped to buy a bicycle with the nickles and dimes and pennies he had saved. Time and again the youngster started the sale with a firm bid of "One dollar and seventy-five cents," and each time a higher bid was entered. But let Gabriel Heatter tell the story as he did recently over the Mutual network.

"They were selling bicycles at an auction." said Mr. Heatter to his radio audience. "And there he stood. A wide-eyed boy. With all the money he had managed to save by scrimping for months on end. One dollar and seventy-five cents. Nickles, dimes, pennies. The auction almost broke the boy's heart. A bike would be brought up to the platform.

"What am I bid?" the auctioneer would ask.

" 'Five dollars somebody would call out. Somebody else would say 'Six!' And there he was with one dollar and seventy-five cents.

"One by one the bikes were auctioned off. Now there were only two left.

"What am I bid for this one?" said the auctioneer. 'She's a beauty.'

" 'One dollar and seventy-five cents,' said the boy. This time desperately.

"Seven dollars," said a junk dealer.

"Sold for seven dollars!"

"One bicycle left. Streamlined, red, the most beautiful the boy had ever seen.

"Again the auctioneer asked "What am I bid?"

"This time the boys bid came almost in a whisper of heartbreak. "One dollar and seventy-five cents."

"He looked around at the others in the room. The others looked back at the boy. Looked back and understood. Nobody bid. Not a word, and the auctioneer smiled and then just as fast as any auctioneer ever said it, he cried, 'Going, Going, Gone*"

"Sold to the boy for one dollar and seventy-five cents. Yes, there's plenty of good will around."

Competition is between those who are trying to be great, not between those who are.—Exchange.

PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY IN OUR SCHOOL SHOPS

By Joseph D. Rockey, in The Industrial School News

New psychology is becoming practical and asserts that children learn to become adjusted or maladjusted. This is a fact which is a challenge to education.

Shop teachers are responding to this challenge with new materials, books and methods. They are gaining higher levels of training in psychology, philosophy, and methods.

Students find shop experience to be good preparation for life. Other school groups are adopting shop projects and methods. Industrial education can help in the general high school problems.

Pupils are not always able to adjust themselves to the new experiences in high schools. It is hard to become adjusted in a new school. The students are confronted with courses and studies imposed on them. It is difficult to change from general education. The pupils are puzzled at the teachers who are really expert in their own subject field but who are not always expert in their methods of teaching. Boy and girls are confused about how and when to study.

There are other problems at adolescence. Broken homes and homes that are breaking have bad effect on the pupils. Failure in subjects or grades have also bad effect. Being cheated out of their part in the social whirl, tend to produce problem children. The realization that employment is more difficult to secure after graduation lowers the morale. Physical and mental defects may develop queer personalities.

Educators are coming to the new viewpoint of modern psychologists on child behavior defects. Now it is believed all reactions are learned in some fashion.

There are many serious cases of maladjustment to be dealt with. Some defects such as an outward tendency to steal is less serious than a case of severe depression. Worry which develops from the habit of procrastination should be stopped by the admission of its uselessness. Anxiety which is deeper seated in the system than worry should be treated by substituting extravertive routine for old moody habits. General nervousness and irritability should be treated by activity in new hobbies of extravertive nature and praticipation in games and sports. Defense mechanisms, in generat, frequently reach a stage practically defying curative treatment. Hyoecompensation should be treated by admission of the whole situation and in reeducation of the attitudes success and social service. Rationalization similar to hypercompensation should be treated similarly. General inferiority attitude should be treated by special schools geared low enough to allow the sudent to be in some way successful. Withdrawal and seclusiveness can be aided by shopwork and hobbie but the fundamental cause of the maladjustment should be sought out and treated. Negativism or stubbornness treatment lies in early development of co-

operative attitudes.

The shop teacher who can reeognize these maladjustments has a great opportunity to help students out of maladjustment. There are many kinds of individual jobs and projects and work which when carefully assigned will promote adjustment. Group work by students working as a team or squad have many adjustive values. Production work can have all the good effects of individual work and group work combined if under the proper management. Special work, special jobs, and special job sheets are needed for dull minds to lower the threshold of encouragement.

Research work for the bright students with the high intelligence quotations can bring excellent results. Coeducation groups working in shops produce happy relationships.

Practical psychology can be exercised to best advantage in the shops. Shop teachers should study the new psychology. The most necessary part of all. Education is the development in our students a fine hygiene of the mind that will allow them to get the most out of life and to do the best work for society. School shops have a closer contact with students than the academic grades and this position allows the shop to use the new psychology of adjustment to very practical ends.

LEARN TO ADJUST YOURSELF

The hardest task put before the average boy today seems to be that of adjustment to his surroundings. Through shyness, lack of interest, failure to co-operate with others, or a well-defined obstinacy, several months are wasted before even a partial adjustment is made. And why does it cause so much trouble? If it is going to be such a supence effort to adapt plans to conform to ordinary rules—what would be the results on a job?

Each new adventure, and each new enterprise involves varied aspects which have never before been evidenced as a reality. By meeting calmly and with a little effort, obstacles are quickly and easily removed. Those, then, who have taken several weeks or months to accustom themselves to the standard of the school and shop would be more than behind when it came to a job. Certainly no employer would condescend to pay an individual several month's salary and use up an extra amount of energy trying to make him conform to his way of office procedure.

Therefore, in disguise, each one is having an important subject added to his school and shop program. An improvement along this line will recieve equally as much consideration.

When one has acquired the ability to quickly and easily adjust himself to his surroundings, half of the battle is won.—Selected.

NEW UNKNOWN SOLDIER WILL GO TO ARLINGTON

(Mooresville Enterprise)

Washington—Another "Unknown Soldier," selected from the unidentified dead of World War II will be placed to final rest beside the Unown Soldier of World War I in the national shrine at Arlington Nation Cemetery.

This time, the unknown defender of his country may not be a soldier, but a sailor, marine, or a coast guardsman. All four services will be represented in the final choosing, but no one will ever know who he was, or in which branch of service he fought.

According to present plans, this unknown member of the armed forces will be brought back to this country from some foreign battlefield.

A bill providing for the return of an unknown serviceman was passed in Congress on June 14, 1946, and has been signed by President Truman. Details as to how the unknown serviceman will be chosen are to be worked out by the war department.

Selection of the Unknown Soldier of World War I was one of the most dramatic incidents in military history. Few men have had greater honors paid them in death.

In October, 1921, the war department gave instructtions for the exhumation of one unidentified body at each of the four American military cemeteries in France, where men were buried after they had fallen on the four major fronts of World War I.

Three Quartermaster officers and one Infantry officer were sent to each of these cemeteries under sealed orders, which when opend instructed them to select the body of one soldier. Since this soldier was identified by number only, the orders contained a number picked at random. Alternate numbers were provided in the event that if an exhumed body contained the slightest identification, it could be reburied and a second one selected.

Once the four bodies were exhumed, all records of thelr numbers, the plots in which they were buried and the cemetaries from which they came were destroyed.

the four bodies, in steal gray caskets were taken to Chalons-sur-Marne and placed in a small room in the city hall. Thousands of grateful French visited the city hall and paid tribute to the four men, one of whom would would be selected to symbolize all of the unknown American dead of World War I.

The Unknown Soldier was brought to the United States aboard the flogship of Admirol Dewey, the "Olympia." Reaching Hampton Roads, Va, on November 8, the casket was transferred to the presidential yacht, "Mayflower," and taken up the coast and eventually up the Potomac river to Washington.

Saluting cannon greeted the "Mayflower" and its honored hero all along the Potomac as the ship proceeded slowly up to the Washington Navy Yard. As the yacht pulled into the dock, a regiment of calvary, sabers drawn at "present," met the vessel.

The casket was taken to the Capi-

tol on a blackdraped gun caisson drawn by six black horses. Cabinet members, Army and Navy officers of high rank and other dignitaries marched behind the caisson.

Inside the Capitol rotunda the casket was placed on the same catafalque where only martyred presidents— Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley— had rested before. On November 10, 1921, the body lay in state while an unending stream of people came to pay tribute.

The next day, with pomp mony seldom seen in this country, the Unknown Soldier was taken to his final resting place at Arlington.

Since this day, 25 years ago this month, more than a half million visitors have viewed the tomb of the Unknown Soldier each year. Last year, 316 wreaths and sprays were placed at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier by various veteran, patriotic and civic organizations.

Today, a crack honor guard from th ceremonial detachment at adjoining Fort Myer maintains a 24-hour watch. Although a rather strenuous duty because of the precision required, volunteers for the honor have to be booked months in advance.

WHEN THE ROAD SEEMS ROUGH

Sometimes the road may seem rough
And the days are dark as can be
But there is one that is willing to help
That's your Savior don't you see.
When you're troubled with sorrow
Things don't seem to go right
Just go to your Savior in prayer
And your burden will become light
Remember this verse in the Bible
Ye believe in God, also in me
For I'm the way to truth and light
Now is not the way, plain to see.
You may be scoffed and scorned
Called all sorts of names
They will tell you there is no Saviour
But there is just the same—
I know because I've read
What the Bible does say
That Christ is your only Redeemer
And he is coming again some day.

—Joseph Robert Wood

ADULT EDUCATION

By A. E. Fultz, in Joliet-Stateville Times

Opportunities for men and women to learn a new trade, or to finish their schooling are just beginning to expand. There has always been a need for this, but until very recently only the priviledged few could afford to pay the tuitions attached to "special" classes, or had the leisure time which they require.

Another reason for the slow growth of adult training was the wide-spread but errouеons idea that "learning is something which takes place only in childhood and youth. This is a carry-over of the old, old idea that "You can't teach an old dog new tricks." This may be true of dogs, but scientific studies have shown that it is not true of humans. One study shown that as one grows older there is some decrease in speed of learning, but that this decrease is so slow that no one should be discouraged in learning anything he needs or wants to know.

Another erroneous idea that we are now outgrowing is that education is "book learning," and that it is carried on only in classrooms. We are beginning to recognize that learning to run a tractor or to use electrical or mechanical machines can be more educational than memorizing facts and dates; and that any kind of learning which will enable the individual to live hauuier and more useful life is educational.

Interest in adult education is growing at such a rapid race that at present most everwone ie taking a coarse in something or other; some in order to learn a new trade and get a better job, some to finish their basic schooling, some to keep up with the latest finding in their present field, some to learn more about the fine arts for their own enjoyment, and others to gain information in a field of interest.

In Oak Ridge, Tennessee, a city of approximately 45,000 population, night classes are offered in many different areas; dramatics, printing, music, French, Spanish, Psychiatry, Calculus, Nuclear Physics, and many others. These courses are very popular and classes are filled to capacity. This is typical of the training opportunities offered in many cities throughout the United States today to people who are willing to spend part of their time in self improvement.

In our time it is not enough that a man learn a skill which will enable him to make a living for himself, but if he is to become a valuable member of society he must keep up with things that are going on in the world. We are passing from a "small town" society into a world society in which every man will not only need more and more training, but will have to take more interest in the welfare of other people if he himself is to have a place in the new world.

Here at Stateville we have a number of training courses open to men who are interested and willing to meet the requirements. The Honor Farm furnishes experiences valuable to those who would like to know more about the different phases of farming. The Elementary School gives

training and credits the same as that given by any school in Will County. The Vocational School offers training in Mechanical Drawing, Printing, Watch Repairing, and Electric Welding, and several other training facilities are being added. The Library, Church services, and Radio programs are of educational value.

Libraries offer limitless fields of recreation and education. One writer makes the destinction between types of reading; that fiction is largely recreational rather than educational. Most libraries are equipped with non-fictional materials that can furnish valuable help to those who are learning a new vocation, or information in many feilds of interest. Librarians report that even college students have to be shown how to use the library to the best advantage. They are most accommodating in showing people how to find the information they want.

A neglected branch of education is training in the Democratic process itself—where people can learn how to discuss with others, in an accepted and orderly manner, problems of importance and interest. This is the most difficult of all learning, as it does not have any "set" body of facts to be learned, nor can it be planned. It requires leadership, willingness on the part of every member to contrlbute wcrth-while ideas, and an open mind to the ideas of others. Difficult as is the process, it is an essential before men can take their place in, and become a part of the social life of today.

Leisure time can be used either harmfully or usefully. It depends largely upon the person's own choices. He can spend two hours daily for the next five years playing Solitary, and not realize any value, except possibly the negative value that it might have kept him from doing something harmful; where as if the same amount of time is spent in self-improvement, it can change the whole course of his life.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of the McGill St. Baptist Church of Concord, was the guest minister at the school last Sunday. Mr. Tarlton is one of the faithful ministers of Concord who takes a personal interest in the boys, and meets his regular appointments according to schedule. His loyalty and interest are greatly appreciated.

Mr. Tarlton read a Scripture selection from the 11th chapter of St. John, beginning with the first verse and reading through the 29th. In this selection there is an account of the death and the resurrection of Lazarus, who was a brother of Martha and Mary and was one of the intimate friends of Jesus while He was on earth.

Mr. Tarlton explained that this particular chapter in the Bible is one of the most glorious portions of Scripture to be found. It explains how Jesus appears to people who are in the midst of sorrow and sadness, and offfers to them consolation which they cannot find eleswhere. Al-

though Lazarus had been in the grave for four days, Jesus with His divine power raised him from the dead and restored him to his loved ones.

Mr Tarlton emphasized some of the more important lessons contained in this Scripture lesson. He used as his text these words: "The Master is come and calleth for thee." He explained to the boys that Jesus is calling to one and all who may be in sin to change their master, and, instead of following Satan, to let Jesus become the ruler in their hearts. It was explained that it is not possible for any person to have two masters, nor is it possible for him to be a Christian and think more of other things than he does of following in the footsteps of Jesus.

In the second place, it was explained to the boys that Jesus is calling on the followers to put their best efforts into their religious life. The speaker compared living a Christian life to that of a horse race. Before the race, weights are sometimes placed on the horses' feet until just before the race begins. At the time of the race, however, these weights are removed, and the horses seem to be "'charging' to get into the race with all their strenght.

In the third place, Mr. Tarlton told the boys that the Master calls to everyone to learn as much as possible about Jesus and to become witnesses of His love to other people. Everywhere, people delight in telling othrs about the things which they know fully. So it is important that everyone acquaint himself with the life of Christ and His purposes for the world.

Finally, the minister explained that people everywhere should not worry themselves too much with the inconveniences and difficulties of life because they always have the privilege of casting cares upon the Master, as was done by Martha and Mary. They were greatly worried about the death of their brother Lazarus and about eternal life, but Jesus assured them that those who live a christian life may look forward to a blessed eternity where there would be no sorrowing and no sadness. This is the goal for all those who are faithful to the end and who commit themselves wholly unto God. Mr. Tarlton urged that each boy do that so that he might be a blessing to others and happy in his own relationship to God.

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Quite frequently while we are considering when to begin, it is too late to act. —Exchange.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Good morals are nobler than good manners, but not so popular.
—Exchange.

—:—

Our lives are judged not so much by their length as by their breadth.
—Sunshine Magazine.

—:—

People are like elevators. We lift or lower others to the level we are on.—Selected.

—:—

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.—Selected.

—:—

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.—Froude.

—:—

The opportunity for doing mischief is found a hundred times a day, and for doing good once in a year.
—Voltaire.

—:—

It is common for those that are farthest from God, to boast themselves most of being near to the Church.
—Matthew Henry.

—:—

The humblest in all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause is stronger than all the hosts of error.
—William Jennings Bryan.

—:—

Any man may make a mistake; none but a fool will stick to it. Second thoughts are best as the proverb says.—Cicero.

—:—

We sometimes fancy that the other fellow is thinking of us. He is not; he is like us—he is thinking of himself.—Exchange.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.—Carlyle.

—:—

The brightest crowns that are worn in heaven have been tried and smelted and polished and glorified through the furnace of tribulation.—Chapin.

—:—

Give bread to a stranger, in the name of the universal brotherhood which binds together all men under the common father of nature.
—Quintilian.

—:—

The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs.—Emerson.

—:—

The true way to be humble is not to stoop until you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature that shall show you what the real smallness of your greatest greatness is.—Phillips Brooks.

—:—

The leaves in the autumn do not change color from the blighting touch of frost, but from the process of natural decay. They fall when the fruit is ripened, and their work is done. And their splendid coloring is but their graceful and beautiful surrender of life when they have finished their summer offering of service. And one of the great lessons that the fall of the leaf teaches is this: Do your work well, and then be ready to depart when God shall call.
—Tryon Edwards.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

We are taught early in life that money cannot purchase happiness. However, there seems to be many attractive substitutes on the market.

—:—

Her father heard the young man tell his daughter, at two o'clock in the morning, that he was aflame with love for her. He promptly put him out.

—:—

The man who says, "I run things at my house," usually refers to the lawn mower, the washing machine, the furnace, the vacuum sweeper and the errands.

—:—

Teacher: "What is the longest word in the English language?"

Student: "The one following the statement, 'and now, a word from our sponsor'."

—:—

A New York paper states that a mortgage made in that city ninety-two years ago is still in force. They don't build houses like that now-a-days.

—:—

Franz Schubert's famous "Unfinished Symphony" may still be classified as unfinished, despite what we heard a radio orchestra do to it the other night.

—:—

We are told that romance lasted much longer after the honeymoon back in the olden days. That could have been because the bride looked much the same after washing her face.

—:—

Merchants in various parts of the country report that a great change has come over their customers. Those who a year ago were saying, "I'll take it. What is it?" have been acting differently of late. They now stop to examine the merchandize and then move on, seeking other sources.

—:—

When you discover that neither your friends nor your enemies are making unkind remarks about you, look for the nearest undertaker's establishment—you may be dead and not know it.

—:—

It has always been hard to understand just why a fine young girl is willing to trust her whole life to a worthless young fellow whom the butcher wouldn't trust for a dime's worth of liver.

—:—

A village preacher's daughter eloped, attired in her father's clothes. The next day the village "Blatter" came out with an account of the elopement. It was headed thus: "Flees In Father's Pants."

—:—

An Englishman was on his first visit to America. While driving along one of our highways he read a sign that said, "Drive Slow! This Means You!" "By Jove," said the Britisher, "how did they know I was over here?"

—:—

A Congressman who had promised a local politician to pe present at a district rally, wired at the last moment: "Cannot come; washout on the line." In a very short time he received this reply: "No need to stay away; buy another shirt."

—:—

We read recently that a London entomologist stated that moths are among the less aggressive and assertive of insects. A casual view of the trousers of our old evening suit convinces us also, that they are not averse to taking a back seat.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending Nov. 10 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Ernest Johnston
Roger Ivey

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnette
Hubert Black
Carl Church
Paul Church
Horace Collins
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Jack Lambert
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Harry Thompson
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Ray Burns
Julian Commander
Ransom Edwards
Judd Lane
Robert McDuffie
William McVicker
Eddie Medlin
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

Paul Denton
James Dunn
Clifton Rhodes
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

J. C. Alley
James Norton
Harvey Purdy
Burton Routh
James Smith
Roy Swink
Robert Thompson
James Tew
James Wigginton

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
George Byrd
Charles Cain
Danney Hayes
Earl Hoyle
Ralph Medlin
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
John Gregory
Earl Holleman
Clyde Hill
Lester Ingle
Richard Messick
Jerry Oakes
Glenn Mathison
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery
Melvin Ledford

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Edward Guinn
Robert Shepherd
Claywood Sparrow

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Charles Francis
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Harry Matthews
Jack Melvin
J. C. Mikeal
Clifford Millian
Garvin Thomas
Robert Trout

COTTAGE No. 11

Joe Currie
Donald Fagge
Miley Gunter
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Charles Shearin
Robert Allen

COTTAGE No. 14

Carl Ballew
Lee Bradshaw
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Charles Moore
John Moretz
Lawerence Owens
Charles Todd
James Walters
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Henry Coffey
Howard Herman
Carl Holt
Herman Kirby
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
James Peterson
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Thelbert Suggs
Ralph Stewart
James Shepherd
William Stamey
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Thomas Chavis
Harvey Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Roy Orr
Bennie Payne
Robert Phillips
Jerry Ray

INFIRMARY

David Brooks
Thomas Davis
William Hunter

———:———

We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.
—Emerson.

Flowers leave part of their fragrance in the hand that bestows them.—Exchange.

It is easy to misconstrue the actions and words of those whom we dislike.—Selected.

There is no limit to the good a man can do if he doesn't care who gets the credit for it.—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., NOVECBER 23, 1946 No. 47

(c) Dean R. B. House
University of North Carolina

WE ARE THANKFUL

Not for battleship and fortress,
Not for conquests of the sword,
But for conquests of the spirit,
Give we thanks to Thee, O Lorl;
For the heritage of freedom,
For the home, the church, the school,
For the open door to manhood
In a land the people rule.

—William P. Merrill

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor · LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

MEN'S THANKS

Two angels, so the legend ran,
Came to earth as day began.
One carried a basket deep and wide,
The other a small one by his side.
Then spoke one of the Heavenly pair:
"Oh, but this world is wondrous fair!
If it were not for Heaven I'd be content
To dwell on earth beneath the firmament,
My basket is large, I'll soon begin
To gather men's thanks, and pack them in."

Said the other, "I'll help you when I get done,
I'm to gather their wants in this little one,
And the sighs and murmurs of those who pout—
But it's large enough, without a doubt.
God's bounties are scattered on every side,
You'll need your basket deep and wide."

Away they sped, and as darkness came,
They met again, but not the same.
Both were weary, both were sad;
They'd found so little to make them glad.
Said he with the basket wide and deep,
"My heart is heavy. It makes me weep.
Look in my basket—you'll discover
The thanksgivings scarcely the bottom cover!"
"While I," said the other, "have made three trips
With the wants and complaints from people's lips!"

Only a legend—yes—and yet—
If the angels came, what would they get?

—A Legend, as retold by Mildred M. North.

OFFER UNTO GOD THANKSGIVING

The psalmist has given to us a beautiful exhortation, appropriate for the Thanksgiving season, in these words:

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;
And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.
They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.
Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.
Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.
And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.
Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!
For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.
Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron;
Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the most High:
Therefore he brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and there was none to help.
Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.
He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.
Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! — Psalm 107.

The time of Thanksgiving, which is observed in America on a national scale, is near at hand again. Throughout the nation, the Christian people, with reverent hearts, will humbly bow before the great Creator and offer to Him thanksgiving out of the depths of their hearts.

The spirit and the sentiments of Thanksgiving are closely linked up in the hearts of people with the harvest season. It is a time when people choose to take account of the good things that have been done for them, and when there is a universal outpouring of gratitude for all that has been done to make life full and happy. It is a time when the heart of the world is bestirred with the sentiments of gratitude, and whether we realize it or not, the world does

have a heart, which is embodied in the souls of Christian men and women.

Thanksgiving is that appropriate time when people reverently recognize that the many material blessings of life have come to them as gifts from God. To observe rightfully the Thanksgiving time, one must always ascribe to the season its proper spiritual aspects. To lose sight of the spiritual concept of Thanksgiving is to lose sight of its real meaning. Therefore, people everywhere should bow in humble reverence in the presence of God and offer to Him their sincere thanks.

This year the people in America can be thankful for many things. For instance, we have moved in our national life one year further away from the ravages and devastations of war. We hope and trust that we are moving on the highway toward universal peace and brotherhood. The path has been strewn with many obstacles, and there have been many pitfalls on the way, but our national leaders still have their faces toward the east, and they are marching on toward a goal of peace for all nations. It behooves all who struggle in this cause that they lay aside all vested or selfish interests, and that they work and strive unselfishly for a lasting peace. They owe this as a debt of gratitude to the soldier boys who gave their lives, as they thought, in a great cause of human justice and freedom. Today there are thousands of the finest young men of the nation in their final resting places on the battlefields of the world. For them and their loved ones, their hopes of great careers of service have been crushed by the cruel fates of war, and now they slumber in the national cemeteries as an offering on the altar of peace and good will toward all.

In view of all the good things that have been done for mankind, the least that anyone can do is to be grateful in his heart at Thanksgiving time. Too many, however, will be prone to meditate on their troubles and afflictions rather than to count their joys and blessings. Far too many people permit their own discomforts to outweigh in importance the good things which they have enjoyed. Too many fail to be as grateful as they should, because in their selfishness they have craved for themselves a bounty beyond a

measure of fairness. Grateful people are those who are content with life.

On December 13, 1621, under the cold canopy of a December sky, with the windswept pine forest about them and the thunder of ocean waves down in the bay, a little band of Christian souls reverently bowed their heads above their crude altars, and with Elder Brewster gave humble thanks to the Giver of all good. We can picture the distant time of rejoicing when at last there were corn and other foods in the cabins to tide the remnant of the settlement over the cold winter ahead, and when game was again plentiful in the woods. Desperate days were in the background, and faith was strong again. Their stout hearts were filled with gratitude to a benevolent Providence, as they marched up to the little log church.

In **The Uplift** of 1944, at the Thanksgiving season, there was written this significant paragraph:

> Of course, it is impossible for anyone at this time to put into the first Thanksgiving a meaning which it really did not possess. However, there are some very natural implications about which one may contemplate. In the first place, the Pilgrim fathers rendered their thanks to God because of the feeling that His Divine Providence had safeguarded them in their direst circumstances. They came to this new country with an indomitable courage and abiding faith in God, and even through the ordeals of their first bitter winter months they held steadfast to their faith. There were moments when there was great travail in their spirits, and no doubt a temptation to turn their backs upon God, but they did not. They endured hardships beyond description and even beyond our imagination. The future was dark and the shadows were thick and heavy, but their faith shone with a lustre that was unlimited in its brilliance.

In the beautiful words of the familiar hymn, "Come, Ye Thankful People," the poet has expressed the sentiments of Thanksgiving, as follows:

> "Come, ye thankful people, come,
> Raise the song of harvest-home:
> All is safely gathered in,
> Ere the winter storms begin;
> God, our Maker, doth provide
> For our wants to be supplied:
> Come to God's own temple, come,
> Raise the song of harvest-home.

"All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

"For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

"Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home."

* * * * * * * *

CAMPAIGN FOR BOY SCOUTS MEETS FINE RESPONSE

During the last few days, the annual campaign for funds for the Boy Scout program has been under full swing in the Jackson Park community and here at the School. The response to this worthy cause has been exceptionally generous, and we take this opportunity to thank each and every one who has made a donation.

The actual solicitation for these funds has been handled by Mr. Frank Liske, of the School staff. He was appointed to do this work by Mr. L. C. Harmon, chairman of the financial drive here in Cabarrus County. Mr. Liske has done a splendid job, and he wants to express his sincere thanks to all who made donations.

The contributions to date amount to $140.50, an amount which exceeds last year's donations by about $60.00.

Again we say, "Thank you," and offer our congratulations.

S. G. HAWFIELD HONORED IN SCOUTING

At the annual meeting of the Cabarrus District Council, Boy Scouts of America, held at St. James Lutheran Church, in Concord, on November 14th, Superintendent Hawfield was presented a certificate and a pin in recognition of his more than fifteen years of service in the Boy Scout program. This is an outstanding recognition for a long and faithful record, and represents a highly treasured award in Scouting.

Last year, Mr. Hawfield also received the Silver Beaver award in Scouting, and this was in recognition of his outstanding service to youth. We extend our congratulations to Mr. Hawfield.—L. G.

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

Eternal God of our Fathers, we give Thee thanks
For morning sun and evening dew,
For every bud that April knew,
For storm and silence, gloom and light,
And for the solemn stars at night,
For fallow fields and burdened byre,
For roof-tree and the hearth-side fire;
For everything that shines and sings,
For dear, familiar daily things—
The friendly trees, and in the sky
The white cloud-squadrons sailing by;
For Hope that waits, for Faith that dares,
For Patience that still smiles and bears,
For Love that fails not, nor withstands;
For healing touch of children's hands,
For happy labor, high intent,
For all life's blessed sacrament.
O Comrade of our nights and days,
Thou givest all things, take our praise!

—Arthur Ketchum.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

J. T. S. Defeats Cramerton

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Jackson Training School's 125-pound gridders overcame a 7-0 Cramertown lead yesterday afternoon, scoring 14 points in the second period, and then fought off the opposition's efforts after a third period enemy touchdown to take a 14-13 victory.

Cramertown drove to a touchdown as soon as they received the opening kickoff, with Elder bucking over climaxing a 70-yard advance. He dropkicked the point.

In the second period, Coach Earl Walters' team alternating the T-formation with the single wing attack, made the T-setup pay off. Burns broke loose for 60 yards to the one-yard strip and Thomas went over for a touchdown on a quarterback sneak. Montooth rammed center for the extra point.

A bit later in the same period, Montooth sliced off the weak side for 65 yards to the Cramertown five. Burns then went over tackle for the touchdown and bucked over the extra point.

In the third period two 15-yard penalties set up Cramertown second touchdown and almost cost the Training School a tie game. Elder bucked over for the marker, but his dropkick for the extra point fell short.

New Boys

By William Phillips, 6th grade

Friday, November 15, some new boys entered the day school. There were six of them, and their names and grades in which they were placed are as follows: Conly Haney 4th grade; Travis Lee Shumate, 9th grade; Billy Hyatt, 6th grade; Buddy Marshall, 3rd grade; James Cartrette; 3rd grade; and Donald Baker, 7th grade.

These boys have been here at the Stonewall Jackson Training School for two weeks, and I hope they will do their best while they are here.

Bingo

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

Last Wednesday evening, after the boys of Cottage No. 3 had eaten supper and had finished their work, we had a game of Bingo. Clifton Rhodes called out the numbers for the boys. About twenty boys were playing. Leroy Shedd won twice, and the rest of the winners were the following: James Dunn, Jesse Hamlin, Olin Sealey, Robert McDuffie, Robert Jarvis, John McKinney, James Arrowood and Jack Jarvis.

All the boys are looking forward to the next game. We certainly thank Mr. Hines for buying this game for us.

A Special Privilege

By Robert Kerr, 7th Grade

Mr. Hawfield has said that the boys may write letters twice each month. They will write one letter in the mid-

dle of the month and the other at the end of each month. The boys appreciate this opportunity, and they will try to write good letters.

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 2nd Grade

We went to the auditorium and listened to Rev. Mr. Tarlton preach. Rev. Mr. Summers was there, too. We sang some songs and listened to some other talks.

When we went to our room, our teacher made a long talk on what he did in the war. He said that they had church services under the trees. Clyde Hill told why you should stop when a stop light is red, and we talked about obeying other rules. We learned the importance of observing the laws of the land and obeying them.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Emory King, 5th Grade

After the preaching service, we had the B. T. U. First, we sang a song, which was followed by prayer. Mr. Sofness made a talk on a model airplane. He said we could make one like it. He left a model plane at the School.

Mr. Spurgeon Helms made a talk. First, he said that smoking harms the body. Second, he said that cursing is not only using God's name in vain, but that there are also other bad words. After his talk, we went to our cottages.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

Mr. Max L. Isenhour had the intermediate group last Sunday. The first thing on our program was prayer, led by Mr. Isenhour. The topic of the lesson was "Our Money." Harvey Leonard was in charge of the program, and he gave the introduction to the lesson. The second part, "Money and Life," was given by Ray Roberts. The third part, "Earning — a Privilege," was given by Donald Stultz. Horace Collins gave the fourth part, "God's Plan," and the fifth part, "Nine-Tenths," was also given by Harvey Leonard. Clifton Rhodes gave out the parts for next week.

Learning New Songs

The boys of both school sections are now learning some Thanksgiving songs. We assemble in the auditorium on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to sing our Thanksgiving songs together. Two of these songs are "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come" and "Now Thank We All Our God."

Five boys have been practicing other songs for our Thanksgiving program. These boys are as follows: Clyde Wright, Talmadge Duncan, Bobby Joe Duncan, John McKinney, and William Phillips.

I am sure that all the boys will do their best on all the songs.

A Good Picture

By Miley Gunter, 7th Grade

Recently, the boys of the School saw a show that was based on the standard story "Call of the Wild,' by Jack London. Clark Gable (as Jim Thornton) and Loretta Young (as Mrs. Blake) played the leading roles.

They were going to hunt for a gold

mine, but they did not have the real map. On the way to the gold mine, they found the wife of Mr. Blake who had the real map. Later they talked her into telling them the real location of the mine. Then they realized that they did not have enough money to make the trip. As they were walking around, a man said the dog could not pull a thousand pounds, and Jim Thornton said that it could. They were still arguing when a man who did not like the dog said that if the dog pulled a thousand pounds he would pay a dollar a pound, but if it did not he would kill the dog. Jim Thornton said that it was a bet. They went outside and hitched the dog to a thousand-pound sled and counted off one hundred yards and stood there. When Jim spoke, the dog started to pull the sled. At first it did not look as if he could pull the sled. Then after a hard start, he pulled the load over the mark where the men stood. The man, who had made the start of the bet, started to walk off, but the man caught him and told him to pay up. He did.

The next day they started to leave for the gold mine. In about seven days they found the gold mine and the cabin. In about four more days the men who had made the bet found them and took all the gold they had mined for the past few days. They took their guns and pushed their canoes away, leaving them there to starve and die. Then in a short while the men who had left and were going down the stream hit a log and turned over. They tried to swim, but the gold weighted them down and they were drowned.

After that, Mrs. Blake found her husband out in the woods. Jim made a canoe and sent Mr. and Mrs. Blake back to stake a claim on the mine. They left, going past the rapids safely. In about two days the man who started with them came back, and Jim was glad to see him. In a little while an Indian woman peeped in the door. Jim asked the man where he got her and the man said, "I won her in a poker game." That was the end of the picture.

All the boys enjoyed the picture very much. They enjoyed the comedy, "Two Barbers," too.

The Radio Program

By Ralph Drye, 4th Grade

Last Tuesday, a group of Mrs. J. D. Morrison's fourth grade boys went to the radio station. They sang two songs, "He Leadeth Me" and "Where He Leads Me."

Since the week of Nov. 10-16 is being observed as book week, Mr. Hawfield made an interesting talk about books and how they help us to learn many things. He also told how books help to entertain us and make life more pleasant.

Elephants

By Willie Stamey, 5th Grade

"Elephants" was the name of the educational picture we saw in the auditorium Tuesday. The old elephant's name was Mumbo. This elephant used his trunk to push a truck out of a ditch. The boy in the picture had a little sister, and she wanted someone to play with. The little boy took Mumbo to his little sister, and she quit crying. A man took two baby elephants to the owner of Mum-

bo, so he would train them.

All the boys enjoyed this picture very much. Mr. Hawfield made a good talk about elephants just before Mr. Hines showed the picture.

More Boys Released

By Clyde Wright, 7th Grade

Recently some more of the boys of the school have been released. They are as follows: Terry Hardin, Forest City; Earl Grant, High Point; Bennie Payne, Taylorsville; Robert McDuffie, Lumberton; and Richard Johnson Greensboro. We all hope that these boys will make good.

Special Service

By Ray Roberts, 6th Grade

On Friday evening, Nov. 15, 1946, there was a special service held in the School's auditorium. We sang serveral songs, and Mr. Lewis Coggins gave a talk. He used to be here at the School, and he told the boys how to behave here at the School and after they leave the School, too. He said that every boy should obey the rules. He told the boys how they could profit by their own mistakes, and he told them to avoid the temptations that confront them out in life.

The Chapel Program

By Miley Gunter, 7th Grade

On Friday, Nov. 15, 1946, the ninth grade had charge of the Book Week Program. Bobby King opened tht program, quoting the 24th Psalm. After that, all the boys prayed the Lord's Prayer. Then all joined in singing "Come, Ye Thankful People Come," and "Now Thank We All Our God."

Mrs. Baucom, librarian and ninth grade teacher, introduced the program by making a few remarks about Book Week. She said, "Book Week should be every week of the year."

The ninth grade boys presented an original skit on "How to Introduce People." This was an outgrowth of their English work. Bobby King played the part of a young girl and the teacher. Marshall Lamb played the part of a mother. The other parts were played by other ninth grade boys. The boys illustrated the proper way to introduce their mother and father to their teachers or officers, how to introduce boys to boys, how to introduce a boy to a group of boys, how to introduce mother to teacher, how to introduce oneself to a group, and how to introduce a girl friend to a boy. Other questions concerning manners and etiquette can be answered by looking at Books classified 395. The library has ten good books on manners.

Billy Phillips, student librarian, gave an illustrated talk on "How to Care for Books." Billy showed a book which had excellent care taken of it and one which had been abused by thumb marks, marks and turned down corners. He said, "Nearly all the boys will choose a nice clean book, and it is the mark of good citizenship for a boy to take good care of library books."

As another feature of Book Week, Mrs. Baucom asked each teacher to name his or her two highest readers for morning and afternoon sections. The following boys were named: Mrs. W. M. Morrison's 2nd grade Olin Sealy, Lester Ingle, Andrew Daw, and

John McKinney; Miss Oehler's 3rd grade Floyd Bruce, Roger Ivey, Judd Lane, and Billy McVicker; Mrs. J. D. Morrison's 4th grade George Marr, Ralph Drye, Bobby Woodruff, and Jesse Hamlin, Mrs. W. V. Tarlton's 5th grade Willie Stamey, James Peterson, Tommy Staley, and Robert Phillips; Mr. Corliss' 6th grade Leroy Cowan, Earl Hoyle, William Ussery, and James Phillips; Mr. Hines' special sixth grade Jack Lambert, and James Dunn, Special Seventh Glenn Evans and Miley Gunter; Mr. Caldwell's 7th grade Alton Stewart, Herman Kirby, Ralph Medlin and J. W. Smith, and Mrs. Baucom's 9th grade Jack Benfield, and William Epps. Then the boys from each grade acting as a team, participated in a "Quiz on Books" on the stage. The subjects were listed and named from Mother Goose to World War 2 books. The boys did very well. Several teams had a perfect score.

As a conclusion, the 9th grade boys, sang three popular songs, "Night and Day," "To Each His Own," and "Five Minutes More." The boys enjoyed these very much.

Then Mr. Hines, our principal, made a few remarks stressing the need at all times for good reading.

News Items of Interest

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

Four of the boys went with Mr. Hines, the principal of the school, to a spelling match recently. There were a great many good spellers in the match. Mr. Hines was able to set all of them down but one man who was a doctor. We think that was very good, and we wish him, still better luck the next time. He enjoyed the spelling match very much.

Kenneth Staley, one of the boys who completed the 10th grade work here last summer and who was in Cottage 3, visited the School Saturday, Nov. 16. We were glad to see him. He is doing fine in school work. He is in the 11th grade. We hope he will do his best.

Mrs. W. M. Morrison's second grade is drawing a mural of Thanksgiving. She is having turkeys and other Thanksgiving things.

———:———

"Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who, from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today."

"WHAT WILL MA SAY!"

(Sunshine Magazine)

"An old-fashioned Thankgivin' dinner?" said Ma Hubbell doubtfully. "I don't know. Do you think we'd better?"

"I ain't sure's we had or not," replied Pa Hubbell, "but it's been on my mind conside'able the last few days, an'—an' I guess mebbe we'd both like it. Ye see, Ma, I'm morn'n seventy now, an' there cain't be many more. We've been out here in Illinois fifteen years, an' nary a Thanksgivin' in all that time."

"I know, Pa," replied the good wife—"it never seemed like I could again. We ain't spoke of it together much—but you remember the last time!"

"Fifteen years—it's been!" The old man was trying to keep his voice steady. "Sometimes I've tried to think mebbe I was too ha'sh with Enos. But when I've studied it all ever, fair as could be, I've felt I'd have to do the same thing ag'in, just the same way. There never was a black sheep in the Hubbell family from the time Greatgran'ther Hubbell's brother ran off to be a sailor, till—till our Enos—" Then his voice choked.

Ma Hubbell did not speak. Tears were trickling down her cheeks.

"I've tried to think I wasn't," the old farmer repeated, "but couldn't. I tried to train Enos up to be a good farmer, to know the best way to grow things, an' the best way to sell'em. An' Enos learned it all, too." There was reminiscent gratification in the old man's voice. "An' we were both proud of him. He was a good boy—an' then all to once he commenced runnin' wild, an' then he learned to play tricks so he could join a circus. Said he was tired of diggin' dirt, an' wanted to see the world.

Ma Hubbell nodded. It was very vivid in her mind, though she had rarely spoken of it in fifteen years.

"Then he came home that Thanksgiving Day," the old man continued, after a long silence, his face growing a little harder, "an' we dressed the biggest turkey, an' after dinner I talked with him a'bout what we hoped, an' the Hubbell family, an' what chances the world offered to strong young men. An'—an' he laughed in my face an' used some perty strong language. An' that night he went off an' got so drunk we had to bring 'im home. The next day I told him to go, an' not come back any more. Then we sold the farm an' come out here. Seems as if neither of us could live on the old place after that." Pa Hubbell walked heavily to a window, repeating as he did so, "Mebbe I was to ha'sh with 'im—mebbe I was, but it never seemed so."

Big flakes of snow were falling slowly and softly, and already the ground was white. Turkeys by the dozen were pecking in a desultory manner about the kitchen door, and the hired man could be seen in the barn preparing some of the foul for market. Pa Hubbel tried once to say more, but his voice broke. At length he turned about and said, "I'm more'n seventy now, Ma, an' you'r close to

me. We can't count for much longer. An' I've been thinking' a lot about New England an' Thanksgivin' lately. I don't want to go back, but seems like I could relish a real old-time dinner once more. Enos is likely dead long ago. Circus folks don't live long, they say. We—we can imagine him sittin' at the table with us, jest a little boy, like he used to be."

Ma Hubbell's lips quivered, but by a strong effort she stilled the quiver and turned to him a calm face. "All right, Pa," she said; "I think Betsy an' me can get pretty much everything cooked up. Ye'll have to buy me some cramb'ries in town, an' raisins, an' other things. I'll set 'em down. We can stew cranb'ries, an' mix an' back some mince pies tonight after you get back. An' say, Pa, if you happen to see anybody on the road you'd 'specially like, you might ask 'em to dinner. 'Twould make it more sociable for you."

Pa Hubbell nodded. "Git your list ready, Ma, an' I'll go an' harness up. It's goin' to be a regular old New England Thanksgivin' snowstorm, I fear, an' I want to go an' git back 'fore it falls too deep. I guess Bill's got enough turkeys dressed for a load by now, for Bill an' me picked forty of'em last night. Them fine turkeys ought to sell well, bein' the day before Thanksgivin'. An' I'll keep an eye open for somebody I think will make good Thanksgivin' comp'ny."

It was a full ten miles to town, and though Pa Hubbell started early and had a pair of strong, quick-stepping horses, it was well toward noon when he swung his team to the curb, clambered to the walk, hitched, and went inside a large grocery. The store was well filled with customers, and he went forward to a radiator to warm his hands. The talk of the customers, was coming to him from all sides, and he listened interestedly, for it was rarely he came into a group of people.

"Why, you seem to know a lot about turkeys, sir," he heard a clerk say, addressing a customer..

"I ought to," was the reply; "I was brought up on a farm and learned to know turkeys from the egg to the Thangsgiving table. I wish I had one of the birds my old father used to raise in New England."

"New England!" The words startled Pa Hubbel. He raised his big fur cap, took one good look at the young man near the counter, and exclaimed, "I've brought a flork of'em, son! Wait till I bring 'em in."

The young man at the counter turned. "Father!" he shouted. "I didn't know—I went back to the old place—is mother—" But he did not finish.

The two men faced each other sternly. "Your Ma's fine. No, you needn't say a word. Tomorrow's Thanksgivin', an' we won't want any old wounds opened. Your Ma told me to bring out somebody to eat with us, and I'll take you. Now help me with the turkeys, an' then ask your boss to let you off till day after tomorrow, an' I'll bring you back."

The son laughed shakily as his hand slipped into his father's. "Dad," he said, "I have no boss. I'm not dancing clogs any more, nor drinking. I quit that more'n ten years ago. I just couldn't keep it up, remembering all you and Ma had taught me."

The old father's eyes were moist.

All he said was, "Ma'll be glad Now come along."

"But, Pa," interrupted Enos, "you don't know—I—I haven't told you. I've got a family—wife"

"Married!" exclaimed the old man. "That's all right, Enos, I'll take both of you."

"But, Pa—we've got five children!"

"What?" Pa Hubbell was bewildered.

"Can you take the whole bunch—all of us?" asked Enos, smiles all over. "You see, our oldest boy is twelve, and named after you. Then there are our two girls, ten and eight, and two younger boys."

Pa Hubbell almost lost command of himself. "Five young'uns—all for Thangsgivin'!" he shouted. "Enos, I've got a big wagon and a pair of strong horses. Come on—I can take two dozen of ye. Help me git this stuff to the wagon, quick. A wife and five young'uns! What will Ma say!"

———:———

THANKSGIVING EVE

The wheat and corn are garnered in
To overflowing barn and bin;
The squirrel in the oak has stored
With thrifty care his winter hoard;
The last red apple, round and sound,
Dropped overnight upon the ground;
The last green leaf has blown away:
Tomorrow is Thanksgiving!

Like gold among the withered vines
A mammoth yellow pumpkin shines;
'Tis Cinderella's coach that flies
To us with fairy gifts of pies.
Behold the crescent moon appear;
For lo, the busy harvest year
Hangs up his slender sickle bright,
Since all his work is done tonight:
Tomorrow is Thanksgiving!

—Minna Irving.

THANKSGIVING

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

It comes to mind at the Thanksgivin season that our people always have used the occasion for two purposes: to make corporate acknowledgement of they the Providence that overules this land, and to engage in in the wholesome exercise of national self-examination. As a nation we have much to be thankful for, and also we have much to be thoughful about. Look first at some of our grounds for thanksgiving, and then at some grounds for concern.

From time immemorial, joy for the safely garnered abundance of the earth has stirred men's gratitude. We lost our sense of the harvest miracle when we crowded into cities. Yet all we eat and wear and use for shelter and for labor, all that sustains our physical life, comes from the lap of Mother Earth. The fruitful trinity of sun and soil and shower, and the faithfulness of Earth to her seasons, underwrite men's welfare on this planet. When we think of the fields in foriegn lands that were left unsown last year because there were none to plant, and of the grain that was not reaped this harvest because the trampling feet of war had destroyed it, and of the fields that are not sown now because life in so many countries is disrupted, we may not be thankful—and we are thankful —that the innocent processes of nature have not been impeded in our own land.

We may be thankful, also, for the faithfulness of our people. Folk everywhere are fundamentally the same in their humanity. We are all one in the democracy of human experience that comes to every palace and every cottage in every continent alike. Whatever our origin may be, in this country and in this free air that nourishes the best we bring and silently sterilized the rest, we all grow taller of spirit and broader of mind.

Of course, there are many things that cause concern; of these one can only say they are not so jauntily supercilious as they were. Voices of warning are not now so boisterously laughed down. We do not so readily make coarse jest about national and international problems. We are dead serious, for we realize that we live in critical times, when the least swaying from our avowed purposes can have disastrous consequences. The war did things to the public temper; it helped to awaken the public conscience. America is slowly yet steadily recovering her tone. Misgivings which formerly existed are growing weaker; the mainspring of doubt is running down.

The times are encouraging, if we look at the deeper currents of the nation, the characteristic and uncorrupted tendencies of our people. We can mingle with our thankfulness a quiet note of humble pride when we recall the staunch devotion to embattled Democracy displayed by every element of our population. So write down this Thanksgiving Day as one day when more real reasons for Thanksgiving have abounded—and not for us only—then any other Thanksgiving Day in recent years.

ENDURING VALUES OF EDUCATION

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

When you pass one of our schools do you ever stop to think what that school means to humanity? Do you recall the long, dark centuries when the masses were kept in ignorance—when greed and oppression ruled the world with an iron hand?

From the very beginning of man's struggle for knowledge, self-respect, and the recognition of his inalienable rights, the school has been his greatest ally.

We refer to the school as "common" becouse it belongs to us all; it is ourselves working together in the education of our children. But it is a very uncommon institution. It is democracy's greatest gift to civilization.

Throughout the world, among upward struggling peoples, whereever parents share in the aspirations of their children, the American common school is being copied. Let us cherish and improve our schools.

In seeking to do this we should always remember that values which endure—values of which continuity itself may be said to be of their very essence—are moral.

Within a democracy, education lists should be particularly mindful of this important fundamental. Education for material success, if it fails to give due and sufficient emphasis to moral values must perforce prove ineffectual. It is an unsound foundation, and under the heat of the day, like an ice-pack melting from the service of a guagmire, will leave the traveler stranded in slush.

Disintegration, the partial decay of institutions and of nations, the relative failure in certain particulars of the educational processes, prove that the builders have neglected to secure the keystone of the arch upon which their edifice is supported; an evidence of foolish dependence upon false theories and unstable material supports.

The sole acquiring of knowledge is not sufficient to save a people from the dire effects of knowledge; nor is material power a sufficient substitute for the enduring support of the strength of moral values. Material strength without the support of moral power is a misnomer, for it is an evident weakness.

Education is the Mother which gave birth to Democracy and from which it must suckle its existence. Education is at once the instrument of the creation and preservation of government of, by, and for the people, and of the coincident privileges of liberty, equality and mutuality. Education of the individual must be complete if the democratic process are to be fully expressed and enjoyed.

Need for change is evidenced by the distressing fact that the most democratic and wealthiest nation on earth, with its amazing educational facilities, is at the same time the most criminal. It would seem obvious that the general inculation of enduring values has been neglected, or at least not given the priority and prominence it deserves. Education for and the pursuit of material success has ap-

parently been over-emphasized and moral values made subordinate.

Responsibilty attaches to privilege, and duty is seen to be something owing to ourselves.

Abandonment of religion has never caused a people to prosper nor their nation to endure. It cannot, therefore, be too frequently affirmed that while it may be quite moral to separate the church and the state, is unmoral to even tacitly attempt to separate God from the State. Morality is a national governor of success.

Applied wisdom would make the failure of Democracy unthinkable.

And so it is with nations as it is with individuals. They who seek first the Kingdom of God, or the dominion of good, have added all material things which seem so greatly to be desired; but moral laxity which comes with material success destroys the reason or their cumulation, and may destroy the accumulators.

For the preservation of Democracy and all the advantages it confers, the present-day purpose of education should be the more intensive development of moral values in the individual, and the subordination of training for material advancement, as such to this more enduring principle.

A man must be in his heart that to which he aspires before he can materialize his ideal. He must first be convinced in his innermost consciousness or to the morality or desirability of what he would be, before it may be realized or achieved.

The elements which compete for mastery of self are, in substance, the same that compete for mastery in organizations and communities. Self-master is essential to self-government.

It is not through the absence of opportunity, temptation if you will, that a good citizen avoids criminality but because of a moral fibre which affords self-mastery. Education in a Democracy should be patterned after the enduring values of life as determined by the conduct of its good citizens—of those who are at once subject and sovereign, servants and masters.

Man carries into the various governments in which he participates the same principles by which he endeavors to govern his own conduct—himself. Expressed differently, self-government of people, the high est form of communal government, results from a high-principled conception and practice of the government of self.

Right individual interpretation of the Divine Law is a criterion of all good government.

Confusion in individual consciousness results in confusion in governmental processes; indifference permits exploitation, and ignorance ultimately results in a blind following of whatever dominant personality has been able to wrest power from more feeble hands, or is of more plausible persuasion. The uniformed are exploited always.

Personality should never be followed unless the leader expresses principle. Blind following of leadership not founded in the morality of Divine authority is insecure. Leadership should be impersonal, a power of expressed principle which makes for righteosness.

Practical details of government

may readily be derived from enduring values; that is, on a scientific basis which is moral.

Morality, inherent and toward, passive and active, consists in doing right, always, because it is always right. It is evidenced by goodness when badness would seem the easier way, in a cheerfulness which overrides despair, in bravery which overcomes fear, strength rising superior to weakness, generousity merging into gentlness, and in the wisdom of unselfishness in furthering self-interest as opposed to misguided selfishness; in a graciousness born of familiar contacts with the highest concepts of right, and a subordination of destructive passions so that desires are kept within due bounds toward all mankind. Morality is an expression in man of the Divine.

Enduring values or fruitful in all sorts and conditions of men; and when implanted in those of the roughest enterior and materially impoverished, will thrive and produce an abundant harvest of good. Moral consciousness planted in whatever soil constitutes an enduring value.

The citizen within a Democracy has the right to rule only to the extent that he is fit to govern. Self-government commences with government of self. That citizen is well governed who through proper education, alertness, and high-principled purposeful interest, is sovereign. Genuine freedom through right rule is possible only through fitness and enlightened self-interest. Within a Democracy the citizen is sovereign only when subject to the influence of enduring values.

THANKSGIVING

There are cakes in the pantry,
Up high and down low;
There are pies in the cupboard,
A most tempting row.
In the big baking pan
Is a turkey, my dear;
What can it mean else
Than Thanksgiving is near?

There are nuts on the sideboard,
And apples so red;
There's a squash in the cellar
As big as my head!
Potatoes and turnips,
And cranberries, dear—
You surely have guessed it,
Thanksgiving is here.

—Maude M. Grant.

OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

Did you ever stop to think how interesting it would be and what a lot of fun, too, if all of us were to march up the street past a stand in which all of us were sitting in review?

How do you suppose we would look to ourselves if we watched ourselves march past?

How would our inner selves look to our outer selves as they were lined up on parade?

How would we "stack up" if we see ourselves stripped of our outer veneer, marching side by side with others also denuded of "front," "poise" and "cover up?"

Some of our associates might be surprised when they found us strong where they thought us weak and weak where they credited us with strength —and we as well in regard to them.

If we could see ourselves as we went by there would be less self-complacency—less criticism of others and probably a feeling of undisguised regret for our own shortcomings would surge up within us.

I think we would clothe the faults of others with more charity—we would have more tolerance for those who, because of differences in natural talents, in interests and with divergent backgrounds in education or culture, strike no harmonious note within us.

Between our faulty selves and our faulty neighbors would be welded a chain of sympathy and understanding—and our mutually obvious virtues would have the same effect.

Would it not be helpful to see in others what we miss in ourselves—would it not be nice to know a man who knows his own faults, who is glad in the success of others—who hates treachery, has courage, warmth, enthusiasm. All these qualities could be better developed were we to stand in review and watch ourselves march past.

In watching ourselves and others march by we would get a picture of many diversified interests, many different standards of thinking and doing and a vast variety of underlying motives that actuate conduct. Some would seem good, some bad—all would be tremendously human.

No doubt we would see in this multiplicity of personalities the same basic emotions—love, hate, joy, grief, fear, pity, reverence, envy, and all the rest.

I cannot help but feel that an astonishing picture would be presented in following the different reactions to these varied emotions. In some we would see them in balance and their happiness would be found—in others we would witness sorrow and discontent almost in direct proportion as these various emotions were allowed to slip their bonds.

On the diversified reactions to emotions may well depend to a noticeable degree the differences in our various personalities.

As the caravan of our inner selves marched by our outer selves, one very common characteristic that was developed during the period of the war would form a common tie between the

marchers—restlessness.

For the last two decades many changes have and still are taking place in our social, political and industrial life, presenting new methods of procedure and thought. Many of these changes have been made effective, at least temporarily, and others loom in the offing as possibilities, which, if accomplished, will change the whole structure of our national life. Many never will become realities, but the threat of changes to be stirs up the spirit of restlessness in the very fibre of our body politic.

Wouldn't that be a parade, though?

It would be well if we could see face to face the minds and thoughts, hopes, visions, and ideals of all of us as our inner selves passed in review before our outer selves.

THANKSGIVING

Dear Lord, for all our harvests gathered in
From meadow, orchard, and from upland field,
Now safely stored away in barn and bin,
The largess that the earth was made to yield:
The apples and the corn from out the husk,
The golden wheat, the dripping honeycomb,
The round-faced pumpkins smiling through the dusk,
That, velvet-footed, stole across the loam,
We give our hearts in thankfulness to Thee,
We humbly lift our souls in songs of praise,
Thy kindness has filled our nights and days
With mystic music that can never cease
And builds a temple on the heights of peace.

Dear Lord, for strength to toil, for weariness
When each day's humble laboring is done
And through the silences gray shadows press
To veil the shining glory of the sun,
For candles beckoning across the gloom,
For brasses ranged above the fireplace,
For children playing in a little room,
For Love's caresses and Love's smiling face
We give our thanks to Thee, though we are clay,
That crumbles back into the waiting earth;
In songs of glad thanksgiving, lo, we pray
And lift our souls to Thee in joyous mirth,
Because our wisdom makes us understand
That all we have is from Thy kindly hand!

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

CHRONIC INDOLENCE

(The Hill-Top News, Michigan Reformatory)

Under the amicable policy of this institution involving medical attention or treatment to all inmates, the average attendence of Sick Line totals up to a generous fifty or sixty.

Many of these men who regularly attend this morning (medical) ceremony so congest the Line that it becomes more and more a matter of routine for the hospital staff to distribute a healthy quantity of headache and stomach pills for variously stated ailments. Of course the medical knowledge of the average inmate rests on a comparatively low level and it comes, as a consequence, that the prescription is unquestionably satisfactory.

Many of these common ailments doctored every morning on the Sick Line are purely habitual inertia, congested circulation, or chronic indolence. The personalities or characters of these Sick Line Riders are varied, and their reactions to different things stimulate, in their minds, the necessity of medical attention.

For instance, we have the Triple Threat Man: he tried for three years to "make" the baseball or football team. He feels, or thinks, that this may have a significant meaning in regard to his health, and consequently deems it necessary to attend the Sick Line whenever dispargement becomes too strong or intense to bear.

Next, there is the Raisin-Seated man: he applies raisin to the seat of his britches (during baseball or football season) to keep from slipping off the bench. His derogatory trend, in the sports area, may be credited to Ineffectual Activity, due to an absense of actual enthusiasm in the sport. In all probability, his signing with the team resulted from his desire to "be there" and his "disinclination to exertion" deranked himself to perpetual bench status."

Habitual inertia is a very dreaded ailment to anyone who conscientously wishes latitude in the social employment respect. As in baseball, he would be "out" before he reached first base.

Congested circulation is an ailment similar to the above mentioned palliation. One feels sluggish, out of sort, unable to cope with mere routine. Of course the doctor is very understanding and gives the sufferer a pill. It is not important whether he swallows the pill or not.

Chronic indolence — now, that's really something. This condition is worst of all. He not only seems to enjoy his ailment, but adds fuel to the consuming flames. This condition may be attributed to slow birth, or it may not. Every person is entitled to his or her own opinion.

There is, in addition, an ailment sometimes referred to as Lethargic Quiescence; another, Phlegmatic Torpor; Supended Animation, considered in a lighter vein, and created usually by Chronic Indolence. There are many more, but the ones cited should suffice for our purpose.

Such ailments strike at a moment of much activity, activity which does not agree entirely with a person's

character. This usually occures in in the morning perhaps five minutes before Sick Call; a slip comes back saying "Laid In."

All men suffering from these ailments are in common category and therefore should be treated, medically or otherwise, in a similar manner. Pills will not help these pathetic sufferers, nor will a surgical operation. But there is a panacea: good advice, First, force oneself if necessary to work all day without shirking, then get a good night's sleep. The sleep should come easy to a person who has worked all day and is a sufferer of the Common Ailment. Following this, he should arise at the specified time in the morning and wash in cold water to awaken himself.

If this advice is followed, the sufferer will no longer suffer from the stigma attached to "Sick Line Riders."

TIME OF PLENTY

Hickory nuts a-clatterin' down,
Leaves and vines, all turnin' brown;
Squirrels gatherin' nuts to store,
All the wild geese flyin' o'er.

Pears and apples lyin' round,
Corn shocks standin' on the ground,
Bins and garners filled and heapin',
Autumn's store of plenty keepin'.

Walnuts yieldin' up their store,
Cabbage, onions, beets galore;
Jellies, pickles, and preserves,
More than mortal man deserves.

Huge woodpiles where'er you go
Put to scorn cold winds and snow;
Full and plenty all the way:
Thankful hearts, Thanksgiving Day.

—Selected.

A PATRIOT VOTES

(Speakers Library Magazine)

It is a serious responsibility to be a citizen. His first ethical duty in the field of public service is his duty as a voter. He must use, protect, and cherish this right.

The citizen must vote if he would maintain a government of the people, by the people and for the people. Democracy depends upon it. A democracy is a group of people who get together in a common enterprise for the purpose of governing themselves.

All registered adult citizens, regardless of property or poverty, may vote. Their wishes can be best expressed through the ballot. One does not have to be a king or of the nobility to have a part in American government.

American voters should not be derelict in their duty, and they must not be negligent about taking part in elections. Under a democratic system of government like ours, the character of the government is largely what the voters make it. Every voter is a part of the government. As such, he has a destinct moral duty to exercise his fanchise in such a manner as to bring about the best welfare of the nation as a whole.

As a result of fifty years of agitation by those who felt that the discrimination against women was unjust and unreasonable, the nineteenth amendment to the Constitution was adopted, giving women equal suffrage with men. Since then women have taken a deep interest in elections.

Mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts, and relatives of veterans should remember that the ballot is just as essential to the maintenance of good government in time of war and peace as arms and a willing soldier in time of war, especially when our servicemen have been sacrificing their lives for the freedoms we enjoy.

There should be no indifference on our part. If popular government is to be a success, we must have an electorate, not only intelligent and honest but also wide awake and vigilant at all times.

Among the greatest dangers of popular government are indifference and neglect on the part of the voters. We should be greatly concerned about the failure of our friends to vote. We should contribute our share by going to the polls and voting and urging our neighbors to do likewise.

We have no right to criticize unless we do take part in elections. To fully participate in the official activities of our government is a patriotic duty, privilege and opportunity no citizen can afford to shirk because the majority rule is determined by the will of the people.

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A big man is usually a little man who has made use of his opportunities.—Sunshine Magazine.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Roy C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Romans 1:14-18. The subject of his message to the boys was "The Gospel and its Power," for which he selected as the text, Romans 1:16—"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

The speaker stated that what he had to say about the power of Christ's gospel would be in the form of four questions and answers, as follows:

(1) What is the Gospel? Jesus Christ himself is the gospel. The sum total of the whole life of the Master is the gospel. It centers in the person of Christ the Lord. The foundation of the Christian religion is Jesus. Christianity is the only thing that can save mankind. It is Jesus Christ who gives the gospel life and power.

(2) The Gospel—What it its power? Christ's power is a changing or a transforming power. In a person's life, Jesus takes the minus and makes it a plus. By the great power of the Master, the sinner becomes a saint; an ordinary person becomes extraordinary. No man can sink so low in the depths of evil living that the power of the gospel, through Christ, cannot elevate him to life's greatest heights. When this transforming power of Jesus enters a person's life, it makes of that person a true Christian. The gospel is something that makes men aware of God, and through its power they have the ability to do great things for mankind.

(3) What is the Gospel's Condition? The question arises: How may men receive the benefits of the gospel? First, we must receive Jesus into our lifes. It is very fine for us to admit that we believe in Jesus, and that he was the greatest man who ever lived, but that is not enough. We must let him take his rightful place in our lives. This is entirely a matter of choice. The Master will not force his way into the lives of men. While he stands ever ready to enter, it is necessary for men to give him the opportunity to come into their hearts and lives.

(4) What was Paul's Attitude Toward the Gospel? Paul very firmly stated: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." This great apostle knew wherof he was speaking. By reason of the great change in his own life, he knew of the gospel's transforming power. Paul was talking to the Romans, who were evil people, trying every means in their power to destroy Christianity. He knew their needs, for their once great empire was about to crumble. Paul told the Romans that he had just what was needed to change their lives—the gospel of Jesus Christ. He knew that was the only power which could save them.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt

stated that we should never be ashamed of Jesus, nor of the fact that we are trying to live according to his gospel. Any man should be proud to be a Christian, he added, for it is the finest kind of life that anyone can live.

PLYMOUTH ROCK

At the water's edge a cold stone lay,
Lashed by the ocean's chilling spray.
A hill sloped down to the stony beach
Where the sea crept up, the land to reach.

Beyond lay a wilderness of trees
Visited by winds from across the seas;
Day in, day out, the salt sea spray
Lashed the rock where it silent lay.

Covered it deep when the billows rolled,
Made it sparkle in beads of gold.
Weathering there the long years through,
The stone lay waiting its work to do.

The Pilgrims stepped from their boats secure;
The cold, lone rock, until then obscure,
Felt the feet of the maidens fair
With their eager eyes and their golden hair.

The adventurous feet of the young men told
How in unknown lands they'd be strong and bold.
There came the busy feet of boys
Who startled the silence with their noise.

And little girls laughed when their feet could press
This rock at the edge of the wilderness;
And the daring feet of the fathers came,
The wilderness to subdue and tame.

And determined feet of women brave
Their beloved ones from distress to save.
The rock stood firm beneath each tread,
And their weary hearts were so comforted.

That among the faithful gathered there
Mingled tears of joy and a thankful prayer
For that solid rock in the ocean's foam
That to them was a door-step to their new home.

—Leland B. Jacobs.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Liars are verbal forgers.—Chatfield.

—:—

The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.—Longfellow.

—:—

It matters not how long we live, but how.—Bailey.

—:—

Obedience alone gives the right to command.—Emerson.

—:—

Most of our comforts grow up between our crosses.—Young.

—:—

Where liberty dwells, there is my country.—Benjamin Franklin.

—:—

Habit is either the best of servants or the worst of masters.—Emmons.

—:—

Good luck is a lazy man's estimate of a worker's success.—Anonymous.

—:—

Have something to say; say it, and stop when you've done.—T. Edwards.

—:—

Courage consists, not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing and conquering it.—Richter.

—:—

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us even beneath those we hate.
—Rochefoucauld.

—:—

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, the last duty well done.—G. Macdonald.

—:—

Monuments! what are they? The very pyramids have forgotten their builders, or to whom they were dedicated. Deeds, not stones, are the true monuments of the great.—Motley

Assertion is not argument; to contradict the statement of an opponent is not proof that you are correct.
—Johnson.

—:—

Optimism: A cheerful frame of mind that enables a tea kettle to sing though in hot water up to its nose.
—Selected.

—:—

The best portions of a good man's life are his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.
—Wordsworth.

—:—

A truly American sentiment recognizes the dignity of labor and the fact that honor lies in honest toil.
—Grover Cleveland.

—:—

There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously, when we walk uprightly.
—Selected.

—:—

He that takes truth for his guide, and duty for his end, may safely trust to God's providence to lead him aright.—Pascal.

—:—

An ungrateful man is like a hog under a tree eating acorns, but never looking up to see where they come from.—Dexter.

—:—

When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.—South.

—:—

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.
—Jeremy Taylor.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

A bet can be made more ways than won.

—:—

A suicide blonde—one dyed by her own hand.

—:—

The dimmest lights have the most scandal power.

—:—

Some folks get all the life kicked out of them by trying to get a kick out of life.

—:—

Happiness has the advantage over great wealth. People don't try to borrow it.

—:—

An egotist is a man who talks about himself when you want him to talk about you.

—:—

This country would not be in such a mess today if the Indians had adopted more stringent immigration laws.

—:—

The funniest thing we ever saw was a hunchback fellow with a stiff neck watching an airplane circling overhead.

—:—

A noted novelist tells us that the best cure for hysterics is a kiss. The only problem now is how to give a pretty girl hysterics.

—:—

A policeman was questioning a man pinned under his overturned car. "Are you married?" he asked. "No," was the reply. "This is the worst fiix I have ever been in."

—:—

"Johnnie," asked the teacher during the arithmetic lesson, "how many make a million?" Johnnie, a business man's son, grinned and replied, "Not many, teacher."

In the course of a sanity trial the lawyer was cross-examining a witness. "And would you say," he aked, "that it was the defendant's habit to talk to himself when alone?" The witness pondered this for a moment, and then answered with due caution, "That's hard to say. You see, I can't ever recall being with him when he was alone."

—:—

The man had his nose in the newspaper and his wife was feeling somewhat neglected. "You never speak to me as affectionately as you used to, William," she complained. "Have you stopped loving me?" "There you go again!" growled William. "Stopped loving you! Listen, woman: I adore you, I worship you, I love you more than life itself. Now shut your big mouth and let me read my paper."

—:—

The editor of a small town weekly was severely criticized because of an error appearing in his paper, and in the next issue he had this to say about it:

"Yes, we know there were some errors in last week's paper. We will further agree that there were some errors in the issue of the week before, but before bawling us out too unmercifully about it we want to call your attention to these facts: In an ordinary newspaper column there are 10,000 letters, and there are seven possible wrong positions for each letter, making 70,000 chances to make errors and several million chances for transpositions. There are 48 columns in this paper, so you can readily see the chances for mistakes. Did you know that in the sentence. 'To be or not to be', by transpositions alone, 2,759,022 errors can be made? Now ain't you sorry you got mad about that little mistake last week?"

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 17, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Autry
Hugh Ball
William Epps
Ernest Johnston
Roger Ivey
Herbert Landrith
James Moore
Marion Ray
Jimmy Reynolds
J. W. Sorrell
Herbert Stewart

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnette
Hubert Black
Carl Church
Horace Collins
James Jones
Jack Lambert
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
Billy Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Paul Denton
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Jesse Hamlin
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Purdue
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright
William Phillips

COTTAGE No. 4

J. C. Alley
Joe Bean
Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
William Lewis
Coy McElvin
Lacy Overton
Harvey Purdy
James Smith
Roy Swink
James Wiggington
King Watkins

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
George Byrd
Julian Commander
Ralph Medlin
James Scott
Robert Wilkins
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
John Gregory
Earl Holleman
Richard Messick
Jerry Oakes
Robert Peavey
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery
Melvin Ledford

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Thomas Edwards
Edward Guinn
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall
Claywood Sparrow
Reuben Vester
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
Donald Fagg
Leslie Gautier
Miley Gunter
James Phillips
Eddie Meddlin
Carlton Pate
Melvin Radford
Raymond Cloninger

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14
Thomas Corley
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Charles Moore
Lawrence Owens
James Shook
James Smith
Thomas Styles
Charles Todd
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best
Henry Coffey
Howard Herman
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Thelbert Suggs
Ralph Stewart
Solomon Shelton
William Stamey

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Carlyle Brown
Thomas Chavis
Harvey Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Perry Martin
Donald Moose
Roy Orr
Bennie Payne
Jerry Ray

INFIRMARY
David Brooks
Thomas Davis
William Hunter

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of November 24, 1946

Nov. 28— Raymond Cloninger, Cottage No. 11, 15th birthday.
Nov. 29— J. Paul Church, Cottage No. 1, 15th birthday.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 30, 1946 No. 48

A LITTLE PRAYER

That I may not in blindness grope,
But that I may with vision clear
Know when to speak a word of hope
Or add a little wholesome cheer.

That tempered winds may softly blow
Where little children, thinly clad,
Sit dreaming, when the flame is low,
Of comforts they have never had.

That through the year which lies ahead
No heart shall ache, no cheek be wet,
For any word that I have said
Or profit I have tried to get.

—S. E. Kiser.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS— J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Raymond Byrd, Thomas Cottrell, Gerald Johnson, Harvey Leonard, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

SPORTS WRITER—Raymond Byrd.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—James Hensley.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Charles Francis, Thomas Stallings, Thomas Wansley.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

LIFT A LITTLE

Lift a little! lift a little!
Neighbor, lend a helping hand
To that heavy-laden brother
Who for weakness scarce can stand;
What to thee with thy strong muscle
Seems a light and easy load,
Is to him a ponderous burden
Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Effort gives one added strength;
That which staggers him when rising
Thou can hold at arm's length.
Not his fault that he is feeble,
Not thy praise that thou art strong;
It is God makes lives to differ,
Some from wailing, some from song.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Many they who need thine aid;
Many living by the road-side,
Neath misfortune's dreary shade.
Pass not by, like priest or Levite,
Heedless of thy fellow-man;
But, with heart and arms extended,
By the Good Samaritan.

—From An Old Scrapbook.

GOOD HEALTH PROGRAM IN NORTH CAROLINA

Within recent months the minds of the people of North Carolina have been focused upon the topic of health improvement. There has never been another period in the history of the state when the people of the state were so universally conscious of the deficiencies in our health program and of the great needs before us for facilities

to remedy the deplorable conditions.

During the administration of Governor J. M. Broughton, a movement was inaugurated to bring about an expansion of hospital facilities and the general improvement of all the health-serving agencies of the state. In the words of Governor Broughton himself, the purpose of this movement was expressed thus: "The ultimate purpose of this program should be that no person in North Carolina shall lack adequate hospital care or medical treatment by reason of poverty or low income."

One of the factors that enter into the awakening of the people of the state was the fact that in the Selective Service program of the nation, North Carolina had the highest percentage of rejections of any state in the union. The rejection rate for the state, sad to say, was 56.8 per cent, according to the **University News Letter,** issue of March 14, 1945. At the same time, the average percentage of rejection in the nation was 32.2 per cent. In comparative statistics, North Carolina had the worst record of any state in the nation. In other phases of our health program, such as infant mortality, tuberculosis, and other afflictions, North Carolina ranks far above the average in the nation.

In 1941, North Carolina stood in 42nd place—tied with South Carolina—in the number of general hospital beds per thousand population, and in the same position in the number of doctors for its people. In addition, we have always had in the state too few trained medical personnel—nurses, dietitians, doctors of public health sanitary engineers, medical technicians, and health educators.

> In a state which has long considered itself a leader in the South, it is a shocking revelation that in the number of hospital beds per thousand population, 41 of the 48 states in the Union now rank ahead of us. We are 44th in the 48 states in the number of physicians per thousand population. Thirty-eight of the states have a lower percentage of infant death rates. In the selective service rejections for physical defects in 1944, only one state had a higher rate than North Carolina.

Dean Davidson, of the Duke University Medical School, recently made this significant statement: "The South needs twice as many doctors and three times as many hospital beds" to raise medical facilities to the average of the nation as a whole.

With reference to North Carolina's health program, the **University News Letter,** of November 29, 1944, makes the following observations:

> Medical care is not an ordinary commodity. It has to do with the happiness of our people and the security of our nation. Every citizen, however lowly, and regardless of his financial, racial, and religious status, is entitled to, and should receive the best medical care obtainable. The problem boils down to this:
>
> If the people of North Carolina are to have the adequate medical care to which they are entitled, we must have more doctors, more trained medical personnel of all types, more hospital beds, better distribution of both hospitals and doctors, and communities must be encouraged to realize their responsibility to the indigent sick.
>
> There must be increased health education to educate the public to utilize facilities provided, and convenient and easy methods of payment of hospital and medical care bills through prepayment insurance. All phases of the problem must be attacked simultaneously.

In North Carolina there is a new program designed to further and promote in all phases the possibility of better medical care for the citizens of the state. This Association is organized as the Good Health Association, with headquarters in Durham. Mr. Harry B. Caldwell, a very capable leader and four-time master of the North Carolina Grange, is now serving as executive secretary of this important organization. This Association is directly the outgrowth of the action of the Legislature of 1945 which established a Medical Care Commission in the state for the purpose of studying the health needs. The Good Health Association has for its objectives the following:

(1) State assistance in the care of the indigent sick.
(2) State assistance for building or enlarging local hospitals and establishing and equipping rural health centers.
(3) A medical education loan fund to help worthy North Carolina young men and women, who pledge themselves to practice in a rural community for four years.
(4) The expansion of the two-year medical school of the University of North Carolina into a standard four-year school.
(5) A special study of the medical education of Negroes.

(6) The promotion of voluntary or "Blue Cross" group insurance plans.

Thus, it is evident that the people of North Carolina are now determined to come to grips with this great problem which has reduced the efficiency of our citizenry and has reduced the growth of our children and has handicapped many of our people in their quest for happiness. There is in the state a great rising tide of popular opinion which is determined to have increased health facilities for all our people. It is most gratifying and encouraging that the state has become awakened and aroused to the heavey toll that has been exacted by ill health and improper medical care, and that the state is now on the threshold of inaugurating a state-wide vigorous program for better health.

In the life of the average individual there are five essential factors which determine individual success. These are as follows:

(1) Moral integrity.
(2) Good health—mental and physical.
(3) A good mind.
(4) A willing heart.
(5) Proper vocational training.

It is indeed a wise thing that the state has decided to place major emphasis in the next few years upon the question of good health. This is an area in our life which has been sadly neglected in the past, and whatever is done in the future will still, no doubt, leave us in an unfavorable position with the other states of the Union. In medical care North Carolina cannot afford to remain as one of the lowest states in the nation.

HYGEIA—GODDESS OF HEALTH

I am Hygeia,
Daughter of Aesculapius and Epione
And child of the full-fruited hills of Greece.

I am Hygeia, Goddess of Health;
Come, follow me up the mountainside
From the valley of sediment to the summits of purity.
I will put the breath of the lilac in your nostrils:
I will make your eyes like the windows to a cloudless morning;
I will put the fresh roses of dawn in your blood.

I am Hygeia.
And I come wherever men call me.
I walk in the gutters and give them the beauty of meadowlands
Flaming with flowers. I knock at the hovel
And turn all the windows to casements,
Its doors into portals. I hang on its wall in the sunlight
The rich tapestries of clean thoughts.

I am Hygeia;
Give me the prose of the city
And I will set it to exquisite music.
Give me the wombs of the mothers
And I will banish forever the darkness of birth.
Give me the limbs of the children
And I will give them a power and a fleetness
That shall outdistance all sickness,
And folly and woe and the travails of childhood.
Give me the youths and the maidens
That I may turn all their cravings toward wisdom.
Give me the mothers and fathers
And I will transform all their gardens to kingdoms,
Goddess of Health, crying ever and clamoring
To regain once more the lost multitude.
Will you not walk with me?
Will you not aid me?

Despair, despair—away forever,
Hygeia comes—the old sores are healing,
The hopeless smile again, the outcast starts anew.
O blessed offspring of Aesculapius and Epione,
I walk with thee to a new heart.

—Anonymous.

* * * * * * * *

THE ANNUAL SALE OF CHRISTMAS SEALS

The sale of Christmas seals throughout the nation began on November 25th. This is the 40th annual seal sale campaign in the United States. Proceeds from the sale of these seals are spent primarily for prevention and control measures rather than for the actual care of tubercular patients.

Almost every person will have an opportunity to make a contri-

bution to this worthy cause. No one is obligated to give a large amount, but rather it is a call that should touch the hearts of every individual. Every person should regard it as a privilege to have a part in this worthy enterprise. Most of the funds are utilized in helping those who are not financially able to help themselves, and unless they receive aid from some outside source, they never get it. It is not only an obligation, but it is a privilege for every person to help some.

The story of the Christmas Seal in America goes back to the autumn of 1907, when Miss Emily Bissell, a young public health worker in Wilmington, Delaware, became concerned about the fate of a little sanatorium on the Brandywine River. She was told it would have to close because there were no funds to keep it open.

"It must not close," she insisted. "I will do something." But the people of Delaware who could have helped her were not interested.

In her blackest moments, Emily Bissell recalled an article written by Jacob Riis, who had urged the adoption of the "Christmas Stamp" in America after observing its use in Denmark for a number of years. The penny stamp was the answer to her problem! She sat down and immediately sketched the design of America's first Christmas Seal—a wreath of holly with the words "Merry Christmas" in the circle.

After many rebuffs and much indifference, Miss Bissell placed her seals on sale, and at Christmas time a total sum of $3,000 worth of seals had been sold—ten times the quota needed to keep the sanatorium open.

The first nation-wide Christmas Seal Sale was in 1908, and netted $135,000. In 1945 the sale had reached an all-time high of $15,500,000. —From "Better Health," December, 1946.

* * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS CHEER FUND

The Christmas season is again approaching, and throughout the history of the School there has been a Christmas Cheer Fund for the boys here. Generally the contributions to this fund have been generous, and they have come from many devoted friends of the institution and particularly of the boys here.

This year our friends will again be given the opportunity to make

their usual contributions, and we wish to assure them that in doing this they will bring much cheer and happiness to the boys who are here. The funds are always spent for candies, fruits, nuts, or some small useful gift. Our friends are urged to make donations this year as generous as possible because of the fact that all goods or groceries purchased from this fund will cost more this year than in other years.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of December 1, 1946

Dec. 1—James Upright, Cottage No. 13, 15th birthday.
Dec. 1—Elbert Gentry, Cottage No. 14, 13th birthday.
Dec. 3—David Brooks, Infirmary, 15th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

The Picture Show

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

The show for this week was entitled "God Is My Co-Pilot," starring Dennis Morgan. He played as Captain Robert L. Scott. They were stationed in China, and he wanted to get into some action. He asked the general about it. The general said that he would let him. He went out to battle with some Japs. "Tokyo Joe," one of the Japs who used to live in America, fought with Robert. Robert killed him.

We liked this picture very much.

Football Game

By Miley Gunter, 9th Grade

On November 21, 1946, Jackson Training School played a return game with Barium Springs. Barium Springs defeated J. T. S. by the score of 12-6. They made two touchdowns in the first half of the game. Then in the last half of the game, Garvin Thomas made a touchdown. He is the speedy full back for J. T. S. Ussery tried for the extra point but failed.

After the game was over, the coach of the Barium Springs team brought two bushels of apples to the J. T. S. players. The boys enjoyed them very much.

Our History Work

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

Recently, the boys of the special sixth grade, under the direction of Mr. Hines, our teacher and principal, have been working on a unit of history work about the Romans. We have done very much in connection with this unit. It seems to me that the greatest characters in this unit are the following: Tiberias Gracchus, Gaius Gracchus, Julius Ceasar, and Augustus Caesar. We all appreciate the opportunity of making this study.

Radio Program

By Robert Kerr, 7th Grade

Mr. Hines was in charge of the radio program Tuesday morning. At that time, Miss Oehler's third grade sang some songs and recited some poems. The first song was "Praise Him, Praise Him" by a group of boys. Next there was a poem by Odene Chatman. It was "Indian Children." The boys sang two other songs, "Thank You, Father" and "Thanksgiving Time Has Come." Floyd Bruce recited a poem, "The Pilgrims Came." The boys sang "Can a Little Child Like Me?" Mr. Hines made a talk, and his subject was "Follow Up Necessary for Youthful Delinquents." He used as a basis for his talk an article which appeared recently in our school paper, "The Uplift." It was an article written by Judge J. P. Shore.

B. T. U. Intermediate Group

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

The man who was in charge of the

Intermediate Group was Mr. Crowder. Clifton Rhodes was in charge of the program. The first part on the program was by Clifton Rhodes; the second, Clyde Wright; the third, Robert Jarvis; and the fourth, Robert Kerr. Some of the topics were as follows: "Orphanage Superintendent", "Deans for Boys and Girls," and Teachers and Directors of Religious Education." We had closing prayers by different boys.

After we had returned to the auditorium, where the other groups had re-assembled, too, we had some special songs. They were sung by four boys, Clyde Wright, Talmadge Duncan, Bobby Duncan, and Bernard Webster. They sang "The Father's Care" and "Take Up Thy Cross". Our meeting closed with talks by Mr. Hines and Mr. Crowder. This was a very good meeting.

B. T. U. Junior Group Number 1

By Emory King, 5th Grade

The first thing on our program was a talk about the Jews. We had prayer by three boys, Leroy Shedd, Olin Sealey, and John McKinney. We sang a song, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Then we went to our classes.

Mr Puckett read the Bible. Then he asked us to tell what he had read. He had some of us to read the daily Bible readings. Then he talked and explained the meaning of the millennium.

B. T. U. Junior Group Number 2

By John McKinney, 2nd Grade

First we had some songs by the entire group. After that, Mr. Puckett gave a talk before we went into our group meetings. Mr. Sofness was in charge of our Junior Group Number II. He gave a talk.

Different boys made talks. The boys who made talks were the following: Floyd Bruce, Clyde Hill, J. C. Littlejohn, and others. Since our subject for discussion was "The Baptist Orphanage," Mr. Sofness told us about an orphanage that he visited in England one Christmas. The talk was interesting, especially when he told about what he gave the children, out of the things he received while he was in the service of our country and while he was in England.

Party Games

By Ray Roberts, 6th Grade

The other evening the boys in Cottage Number 10 played some interesting and enjoyable games. We played Bingo first. Then we played a game, the object of which was to make the boys laugh when they were trying not to laugh. In the next game, Harry Matthews got some smut on his fingers, and when the time came he raked his fingers over Charles Angel's face three times. His face had smut all over it. He had to wash it off then. Before we went to bed, Mrs. Liske asked us some riddles. We all thank Mrs. Liske for giving us this party, for we certainly enjoyed playing these interesting games.

Find Life Work

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

The weekly show in the auditorium

Tuesday morning, and again Tuesday afternoon, was "Find Life Work." Some of the things it showed are as follows: how men work in printing, selling, etc.; how to get an education —the subjects needed, like scienoe, mathematics, English, and history; how to find out about your qualifications for a certain type of work; and what the steps to success are—health character, general education, citizenship, special training, special interests and hobbies, etc.

The boys who were helping Mr. Hines in showing the picture were as follows: James Dunn, Clyde Wright, Clifford Martin, and Robert Jarvis.

Decorating the Room

By Clifford Martin, 6th Grade

Our room has been decorated by Luther Hull and Clifford Martin. Since Thanksgiving is coming soon, we used Thanksgiving pictures. Some of the pictures are as follows: turkeys, Pilgrims on their way to church, "The Return of the Mayflower," the picture of the Thanksgiving dinner, John Alden and Priscilla Lane, and a picture of the Pilgrims on the Mayflower. We have other pictures, too. They make the room look good.

Boys Sing at Church Service

By Clyde Wright, 7th Grade

Last Sunday, the invitation given by Rev. Mr. Hicks of the Southside Baptist Church was accepted. He came out to the School Friday and invited some of the boys to sing at his church both Sunday morning and Sunday evening.

The boys who sang Sunday morning were: Jesse Hamlin, James Christy, Olin Sealey, Bernard Webster, Billy Phillips, and Ben Wilson. They sang "I Know What I'll Do for Jesus" and "I Know the Lord Will Make a Way."

Sunday night the boys who sang were the following: Clyde Wright, Talmage Duncan, Paul Denton, Jesse Hamlin, James Christy, Bernard Webster, James Dunn, and James Arrowood. They sang four songs, "The Father's Care", "Take Up Thy Cross and Follow Me," "I'll Live for Him" and "When He Cometh." Mr. Hines, Clifton Rhodes, Robert Jarvis, and J. C. Littlejohn went along. We enjoyed going over to the church to sing. There were thirty-one people who were baptized into the membership of the church, and it was a very beautiful service.

The boys enjoyed going to the services very much.

Boys Go to Church

By Billy Jenkins, 6th Grade

The boys of Cottage Number 7 went to church last Sunday night at Rocky Ridge Methodist Church. We sang some songs, and Rev Mr. Harbison preached for about thirty minutes. He preached about the life of Samuel because he is now preaching every Sunday night about important characters from the Bible. He has extended an especial invitation to attend the services on Sunday night. We all appreciate that invitation. The boys of Cottage Number 7 report a very good service, and they are looking forward to going again some other time. Too, some of the boys of

the other cottages plan to attend the services in the near future.

More Boys Released

By Horace Collins, 6th Grade

Recently, some more boys of the Training School have been permitted to go to their homes. The ones who have been released most recently are Raymond Harding from Asheville and Harvey Purdy from Madison.

We hope these boys do well at their home.

News Items of Interest

By Jack Lambert and Claywood Sparrow, 6th Grade

Recently the boys of the School have been practicing the songs for Thanksgiving. We are practicing in the auditorium on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. All the grades assemble in there on those days. We are going to try to learn these songs well.

Sylvia Ann Peck has been to the hospital to have her tonsils removed. She came back Monday night.

Mrs. Baucom says that books about horses and dogs are liked best by the boys at the Training School. She says, too, that the Library could use more books such as "Black Stallion," "The Stallion Returns," "Tomahawk," "Trueboy," "Lassie Comes Home," "Shep," "Buckskin," "Thunderhead," and "The Call of the Wild,"

The other day Mr. White sent a boy around to tell us to come to the clothes room to get overall jackets. We like the overall jackets very much. They will keep us warm this winter.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

The desire for a fuller, richer life runs as an unbroken thread throughout the history of mankind. This yearning and aspiration to attain perfection is given expression in nearly every object of art. It is the dominant theme in literature and the inspiration of the world's great music. Religion, literature, music—these are the inseparable trinity to which man intuitively turns with faith and confidence for strength to hold a forward course unswervingly through every trial.

It is in these, rather than in the material things, that the spirit finds complete contentment. These irresistible forces alone possess the power to exalt and unify, and have inspired the noblest deeds of valor and sacrifice. However difficult the path, everyone will find courage in the knowledge that the beautiful things in life endure for all time.—Author Unknown.

PLANNING A PHYSICAL PLANT FOR A TRAINING SCHOOL

By H. B. Hickman

Any device so far invented to replace the values of a proper home for an adolescent boy is admittedly a substitute, and not as good. No one now subscribes to the old saw that "the poorest home is better than the best institution," but the provision of a constructive living environment for boys whose own homes have failed them remains a difficult and complicated matter. When, in addition, their schools and communities have rejected them so that they have been "sent away", the training schools to which they go have a responsibility of unique gravity.

No attempt is made in this paper to present a philosophy and program for the retraining of delinquents, except as discussion of buildings reflects certain ideas. Nor is it intended to be dogmatic about building equipment. An attempt is made to emphasize in terms of buildings the supreme importance of personnel and program. But no one has the final answers about the many building ideas that serve or hinder programs. In fact, many persons who are otherwise well informed have little knowledge of the issues peculiar to training school management.

Charles H. Johnson, Secretary of the former New York State Board of Charities and later a member of the State Board of Social Welfare, remarked to the writer some years ago that training schools are"full of dynamite," a fact that persons who are not actually in contact with the boys do not fully appreciate. He did not mean to imply that all delinquent boys were equally dynamite laden or that training schools should be built in the pattern of ammunition dumps—a series of separate cells, any one of which can detonate without setting off others. He was emphasizing the fact that training schools which, under present conditions, have to take all comers within certain ages house populations in which almost anything that is unexpected may happen and, being public services, are exposed to the comment and critism of any who may care to speak—sometimes with very devastating effect.

The provision of suitable quarters for staff and boys is therefore a matter of importance. We have long passed from the day when a school for delinquents was walled and fitted with cell blocks or fifty bed dormitories and barred windows. In fact, many training schools are now so open in their construction that neighbors are harassed by those boys who run away and steal their cars, even though the number of such boys may not be large in proportion to the total population. The schools are perhaps in an uncertain position between the freedom of casework implications and the rigidities of the older type of custody which is still a popular conception in the mind of the local public. How many times have we been told that what we need

is a good stout fence. On the other hand when one attempts to provide a place of secure custody for the minority who have demonstrated that they cannot or will not stay put other advisors insist that better programming and better personnel would make the provision of physcial deterrents unnecessary. And who can say with absolute assurance what measure of truth is in the respective points of view.

I start with the matter of custody for several reasons. In the first place it is the expectation of the public and the intent of the law; in the second place it represents the change that most impress the free-wheeling delinquents who come to the school, even though the environment be relatively open; and in the third place the great mobility of delinquent families and boys must be counteracted if the latter are to have any chance to absorb even the simplest training. The boys understand the implication of commitment in terms of custody rather better than some of those who comment on the work of training schools as though the population were all present on a voluntary basis, as in a boarding school. Some boys rebel, but the majority are willing to stay. If they were not, the training schools, being for the most part very open, would be depopulated.

How, then, is custody expressed in buildings? It should, first of all, be unobtrusive, in order neither to challenge the ingenuity of boys adept at leaving home, school, and shelters nor to make them feel like prisoners. In cottages this means the fewest means of entrance and exist from the building, one if possible, certainly not more than two, (not counting fire escape); such distribution of indoor space in the living quarters that the person on duty does not have to wonder what is going on in small rooms into which he cannot see or around corners where the boys may be, or from which they may have departed. Transparent partitions are a help, and good floor plans should definitely provide for full view, without reducing the space to a bare hall. Sleeping quarters should include a dressing room where clothes are kept at all times under observation. Steel sash carry their own unpleasant implication and cannot be called unobtrusive. If a boy is desperate enough to go through an ordinary pane he probably is in need of a great deal more than custody. High strip windows in dormitories or sleeping quarters give light and ventilation and are not too great a temptation. What the sleeping quarters should be is not a matter for dogmatic statement. In general it is assumed that there should be reasonable numbers of individual rooms decently furnished. If some boys ought to sleep in open quarters under more immediate supervision it is possible to combine dormitory space with rooms and to vary the number of the latter by the use of modern movable partitions, if this is planned from the beginning. Probably some of the rooms should be fitted with toilet facilities and provvided with locks.

In school, administration, shop and other central buildings much study should be devoted to the flow of traffic as well as to entrances and exits. Cross currents of boys pushing in various directions in halls and pas-

sageways are not conducive to anything but confusion, and confusion in turn, breeds unrest among unstable boys. There are other aspects of successful and acceptable custody but these principles are generally applicable for the majority of boys.

But is there not need of a secure unit where those may be kept who will not stay on other terms, or whose presence is a menace to other boys? No one has the answer to this vexing question. That some boys won't stay put is well known. That some should be segregated for a time from the general population because of dangerous or offensive behavior cannot be questioned. How is this to be done in terms of buildings? Not having the complete answer, certain suggestions may be offered.

In the first place, if there is a secure unit it should be secure, not a simply a make-believe which aggravates by simulating security. Because it may house seriously disturbed boys it should be very open to contant supervision. It should not be under the eyes of the general population, neither should it be an exile to Siberia. It should be easily accessible to medical and psychiatric service. If it is to be used for a long or relatively long periods it should have within it both recreation and occupational facilities, otherwise drudgery is substituted for program. It should, obviously, be a self-contained living unit. It should have a certain number of single rooms if that is not the provision throughout, and a proportion of these should be fitted with toilet facilities so that they may be locked if necessary.

Land use is of great importance. These are adolescent who need room in which to racket around without tresspassing on the activities of others. Living units should be so placed that they may have play space immediately available at all times for each group. It is unfortunate that shared play space makes groups wait impatiently for others to get out of the way. Moreover, individual space gives opportunity to staff and boys to develop some pride of ownership which may be expressed in planting and decorating about the living quarters. Gardens and farming have real values but are not within the scope of this paper.

A central athletic field of proper proportions is highly desirable for intramural contests as well as for the proper reception of visiting teams. It should be, if possible, adjacent to a gymnasium providing shower and locker space of both purposes. What size the gymnasium will be probably must be governed by the size of the population. But there should be indoor athletic facilities as adequate as possible. It is not satisfactory for the gymnasium to be used as an assembly hall as well, if that combination can be avoided. The floor suffers, it is difficult to schedule activities and the chances of an adequate gymnasium are decreased.

A central school building ought to include the latest in lighting, use of wall space, provision for visual and auditory education, convenient library with a section for staff. Most important are the arrangements for the movement of boys to and from classes, and the character of the toilets and plumbing. Indestructible fixtures have not yet been produced

but maintenance will be much reduced if faucet handles, etc. are not too easily detachable, and stopper chains make excellent adornments for zoot suits. Ease of supervision is promoted by the proper type of booths and the lasting quality of materials in an important consideration.

Shops should be adjacent to the school building if not actually a part of it. Far to often parents and the public— and the boys — think that being educated requires sitting behind a desk. Not only is it well for the sake of the boys to have the shops visibly a part of the educational equipment, but it is an impression that is beneficial for the instructors and is a convenience in the pursuit of related subjects in the classrooms. For example, the library ought to be equally accessible to all.

The religious life of adolescents who come to training schools has commonly been neglected. Yet this is one of the potentially powerful agents in these years. Makeshift quarters give a poor impresion of the standing of religion. Therefore proper chapels, properly furnished and used only for religious purposes ought to be provided. The usual question is whether one chapel can be adopted to the requirements of more than one faith, as was done in many military camps. It is better if this is not attempted because the differences in structure and fittings are too great to permit thoroughly satisfactory provision. Boys should become accustom to the practices of their religion in a normal setting, that is, in one that is specifically constructed for its purpose and similar to those which, hopefully, they may use in thelr communities.

In each chapel there should be a spacious office for interviews and instruction classes. The residence of the Catholic Chaplin who has daily Mass, may well be adjacent to his chapel or attached to it by a covered passageway.

Since most institutions are best placed outside of urban areas and thus do not have professional fire protection every effort should be made to reduce this hazard by employing non-combustible materials in construction, and by providing easily accessible and modern fire escapes. Even if fire drills are held it cannot be forgotten that this population is excitable and unstable and therefore apt to panic. Moreover, if the proper materials are used in modern ways the factor of maintenance can be considerably reduced. Much will depend on the skill of an architect in foreseeing such matters as the proper placement of pipes, accessibility of moving parts to servicing, proper roof drainage, hanging of doors and windows to avoid breakage and a multitude of other details.

Whether to have a central dining room should be determined less by considerations of possible food economy than of boy training. In general boys get better mealtime training in the smaller dining rooms of the cottages. But it may be that (as in New York state with an 8 hour day law), to much of all of the time of the housemother is used up by the end of the supper hour when all meals are in the cottage and the boys have no training by contact with her in their leisure hours. Perhaps then a noonday meal in a central dining

room would let the houseparents spread their hours in to the leisure time of the boys, a net gain thus being registered for the boys.

Breakfast and the evening meal might continue to be eaten in the cottages in a more homelife atmosphere, the noon meal being eaten centrally as is now common for many urban school children. Whether food can be carried satisfactorily to cottages from a central kitchen the writer does not know, never having seen it well done. Often it is not hot, stews seem to fit best into the containers, reheating in the cottages calls for kitchen equipment and the dishes are always washed in the cotages. In some places large dining rooms have been broken up by clever arrangement of partitions, so that groups have a measure of privacy with some variation in decoration, linen, etc.

Whatever plan may be adopted it is wise to get expert advice as to kitchen layout, refrigerator equipment and the distribution of space. Rapid advance is being made in the business of food handling, of which the widely known frozen food lockers are only one example.

Inasmuch as the services of professional staff are one of the keys to the effectiveness of the modern institution every effort should be made to have the working facilities they use as efficient as possible. A hospital or hospital quarters ought to be so arranged that the nurses have a minimum task in supervision, and should be equipped with the neccessary diagnostic and treatment facilities, properly housed in rooms provided for the purpose. Cramped space for clinic examinations, waiting in hallways ought to be avoided. Proper disrobing booths and similar amenities give the boys an idea of orderliness that would make a better impression for medical care.

It has been demonstrated both by observation and statistics that pleasant and comfortable quarters for staff who must live at the school are a good investment. Schools that have the best record for small turn over during the war years when high wages and military services drained away staff were commonly those where accommodations were good. Moreover, the strain of work with difficult boys is best relieved by relaxation in comfortable accommodations. This is transmitted directly into benefit to the boys who then associate with people who are not tired and on edge but refreshed from their free time. Improving the quality of staff is greatly aided when the quarters in cottages and staff buildings approximate those which the usual householder has in his home. Not a few superintendents have had desirable people refuse employment because of baren, poorly furnished or inconvenient living accommodations.

Certain assumptions underlie this brief statement. It is assumed that some small type of living unit is better for boys than a congregate building, that boys need space, that a great deal of thought must go into arranging the details of the interior of buildings and that employees are able to work best when they live comfortably.

Two others may be noted. It is desirable that as many as possible of the staff live away from the school,

but the actual proportion will depend somewhat on the location and the proximity of neighboring communities. It must be recognized that a certain number of responsible people must live on the property since a school is a twenty-four hour undertaking in maintenance, safety, health care, etc. Therefore, sufficient staff should be available at the school.

Economy of time an effort of staff is real economy, directly beneficial to the boys. One of the advantages that an institution should offer is a battery of services, professional and other, assembled for efficient use. The same principle is responsible for the great development of centralized schools to replace scattered one room schoolhouses. Therefore the offices, the hospital, clinics, administrative accommodations and instructional facilities ought to be in easy proximity to each other and to the point where the largest number of boys are accessible most of the time. This commonly means that these various services should be grouped with the school building and the shops.

The majority of boys sent to training schools need to be socialized, that is, to learn to live acceptably with other people—adults and contemporaries. They also need certain services: medical, educational, psychological case work discipline, phyical educational. It would seem clear that adolescents, about to step out into adult responsibility, should have practice living with groups that are well chosen and not to large. The cottage which came into use as a reproduction of a family home, remains an appropriate form for such grouping. The numbers should not be beyond the effective reach of houseparents' influence for they are in the position of leaders to the boys. Nor should the group be so small that these delinquent boys, many of whom are solitarys, will not have enough variety of contact. Somewhere around twenty seems to be a favorite figure.

Dispersed living in groups of manageable size but with services assembled in a convenient center, seems to be a good formula for the two main aspects of training. Correlation of programs and the pooling of observations are prerequisites to that integration of purpose which is said to be the key to successful results. It is logical, then, to make it as convenient as possible for the people who have to pool observations and confer on programs to do so with the least waste of time and effort. Assembled services represent a single purpose as distinguished from scattered and possibly unrelated efforts.

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If thou wouldst be justified, acknowledge thine injustice. He that confesses his sin, begins his journey toward salvation. He that is sorry for it, mends his pace. He that forsakes it, is at his journey's end.—Quarles.

VICTORY FROM DEFEAT

By George Mason, in Hill-Top News

Wrestling glorious victory from seeming defeat is one of the most re-remarkable and wiseworthy feats that a man is capable of accomplishing. When a man is confronted by almost unsurmountable odds, even though his back is sorely bent and his brow is caked with blood, he pulls through successfully; there are few among us who are capable of refraining from admiring that man. Even though the ones who are not beset by such obstacles command a certain degree of our respect, the hard won victory dominates the zenith of our respect.

To prove that this wrestling of victory is indeed a remarkable feat, we have but to recall the pathetic figure who has failed, but remarks by the way of apology what would have happened if he had only done such and such, or struck it out just a while longer. It is not the loser we are apt to look upon with contempt—but the one who quits.

It is quite easy to lie down when one is obsessed from all positions; easy to say "What is the use? It is a losing battle." However, the major accomplishments of the world, or everyday living of life, were not made successful by adopting that attitude; on the contrary, in most cases, victory has materialized only after a continous succession of failures. Edison did not successfully harness electricity on his first attempt; or Henry Ford perfect his "gasoline buggy" from the beginning. These men, and many more, were successful only after tasting the bitter fruits of failure. The quality to continue under such a state of affairs is known as perseverence.

All of us, I am sure, have heard how Tony Zale, Middleweight Champion of the World, after being subjected to an unmerciful beating for six rounds, refused to lie down, and finally came through from his seemingly inevitable defeat to snatch the crown of victory. The reason for mentioning this incident is to clear up an important point—that was not luck in any sense of the word, but the reward of having "guts."

Helen Keller, the deaf, mute, and blind woman who educated herself above the level of the majority of normal individuals; Glen Cunningham, the track star and record breaker, who lost his power of walking while he was still a child; Franklin Delano Roosevelt thirty-second president of the United States, who, while he was yet a youth was attacked by the plagues of infantile paralysis; they are all familiar to us. Yet we fail to let their achievements over barriers serve as an inspiration to us to bigger and better things, by falsely believing their experiences are unique, or that the varied hanicaps which face us have no resemblance to theirs.

Of course many of us consciously or unconsciously have placed ourselves in a handicapped positioon; certainly the battles we will have to wage are somewhat different than selves in a handicapped position; mentioned, yet they are the same fun-

damentally. The same formula which others have employed and found successful will prove successful for us also, courage patience, perseverence and an unshakeable optimism.

When all the leaves of the book of life have fallen into place, those individuals who refused to be maimed, or toss up the white flag of defeat will be the selfsame individuals who will have an illuminated halo of victory wrapped around their heads.

THE PASSING OF TIME

The longer we live, the faster time goes. Time is like a ball rolling down hill. With each yard its speed increases.

The reason for this becomes clear if we recall how full and long the days seem when we are placed in a new environment. The first few days of a vacation, if we go to a strange place, seem longer than the succeeding two weeks.

In the early years of life, the senses are hourly stimulated by new experiences. Gradually, however, these senses are blunted and the days fade into one another, leaving almost no impression on our intellect. Birthdays come so fast that we lose the count.

Schopenhauer's reflections on this subject led him to lay down the rule that the length of any given year in a person's lifetime is in direct proportion to the number of times it will divide our whole life. At the age of fifty the year appears to us only one-tenth as long as it did at the age of five; at the age of sixty the fraction is reduced to one-twelfth; in other words, the fifth year is twelve times as long as the sixtieth year.

Schopenhauer contends that the time of boredom, therefore, is youth and not old age. Children are so thoroughly alive that they need constant occupation or they are miserable. To them an idle hour is like a day. In later years the days fly so fast that the old man is hardly aware that he is out of bed before he discovers that the time has come to retire. Is this a consolation, or a cause for regret?—Selected.

BOOK WEEK

By L. F. M., in Charity & Children

Children's Book Week, which is being observed this year November 10-17 was originated in 1918 as a means of calling attention to activities in the publishing of children's books. The John Newbery Prize, awarded at the annual meetings of the American Library Association, for "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children," was established in 1921 at the suggestion of Mr. Fredric G. Melchor, editor of Publishers' weekly.

For several years I had seen the words "Winner of the John Newbery Award" proudly stamped on the dust jackets of various books without knowing anything about the man for whom the award was named. The following facts were gleaned from the New International Encyclopedia and other sources.

Like many booksellers and publishers of 18th century England, John Newbery established a reputation or literary as well as business ability. The son of a poor farmer, he learned the value of books from experience; for though he attended the village school, he educated himself largely by reading. In 1745 he opened in London a bookshop and publishing house in St. Paul's Churchyard and thereafter started a number of newspapers. Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith were among his contributors.

But it is as the first publisher to issue books especially for children that he is honored today. The demand for juvenile books which would instruct while they entertained began to be felt toward the middle of the 18th century when the force of Puritanism had exhausted itself. Dr. Newbery met the demand with his Juvenile Library, made up of dainty volumes bound in flowery and gilt Dutch paper and illustrated with tiny woodcuts. Among them were Goody Two Shoes and Tommy Trip and Dr. Newbery's own "The Little Pretty Pocket Book." In this volume he gave the children "something to read something to do and something to learn." There were poems, games, riddles, proverbs, a letter to Jack the Giant Killer, and one or two stories. It was a formula which had been followed successfully by writers and publishers of children's books and magazines since that day.

In reading about John Newbery I came across the name of Johann Comenius who lived in Bohemia almost a hundred years before Dr. Newbery and is generally credited with having published the first illustrated book for the very young. His announced intention was to "entice witty children and remove scarecrows from wisdom's garden."

There is no award named in honor of Comenius, but there is the Caldecott medal, established in 1937 and awarded each year to the most distinguished picture book. Randolph Caldecott for whom it is named, was an English illustrator of the 19th century. His best work was a series of children's picture books beginning with John Gilpin, illustrated in color.

Throughout Book Week, November 10-17, we should like to honor all

those, living and dead, who have contributed to the field of children's literature, whether as writers, illustraters, editors, publishers or what have you. In addition we should like to speak a word in behalf of librarians who devote their time to bringing together children and books. On one hand is a vast company of young people with hungry, questioning minds, and on the other is a treasury of books, old and new, waiting to be read. Honored are they who have the happy privilege of bringing the two together.

THERE ARE TWO SEAS

There are two seas in Palestine. One is fresh, and fish are in it. Splashes of green adorn its banks. Trees spread their branches over it, and stretch out their thirsty roots to sip of its healing water. Along its shores the children play.

The River Jordan makes this sea with sparkling water from the hills. So it laughs in the sunshine. And men build their houses near to it, and birds their nests; and every kind of life is happier because it is there.

The River Jordan flows on south into another sea. Here is no splash of fish, no fluttering leaf, no song of birds, no children laughter. Travellers choose another route, unless on urgent business. The air hangs above its waters and neither men nor beast nor fowl will drink. What makes this mighty difference in these neighbor seas? Not the River Jordan. It empties the same good water into both. Not the soil in which they lie; not the country round about.

This is the difference. The Sea of Gailee receives but does not keep the Jordan. For every drop that flows into it another drop flows out. The giving and receiving go on in equal measure. The other sea is shrewder, hoarding its income jealously. It will not be tempted into any generous impulse. The Sea of Galilee gives and lives. This other sea gives nothing. It is named the Dead. There are two seas in Palestine. There are two kinds of people in the world. Which kind are we?—The Christian Index.

BIG LITTLE THINGS

By John B. Murray

Measured by their importance, the little things are often the big things. The atom is the biggest thing in the material world. The secret of the universe is in the nature of the atom; the wisdom and power of the Creator are manifest in the creation of the atom. The eye is impressed by size, the ear by sound, but the intelligence by the means and value of things.

As the nature of every material thing is determined by the atoms which compose it, so human life, happiness and character are determined by the little things, words and deeds of which the days and years are composed.

It is all the little, mean things the petty faults, the nagging words, selfish demands, irritating complaints and grumblings, impulsive acts, inconsiderate deeds that spoil life. They strike the discordant note that destroys the harmony of life's relations. They are the germs of the diseeases undermining the health and happiness of homes and neighborhoods measured by their effects on the health and happiness of men and women, individually and socially.

The good life in like manner is composed of atoms of "little" acts of kindness and "little" deeds, of love. Happiness is the creation of these thousands "little things," words and deeds, both the happiness of him are her who says and does them and the happiness of him are her to whom they are spoken and done, for human life is the most delicate and finely wrought of mechanisms. It demands 'loving care'—more so than the finest of watches. Kindness, thoughtfulness, sympathy and love are always the "little things," for they are the componets of goodness and goodness is the greatest thing in the world, for goodness is godliness.

So it is, then, that the thoughts of a man or woman are in all these countless "little things," in them is the best, the revelation of the spirit, the strength and quality of man or woman. Almost anyone can be a hero on occasion. It is in men and woman, when great occasions call, to do brave deeds and speak brave words, but he or she who can be patient and gentle and kind in the midst of all disappointments and obstacles, criticisms and unjust judgments, annoyance and irritations, petty faults and meannesses, the follies and foolish blunders of friends and foe, is the man or woman who stands out above all of his or her fellows in genuine worth and greatness of manhood and womanhood, and who is loved by all from the cradle to the grave from the grave to the high heavens, the Creator.

The man who studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green which otherwise would heal and do well.—Bacon.

THE FIRST ORGAN IN AMERICA

By Bruce H. Price

The first pipe organ in America was imported from England in 1708 by Thomas Brattle. This organ, called the "Brattle Organ," is still usable, and may be heard in St. John's Church, Porthsmouth, N. H.

In a personal letter Rev. Robert H. Dunn, rector of the church, says: "This is the oldest organ in America. We have it tuned up and made ready for playing on occassions when we think the congregration might be interested in hearing it. But we use for our worship another and much later organ in the gallery of the church."

Mr. Brattle lived in Boston and purchased the organ for use in his home where it remained until his death in 1713. In his will it was left to the Brattle Street Church, Boston, where he was a loyal member and one of the founders of this Puritan congregation. Because of a heated controversy in New England concerning whether music had any place in a church or not, Mr. Brattle was not sure Brattle Street Church would accept the organ. This caused him to add in his will—"given and devoted to the praise and glory of God in the said church, if they shall accept thereof and within a year after my decease, procure a sober person that can play skillfully thereon with a loud noise."

In case of non-compliance of Brattle Street Church the will provided that the organ should become the property of King's Chapel of the Church of England in the same city. According to the records Brattle Street Church refused to accept the instrument and its possession passed to King's Chapel.

It was used in its new location until 1756 when it was sold to St Paul's Church (Episcopal, Newburyport, Mass. In 1836 it was purchased by its present owner, St. John's Church.

America's oldest organ is small compared to modern organs. It is eight feet two inches high, five feet wide, and only two feet seven inches in depth. The case is of recent make, but the old wind chest and most of the pipes of the original organ remain, and some of its notes are of unusual sweetness.

Thousands of tourists each year pass through Portsmouth and visit "the first organ that ever pealed to the glory of God in this country."

It matters little whether or not Christianity makes men richer. But it does make them truer, purer, nobler. It is not more wealth that the world wants, a thousandth part as much as it is more character; not more investments, but more integrity; not money, but manhood; not regal palaces, but regal souls.—E. G. Beckwith.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. S. W. Hahn, D. D., pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, was the guest speaker at the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read John 1:35-49, and the subject of his message to the boys was "The Young Man's Christ."

Dr. Hahn began by asking the boys if they had ever tried to imagine what Christ looked like. If we were artists, he added, we would be interested in the Master's height, weight, color of his eyes, etc., and he urged each boy present to try to picture in his mind how Jesus looked as he lived on earth among men.

So many of our writers, said the speaker, have given us word pictures of Christ which are incorrect. For instance, he has been called "The Pale Galillean," by a number of noted writers. Such a description has caused many people to believe him to have been a pale, narrow-chested thin sort of individual.

Dr. Hahn then called attention to the fact that our Saviour spent most of his life on earth out in the open. We read how he lived out-of-doors, sleeping under the clear sky at night. He walked with his disciples from place to place, covering many miles. It is absurd, therefore, to assume that he was anything but strong physcially. We have every reason to believe that he was a robust man, such as is usually produced by outdoor life.

We cannot believe, said Dr. Hahn, that men of the time of Christ would have left their business and their homes to follow a man who was a weakling. Just as is the case today, men like to follow leaders who are strong. Then, too, mos tof those disciples who followed the Master were brawny fishermen. From early boyhood they had worked at fishing. They were required to haul in very heavy nets by hand; they had to row heavy fishing boats. That sort of life caused them to develop into muscular men. It is hardly likely that they would have elected to follow one far weaker than themselves.

The finest portrait of the Master, said the speaker, is the one called "The Good Shepherd." In this painting Jesus is shown in the act of rescuing a sheep which had fallen into a deep ravine. Could a man with little or no muscular development do such a thing? We are assured beyond doubt that Christ was strong in body. It was King Solomon who said, "The glory of a young man is in his strength."

Dr. Hahn then called attention to some of th eelements of the strength of Jesus, as follows:

(a) We have every reason to believe that Jesus, instead of being a weakling, as some writers would have us think, was quite strong in body.

(b) Jesus was strong in mind. He possessed the greatest intellect the world has ever known. Even at the tender age of twelve years, he amazed the most learned men of his day.

(c) Jesus was strong in his compassion for people who had gone wrong. Christ is strong in his love for a lost world.

It is truly a great discovery, said Dr. Hahn, when a person realizes

that Jesus loves him. He then told the following stories showing the love of the Master for man:

The first story was concerning a boy who once lived in Hickory, N. C. This lad lived in the part of town known as the "Negro section." Practically all of the members of the family were constantly in trouble of some sort. A worse environment for a growing boy could not have been found anywhere. A local minister of the gospel became interested in the boy. They formed a strong friendship. The boy began to attend church and Sunday school regularly. Through the influence of the minister, the boy developed into a fine young man. Today, that young man is one of the leading clergymen in the Episcopal Church in Tennessee.

The other story told by the speaker was about a man who was known as the town drunkard. He could usually be found lying on the park benches, sobering up, after a long period of drunkenness. He had committed many crimes, and had spent considerable time in jail. There seemed to be no hope for him. Finally, his attention was attracted by a group of traveling evangelists. Meetings were being held in a large tent each night. This disreputable character attended the meetings, and was converted. He found that Jesus had the power to save him. Twenty-five years later, that man had become a leading citizen of the town. He was a regular church attendant, and was the teacher of a large men's Bible class. This man, once the town's worst character, had gained the respect of all who knew him.

Jesus Christ is still among us today, said Dr. Hahn. He is ready to lift us up as he did that boy and that man.

In conclusion, the speaker told his listeners that Jesus is constanly saying to each one of us, "Let me give you a chance in life." If we will only take advantage of this great opportunity, ours will be a life of joy and usefulness on earth, and a life of eternal happiness in the world to come.

This was Dr. Hahn's first visit to the Training School. He very clearly demonstrated his ability to hold the attention of the boys, and at the same time to give them a message that was truly inspiring and uplifting. Both the boys and the officials of the institution hope that Dr. Hahn will find it convenient to visit us again soon.

———:———

The general diffusion of the Bible is the most effectual way to civilize and humanize mankind; to purify and exalt the general system of public morals; to give efficacy to the just precepts of international and municipal law; to enforce the observance of prudence, temperance, justice and fortitude; and to improve all the relations of social and domestic life.—Chancellor Kent.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

While thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.—Shakespeare.

—:—

Helping someone else is the secret of happiness.—Booker T. Washington.

—:—

The way to fame is like the way to heaven, through much tribulation.
—Sterne.

—:—

No nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life.
—J. G. Holland.

—:—

A handful of patience is worth more than a bushel of brains.
—Old Dutch Proverb.

—:—

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.—Bulwer-Lytton.

—:—

The more you practice what you know, the more you shall know what to practice.—W. Jenkins.

—:—

You will never "find" time for anything. If you want time, you must make it.—Charles Buxton.

—:—

Wise sayings often fall on barren ground; but a kind word is never thrown away.—Arthur Helps.

—:—

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world.—Carlyle.

—:—

The covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in everything and part with nothing.
—South.

A good listener is not only popular everywhere, but after a while he knows something.—Wilson Mizner.

—:—

If any man seeks for greatness, let him forget greatness and ask for truth, and he will find both.—Mann.

—:—

Gratitude is not only the memory but the homage of the heart—rendered to God for His goodness.—Willis.

—:—

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

—:—

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.—Bulwer-Lytton.

—:—

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.—James Russell Lowell.

—:—

False friends are like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.—Bovee.

—:—

We are members of one great body, planted by nature in a mutual love, and fitted for a social life. We must consider that we were born for the good of the whole.—Seneca.

—:—

To do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in, and scramble through as well as we can.
—Sydney Smith.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

There is a vast difference between a beautiful singer and one who can sing beautifully.

—:—

Some motorists evidently think a locomotive whistles at a crossing just to keep up its courage.

—:—

Winter is that blessed season when a pesky fly doesn't light on your nose at five o'clock on Sunday morning.

—:—

You may tell a modern girl that her hair looks like a mop, but that does not worry her the least bit. She doesn't know what a mop looks like.

—:—

The man hiring the private car inquired of the owner how many it would hold. "Well," he answered reflectively, "It'll generally hold four people, but you can get six in if they are well-acquainted."

—:—

The street car passenger counted out his fare in pennies into the conductor's hand. "Aw, I can't take those pennies," objected the conductor. "Then give them to the company," said the passenger, turning to his newspaper.

—:—

A recent bulletin on the care of babies tells us that a careful mother will see to it that her baby is never kissed on the mouth. Mothers can probably handle the situation pretty well until the baby gets to be about sixteen years old.

—:—

A little girl looked up from her school books. "What's a pedestrian, daddy?" she asked. The long-suffering and experienced father sighed as he replied, "A pedestrian, my child, is a man with a wife, two sons, three daughters, and one automobile."

—:—

The man was bending over to tune his radio when he felt a sudden twinge of pain in his back. "I do believe I'm getting lumbago," he said to his wife. "What good will it do you?" she answered. "You won't be able to understand a word they say."

—:—

The manager was questioning the applicant for the job. "How old are you?" he asked. "Twenty-four," replied the young man. "And just what do you expect to be five years from now?" "Twenty-nine," said the ambitious young fellow promptly.

—:—

An inspector was rushing his visit to a somewhat crowded school as much as possible. "Are there any abnormal children in your class?" he asked one worn-looking teacher. "Yes," she replied with a worried frown, "there are two of them who have good manners."

—:—

The farmer's son had just returned home after graduation from college. "The important thing now, father," explained the boy, "is for me to choose a large field where my talent can be employed to the best advantage." "I've already figured that out, son," replied the hard-working father. "You can have that ten-acre cornfield all to yourself."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 24, 1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Autrey
Hugh Ball
William Epps
Ernest Johnston
Roger Ivey
Herbert Landreth
James Moore
Marion Ray
Jimmy Reynolds
J. W. Sorrell
Herbert Stewart

COTTAGE No. 1

Hubert Black
Paul Church
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Jack Lambert
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Harry Thompson
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 3

Paul Denton
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Jesse Hamlin
Robert Jarvis
Clifton Rhodes
Benard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright
William Phillips

COTTAGE No. 4

J. C. Alley
Joe Bean
Herman Galyan
Coy McElvin
Lacy Overton
Burton Routh
James Smith
Roy Swink
Clifford Shull
Robert Thompson
James Tew
James Wiggington

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
George Byrd
Julian Commander
Earl Hoyle
Ralph Medlin
Robert Wilkins
Howell Wilkinson
Howell Willis
James Scott

COTTAGE No. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Edward Guinn
Jerry Peavey
Robert Shepherd
Claywood Sparrow
Ruben Vester
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
R. L. Crawford
Charles Francis
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Harry Matthews
Clifford Milom
Robert Trout
Garvin Thomas

COTTAGE No. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Charles Moore
Lawrence Owens
James Smith
Thomas Styles
Charles Todd
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Henry Coffey
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Howard Herman
Carl Hall
Marcus Hefner
Herman Kirby
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Evan Myers
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Carlyle Brown
Thomas Chavis
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Donald Moose
Robert Phillips
Jerry Ray

INFIRMARY

David Brooks
Thomas Davis
William Hunter

TEN LITTLE AUTOS

Ten little autos, road and weather fine; one hit a culvert—then there were nine.
Nine little autos, one a little late; driver struck a railroad train—then there were eight.
Eight little autos—but one went to heaven, running through a stop-light—then there were seven.
Seven little autos speeding through the sticks; one skidded off the road—then there were six.
Six little autos until one took a dive through an open draw-bridge—then there were five.
Five little autos, one with rattling door; driver tried to shut it —then there were four.
Four little autos, one climbed a tree, but didn't do it very well —so that left only three.
Three little autos, one driver was a "stew"; loaded up on high-balls—that left only two.
Two little autos, tried to beat the gun when the warning signal flashed—then there was one.
One little auto around the corner tore; hit a truck—that's all there is; there isn't any more!—A. K. White.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 7, 1946 No. 49

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THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON

The bells are ringing, it's time to forget
The misunderstanding of yesterday.
Let your heart be jolly and happy
While you lay your grudges away.
Life is short, life can be sweet,
If your brother you try to aid—
Down that steep and unfortunate by-way
Where the light and dawn begins to fade.
And so, I clasp your hand in friendship,
And if you want to know the reason
That my heart is young and gay,
It's the Spirit of the Holiday Season.

—Guy Sharber.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

CHRISTMAS GIVING

Of all the Holidays on earth,
The Lord divinely blest,
The day that marks the Saviour's birth
Is holier than the rest.
It brings to children Santa Claus,
And happy hours of living,
And to their doting Pa's and Ma's
The blessed joy of giving.

While some, perhaps, may give away,
To distant friends and brothers,
The fancy ties and socks that they
Received last year from others;
Or cards, with verses such as this,
Enough for all the living,
These bring to us the double bliss
Of giving and forgiving.

For gifts are tokens of good will,
However humbly given,
And friendship is a gift that still
Must be adored in heaven;
So, may our friendship never end,
Though mortal days are fleeting,
Accept the good wish of a friend,
In this, my Christmas Greeting.

—C. A. Snodgrass.

(Used by special permission of the author.)

HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL FOOTBALL SEASON AT THE TRAINING SCHOOL

The regular football season here at the school ended with the championship games on Thanksgiving Day. Sometime prior to that time, however, the school teams which had competed in tackle

football with outside teams had ended their schedule and put away their equipment.

All in all, it can be said that we had a very fine football season, embracing both the cottage teams and the teams that competed with outsiders. At the beginning of the season a very large percentage of the boys here had never played football, and, in fact, they knew practically nothing about the game. With the help of Mr. Walters and some of the other staff members, as the season progressed the boys learned many of the tricks of the game, and they reached the point where they thoroughly enjoyed their participation in this sport. It is felt that we accomplished in a full measure the goal which we had in mind, which was to provide wholesome participation in sports by every boy at the school. No one can fully realize how much benefit the boys derived from their sports during the football season unless he stayed closely with the contests and saw the boys from time to time as they put their very best efforts into the games.

Probably the highlight of all the football season came on Thanksgiving Day when, in the morning, the teams from Cottages Nos. 1 and 15 played, with Cottage No. 15 winning by the close score of 7 to 6. The boys of Cottage No. 15 are to be congratulated, but so are the smaller boys of Cottage No. 1, who were much lighter and had not played together all the season. At the same time these two teams were playing, the boys of Cottages Nos. 10 and 11 were battling for the championship of the other league, and this game ended in a 2-0 victory for Cottage No. 10.

In the afternoon, the teams from Cottages Nos. 10 and 15 met for the royal battle of the day. This was a grand game. Probably the most outstanding play made by Carl Hall, of Cottage No. 15, who received a long forward pass and ran for his team's only touchdown. Many of the other boys, however, played good games and deserve favorable commendation for their good sportsmanship. The boys at the school were all thrilled with enthusiasm at the opportunity of seeing these two fine teams play. Incidentally, the boys from Cottage No. 11 deserve much praise for their fine team.

In tackle football, Mr. Walters arranged a program which included boys of all sizes, from the smallest to the largest. Although

the older boys failed to win any games, it should be said they had a most successful season. Most of these boys had never played football before, and they had to learn the game from "scratch." Almost every boy took much interest in this sport, and will be a different boy from this time on. They learned most of the rules of good playing and good sportsmanship. They learned the importance of teamwork, and they learned the importance of listening to the directions of the coach. We know that while Mr. Walters was disappointed in not winning more games, he still has much pride in the showing that his boys made. Much of the success was due to the interest of Mr. Walters and his love of the boys. He not only provided the schedules for games, but he arranged to take the boys to see outside games, and he looked after a multitude of details in connection with the equipment. Many of these fine boys will remember Mr. Walters' efforts down through the years, and as time advances they will appreciate more and more what he did for them.

* * * * * * * * *

THESE DIFFICULT DAYS IN AMERICA

The people of the United States now find themselves confronted on every hand with most unusual domestic problems relating to the national economy. There seems to be in our midst a vast storm of confusion and uncertainty for which there appears no solution. On every hand the nation is being "thrown for a loss." To the average American the issues of the hour are filled with mystery and doubt.

We are obviously living in an unpredictable moment in history and there seems to be no leader with enough wisdom or prestige to master the situation. Most people are so disturbed and so unsettled in their emotions that apparently they are not inclined to listen to the voice of reason. Unfortunately, there is far too much selfish greed among the various groups that are contending for advantages beyond reason, so that it becomes impossible to arrive at fair settlements at the conference tables. Hence, we have wide-spread strife and bickerings which are tending to weaken and destroy our strength and prestige throughout the world.

In this critical hour it would be wonderful if we could but have the spirit of our soldier lads who faced the enemy on D-Day at the

fateful time of the Normandy invasion. When they became fully aware of the dangers of the ordeal just ahead, with one accord they assembled in the presence of their chaplains where they invoked the blessings of God, and as individuals placed their destiny in His hands. No one, from then on, thought only of himself, but actually placed his life upon the altar of his country. With slow but steady steps he pitched in for the common cause. Nothing else mattered then.

Dorothy Thompson, in her recent article, "America's Greatest Problem," in **Ladies' Home Journal,** seems to have expressed some profound truths which should be heeded by all, as follows:

> The greatest problem that has faced post-war America has been that of maintaining the uninterrupted production of abundant goods of all kinds. If the present inflationary trends continue we shall have a most serious crisis, which will not only affect our own happiness but most adversely influence the whole world. An American depression would postpone any hope of world economic reconstruction and deepen the confusion, chaos and human suffering out of which demagogues arise, and wars occur, more from blundering fear than from malicious design.
>
> It is, I think, clear that the impasse in our economy is due to the lack of rational relations between organized labor, organized business and Government. The irrationality and instability are not mitigated by the attempts of some partisans of each to exploit the situation for the benefit of unionism or management. Nor has Government, since the end of the war, proved itself effective as a liberating and stabilizing agent. Our economy is, thus, in a state of anarchy, from which all suffer except the most anti-social groups who flourish best on anarchy and material shortages—the speculators and profiteers.
>
> "Labor" is not something apart from the people. Labor is the people. Nine-tenths of all American citizens live on what they can earn, by one or another form or effort, compensated for in wages or salaries or, in the case of farmers, by profits which are, in fact, wages of the self-employed. To be "anti labor is therefore to be anti-everybody; or anti-everybody except the very tiny fraction of citizens who live in idleness from the interest or dividends of past accumulations and exercise a negligible influence on the economy.
>
> All Americans work, in fact, for all other Americans. As producers, all who work create the only wealth which can be distributed, and, as consumers, are the leading market for that

wealth. Everybody has to be paid out of production, whether he receives a managerial salary, or a wage, or a royalty. In the long run, money is nothing but a medium of exchange for real wealth, which is not money, but things. What any of us receives in a pay envelope is much or little, according to how much and what quality of shelter, food, clothing, recreation and culture it will actually purchase.

I am convinced that there is very little real class animosity in this country, and that our leading problem can be solved with the mobilized good will and intelligence of our people—and a little more courage on the part of Congress.

In general, our present-day problems are so great and so complex that they baffle even the wisest, and they will never be settled unless they are approached in the spirit of give and take, of mutual sympathy and understanding.

Let's resolve now, before it is too late, to keep America great and strong.

* * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS CHEER FUND

The Christmas season is again approaching, and throughout the history of the School there has been a Christmas Cheer Fund for the boys here. Generally the contributions to this fund have been generous, and they have come from many devoted friends of the institution and particularly of the boys here.

This year our friends will again be given the opportunity to make their usual contributions, and we wish to assure them that in doing this they will bring much cheer and happiness to the boys who are here. The funds are always spent for candies, fruits, nuts, or some small useful gift. Our friends are urged to make donations this year as generous as possible because of the fact that all goods or groceries purchased from this fund will cost more this year than in other years.

Contributions to this fund to date are as follows:

Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Cheer Fund	$217.87
Board of Commissioners, New Hanover County,	30.00
A. W. Klemme, High Point,	5.00
"7-8-8," Concord,	25.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

News Items of Interest

By Clyde Wright, 7th Grade

Two more boys have been released to go to their homes. They were Elzo Fulk, of Greensboro and James Jones, of Durham. We hope these boys make good.

Last Sunday, some of the boys of the Training School went to the Southside Baptist Church. They enjoyed the service, and they are thankful that they could go. The ones who went last Sunday were Lindsay Elder, Daniel Johnson, and Lloyd Perdue.

Mr. Hawfield recently said that each boy may write home twice a month now. The boys are writing again this week. We appreciate this, and our parents do, too.

The boys have been learning some Thanksgiving songs. The songs that all of the boys learned are as follows: "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come," "Now Thank We All Our God," and "Faith of Our Fathers." Some of the boys learned some other songs. They are the following:" A Child's Thank You," "Thank You, Father," and "We Gather Together."

Some of the boys learned some poems for Thanksgiving. John McKinney learned "Thanksgiving Day." William Phillips learned "Father, We Thank Thee," and Bobby Joe Duncan learned "Bobby's Choice."

There was no B. T. U. meeting last Sunday. We all regretted that the leaders of the B. T. U., who live in Concord, were unable to be with us. There was some misunderstanding about the time, and we hope they will be on time from now on.

The Radio Program

By Bobby Joe Duncan, 4th Grade

Tuesday ,seven boys went to sing over the radio. Mr. Hawfield was in charge of the program, and Mrs. Liske played the piano. The boys who went were Bobby Joe Duncan, Talmadge Duncan, Clyde Wright, John McKinney, Cecil Clark, James Dunn and William Phillips. We enjoy going to the radio station. We are looking forward to the next time we shall be able to go.

Cottage Competition in Football

By Miley Gunter, 9th Grade

Last week the Cottages of Jackson Training School played some very interesting football games. The results of the games were as follows: Third Third Cottage 13 Seventh Cottage 0; Fifteenth Cottage 13 Seventeenth Cottage 0; Tenth Cottage 6 Second Cottage 0; First Cottage 6 Eleventh Cottage 0; Fourteenth Cottage 14 Thirteenth Cottage 0; Ninth Cottage 6 Fourth Cottage0.

All the boys enjoy playing football very much. We hope all of them will try to play fairly, and then we can really congratulate the winner of the trophy at the end of the season.

Planting Fall Flowers

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

Recently the boys of Cottage Number 3 been planting flowers. Mr. Hines bought some flowers pots in which to plant the flowers. Too, some of the boys of the carpenter shop have been making some flower boxes in which to plant some of the flowers.

The flowers that we planted in the boxes out on the front porch are such flowers as: pansies, hyacinth bulbs, narcissus bulbs, tulip bulbs, crocus bulbs, and daffodil bulbs. We want to plant some bleeding hearts and freesias later.

Sweet peas, poppies, and alyssums were planted in a garden back of our cottage. We want to plant some other flowers there, such as larkspur and dianthus pinks.

Other flowers are kept in flower pots in the cottage. They are such flowers as: geraniums, begonias, coleus, and cactus plants.

My favorite flowers are the African violet and the Lord's crown. All of the boys have enjoyed planting these flowers and working with them.

Boys Visit Rotary Club

By Talmadge Duncan, 7th Grade

Wednesday, some boys had the privilege of visiting the Rotary Club at Concord. The boys who went were the following: Clyde Wright, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Billy Phillips, Cecil Clark, John McKinney, and Talmadge Duncan.

The first number on the program was a duet by Clyde Wright and Talmadge Duncan. It was entitled "Now Thank We All Our God." The next thing on the program was a group of poems. They were as follows:"Over the River and through the Woods," "Bobby's Choice," "The Thanksgiving Blessing" and "Father, We Thank Thee." When the readings were over the boys sang two or three other songs.

All the members of the Rotary Club enjoyed the program, and they expressed their appreciation. We are sure that all the boys enjoyed going to the meeting.

Cottage No. 15 Plays Cottage No. 1

By J. D. Gupton, 7th Grade

On November 28, 1946, the boys of Cottage Number 15 played the boys of Cottage Number 1 in a football game. They played a very clean game. The score was 7-6 in favor of Cottage Number 15. Both teams played hard. The referees were Mr. Walters and Mr. Phillips.

Cottage Number 10 Defeats Cottage Number 11

By Thomas Hutchins, 7th Grade

Cottage Number 10 played Cottage Number 11 at field 1 on Thanksgiving morning. It was a hard-fought game, with both teams playing a nice clean game. Cottage Number 10 won by the score of 2-0. Everybody who saw the game enjoyed it.

The Championship Game

By Thomas Hutchins, 7th Grade

Cottage Number 10 and Cottage Number 15 played for the championship of the School in football. This

game was played during the afternoon of Nov. 28, 1946. Cottage Number 10 won by the score of 12-8. Both teams played well. The referees were Mr. Eugene Hooker and Mr. Earl Walters.

Our Thanksgiving Program

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

At 10 o'clock on Thanksgiving morning, we all gathered in the auditorium for a program. Several boys took part in the program, and in the congregational singing all the boys did well. Mr. Hawfield, our superintendent, announced the program.

The first part of the program was as follows: Song, "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come," by all; Duet, "Now Thank We All Our God," by Clyde Wright and Talmadge Duncan; Song, "Can a Little Child Like Me," by ten boys of the third grade; Solo, "A Child's Thank You," by John McKinney; and Trio, "Thank You, Father," by James Dunn, William Phillips, and Bobby Duncan.

Then we had some poems as follows: "Thanksgiving Day," John McKinney, "Father, We Thank You," William Phillips; "Bobby's Choice," Bobby Duncan, and "The Thanksgiving Blessing," by Cecil Clark. After the poems, we had a special song, "We Gather Together," by six boys.

Rev. Mr. Sisk, the pastor of Westford Methodist Church, was the minister who delivered our Thanksgiving message, and he gave us a good message, after which everyone sang "Faith of Our Fathers," and Mr. Sisk dismissed us.

Everyone enjoyed our Thanksgiving program, Mr. Hines, Mrs. Liske, and the boys had worked hard on the program, too.

The Show

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

The show for this week was entitled "National Velvet," starring Mickey Rooney and Velvet Brown. Mick Taylor, played by Mickey Rooney, was trying to get a job, and Velvet asked her father about it. Her father said that he would give him one. Later Velvet won a horse in a contest, and Mickey helped her take care of it. She learned how to ride, and when she came to a wall six feet high, the horse jumped it. When they had a race, she entered and won the race. Her people were proud of she and Mickey.

The name of the comedy was "The Tree Surgeon." We show our thanks to the ones who made this show possible, and we are looking for more pictures similar to it.

How We Spent Thanksgiving at the School

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

I am going to tell you about how we spent Thanksgiving at the Stonewall Jackson Training School. I think this was an enjoyable day. We had ball games, church service, a nice dinner, and then another ball game. We played games and had a nice time at the cottage, too. That night we had a show which all the boys enjoyed. We wish to express our thanks to our matrons, officers, and all the other folks

who made our Thanksgiving a happy one.

Inside The White House

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

The weekly educational film was shown in the auditorium last Friday. It was entitled "Inside the White House." It showed the different rooms, where the president stayed, a big table around which they gathered for meetings, the names of the different presidents in gold on the backs of the chairs, the grounds around the White House, and the squirrels there on the lawn.

I am sure that everyone enjoyed this picture, and we want to thank Mr. Hawfield, Mr. Hines and Mr. Fisher.

Thanksgiving Dinner

By Claywood Sparrow, 6th Grade

On Thanksgiving day, the boys at the Training School had a good dinner. Here is a list of the things that we had: chicken, egg noodles, pork and beans, pumpkin pie, jello, pineapple, and ice cream. All the boys enjoyed this dinner very much, and we appreciate the fact that there were those who made it possible for us to have such a good dinner.

AGE AND YOUTH

Why should men age, although they must grow old?
Why doth not Time deal gently with his own?
And why should rosy Youth his bloom withhold
From those who unto anciency have grown?

Tell me, I pray, why Time should leave his mark,
His stamp indelible, on face and form?
And, for ripe years, tax me with tokens dark
Wrought from Life's long and all-relentless storm?

Were I a tree I'd bear internal rings
To prove mine age, but they'd be hid from sight;
But, being man, my span most surely brings
Inward and outward witness of my plight.

Bid me grow old—Time's flight no strength can stay;
But keep me youthful until I've passed away!

—The New Age.

MEDICAL CARE IS IMPORTANT FACTOR

(Stanly News & Press)

The happiness of a people depends on many things, but nothing is more depressing in this modern age when medical skill and science has reached such heights than to find many people not getting the medical care to which they are entitled. Here in Stanly county, the doctors and nurses have done a magnificent job down through the years, but it is and admitted fact that we need more doctors and nurses now. Then we need a modern hospital in order that these doctors and nurses who are already here may do their best work. And experience has shown that a modern hospital always attracts additional doctors and nurses.

Those who have made a study of the situation are convinced that unless Stanly county people provide themselves with a modern hospital, our medical care service may deteriorate in quality, for we cannot expect new doctors to locate here when other places with modern hospitals offer better opportunities. And doctors can make choices now, for there are certainly not enough of them to go around.

A great deal of stress is being put on the medical care program which is being inaugurated in the State now, and this seems to be fortunate for us here in Stanly county, for this added emphasis should help us in our financial campaign.

As someone has said, the medical care program, of which the local project is certainly a very important part, ranks in important with the educational and good roads program which put the state far ahead of many of its neighboring states a good many years ago.

The individual who has sickness in the home is perhaps best qualified to express himself on medical care, and he will readily tell you that there is nothing which helps the family morale more than adequate medical attention.

THE VALUABLE MAN

There are some men who make themselves necessary in human life. There are men who by their tact, courtesy and human kindness make themselves absolutely indispensable to their friends and neighbors. They are the men who because they know how to do things and because of their willingness to cooperate with others, have made themselves absolutely indispensable. It is not hard for you to make yourself necessary. Just forget self for a little while, and see what you can do for others, and you will find out how essential you are going to make yourself.—Minneapolis S. R. Sun.

PHILLIPS RELEASES STATEMENT ON PAY

(Catawba News- Enterprise)

Charles W. Philips, president of the North Carolina Education Association, has released a statement concerning request presented to State Advisory Budget Commission by the State Board of Education.

Mr. Philips' statement will attract widespread interest of teachers in Catawba county and school patrons, who are concerned with increased salaries for teachers, and the action of the forthcoming General Assembly along this line. Mr. Philips' statement follows:

"During the past two years the North Carolina Education Association has worked very closely with the State Board of Education in the hope that we might present a united front in our request before the Advisory Budget Commission and the Legislature for a more adequate provision for the needs of public education in North Carolina. We are accepting as our own the program submitted to the Advisory Budget Commission on October 1 by the State Board of Education. In the matter of salaries it is our understanding that the appropriated requested will do the following:

"1. Provide a 20 percent over-all increase in salaries, the salary arrived at to be a base salary with no bonus or emergancy salary included.

"2. Provide an eleventh increment for teachers holding Class A certificates and a twelfth increment for teachers holding the graduate certificate.

State Board of Education, the Legislative Committee of the North Carolina Education Association, Presidents of the four major divisions of the NCEA, the Directors of The NCEA, our State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Dr. Clyde A. Erwin, who is a Director of the Association, the leadership of the Grange, Farm Bureau, Parent-Teacher Association, Association of State School Boards, Federation of Women's Clubs, and others.

"While the appropriation requested is only for the piennium beginning July 1, the State Board of Education joins us in the hope that this salary increase will be provided as of January 1, 1947.

"The Finance Committee of the State Board of Education agrees with us that should the cost of living continue to mount, proportionate increases should be provided by the Legislature.

"All things considered, we believe that the program submitted to the Advisory Budget Commission by the State Board of Education is the best possible program that can be secured at this time. With this united front it is hoped that the Commission will not hesitate to provide it in full.

"We have been tremendously impressed with the attitude of the State Board of Education and are convinced

that under their leadership our cause will be in good hands. Our hope is that the program will receive the same unanimous support from the educational forces of the state generally that it has received from the leadership of the North Carolina Education Association and allied forces."

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The figure which a man makes in life, the reception which he meets with in company, the esteem paid him by his acquaintances—all these depend as much upon his good sense and judgment, as upon any other part of his character. A man of the best intentions, and fartherest removed from all injustice and violence, would never be able to make himself much regarded, without a moderate share of parts and understanding.—Hume.

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DIVORCES IN ASCENDANCY

(Stanley News & Press)

The opening sessions of Superior court these days give much food though to persons who are students of human nature, and who cannot help being impressed by the ease with which the bonds of matrimony may be dissolved. For it is at these opening sessions that uncontested divorce actions in numbers that are constantly growing are presented for action by the court.

These actions, except in very few cases, follow the same routine. The party seeking the divorce tells the court that he or she has not lived with the other party to the action for two years or more. This statement is corroborated by witnesses. Residence in the state for a required length of time is established. Then the jury, without leaving the box, and acting in accordance with the laws of North Carolina governing divorces, gives a verdict which enables the judge presiding to sign the decree.

One of the most disheartening aspects of the divorce situation is that in most cases the parties involved are young men and women who were married for only a short time before one or the other became dissatisfied and took action to have the marriage dissolved. This trend, if continued, will ultimately result in a serious weakening of our social system and a growing disregard for all moral obligations.

KEEP MOVING

(Speakers Library Magazine)

There is no place in the business world for any person to stand still, for any company to stand still, for any organization to stand still. You cannot stand still in business; you either go ahead or fall back.

There is no such thing as a stationary position in business today. That may sound a little far-fetched, but it is an exact statement and will bear the closest scrutiny.

"Why should I advertise now?" merchants have been heard to say. "Why should I attempt to get more business when I cannot take care of the business I have today?"

There are many good reasons, but those who do not do a good advertising job today will not be here when the unusual surplus of business facing us today begins to fade out.

We are undoubtedly at the beginning of some few years of unusual success, but in order to reap your full benefit of that great success you must keep yourself diligently employed for that period of tlme and you must create a demand now for the business you will need in the years ahead when business will be harder to get.

The small businessman has as much, if not a great deal more, to reap from advertising in a general way as the large business man.

As a matter of fact, no man will get more out of it than he puts into it. He must put forth effort of his own in order to take advantage of that advertising. If he does, it will produce for him in his own individual business.

The small man, by carefully following the opportunities to advertise, can put his particular efforts into obtaining the type and kind of business that he desires to get with more direct control of his operation than the large man. He should thereby increase his business, not only volume-wise but quality-wise, because his organization is small enough to secure and control properly the type business that he most desires.

To repeat that old, common, and worn expression you get out of life exactly what you put into it, and the same is true in your business.

You must put your heart into your job, because no matter what the effort may be, you cannot expect dividends on a heart investment if you just invest your labor.

One of the easiest, and at the same time most important things we can give up is narrow-minded persecution of each other.

—Selected.

HISTORY WITNESS TO MAN'S NEED FOR RELIGION

(The New Day)

A man who lived without eating! Facts prove that such a person never existed, for food is necessary to keep life in the body. All humans, even the tiniest baby seek to fill the craving that only food can satisfy. Food is natural to man; it is so tied up with his very nature that it is absolutely necessary to him. By using the same process of reasoning, one can prove the necessity of religion.

A search of history down through the ages and in all parts of the world discloses the fact that every race and tribe believed in some superior Being who had the power to help or to injure man and to whom were owed certain obligations and duties. These primitive religions, moreover, postulated certain precepts or laws that all had to obey, and included also precribed acts of worship or ceremonial rites to petition or to thank the Being who guided their fate. The Roman pagans felt the need of religion so urgently that they were not satisfied with one Deity but multiplied divinties. Even the modern pagans who hoot at the idea of religion indirectly attest to its necessity by putting their faith in the stars or in tea leaves or in the ouija board.

The question here is not whether the primitive religions were the true religion, for that point is not under discussion at present; rather they are pointed out as historical proof of the universality of the fact of religion. They prove that from the very earliest days of the world men have professed belief in the existence of a higher Being with whom it is necessary for man to have relations if he is to attain the goal to his existence. They demonstrate, moreover, that the concept of religion must include dogmas, precepts, and rites or acts of worship.

History thus stands as an inviolate and unprejudiced witness to the fact that religion has existed in all places and in all times. There can be only one reason for the universality of the fact of religion, just as there is only one explanation for the universality of food. Every man eats because he needs food; likewise every race and tribe has had a religion because man needs religion. If religion is necessary to all men, then religion is vital to man.

Pay as little attention to discouragement as possible. Plow ahead as a steamer does, rough or smooth, rain or shine. To carry your cargo and make your port is the point.—Maltbie Babcock.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE R. F. D.

(News-Herald)

The Rural Free-Delivery branch of the Post Office department has celebrated its 50 years of services, and well might it be proud of its record. The 32,000 rural mail carriers serving over 30 million Americans six days a week, travel 1,450,000 miles daily.

The rural residents who depend so much on the "postoffice on wheels", it might be inconceivable that when this service was first suggested that it was rediculed and even called "a crazy" by President Grover Cleveland. First attempts to pass legislation met such strong opposition that that they failed.

Representative Thomas E. Watson introduced a bill in Congress, which became a law on March 3, 1893, and appropriated $10,000 for experimental rural delivery. Those in charge of postal affairs did not believe this sum sufficient to establish such trial routs, so it was not until October 1, 1896, under President Cleveland and Postmaster General William L. Wilson that rural delivery service originated. The experiment proved successful immediately, and after a few months other routes were set up in many sections of the country.

Rural mail carriers really are a "post office on wheels", because they not only deliver mail but furnish the same service as might be obtained at the windows of the postoffice, such as parcel post, payment of money orders, stamps and stamp supplies and purchase of government bonds. They also are called upon by the Department of Agriculture to obtain livestock statistical reports, and have been told many times by the Department of Agriculture that they consider the information received from rural carriers as the most authentic.

Of course, everyone who lives in rural areas knows that the rural letter carriers serves in many other ways which does not yield itself to statistics. They are the messengers of the countryside, the "ambassadors of good will." The same praise can be given to our rural carriers as Herodotus, King of Persia, 24 centuries ago, when he said, "Neither snow nor rain, nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of December 8, 1946

Dec. 11—Burton Routh, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.
Dec. 12—Donald Moose, Indian Cottage, 15th birthday.
Dec. 13—Thomas Davis, Infirmary, 14th birthday.

CHRISTMAS LEFT OUT

By Emma G. Lippard

Lucile Bittern thought, as she made her way through the thronging crowds on Market Street, that she had never felt such a wind. It never stopped, but seemed to beat against her in one ceaseless, stinging blast. She wondered how the people could smile, as they fought their way against its biting force. She would run into one of the stores and get warmed up. It was growing too late, anyway, to pursue the discouraging task to which she kept, doggedly, all day long. She turned toward Chestnut Street, found a slight relief in the new direction, and at last pushed open the heavy door of the store. A comforting warmth enveloped her. She stood for a moment breathing in the softness of the heated air.

What beauty and brightness met her tired eyes! A wonderful, blazing star from far above her cast its rich light over a gorgeous array of gifts and decorations. Greenery and gay colors were everywhere. The faces of the throngs of people going in and out of the great door had a softness, a look of cheer that matched the gay beauty within. But ever and above the thud of their footsteps Lucile heard a lovelier sound. The big organ was playing. She could close her eyes to the light of the star and the look of the people about her, but she could not shut out this sound. Wearily she leaned against a warm register, closed her eyes, and listened. But, potential musician that she was, this did not satisfy her long. She pushed her way in, slipped through the crowd up onto a balcony, found a narrow end of a well filled seat, and settled her self to hear more.

Christmas music! Of course, she had known it would be that, although she had put aside all thought of Christmas. It was to be left out this year. She had assured herself that it had no place in her life at this time. Untouched she had glimpsed the holiday brightness as she had entered this place. It was only a commercialized Christmas. She had tried hard not to notice even the look of happiness on the faces of the shoppers. That giving look. She had nothing to give this year. Until now she had done her best to avoid Christmas music. There was something about it,—oh, it was only sentiment, she was sure, but it brought back memories, and she was in no condition to have to handle memories at the moment.

Yet she could not resist listening to this organ. She would not have been Lucilie Bittern if she could. With the pulsing strains of magnificent old hymns in her ears she felt unable to escape. She was starving for music. She could not run out to renew her battle against the freezing wind. She had to sit somewhere for a few minutes to rest her numbed feet. Her lonely heart was rebelliously enjoying this beautiful, warm, friendly place. The woman beside her moved over to give her more space and smiled into her eyes.

"The carols will begin in ten minutes," she said brightly.

"Carols?" Lucile repeated with a blank look. It was just a half an

hour since she had been telling herself out on that cold windy street that it was days since anyone had spoken a word to her, personally, as a person. She had been applying for work all day, and it was by no means her first day at the same hopeless effort. Curt replies, direct refusals, apologetic evasions were all she heard. She was only another girl looking for a job. As such she could expect only the routine attention all such received. She had been so sure of herself only such a short time ago, and when everything else failed, she knew that at this busy season extra help was needed everywhere. She could sell music if she could use her training in no other way. But every place was filled. All the answers were the same. The days became one long procession of refusals. All hope was gone. She, Lucile Bittern, was actualy hungry, cold, alone.

The friendly voice out of the crowd did strange things to her. She began to tremble.

"Oh, I thought you must have sat down to hear the singing. This is the store where they sing carols every night at closing time. It is lovely with the organ. Everyone sings. Thousands of people drop in on their way from work. I always manage to get into the city to hear it at least once every Christmas season. It is so realy Christmassy. You"ll never forget it after you once hear it."

Lucile tried to say, "I don't want to hear it. I'm leaving Christmas out this year. It doesn't mean a thing to me. I'm alone in the world, out of a job, lonely, hungry,—" But her trembling kept her answer from coming out. The friendly woman made room for her by adjusting her many bundles, smiled into her eyes and then turned toward the organ again.

The music poured over the tired girl's soul like a flood, and against all her resolution it brought back the very memories she was battling against. She was a little girl again, listening to her mother sing. At Christmas time her father's big bass joined in. Her mother had been a choir singer, a famous soloist. Her father could not really sing, knew nothing about music, but what happy times they had together around the piano! Lucile's teaching had begun early. She had not inherited her mother's voice, but she had her sense of music. She had had good instructors. While she was still in high school she herself had a few pupils. She played the piano well, and taught that, but she loved the organ. She meant to specialize in that But how suddenly her life had changed! Her father's death had been so unexpected, her mother and herself so unprepared for life without him. Then Uncle Ned had appeared. He was father's brother, a bachelor farmer from the West. It had seemed the only natural and right thing to accept his invitation to make their home with him. He was so kind, so hearty, so strong. They were so lost, so helpless. They needed such strength to lean upon. Neither of them had ever been outside of a city to live. A farm, to them, was an enchanted place of flowers, sweet air, fresh things to eat. From the first they had hated the place. The loneliness appalled them. The work was far too hard for mother's frail and unaccustomed hands. Uncle Ned, back in his native air, proved

to be crude and rough. He looked upon music as an amusement only. To play the piano was idleness. To him they were both lazy women, they knew nothing but to be idle and ornamental. Their culture was mere affectation. Their ignorance of what seemed to him the natural task of women was incomprehensible. Their life together was a complete failure from the first.

In Lucile's memories of this time the little country church was the only solace. The friendships made there were their only social contacts the services their only diversions. The devout congregation gave depth and beauty to the bareness of the worship and glorified the poor building. The girl knew well that without its comfort, her mother would soon have lost all health and reason. Mrs. Bittern had at first wished to ornament the plainess of the service by the contributions she could make with her glorious voice. But Uncle Ned thought it unseemly vanity and worldliness in a middle aged woman to exhibit herself in that public way. Lucile could sing in the choir. Before long she was playing the little organ. The end of a year found her teaching music to the district children, who came to the house for their lessons. This was a real diversion to both the girl and her mother. The scant money it brought in was all spent for the little luxuries they had so missed. This brought about prolonged arguments and protests from Uncle Ned. And as time went on these grew more and more bitter. Lucile began to save some of her earnings, to get away from him. Yet as long as her mother lived she knew well she would never leave her alone on the farm. The scant savings would not accumulate fast enough to take them both back to the city for years and years.

Lucile awoke from her memories with a start. The carols had begun. The crowd about her had grown so dense she could not see beyond the people just before her. The organ was far out of sight. But its glorious throbbing led the mighty chorus:

"While shepherds watched their
flocks at night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shown around."

Lucile herself had seen that glory in the old days. It seemed to radiate back through the years as the light of the great artificial star now fell softly down over the cosmopolitan throng of singers.

"Why," Lucile was asking her rebellious heart that refused to listen stolidly, "Oh, why are these songs different from other songs? Why do they bring all sorts of people together, from the ends of the earth, like this, make them forget their differences and sing this way?"

Even in the old farmhouse she so disliked, Christmas had always been like this The fires that were so toilsome to kindle had sent out a glow of special cheer, the lamplight from the window had glowed far out upon the snow to beckon neighbors in. The snow was always whiter, the stars more clear at Christmas time. Her mother had sung freely and without restraint as she went about her Christmas work. Uncle Ned had laid aside

his everlasting grubbing and toil, and had joined heartily in all the festivities. The hush of the little church, the glad voices of those country children, the words of the earnest young pastor, all came back to her now, as the weary city crowd sang on.

It was in their third year on the farm that mother had taken pneumonia. Uncle Ned had been sorry then. The doctor told him why she had no chance. He had not known she was really delicate, that the work had been too hard.

"I'll make it up to you Lucy," he had said to the girl, at the funeral. "I never knew some women were different. I remembered my mother and all she used to do. With a hired girl and all, I thought,—"

How sharply her own bitter words came back to Lucile now! "It is all your fault. I'll never forgive you! She hated this place and the work killed her. Do you think I would stay here a single day longer than I have to? I'm going back to the city and finish my music course. I don't care if I never see you again."

She had taken her savings and gone, but of course she had relented at his pleadings, had let him know her whereabouts and written him now and then. She did not realize how hard it was for the old farmer to write letters, so his regular communications did not mean as much to her as to him. But she vaguely sensed his feeling of responsibility toward her. He did not trust a big city. The thought of a girl alone there was terrible to him. But not so to Lucile. She had money for her spring term and enjoyed it immensely. She got the place of organist in a beautiful church for the summer, and when fall came the choir leader there had recommended her to a smaller church. The pay was little but she had expected to keep this place while doing other work. All fall she had searched without success. She had no money put by for tuition for the winter term. Her pay barely paid for her shabby room. She had been sure she could get work during the Christmas holidays. Christmas choirs needed soloists. Extra hours of practice called for more organists. And after all hope of such employment was gone she had begun to apply for a place to sell music in a store. But even this had failed her. Just the week before she had tried out in a church that was giving sveral cantatas during the happy season. She had played her best and was sure of the temporary work, but had been dismissed. Going out she had heard a comment made by one of those who were there to select. "No more feeling than a gramophone," the cold voice stated. "We want an organist with a little religious fervor."

That was the day she decided to skip Christmas entirely. Even commercially it seemed to do nothing for her. And the very day after, that disturbing letter had come from Uncle Ned. He wanted her to come out to the farm for Christmas. He enclosed her trainfare. Let him know when to meet her. Lucile had had enough experience by this time to realize the importance of money. She wondered how the man ever scraped together enough, in one lump sum, to send this check. The scarcity of ready money on the farm had been one of the nightmares to the city-

bred women he had taken into his home.

She shivered now, as she remembered that the check had probably saved her from starvation. It had at least given her more adequate meals, this last week, than she had had for months, and had kept up the energy necessary to keep on the hunt for a job from morning till night. There was little of it left now, and she still had no extra work in sight. she shivered again as she wondered if the small church where she played, and from which she derived her only income would, too, find her rendering of their simple Christmas music lacking in feeling? What should she do if she lost that work?

Just last night she had had the answer to her polite refussal to return to the farm for Christmas. Strange to say, she had wanted to go. The memory of the soft firelight, the friendly faces, the little church, had called strongly. She had always known she would never regain her own self respect fully till she had made friends with Uncle Ned again. He was her only relation. He had taken her and her mother in when they were homeless and in grief. He had tried hard, in his crude way, to understand them. He had been sweet to her mother at the last. He was really sorry. She had left him in bitter anger. And she was so poor, and so alone! Perhaps, in spite of her vow to be hard, to skip Christmas and think only of getting work, some wistfulness had crept into her letter of refusal. For last night's message had been even more alarming.

"If you won't come to me, perhaps I will come to you," Uncle Ned had written. Of course he did not mean it. He would never spend that much money, especially as she had not returned the check he had sent. She had not even referred to it. She had had to use it, but all the time she kept telling herself that she must, she must get work, so as to return it at once.

At one time she had planned to ask her uncle to come and see her in the city. She had meant to have a little apartment of her own, first, and to flaunt its conveniences before him. She intended to be smartly dressed, to have friends to introduce him to, who would show him their appreciation of her. She would show him all the wonders of the city, so that he could never again question why she preferred it to the farm. But to have him come now, to see her worn clothes, her small, shabby room! She could not even feed him.

"Please, God," she had prayed desperately, "make him not mean it. Don't let him come." The terrible possibility of his coming had been behind all her feverish efforts of the day. It had made her speak pertly to the floorwalker who had doubted her ability to please music lovers with the proper selections for gifts. It had urged her on against the angry wind and all discouragments until dusk and the cold had driven her into this place. And here the music was tearing at her heart. In spite of all her efforts a sob escaped her.

"It is really too beautiful, isn't it?" The woman who had spoken to her before, but whom she had entirely forgotten was bending over her. Lucile herself had made no effort to

"It gets me, too," the friendly voice went on. "There's something about Christmas,—" She frankly wiped her eyes.

"I'm skipping Christmas," the flippant words were on the tip of the girl's tongue, but something in her neighbor's look checked them. Instead she voiced her subconscious thought. "If I could just touch that organ for a minute!" she exclaimed eagerly.

"You play?" asked the woman quickly

"Oh, yes I play. It's the only thing I can do." Lucile answered wearily. It was disarming, this friendly voice.

"No wonder it touched you so. He is marvelous, isn't he? A guest player you know. The organist is ill. I heard that he gave out, playing morning, noon and night in the drafty store, making Christmas for the rest of us. It seems sad, doesn't it?"

But Lucile had hold of the speaker's arm, she was prattling crazily. "Have they got someone else? Do you mean they need an organist here? Oh, do you think there is a chance for me?"

The stranger who had been causually friendly to the girl beside her now really looked at her for the first time. She noted her twisted mouth, with its hungry look, her shabby shoes and darned gloves, the desperation in her eyes. "She is out of work and on the verge of breakdown," she told herself, and added softly, "and it is Christmas." Aloud she said to Lucile, "I don't know a thing about it, but we can see. Taking the cold, trembling hand she led the girl through the galleries toward the organ loft.

"You can really play?" She asked gravely, as they found a path through the waving sound, now more organ than voices. "Don't hope anything. I tell you I'm a stranger here. I don't know a thing, but I know they need some one."

She went right up to the organ and stood there till the throbbing ceased. Vaguely Lucile heard her question the great man who stepped down from the seat, heard his assent, saw his glance upon herself, caught the words, "Only a child."

They were whispering now. She never knew what was said, but she found out later in life that no craftsmen in the world feel closer of kin, or help each other more, when in trouble, than musicians do. "You can see that," she heard him say. He was scribbling something on a card. "Employment bureau is on the fifth floor. It will be open for a half hour or so. Ask for Mr. Brown, and give him that," he said curtly, and bowing to the woman beside her, he went away.

Lucile caught her breath as she glanced at the card, moving on mechanically through the masses beside her self-appointed guide. Afterwards when she remembered, she felt sure she could never have reached the fifth floor alone. She was overwhelmed. She had never known such organs as he played in department stores. She must have said as much, for the woman was answering, "It is a world-famed organ. Artists like to try different ones, you know. Having his recommendation you are almost sure to get the work. They will at least give you a trial at the organ." Then, looking again at the girl's pale face she repeated, "You are sure you can really play?"

"My mother was a professional,"

Lucile replied through pale lips.

The magic card brought them attention. It brought them more. Lucile was not even asked to play on trial. "Be here at eight-thirty in the morning," Mr. Brown said, in a relieved voice. When Lucile asked faintly what she was to play he replied lightly, "Anything Christmassy."

The wind had died out somewhat when they reached the street. The lights were soft through the gloom. Something in the air reminded Lucile of Christmas on the farm.

"I'm taking you home to supper with me," her new friend said, in much the same tone the country people used after church service on Sunday mornings. "We have a chicken. I cooked it this morning. I was thinking what a shame it was not to have company to share it with."

"You don't know me," gasped Lucile.

"I know your name. I saw you sign it for Mr. Brown. I know you can play the organ, and it's Christmas," the woman laughed. "I am Mrs. Loyd."

It was a plain little home and there were children. Lucile was in a dream all the time she was with them. It was a happy dream. "I can never, never thank her," she kept saying to herself. Then she heard Mrs. Loyd saying to her husband, "No, I am not half through. If I only had some one to stay with the children a few hours a day!"

"I'll come," Lucile cried. "I'd love to stay with them."

"It would be the biggest favor you could do me," her hostess replied. "I pay fifty cents an hour. And we have a little organ you can practice on."

"I won't take money," the girl protested. "I was wondering what I could ever do for you."

"Of course you will take the money," Mr. Loyd spoke up, severely, "Every girl needs extra money at this time of the year, and your coming will be a real help. Without it my wife would never finish her Christmas shopping."

"And we want you," cried little Helen.

"And one thing more," said Mrs. Loyd, as she helped Lucile button the shabby coat before she left for home. "I want you to promise to save Christmas day. You must have dinner with us."

With newly opened eyes the girl looked about the plain little room. It was not like the places she had planned to show Uncle Ned, in the city. These were not the kind of friends she had intended to introduce him to, but these were the kind of people he would love. He would feel at home here with them.

"I'm expecting an uncle, from out west on a farm," she answered, not knowing that her eager eyes were asking them to take him in.

"How nice! We shall expect him, too," Mrs. Loyd responded. "The more the merrier at Christmas."

Christmas! Lucile thought to herself, as she hurried through the lighted streets. Christmas in the music pouring out from rehearsals in the churches she passed. Christmas blazing out from the shops and stores offering gifts to late shoppers, Christmas in the eyes of the bundle-laden people she brushed against, Christmas in the very forms of the children with

their faces pressed against the windows of shops full of toys! Christmas had made the organ ring that day, it had rung out in the voices of the toil-worn throng who sang. It had moved the hand of the artist who had given his card to gain work for an unknown girl. Christmas in the heart of Mrs. Loyd had taken her into a hearth and home. It was Christmas that had moved Uncle Ned to want her, to be willing to use his hard earned money to make a long trip to be with her. He had forgotten all that was in their past but the soft lights of the Christmas fires she and her mother had kindled.

She turned in at a telegraph office, and soon a message was winging its way to a lonely farm: "Be sure to get here in time for Christmas, Lucile."

And she had almost skipped Christmas! No, not really! Christmas just could not be left out.

A STORY FOR NEWSBOYS

Tommy Larkin is a newspaper boy, according to a story told by Dr. George W. Cane. Tommy is fourteen years of age, carries a route, and does his own collecting. This is what is called the "small merchant" plan, and is good for teaching boys business methods, and those other sterling methods typical of our "free enterprise and the American way of life."

"I've come to collect the 25 cents for the paper," remarked Tommy one morning when Samuel Murkins, one of his customers came to the door.

"Fine," smiled Mr. Murkins as he took five nickels out of his pocket. Then, without a word, he threw one nickel out upon the front lawn. The second nickel he tossed on top of the porch. He threw the third one under the steps, and the fourth behind the bushes. The fifth nickel was handed directly to the newsboy.

Tommy looked astounded, and when Mr. Murkins just looked at him, Tommy exclaimed, "what did you do that for?"

"Well, Tommy," Mr. Murkins said, "That's where I find the papers you deliver to me."

And thereafter Mr. Murkins' paper was deposited squarely in front of the door—where Tommy expected to collect his money.

—Sunshine Magazine.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The service at the Jackson Training School last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. John H. Carper, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read Philippians 4:4-9.

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Carper told the boys that he was going to speak about some of his experiences while serving in the recent World War, as a chaplain in the United States Army. He stated that the reason so many men called into service for their country did so well on many fighting fronts, was that they realized they were fighting for the good of the whole world. There was something in their hearts that responded to that which was good and worthy.

The speaker told the boys that as a chaplain, he went into the army as a "green" sort of fellow. Considerable time was required for him to get acquainted with the ways of the army. He referred to many mistakes made by him as he tried to adjust himself to this new life.

In about three months after going into service, said Rev. Mr. Carper, his outfit landed in Ireland. He told how, on the way overseas, there were thirteen submarine alerts. These signals, he added, naturally threw quite a scare into the men aboard the ships in the convoy. However, these men were not really afraid. Practically all of them assumed the attitude that even though the enemy might kill the body, the spirit could not be so easily destroyed. They knew that the thing for which they would soon be called upon to fight, would live forever.

Arriving in Ireland, continued Rev. Mr. Carper, they saw the terrible destruction that had been wrought by ruthless men, who decided that all things which were worthy should be wiped out of existence. These cruel, fanatic leaders had thought to rule God and everything good out of the world, and to dictate to all people such terms of living as would suit their own fancies.

Those brave American soldiers were going to join their allies in an effort to keep those crazed leaders from carrying out their plans. They were willing to endure discomforts and dangers; they were ready to make great sacrifices, to even give their lives, in order that those who come after them may live lives of freedom and joy.

The speaker then told of many experiences, such as the difficulties encountered in making landings in various countries, taking the enemy by surprise and capturing cities, towns and airports.

He spoke of one experience which he said was his greatest of the war. It happened in North Africa. A battle had been won by the Americans. The men in his outfit expressed the desire to attend a Holy Communion service. The arrangements were made, and the chaplain started the service. Twice during the ceremony, enemy planes interrupted. They flew over and machine-gunned the Americans. Then would follow scrambles for foxholes and other places of shelter.

Finally, the service was completed. The chaplain said that one of the men expressed the feelings of the entire group, when he said that he felt that God was nearer to him during that celebration of the Holy Communion than at any other time in his life.

Rev. Mr. Carper then told of a time just before Christmas, while the American forces were in Northern Tunisia. The men were far from their homes and their loved ones, but even under such circumstances, they had caught the spirit of Christmas. A Christmas service was held in an old barn. About 350 men were in attendance. Enemy bombers were overhead. Dangerous as it was, those men felt that they wanted to get together and sing the old familiar Christmas carols which they had loved since boyhood days.

The speaker then pointed out that in times of trouble, sorrow, sunshine, joy, or whatever circumstances they may find themselves in, men are hungry for the gospel of Jesus Christ. He also stated that wherever one sees truth and goodness expressed, there is God. If we permit these things to control our daily living, God is truly in our lives.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Carper urged each boy within the sound of his voice not to be solely interested in making a living, but with God's help, live to make a life. He then quoted the following poem, "Live To Make A Life," written by Wilfred A. Peterson:

"Do not live to make a living,
Rather live to make a life;
For the measure of succeeding
Is your service in the strife.
All that you can leave behind you,
When your soul has crossed the bay,
Is the good you've done to others,
As you tarried by the way.

"Build a life as pure as crystal!
Build a spirit full of love!
Build your mind by noble thinking!
Build a faith in God above.
Build your life with care and patience,
As the sculptor hews the stone,
With your Master as your model,
And your eyes upon the throne.

"Noble lives have been the beacon
Lighting mankind's upward way;
They who serve are the immortals,
Fathers of a better day.
Let your life shine out in service!
Noble living — noble deeds;
And until time's course is ended,
Good will blossom from the seeds."

———:———

Trouble is a great sieve through which we sift our acquaintances. Those who are too big to pass through, are our friends.

—Sunshine Magazine.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Without consistency there is no moral strength.—Owen.

—:—

Speak well of every one if you speak of them at all—none of us are so very good.—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

There never was any heart truly great and generous, that was not also tender and compassionate.—South.

—:—

For every bad there might be a worse; and when one breaks his leg let him be thankful it was not his neck.—Bishop Hall.

—:—

Civility is a charm that attracts the love of all men; and too much is better than to show too little.

—Bishop Horne.

—:—

Conceit is to nature, what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but it impairs what it would improve.

—Pope.

—:—

The true test of civilization is, not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops, but the kind of men that the country turns out.—

—Emerson.

—:—

The distinction between Christianity and all other systems of religion consists largely in this, that in these others men are found seeking after God, while Christianity is God seeking after men.—T. Arnold.

—:—

To be alone is preferable to bad company, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.—Colton.

It is a little thing to speak a phrase of common comfort, which by daily use has almost lost its sense; and yet, on the ear of him who thought to die unmorned, it will fall like the choicest music.—Talfourd.

—:—

—:—

I will govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one and read the other. For what does it signify to make anything a secret to my neighbor, when to God, who is the searcher of our hearts, all our privacies are open.

—Seneca.

—:—

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself. As to the pure all things are pure, even so to the impure all things are impure.—Hare.

—:—

The consciousness of clean linen is, in, and of itself, a source of moral strength, second only to that of a clean conscience. A well-ironed collar or a fresh glove has carried many a man through an emergency in which a wrinkle or a rip would have defeated him.—E. S. Phelps.

—:—

Indignation boils my blood at the thought of the heritage we are throwing away; at the thought that, with few exceptions, the fight for freedom is left to the poor, forlorn, and defenseless, and to the few radicals and revolutionaries who would make use of liberty to destroy rather than maintain American institutions.

—Arthur Garfield Hayes.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Some men are known for their deeds, others for their mortgages.

—:—

It takes a long time to feather a nest on a wild-goose chase.

—:—

Borrow money from a pessimist: he doesn't expect to get it back.

—:—

To be an interesting conversationalist, you must let others do 90 per cent of the talking.

—:—

Your temper is one of the few things that will improve the longer you keep it.

—:—

It's all the way you look at it. For instance, a mama flea is glad to see her son go to the dogs.

—:—

The reason why some young ladies do not make efficient secretaries is because they are clock-eyed.

—:—

One reason why there is plenty of room at the top is because some who get there go to sleep and roll off.

—:—

A man's age can be measured by the degree of pain he feels as he comes in contact with a new idea.

—:—

Middle age is the period of life when you'll do anything to feel better, except give up what's hurting you.

—:—

Many a man thinks he has fallen for a girl, when in reality he has been tripped—and made a forced landing.

—:—

In the days of the Old West, we frequently read that men died with their boots on. They are doing the same thing today, but usually one boot is on the accelerator.

An experienced man hands out this bit of advice: Face powder may catch a man, but it takes baking powder to keep him.

—:—

Why is it that most girls will scream at the sight of a mouse and then deliberately climb into a coupe with a wolf?

—:—

Here's how to handle a woman—electrically:

When a woman is sulky and will not speak—Exciter.

If she talks too long—Interrupter.

If she gets too excited—Controller.

If her way of thinking is not yours—Converter.

If she is willing to come half way—Meter.

If she will come all the way—Receiver.

If she wants to go further—Conductor.

If she wants to be an angel—Transformer.

If you think she is picking your pockets—Detector.

If she proves your fears are wrong—Compensator.

If she goes up in the air—Condenser.

If she wants chocolates—Feeder.

If she sings inharmoniously—Tuner.

If she is in the country — Telegrapher.

If she is a poor cook—Discharger.

If she eats too much—Reducer.

If she is wrong—Rectifier.

If she gossips too much—Regulator.

If she fumes and sputters—Insulator.

If she becomes upset—Reverser.

—Exchange.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
William Epps
James Moore
Marion Ray
J. W. Sorrell
Herbert Stewart

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnette
William Britt
Carl Church
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Ernest Johnson
Jack Lambert
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
William Smith
Harry Thompson

COTTAGE No. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsay Elder
J. C. Littlejohn
Lloyd Perdue
Clifton Rhodes
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright
William Phillips

COTTAGE No. 4

J. C. Alley
Joe Bean
Herman Galyan
William Lewis
Coy McElvin
James Norton
Burton Routh
James Smith
Clifford Shull
Robert Thompson
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
George Byrd
Earl Hoyle
Ralph Medlin
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis
James Scott
Julian Commander

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Kenneth Holcomb
Robert Evans
Glenn Mathison
Eugene McLean
Jerry Oakes
Robert Peavey
Lewis Sutherland
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery
Melvin Ledford

COTTAGE No. 7

Edward Guinn
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Jerry Peavey
Robert Shepperd
Claywood Sparrow
James Wilds
Ray Naylor

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Francis
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Harry Matthews
J. C. Mikeal
Clifford Milom
Sile Orr
Robert Trout
Garvin Thomas

COTTAGE No. 11

James Cartrette
Joe Currie
Carlton Crawford
Donald Fagg
Conley Haney
Luther Hull
Robert King
Edwin Morgan
James Phillips
James Reynolds
Bennie Riggins
Eddie Medlin
Carlton Pate
Melvin Radford

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

Carl Ballew
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Charles Moore
John Moretz
Lawrence Owens
James Shook
James Smith
Thomas Styles
Charles Todd
James Walters
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Henry Coffey
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Howard Herman
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
Herman Kirby
Harvey Leonard
Marshall Lamb
Evan Myers
James Peterson
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Thelbert Suggs
Ralph Stewart
Solomon Shelton
William Stamey
James Shepherd
Robert Wicker
Donald Baker
Herbert Landreth

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Thomas Chavis
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Perry Martin
Donald Moose
Robert Phillips
Judd Lane

INFIRMARY

David Brooks
Thomas Davis

———:———

I once knew a man who would figure and plan the deeds he intended to do, but when the time came to get into the game, he never put anything through. He would dream with a smile of the after-a-while, and the deeds he would do pretty soon. He was all right at heart, but he never would start—he never could get quite in tune.

If he would have done half the things he's begun, he'd be listed among those of fame, but he didn't produce, so he was of no use—good intentions do not win the game.

It is easy to dream, to plan and to scheme, and let them drop out of sight, but the man that puts through what his dreams bring to view, is the man who wins the fight!—Edgar L. Jones.

DEC 16 '46

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 14, 1946 No. 50

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REJOICE

Can Christmas Seasons, as they come and go,
Have deeper meaning in our life?
Reveal God's love, cause us to know
Increase of peace, decrease of strife?
Surely we should be learning more and more
That truth is e'en more distant than before.
Man can never make enduring peace.
Awake from slumber! Hear the Christmas voice!
Seek peace and pursue it; only then can man rejoice.

—David Carson Bayless.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

LIGHT

It is unlikely that those shepherds of twenty centuries ago had the understanding and political acumen as did the men in high places. Yet the glory of the Lord shone about them. They received the news as promptly as did the Wise Men.

In the history of mankind, these A. D. years are as but a day. Yet in this short period of time, the spreading of the story of light and freedom has vastly changed the course of the world. And the world has learned that here in America, men of even the humblest origin can become wise and great.

The people of the old world of oppression have for long looked across the seas to America as the land where the light of freedom and security shines brightest, and shines for men and women of all conditions.

The path to richer, fuller lives for all mankind lies ahead, in a continuing of the process by which all men grow in wisdom and understanding. So let us with ever increasing zeal and determination resolve that we as free men shall again attain the glory of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."—Selected.

INTERESTING EVENTS AT THE SCHOOL

Recently, two of the rooms in the textile building have been repainted and reconditioned and are to be used by the Boys Scout troops of the school—Troop 60 of which Mr. Corliss is Scoutmaster, and Troop 61 of which Mr. Walters is Scoutmaster. These two rooms have been completely renovated so that now they can be made very attractive, and in the future the Scouts will have their own meeting places where they can take care of their Scout equipment.

It is anticipated that the Scout program can be strengthened and improved in the immediate future. It is our purpose to give the worthy boys here an opportunity to engage in Scouting, and next spring when the camping season opens at Camp Dick Henning at Ellerbe Springs, it is planned for both troops to be taken out to the camp for a week's camping. Most of the boys at the school should

strive to qualify for membership as a Scout and strive to have the opportunity to engage in this wonderful camping experience. It is the school's purpose always to give full encouragement to the Scouting program.

Just recently two new fire escapes were installed at the rear of the Administration Building. These fire escapes were furnished and installed by the Southern Engineering Company of Charlotte, N. C.. Following an inspection by the State Insurance Department, it was requested that these fire escapes be installed, and now for the first time the building has this necessary protection. We are really proud of this new equipment, and we are so delighted that it does not mar the beauty of the building, nor does it destroy any of the room facilities at the building. All the neccessary carpentry work connected with the installation of this equipment was done by Mr. Carriker and the boys of the carpenter shop. They have done an excellent job themselves, and deserve the commendation of all.

In recent weeks we found it possible to purchase a new electric milking machine for the dairy. This equipment was purchaseed through the International Harvesting Company in Concord. The boys of the dairy have been greatly delighted with this new equipment. It is felt that it will add very much to efficiency of the dairy. It is possible, with this equipment, to do the milking much quicker and with much more cleanliness. Most of the milk is never touched by hand. It is our purpose to train boys to work in some dairy, and and in this mordern day most of the larger dairies out in the country have electric milking machines. Therefore, it was felt that our training program here would more nearly fit into the needs of the boys after they are released if they learn how to use this equipment. It should be explained, however, that almost every boy will continue to learn to milk some with his hands, for in every case it is necessary to do a certain amount of stripping following the use of the machine.

We now have on hand and ready for installation our new pasteurizing equipment for the dairy. Before this can be installed, however, it will be necessary for a considerable amount of repairs to be

made to the milk house. It is planned for Mr. Carriker and the boys of the carpenter shop to do this repair work, and naturally it will require much time for them to do this in addition to their other necessary duties at the school.

We have looked forward for many years to the day when we could have a pasteurizing plant here at the school, for with it there can be every assurance that the milk will be absolutely pure and clean when it is bottled and ready for use on the tables by the boys. We are greatly delighted with the advantages we will have with the pasteurizing plant.

In recent weeks, out on the farm the workers have been expanding the pasture facilities of the school. It is believed this will be one of the finest additions that we could possibly make. About 150 additional acres have been taken into pasture. These new pasture facilities are greatly needed at the school because of the increase in the beef herd. They will go a long way towards conserving the hay and other feeds which we now have on hand. One of the greatest advantages, however, of the new pasturage will be that it will help to keep the school farm free from unsightly thickets and rubbish. Much of the grass on the ditches and branches has gone to waste in the past, whereas it will be possible now for the cattle to get the benefit of all this. We are very proud of our new pasturage.

The grain sowing this year has progressed more favorably than at any time in the history of the school. The fall weather has been almost ideal for planting grain. We have between 250 and 300 acres of small grain, and in every instance the grain has gotten a good start before the cold winter months begin. In some instances it has been necessary to graze the grain down to keep it from getting too far advanced for the winter season.

Just recently, the school purchased a new trailer wagon for use on the farm. We already owned one of these, and it proved to be so useful that we decided to purchase another.

In the school department for several weeks now we have had a full complement of teachers. At the present time we have nine

teachers and nine grades. Two of the boys, however, are doing eleventh grade work under the direction of Mr. Hines, the principal of the school. We consider that we are most fortunate here at the school to have a good faculty, teachers who are genuinely devoted to their work. They are all very eager to do all they can to help the boys. They all have a very fine spirit of willingness, a spirit of unselfish service. We are very happy regarding the school situation.

In connection with the school, it should be noted that through the cooperation of Judge F. Marion Redd, of Charlotte, the school recently received a number of books for the library. Some of these books, we find, will be useful and helpful, and we express to Judge Redd and all our friends in Charlotte, our appreciation for this splendid interest.

A few weeks ago, a $50,000 bequest came to the Jackson Training School from the late Mrs. Will N. Reynolds, of Winston-Salem. In her will it was stipulated that the bequest be used "for the general uses of the hospital" and from this wording it appears that the primary purpose of the bequest was for the improvement of the health program at the school.

In this connection, if the $50,000 is to remain indefinitely as an investment, and the proceeds therefrom used in the health program, it is possible that the school would have between $2,000 and $2,500 to use each year.

Here at the Training School we would like to visualize some of the uses to which such funds might wisely be put, as follows:

1. For scientific study of balanced diets and special nutrition treatments for certain individual cases.
2. For the expansion of present clinics, including tonsils, teeth and eyes.
3. Special study of some of our most pronounced mental cases, those who are definitely psychopathic or neurotic.
4. The promotion of the program of sterilizations and circumcisions.
5. The increase in the number of operations for hernia and other similar ailments.

It is anticipated that the state will appropriate enough money to

employ the services of a trained nurse, and also for a physician, as at present. It is possible, however, that some of the Reynolds funds could be used to supplement the salaries, particularly of the nurse, so that it would be possible to employ a high class person whose work would not be limited merely to eight hours work per day.

* * * * * * * *

AN ACUTE EMERGENCY FOR PUBLIC EDUCATION

One of the most difficult problems with which the approaching session of the General Assembly of North Carolina will have to deal is that of expenditures for public education. The major item in these expenditures, of course, is that which will be expended for teachers' salaries. Whether one likes it or not, there is the cold and bitter fact that we are now in the midst of an acute emergency in public education in this state, and there is no way by which any one with words of argument or explanation can minimize the desperate situation which we are now facing.

One of the most tragic features of the present-day situation is that salaries are too inadequate to hold many of the best teachers, and, even worse than this, the salaries of teachers are too inadequate to attract into the profession either the number or the quality of young people who will be needed in the public schools in the years ahead. In this connection, it should be explained that it will be very short-sighted to think of the situation existing in this state only in terms of the present-day problems, because, as the situation now stands, the state's prospects for an improved situation within the next few years are not at all bright.

In our public schools today we are attempting to meet our present-day needs or difficulties by the use of high school boys and girls as teachers in the classrooms. Along with this, there has been a recession in the state's program to improve the quality of instruction among all its teachers. With teachers' salaries being as inadequate as they have been, no one has had the heart to stress, as in former days, the importance of professional study and improvement. Instead, we have gone on from day to day and from month to month, fearful that the situation would become worse and worse if we made

any attempts to add additional responsibilities to the work of the teachers.

There is some tendency among certain groups of the state today to minimize the situation by saying that this is only a temporary problem, and that the situation will clear up of itself within a short time. This is indeed a most short-sighted viewpoint, and is in direct contrast to the situation as revealed by the actual facts. The real essence of the problem today lies in the fact that already the salaries of the teachers have been allowed to remain too low for too long a period of time, and the state has been accumulating vast surpluses in the treasury at the expense of the childhood in the state It is high time that the state leaders should become greatly alarmed and awakened to the real facts.

Now it may be that an increase of forty per cent will be more than the state can afford at any one given time. It may be that the teachers' salaries will be increased by only twenty per cent, if it is decided that this is all they can afford. If the latter increase is pursued, every right-thinking person will understand at the time that the real needs of the hour will not be met, and that there will be a continuation of the lagging progress in education in the state.

Information has just been given out that the Governor of Virginia has called a special session of the legislature of that state to deal with the problem of teachers' salaries. In sending out his statement announcing the session, Governor Tuck said he was "convinced that an acute emergency exists with reference to our public schools."

Recently, Mr. D. Hiden Ramsey, a member of the North Carolina State Board of Education, in speaking to the school administrators of the state, declared that the teachers and the public in general ought to realize that North Carolina has never moved forward in its educational progress with jerks, meaning, of course, that a forty per cent salary increase for teachers would represent a jerk. This statement, of course, is true, but is not a record about which the state can take very much pride. To say that the state has a reputation of not having moved forward in its educational progress by jerks will in no sense of the word solve the actual emergency which we now face. The tragedy is that there have been some years when we did not move forward at all, when we should have, and conse-

quently we find ourselves with an acute emergency on hand. Furthermore, Mr. Hiden Ramsey, who is one of the state's finest students and leaders, one who has been recognized as a progressive citzen, standing in the forefront of the forces dedicated to a program of improvement for the state, should remember that at one time the state went backward in its educational program with a rather terrific jerk.

In the dark days of the depression, when the credit of the state was endangered, the salaries of the teachers were cut from thirty to thirty-five per cent in order that enough money might be saved to preserve the credit of the state. In other words, at that time the state faced an acute emergency, and to a large extent it called on the teachers of the public schools to foot the bill for maintaining the state's honor and financial integrity. It was explained then that the salaries of teachers had to be greatly decreased because the state had little funds for its educational program.

The teacher who had been receiving $133.33 per month was cut to $90, a reduction of thirty-two and a half per cent. The teacher who was getting $100 per month was reduced to $70, which was a reduction of thirty per cent. This represented a rather tremendous jerk, so far as the teachers were concerned, and, unfortunately, it was not a jerk forward but a jerk backward.

After all, there is very little danger that the state will go forward too fast.

Probably the most unfortunate phase of Mr. Ramsey's recent speech was that it has tended to cause a deeper rift among the school folks in the state. It has tended to agitate the division between administrators and classrom teachers. It will be most unfortunate if the school folks of the state do not maintain a unified program, with all groups working for the one common goal of better education for all of the children of the state.

After all, the General Assembly will have to determine, after careful study, what the state may be able to do to meet the emergency. The members of the legislature should avail themselves of every possible source of information, and they should approach the subject with an open mind and an unbiased attitude. They have a grave responsibility, and in the end, no doubt, will provide for liber-

al increases, not only for the teachers but for all other state employees.

* * * * * * * * *

Just recently we received a letter from one of our friends who is Judge of one of the Juvenile Courts in North Carolina. His letter was most interesting, and we are passing it on to our other friends. It reads as follows:

Mr. S. G. Hawfield, Superintendent
Stonewall Jackson Training School
Concord, North Carolina

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

Almost daily since my visit to the Stonewall Jackson Training School I think of the genuine hospitality shown me while there and of the wonderful meal that I had with the boys.

Before my visit I was prone to consider the school as a penal institution, based upon remarks passed on to me by the man on the street, but since my visit I am convinced that your school will compare favorably with our colleges and other institutions in the state, and sincerely feel that it is unfortunate that more of our boys are not privileged to take advantage of the opportunities afforded at your school.

Again I say that I shall always remember my most pleasant visit with you and wish for you and the school most sincere good wishes for the holiday season and the new year.

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CHRISTMAS CHEER FUND

The Christmas season is again approaching, and throughout the history of the School there has been a Christmas Cheer Fund for the boys here. Generally the contributions to this fund have been generous, and they have come from many devoted friends of the institution and particularly of the boys here.

This year our friends will again be given the opportunity to make their usual contributions, and we wish to assure them that in doing this they will bring much cheer and happiness to the boys who are here. The funds are always spent for candies, fruits, nuts, or some

small useful gift. Our friends are urged to make donations this year as generous as possible because of the fact that all goods or groceries purchased from this fund will cost more this year than in other years.

Contributions to this fund to date are as follows:

Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Cheer Fund	$217.87
Board of Commissioners, New Hanover County,	30.00
A. W. Klemme, High Point,	5.00
"7-8-8," Concord,	25.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
Board of Commissioners, Caldwell County,	15.00
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde A. Kivett and Family, High Point,	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield,	10.00
Mrs. W. H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Boy Scouts Make Airplane

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

The Boy Scouts of Troop 61 are now making model airplanes. They are going to decorate the room where the meetings are held. Mr. Walters, our scout master, has said that the two boys who make the best airplanes will get a free airplane ride. All the boys want to win.

Standard Arithmetic Test

By Howard Herman, 7th Grade

Lately Mr. Hines has given us two standard tests in arithmetic like those which are taken by boys and girls all over the United States. I will tell you some of the highest grades which were made by the boys of the special seventh grades. On the arithmetic reasoning test the high grades are as follows:

Robert Wicker, 8.7; Robert Kerr,8.7; Major Loftin, 8. 2; and John D. Gupton,7.8, and on the other test the best grades are as follows: Robert Wicker, 10.4; Robert Kerr, 8.0; and Major Loften, 8.2. We are sure that the rest of the boys in our room will try harder next time. We surely do appreciate Mr. H nes getting the tests for us.

A New Grade at J. T. S.

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

We have a new grade at the Jackson Training School. We have the 11th grade here now. There are only two boys in the grade. They are Gray Brown from Winston-Salem and Charles Shearin from Rocky Mount. These boys are going to do their best in the 11th grade.

Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Hines decided to give these boys a chance to continue their education, by doing 11th grade work. The textbooks have already been ordered, and the boys are doing their supplementary reading for 11th grade English and 11th grade history.

....Books Donated to School Library....

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

Recently, a number of books from discontinued camps, air fields, and marine bases have been given to the Jackson Training School for the library.

These books were first given to the Army through the "Books for Victory" drive during the war. Most of the books are on an adult level, for they were given by books clubs, civic organizations, and individuals who for the most part were good readers themselves. Naturally, many of the books are not suitable for a standard library where books must be easy and and readable for young people. However, the books will be carefully screened in order to find those on standard lists and to accept those from the standard lists that are not too difficult for the boys of the School.

We appreciate the efforts of Judge Redd and others who made it possible for us to have them.

Radio Program

By Robert Kerr, 7th Grade

Mrs. Morrison's 2nd grade and four of the boys of Cottage No. 10 went to the radio station Tuesday morning. The first number on the the program was a musical number by four boys. It was "Come, We That Love the Lord." The second number on the program was a solo by Ollie Daw, and it was "When He Cometh." The third thing on the program was a duet, "Jesus Loves Me," by John McKinney and Ollie Daw. The next was a song by four boys, Garvin Thomas, Harry Matthews, R. L. Crawford, and James Brigman. Their song was "Revive Us Again."

Mr. Hawfield made a talk about this subject, Good Health Program in North Carolina." He said that in the last few months the minds of the people of North Carolina have been focused on their health. He also made a talk about the recent Mrs. Will Reynolds' gift to the Training School, for the health program. She gave $50,000 to the School.

Boy Scouts Sell Peanuts

By William Jenkins, 6th Grade

Some of the Scouts of Troop No. 61, Mr. Walters' troop, went over to Concord last Saturday to sell peanuts. The boys who went were as follows: Glenn Davis, Ed Guinn, Jimmy Wiles, Jerry Peavey, Jerry Oakes, Harold Kernodle, James Dunn, Daniel Johnson, Clay Shew, Donald Stultz, and Bennie Riggins. They saw a football game, and Mr. Walters and Mr. Eugene Hooker played for Concord. I am sure that these boys had a good time.

The New Boys

By Clifford Martin, 6th Grade

In the last two weeks, the School has received some new boys. Their names and grades are as follows: Bobby Blake, 4th grade; Gray Brown, 11th grade; Glenn Bumgardner, 9th grade; Carlton Crawford, 4th grade; Kenneth Halcomb, 4th grade; Woodrow Mason, 1st grade; Nathan McCarson,1st grade; Aarson McCarson, 1st grade; Jesse Peavey, 1st grade; Marion Ross, 5th grade; and Alfred Davis, 7th grade.

We hope that all these boys will do well while they are at the School.

The Normandy Invasion

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

We saw a very good picture show last Tuesday. It was entitled "The Normandy Invasion." Before we had the picture, Mr. Hines, Mrs. Hawfield, Mrs. Baucom, and Mr. Caldwell gave talks. Then Mrs. Morrison had all the boys to stand and sing two songs entitled "America" and "God Bless America." Then we had the picture.

All the boys and teachers liked the picture very much and are looking forward to the next picture.

B. T.U. Junior Group Number 1

By John McKinney, 2nd Grade

We sang some songs. Then Mr. Sofness made a talk about what he saw when he was in England and other places. Olin Sealey made a

talk, telling what he was thankful for on Thanksgiving. We enjoyed the meeting very much. It was a good meeting.

B. T. U. Junior Group Number 2

By Emory King, 5th Grade

First on our program was a song, "Faith of Our Fathers." Next we had a talk by Mr. Sofness, telling about his experiences in England and telling about what a hard time the people there had during the war. He had seen the place where the Pilgrims were put in prison for worshipping God the way that they thought was right.

After he had made his talk, we went into our class rooms where we discussed together the daily Bible reading for the past week. We got a lot out of the meeting, and we appreciate the help that is given to us by the ones who are in charge of the B. T. U. meetings from Sunday to Sunday.

B. T. U. Intermediate Group

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

As usual we assembled in the auditorium for songs and a talk. After we went to the class rooms, the different groups had their meetings. Harvey Leonard gave a talk entitled "Where Thanksgiving Began." The second part, "The Familiar Things," was given by Jack Lambert. Donald Stultz gave the fourth part, and Ray Roberts gave the fifth part. Donald Stultz's part was "Forget Not All His Benefits," and Ray Roberts' part was "Fully Thankful." Mr. Puckett made a talk.

We closed our group meeting with prayer by Clyde Wright, James Dunn, Talmadge Duncan, Harvey Leonard, and Mr. Puckett. This was a very good meeting.

Our Geography Work

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

Recently, the boys of the special sixth grade have been studying hard in their geography. The boys enjoy studying this interesting subject. The topics that we have been working on are as follows: "Home Life," "What Is Home Life," "Homes of Birds and Animals," "Kinds of Homes," "Homes of People in Far Away Countries," "Village, Town, and City," "How Cities Began," "Reasons Why People Live in Cities," "The Need of Roads," "The Roads of Animals," "Branching Roads," Why Roads Should Be Well-Made," "City Streets," "Sidewalks," "Street Lighting and Cleaning," "The Work of the Police," and "The Cost of Caring for the Streets."

Mr. Hines, our teacher, has been helping us very much, and we appreciate this very much.

Boys See Football Game

By Ray Roberts, 6th Grade

Saturday the boys of Cottage No. 10, the School's big team, and the School's one-hundred and twentyfive team went to Concord to see the football game. Concord defeated Landis by the score of 28-6. Some of the players were hurt, but they were good sports during the whole game. Mr. Hawfield went with the boys to see

the game. Each boy got some peanuts to eat. We thank the people who made it possible for us to see the game.

The Show

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

The show for Thursday night was "Goodnight, Sweetheart," starring Johnny Newsome and Carol Martin. Johnny played as a newspaperman or a newspaper reporter. He told Carol that he wanted to get a job in a press room. He wanted to win Carol for his wife. At the end of the picture, after many experiences and difficulties in a new town, he and Carol were married. However, he was put in jail for disguising as Marie Stevens and upsetting the town called Springdale.

We appreciate this show, and we are looking forward to more like it.

History Tests

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

Lately we have been studying about the colonial period of American history. At the end of the month of November, we had a standard test on history. All the boys in the special seventh grade made good grades. Our teacher said that our grades were very good.

Some of the best grades made on the standard test are the following: Glenn Evans, 8.6; Clifton Rhodes, 8.3; Howard Herman, 8.2; Robert Jarvis, 8.0; Robert Kerr, 8.0; Eugene Martin, 7.9; Robert Wicker, 7.9; Talmadge Duncan, 7.7; and Carl Holt, 7.7.

News Items of Interest

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

Since it is not long until Christmas, Eugene Bowers and Max Ray Herring have been drawing some Christmas pictures for the 4th grade room. Their room is very prettily decorated. The 2nd grade has been decorating their rooms, too. It is very beautiful.

The 1st grade's catfish died. They had had it for almost a year. They are very sorry that it died .

The ninth grade has been working on English. They have two new boys. Their names are Glenn Bumgardner and Travis Lee Shumate.

Ray Roberts, one of the boys in the special sixth grade, has been putting some very pretty Christmas pictures up on the bulletin board. He has made the room look very pretty.

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Success is the result of the right mental attitude, and the right mental attitude will bring success in everything you undertake.
—Selected.

THE STORY OF "SILENT NIGHT"

(Sunshine Magazine)

Christmas was fast approaching in the little town of Arnsdorf, near Salzburg, Austria, in the year 1830. Father Josef Mohr, the parish priest of Arnsdorf, was seriously troubled. Mice had eaten at the bellows of the organ in his little church and he faced the prospect of midnight mass on Christmas Eve without the Christmas music beloved of his parishioners. He went to his organist and schoolmaster to discuss the dilemma, and they agreed that something special had to be done to atone for the muted organ.

Coming home from a visit to a dying woman on the night before Christmas Eve, the Father paused on a height overlooking the town and stood there musing. Snowy mountains loomed above him, pointing their peaks at the myriad stars in the clear, quiet sky. In the dark vally below he could see the outlines of the peaceful village, where a faint light glimmering here and there only accentuated the surrounding darkness. Suddenly the good priest murmured, "It must have been something like this—that holy night in Bethlehem."

He was powerfully affected. Hastening home, fearful lest his mood depart, he sat at his desk and wrote. The lines fairly flowed from his pen:

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,
Alles schlaeft, einsam wacht,
Nur das traute, hochheilige Paar,
Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh,

The other stanzas followed after hours of writing. Pleased with his song, Father Mohr retired. Next morning he re-read his manuscript, then took it to Franz Gruber. As Gruber read the lovely words his musician's soul caught their true spirit, and the now famous melody began to well within him. Hours afterward, when he had finished composing the music, Gruber sang "Stille Nacht" to his wife. In the hush that followed, she said, "We will die, Franz, you and I, but this song will live."

At Christmas Eve midnight mass, the organ in the little church at Arnsdorf was silent. The congregation missed it sadly until, with Father Mohr singing and Franz Gruber playing the guitar, the immortal strains of "Silent Night" fell upon their ears. Then every man and woman in the little church sat enthralled by this first rendition of the hymn without which Christmas today is simply not complete.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must invent twenty more to maintain that one.—Pope.

IN PRAISE OF TEACHING

By Marten ten Hoor

I would like to begin by asking and answering the question, "Why do schools and teachers exist?" In general, they exist because society perpetually feels itself in need of improvement. Specifically, schools and teachers are concrete evidence of a conviction held by parents that children are not born perfect and that children can be educated to be better than their parents. Of course, there are some parents who desire merely accurate copies of themselves and who are satisfied with a second edition without improvements. However, as the philosopher Plato said, this type of education is flattery and not education at all. Schools and teachers are not agencies whose function it is merely to reproduce the same model. Nature produces a constant stream of little savages. Education must not only bring them up to the contemporary standard but must improve on the parent generation.

The existence of schools and teachers is also evidence of the persistent hope of mankind for social progress, of the hope that education will produce better citizens for a better state. The existence of the teaching profession indicates the hope that poverty, disease, ignorance, economic injustice, personal and public immorality can be reduced if not abolished.

It appears from this that schools and teachers are custodians of civilization. Education reveals the mistakes of the past; it conserves and passes on the accumulated experience of mankind. Science, technology, art, religion, these are in the permanent custody of the teacher. Schools and teachers are therefore the enduring repository of human hopes and ideals. By means of teaching, man hopes to redeem himself and his fellows. All the varied forms of educational practice and experiment are symptoms of repentance.

It is obvious from the above what the essential qualities of the good teacher are. The teacher must first of all have knowledge. Lack of knowledge or pretence of knowledge is quickly sensed by children. What I mean by knowledge here is saturation with the subject matter. The teacher must know immeasurably more than he needs for the teaching of a class or course. This does not mean a teacher is merely a repository of facts. For this textbooks are quite as serviceable. Nor is the teacher a mere purveyor of information. Mechanical instruments, such as the victrola, are quite as useful for this purpose. I mean that the teacher should be the living subject which he teachers.

A second essential quality is technical skill. Here again I do not mean that the teacher should have a standardized technic. The teacher is not a machine; professional skill should be his servant, not his master.

Third, a good teacher must have a deep-going understanding of children. The basic virtue here is sympathy. The teacher must have a genuine and sincere liking for children; for many hours a day he stands in loco parentis. The teacher must remember that he

deals with the most impressionable and sensitive of raw materials—the the young personality. The teacher must be guided not only by knowledge and skill but by affection. Remember Cudworth's famous lines, "Truth and love are two of the most powerful things in the world and when they go together they cannot easily be withstood." The teacher must therefore not quarrel with human nature but understand it and use such knowledge in his teaching.

In the fourth place, the teacher must have moral ideals. In the field of moral education we have been least successful. For centuries teachers have taught facts and what to do with, or about them, but they have to a dangerous extent forgotten to teach what ought to be done with, or about them. Education in moral ideals is much more difficult than education in facts, for ideals cannot easily be taught formally. Example, and the revelation of personal conviction and belief, and faith in moral ideas are the real educative influences here.

In the fifth place, the teacher must have the true experimental spirit. Like the physician, he must be constantly on the lookout for better ways of accomplishing his aims. He must not be a pure experementalist but must find a happy medium between the worship of tradition and the naive acceptance of the latest fads and fancies.

Sixth, the teacher must have a stout heart. Teaching is often discouraging business. In a teacher's lifetime, literally thousands of pupils stream thru his classes. Every year there is a new batch and he must start all over again. Then his charges disappear and he sees little of the fruits of his labor. Thus he must have a stout heart. He must believe in himself and in his work It is fatal for him to be dissatified with work. He must constantly recall Hardy's lines:

He who is with himself dissatified,
Though all the world finds satisfaction in him,
Is like a rainbow-colored bird gone blind,
That gives the light it shares not.

Finally, the teacher must have deep and abiding faith. Teaching is the only profession outside of the ministry which makes the teaching of ideals its life work. The task is difficult, often discouraging, frequently criticized; its effects are often neutralized; its job is never finished. The teacher must constantly be revitalized by faith in the ultimate success of education.

It seems logical to consider next the rewards of the teacher, for certainly a profession which plays such an important part in civilization and which requires such fine qualities of its members should be well-rewarded. There are two types of rewards which men can enjoy—material and spiritual. What are the material rewards of the teachers?

It is astounding that many people actually think this question should not be raised. The attitude of the public toward the question of the material rewards of the teachers is somewhat of a mystery. However, some clue is to be found in history, for the unsympathetic attitude of the general public to the material rewards of the teacher is an historical and

traditional one. The Greek aristocrat thought it was shameful to teach for pay and looked with disdain on the Sophist teacher. The classical attitude was strengthened rather than weakened during medieval times. For some fifteen or sixteen centuries A. D., education was almost entirely in the hands of the clergy. The members of this profession naturally expected to get their reward in heaven. Honor as we must the devotion, selfsacrifice, and almost ascetic attitude of medieval teachers, none of us today would answer Charlemagne as did the Irish teachers when he asked them what they required: "Only proper places and noble souls, and such things as we cannot live without, food and wherewith to clothe ourselves." No teacher today would consider the bare necessities of life as sufficient reward for his work.

In spite of history and tradition, the attitude of contemporary society toward material rewards for the teacher remains inexplicable; for it requires no great acumen to realize that it is a grave mistake to pay poor salaries to teachers. Only the best intelligences should be permitted to practice this profession. Such intelligences are not to be had for the asking. In a competitive and materialistic civilization, material rewards are an important and justifiable attraction. It should be obvious to all that a teacher should be paid enough so that he can devote his whole life, all his energy, and all his powers to teaching. Teaching requires a reasonable security of mind. The notion of the noble poverty of the teacher is a romantic delusion, like the notion of love in a garret. Furthermore, teachers require and are entitled to some of the fine things of life: music, books, fine art, and travel. They need these things to be good teachers.

Finally, the lack of deserved material reward distracts the teacher from his great mission. It may develop in him a sense of injustice, with the result that his mind is too much occupied with thoughts of protest and plans of action to obtain justice. He cannot well be blamed, altho there may occasionally be good reason to criticise some of the methods he uses to call the attention of society to his predicament. What must be impressed upon society is that the teacher is more important than any building than textbooks, the boards of education, or than any of the machinery necessary for the conduct of the enterprise of education. It is to be hoped that in the future society will more willingly and concretely recognize this.

Fortunately for the teacher—and for society—there are also spiritual rewards for teaching. There is the pleasure which comes from imparting knowledge, from being, so to speak, an instrument of revelation. There is the pleasure which comes from winning the trust, affection, and gratitude of young children. To win these is one of the greatest goods in this world. There is the pleasure which comes from watching the child grow and develop as a personality. All men know the pleasure of watching flowers glow in respouse to care and the pleasure of the artist in modeling his work of art. The true teacher experiences a pleasure akin to these. There is also the satisfaction which comes from the conscious-

ness of being a part of the greatest single agency for social progress, from knowing that one is a part of the institution which is the custodian of truth and ideals. These rewards are after all the most important rewards. The teacher who teaches for material rewards alone is out of place in the profession. In fact, such a person would be out of place almost anywhere.

We are living in an age of confusion, an age in which civilization seems to be more seriously threatened than at any period in modern times. We are daily witnessing the enslavement of education in countries in which we would not have thought this to be possible. More and more, propaganda is taking the place of true education. Never was it more important to hold fast to our professional ideals and to our faith as teachers. Never was it more important to re-examine and to restate our professional faith. For this reason, I am going to be so bold as to suggest some articles for the credit of the teacher.

I believe that children are the most important things on earth.

I believe that our schools are the enduring repositories of human experiences.

I believe that teaching is the bloodstream of intellectual and moral progress and that teaching is therefore the noblest of all professions.

I believe that the teacher is the guardian of truth, of goodness, and of beauty, and therefore the custodian of civilization.

I will not be discouraged by the absence of adequate and just material rewards.

I will not be discouraged by misguided parents, by selfseeking and insincere politicians, and by false leaders in education.

I will not be discouraged by the collapse of ideals in the world about us and by the prostitution of education in some foreign countries.

I will not be discouraged by the failure of our product to be perfect or by our inability to measure fully the results of our labors.

I will not be disheartened by the occasional failures of educational theories and practices.

I will not be discouraged by the fact that the family and society are placing increasing responsibilities on my shoulders and expecting more and more of me as a teacher.

I will constantly remember that the child entrusted to me is the most helpless, delicate, and sensitive being on earth, and I will never forget that my strength as a teacher lies in my devotion to the welfare of this child.

In teaching this child I will have constantly before me the words of Carlyle: "The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses and which he is blessed by."

It is easy to find fault; appreciation requires intelligence and character.—Selected.

NUMBER 1084

By George M. Hill

It was not the number of a locomotive or any piece of a rolling stock of a railroad, but the license number of a "fliver," apparently of very ancient vintage, that was parked daily amid far more gorgeous equipment at the lower end of 13th Avenue well down toward the terminal.

It was Bradford Hartwell, General Superintendent of the Consolidated Lines, who discovered the car of dim luster 'mid the more brilliant constellation.

The "G. S." as he was generally known, was a very active man, walking down to his office every morning unless too stormy, and he was usually early. He generally traveled the same route which took him down past the parked cars in the locality mentioned.

Just how he chanced to spot the old 1084 he could not tell. He just chanced to notice it and began to wonder who operated the ancient vehicle that was so different from any of the other cars. He admitted to himself that it might have been due to the fact that the sum of the numerals totaled 13. He was in no way superstitious, although he did have the rather ridiculous habit of adding figures to see if they totaled the jinx number. But he admitted that he believed in "hunches," and for some unaccountable reason he possessed a strong one that there was something out of the ordinary connected with that venerable car.

Frequently during a lull in the busy routine of the day, he would find himself thinking of that delapidated ark, and it really provoked him, yet the thoughts were persistent.

Then one morning he chanced to come down earlier than usual before so many of the cars were parked for the day. As he neared the accustomed anchorage of the 1084 he noted its absence, but just then it quickly came into view, swung in beside the curbing and a girl alighted almost in front of him. There was nothing remarkable about this, but as the G. S. was interested in the old car, it was only natural that he would be in its driver.

The girl was attractive appearing —he noted that at a glance. And a glance was sufficient to inform him that she was undoubtedly not overburdened with the riches of the world. She hurried away too quickly for him to obtain much detail, but he did note that while her clothing was neat and well fitting, it was also well worn and inexpensive.

She was a hustler, that the G. S. saw at once. He was a keen observer and could detect one of the species as soon as he saw them, and he liked hustlers. That she worked in some one of the offices down that way he was quite sure.

He hurried on to his office and plunged into the great volume of business awaiting him, for he to, was a hustler. For some hours the girl and the old 1084 passed from his mind. It was during his lunch hour that he again recalled her—even wondering where she ate lunch, and he figured it would be in no way expensive.

The next morning he was about to

start down early so as to be there when the 1084 arrived. Then he called himself an "old fool" and dropped back to his usual schedule which he followed for several days. Then he decided that he wanted to see the girl again so he started early, timing himself to arrive at the parking place simultaneously with the ancient 1084.

This time he got a better view of her features and was aware that she was really beautiful, or would have been, but for the weary expression of her face which denoted work, worry and anxiety.

The G. S. was quite certain of one fact, the girl was up against trouble of some kind and was having a hard fight with the world.

Some impulse prompted him to trail along keeping her in sight so as to learn where she was employed. Then he became really scared for there were a number of people hurrying toward the various offices and he imagined that many knew him and were aware that he was trailing the girl. She had parked down as far as possible, but it was several blocks down to the office district. He was given a surprise when he saw her pass in at the entrance of one of the freight offices of the company.

He had no idea who was employed in the lower freight offices for he had not visited the place in years as there was practically nothing that required him to go there.

He turned hurriedly through a side street and continued on his way to his office in the spacious station building.

For the next few days he attended strictly to his own affairs and endeavored to banish the girl and the 1084 from his mind. But he was unable to do so. He realized it would be a simple matter for him to see her; to speak to her. But he did not wish to cause her any annoyance, and he was fully aware that would cause comment and curiosity if the General Superintendent should begin visiting the freight offices and showing interest in one of the lady clerks.

But he did want to know about her, but was aware that he had no right to pry into her affairs. But still retained the hunch that she was up against some rather hard proposition and he would really like to help her if he could.

Then he thought of Ed. Gardner, Special Agent, who was a power in the secret service of the system. He was not of the ordinary type of railroad police; was gentlmanly and polite, also a brother member of the great fraternity. Ed. would learn all that he wanted to known, do it politely, say nothing, and think nothing suspicious until he knew there was foundation for such thought.

Ed. quickly obtained the information required. She was Margaret Raymond, stenographer by title, but an all around clerk, and the most efficient in the office where she was employed, although she had been there only about a year.

She lived out in the country several miles, planted a garden in its season; also raised some poultry. Her mother lived with her; also some relatives who were unable to work. Expenses very heavy, but she was making a brave fight to carry on her campaign.

The G. S. knew his hunch was correct to a certain extent, there was a certain satifaction in that, but he was still in a quandary as to what he could do about it—he must think out something.

Then a matter of great importance called him from the city and in arranging of this business the affair of the girl and the old 1084 passed from his mind for a time.

He was absent two weeks, and when he returned and resumed his accustomed walk to the office he noted that the 1084 was not parked at its usual place. The next morning it was still absent and he began to wonder and became a trifle anxious.

He would not seek information from any one in his office. Ed. Gardner was a personal freind as well as an officer, and through him he learned that the girl was ill and had been unable to report for duty for several days.

There was nothing particularly alarming about that; other employees were on the sick list from time to time, especially as the season had advanced into cold wintry weather. But the hunch that there was something unusual about the case of this girl, still clung to him.

The G. S. was really a kindly man at heart although appearing hard and stern. He could sympathize with those in trouble for he had experienced great trouble and sorrow, but this fact he kept most strictly to himself.

He was a lonely man, for since his wife passed on he had lived in his spacious house alone, with the exception of a servant or two. And there were times when in the solitude of that home he gave away to his sorrow and disappointments, but none suspected it.

He called Ed. Gardner to his office again.

"I suppose you think I am acting silly about the affairs of that Raymond girl, Ed." he began, "but there is something about the matter that seems determined to remain with me. I cannot banish it. I'll feel better if I can get more details and I want you to call at her home.

"Make any excuse you wish for calling, you're resourceful in that line, and learn all you can about matters there, I know you can do it diplomatically and embarrass no one in the least."

"Thanks!" acknowledged Ed. "I'll see what I can do; I'll go out tonight if it does not snow too hard."

The next afternoon at an hour when he was sure the G. S. would not be too busy, Ed dropped into his private office.

Being so well acquainted with Ed, the G. S. knew from his expression of countenance and the peculiar twinkle in his eyes, that he had learned something of importance.

"Well, Ed what did you learn?" he asked, as the private secretary left the room and they were alone.

"Quite a lot. Miss Raymond is practically recovered and will soon report for duty."

"Anything more?" he inquired as Ed. remained silent.

"Well—yes, I did find out a little more. But I'd like for you to see things for yourself rather than attempt to tell you. Would you mind going out there?"

The G. S. was greatly surprised at the suggestion and declared he could do no good going, but would consider favorably anything he had to suggest. Then as he looked into Ed's face and noted the peculiar unwavering look that was in his eyes, he realized that there must be some very

important reason that caused Ed to request him to go.

"I'll go, Ed," he hastened to say, "but I want you to go with me; you will act as master of ceremonies. when do you want to go; tonight?"

"Tomorrow evening would be a good time," Ed replied.

"That would be Christmas Eve!" he objected.

"All the better" replied Ed. "You will be none the less welcome."

"I'll do as you suggest, Ed, you are the manager of this affair."

The G. S. was ready on Christmas Eve. "I've excused my man Ed." he said as they were about to start, "so you may take the wheel."

He was silent and thoughtful on the way out to the humble home in the country.

It was Margaret's mother who admitted them. The G. S. was duly presented by Ed.

He had imagined her as probably an elderly person, and was therefore surprised at her youthful appearance. It was difficult to think of her as Margaret's mother she seemed more like a slightly older sister.

"Meet our general superintendent, Miss Raymond," said Ed, as she enered the room. "He was somewhat concerned about your temporary disability and was kind enough to want to drive out here tonight."

The G. S. noted again that peculiar twinkle in Ed's eyes and wondered what he had up his sleeve.

Just as Margaret had expressed her appreciation of his kindness and concern, a young man entered the room. He came a trifle slowly and was using a cane. He was somewhat pale from indoor confinement and looked as if he had suffered considerable pain. Yet there was a cheerful expression on his rather handsome face.

As the G. S. saw him, a look of bewilderment passed over his face and he leaped forward with an exclamation of astonishment.

"Helow, dad!" greeted the young man, "good of you to call on us this Christmas Eve," and he extended his hand.

"Frank! my boy!" he cried excitedly, as he grasped his hand. "What does this mean? you are sick or injured! Tell me about it I have wondered and worried for years about you; you dropped out of sight and I could not locate you. I was mighty harsh with you, boy, but I never intended to drive you away."

Tears were streaming down his rugged face as he talked to his son whom he had not seen in years.

"Sit down, dad, and I'll tell you," said Frank as he led his father to a couch and sat beside him. "It's all right dad," he continued, "you did not drive me away; we had a break, but it was all my fault. I was wild and reckless and getting to be about as trifling as one can. I was a disgrace to you and mother. I knew it, but did not have the backbone to straighten up and do right. And you may recall that it was the day before Christmas that we had our final break, and I left home.

"I was in a distant state when mother passed away and did not know of it until long afterward. It hit me hard, but there seemed to be no use in my returning home. I was ashamed of myself, and decided not to return until I could make good.

"I did take a turn for the better, and returned to my home vicinity and when I met Margaret Raymond I got a final grip upon myself and was making good at odd jobbing, so we were married. Margaret once mentioned the name, but never mistrusted I was your son.

"I had a good education, of course, but had not kept up with the ties and was unfitted for any real business position, could not get a look in anywhere; I guess my general appearance was against me.

"Finally I took a job as fireman over on the Highland Division, using Margaret's name—Raymond. No one knew me over there. I was doing well and we were happy. Then came the Flint River wreck and I was badly smashed up. That you may recall, was nearly a year ago. I have been unable to work since.

"But I'm better, and gaining slowly. A specialist might have hastened matters a little but I could not employ one.

"As you know, I could not file a claim until I returned to duty, so the financial part of it has been quite a problem.

"I know you would gladly have helped us, dad, but I did not want to call for assistance the first time my wheels struck a stump, so we managed to get along.

"Margaret's mother got this place and came out here with us. She tended the garden and poultry, also giving me most skillful care and nursing, while Margaret was at work in the freight office. They are both wonderful, dad, and I'll soon be well now.

"When Ed Gardner dropped in here recently, I knew you would learn where I was. I did not want him to tell you, but he talked me into consenting. He said you felt mighty bad about matters and wanted to know where I was. Ed's a good scout, he helped me out of some trouble several years ago.

"Ed, I am some surprised!" exclaimed the G. S.' "it seems you've known my boy a long time, why did you not let me know?"

"Yes, I've known Frank for several years," admitted Ed, "but it was only by accident that I learned he was your son. He was not quite ready to settle down then and would not agree to let you know any thing about him or return home. I lost sight of him quite a while ago; did not know he was a fireman on the Highland, or that he used the name Raymond. I had no idea where he was until I came out here and found him and learned of his experiences. He had made good and I decided it was time you knew about it. Your hunch regarding the old 1084 seems to have produced some startling developments." And he generated his genial smile.

"We want you and Ed to be with us tomorrow, dad," said Frank. "It will not be any thing so very elaborate, but we hope you will be with us."

Ed said it should be a family reunion with no outsider present, but they declared he had been most instrumental in the reuniting of father and son, and prevailed upon him to accept.

It proved to be a most happy Christmas for all. The G. S. was delighted to find that the girl of the old 1084 should be his daughter-inlaw, and Ed noted that he seemed unusually interested in Margaret's mother.

Twelve months have passed away and it is the Christmas Season again.

It finds Frank and Margaret in somewhat different surroundings; a cozy home in the city. Frank has received certain special treatment that has hastened his recovery, and he now has a fine position with a prominent business house with good prospects of advancement.

It is Christmas Eve, and they were to have dinner at the home of the G. S. on Christmas.

"Dad phoned me today,' said Frank, "said he would have a big surprise for us tomorrow; what do you think about it?"

Margaret smiled. "We must pretend to be greatly surprised," she said. "However, I don't think we'll be overcome with astonishment, seeing how matters have been shaping."

The next afternoon they drove to the home of the G. S. in an auto; but it was not the venerable 1084.

Frank's father and Margaret's mother welcomed them. Both appeared happy, but slightly nervous.

"Meet your new mother, Frank," he said, "and I hope Margaret will find me acceptable as a step-dad; we were married last night—Christmas Eve."

Congratulations and good wishes were tendered as soon as the young folks recovered from their "surprise," and both were greatly pleased with the way affairs had turned out.

That evening as Frank and Margaret were walking down one of the halls, they passed an open door.

"Dad's den!" exclaimed Frank: "Let's walk in; I have not seen the old den in years."

He switched on the lights and they viewed the interior from the door way. It was a most comfortable room of its kind, and there the G. S. had passed many hours of solitude.

"Look!' exclaimed Frank, as he pointed to his father's desk, "I wondered what became of the other one right after I changed them."

On the desk top, prominent 'mid several other ornaments, was a somewhat battered license plate—1084.

———:———

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of December 15, 1946

Dec. 15—Leslie Gautier, Cottage No. 11, 16th birthday.
Dec. 19—Glenn Rice, Cottage No. 5, 14th birthday.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Last Sunday afternoon, Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, was the guest minister at our preaching service. Mr. Summers takes a great interest in the boys here, and his visits are always keenly appreciated.

The 15th Psalm was read as a Scripture lesson, and Mr. Summers used as his topic these words: "How a Good Christian Is Like a Good Watch." He discussed this from the following viewpoints:

1. A good Christian should have an open face, just as a good watch does, and be unashamed as he faces the world. He should be able, because of his inner convictions as to his own personal goodness, to look the world squarely in the eye and not feel any need ever for sneaking around and keeping under cover of the darkness. In this connection, Mr. Summers told of an experience which he had with a well-trained bird dog. It occurred that this dog, through some fault, flushed a covey of birds, and he knew at the time that he had done wrong. Because of this, he was terribly ashamed, and with a cowed look he sneaked through the bushes back to his master. This is often the way with boys who have done wrong, knowing at the time that they have sinned.

2. A good Christian should have busy hands—hands that are worthily employed in the work of the world and in service to one's fellowman. It was explained in this connection that a watch without hands is useless, but when properly equipped with hands it indicates accurately the time of the day. Mr. Summers explained to the boys that human hands can be employed either for evil or good deeds. They are made to do whatever is ordered by the mind, and it was also explained that human hands represent one of the finest pieces of mechanism known to man. Fundamentally, a good Christian uses his hands wisely and skillfully in his life's vocation.

3. A good watch is made of pure gold and has different enduring and sterling qualities. That is, it has just the right amount of gold with other alloys to give it the proper durability, and the watch stays good on and on through the years. Likewise, the good Christian can have in his life the qualities of durability and dependability needed through the years.

4. A good watch is always well regulated. So is the life of a good Christian. The watchmaker, skilled in the arts of his trade, knows how to set the balance wheel properly so that the watch does not run too fast or too slow. There are times however, when even good watches need to be rechecked and regulated again and again. So it is with the good Christian.

5. In conclusion, it was explained that a good watch is full of good works. Good watches, as a rule, have about twenty-one jewels, which means there are many cogs and many wheels, and each does its own work as it should. The owners of good watches pride themselves on having watches that are operated by good works. Then it was explained that the Christian also can be full of good works towards others, and he will try to do just that as he fulfills his mission in the world and his Christian duty towards God.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

None but cowards lie.—Murphy.

—:—

The way to be nothing is to do nothing.—Howe.

—:—

Difficulties strengthen the mind, as labor does the body.—Seneca.

—:—

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—Bacon.

—:—

He only is exempt from failures who makes no efforts.—Whatley.

—:—

He who prays as he ought, will endeavor to live as he prays.—Owen.

—:—

Selfishness is the root and source of all natural and moral evils.—Emmons.

—:—

You can preach a better sermon with your life than with your lips.
—Goldsmith.

—:—

We cannot live better than in seeking to become better, nor more agreeably than in having a clear conscience.
—Socrates.

—:—

A friend that you have to buy won't be worth the price you pay for him, no matter what that may be.
—G. D. Prentice.

It is on the sound education of the people that the security and destiny of every nation chiefly rest.—Kossuth.

—:—

If you would relish food, labor for it before you take it; if to enjoy clothing, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.
—Franklin.

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass if he would ever reach heaven; for everyone has need to be forgiven.—Herbert.

—:—

A man must require just and reasonable things if he would see the scales of obedience properly trimmed. From orders which are improper, springs resistance which is not easily overcome.—Basil.

—:—

Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance. He that shall walk with vigor, three hours a day, will pass, in seven years, a space equal to the circumference of the globe.—Johnson.

—:—

So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.—Rumford.

—:—

Evil companions are the devil's agents whom he sends abroad into the world to debauch virtue, and to advance his kingdom; and by these ambassadors he effects more than he could in his own person.
—Anthony Horneck.

—:—

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest purely for conscience's sake will prove a tonic for weak and low spirits far beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.—Paley.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Diplomacy is letting someone else have your way.

—:—

A pessimist is a person who builds dungeons in the air.

—:—

An optimist laughs to forget; a pessimist forgets to laugh.

—:—

A good safety slogan: "Drive as if a cop were watching."

—:—

What a lot of folks need is not so much a new position as a new disposition.

—:—

The more money a man has, the more interest people have in his troubles.

—:—

The one great advantage in growing older is that you can stand for more and fall for less.

—:—

Everyone can give pleasure in some way. One person may do it by coming into a room and another by going out.

—:—

News Item:—"Most suicides are committed early in the morning." Seems like a poor way to start the day.

—:—

Perhaps they put most broadcasting stations on top of tall buildings so nobody could throw bricks at the performers.

—:—

A woman riding a trolley car was anxious not to pass her destination. She poked the conductor with her umbrella, and inquired, "Is that the National Bank?" "No, ma'am," replied the conductor; "That's my stomach."

Some one has said that a new gun is being developed to shoot around the corner. We are afraid of that type of weapon. It might accidentally hit prosperity.

—:—

We hear much these days about the United States providing for starving people in many countries of the world. What we need in this country most of all in order that we may help solve this problem is more people raising beans and less people spilling them.

—:—

First Fisherman: "The other day I went fishing and caught one of those big fish — let me see, what is it you call them?"

Second Fisherman: "Oh, you mean a whale."

First Fisherman: "No, that could not have been it; I was using whales for bait."

—:—

Two Hollywood youngsters were talking as they walked home from school. "I've got two little brothers and a sister," said one, "how many do you have?" "I don't have any brothers or sisters, but I have three papas by my first mama and four mamas by my last papa."

—:—

For years, Grandpa Tubbs had been stubborn and crabbed. No one in the village could please him. Then, overnight, he changed. Gentleness and optimism twinkled about him. The villagers were amazed. "Grandpa," he was asked, "what caused you to change so suddenly?"

"Well, sir," the old man replied, "I've been striving all my life for a contented mind. It's done no good, so I've just decided to be contented without it."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 8,1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Autry
Hugh Ball
James Moore
Marion Ray

COTTAGE No. 1

Lyndon Barnette
Gray Brown
Horace Collins
Alfred Davis
Ernest Johnston
Jack Lambert
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
William Smith
Harry Thompson

COTTAGE No. 2

Ray Burns
Julian Commander
Judd Lane
Eddie Medlin
Woodrow Mace
Nathan McCarson
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
Marion Ross
James Scott
William Phillips
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith
James Wilson
William McVicker

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Joe Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Jesse Hamlin
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
Lloyd Perdue
Clifton Rhodes
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

J. C. Alley
Joe Lee Bean
Glenn Bumgardner
Herman Galyan
Lacy Overton
Burton Routh
Roy Swink
Robert Thompson
James Wiggington
King Watkins

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
George Byrd
Earl Hoyle
Ralph Medlin
Glenn Rice
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Lester Ingle
Jerry Oakes
Robert Peavey
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery
Melvin Ledford

COTTAGE No. 7

Edward Guinn
Arthur Lawson

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10

George Ammens
Charles Angel

James Brigman
Arthur Ballew
R. L. Crawford
Charles Francis
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Clifford Million
Harry Matthews
J. C. Mikeal
Sile Orr
Ray Roberts
Donald Stultz
Garvin Thomas
Robert Trout

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
Wade Cook
Joe Currie
Charles Davis
Donald Fagg
Leslie Gautier
Haney Conley
James Reynolds
Bennie Riggins
Raymond Clonniger

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

Leonard Allen
Thomas Corley
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Charles Moore
John Moretz
James Shook
James Smith
Thomas Styles
Charles Todd
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Robert Holland
Carl Holt
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
Herman Kirby
Evan Myers
James Peterson
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Thelbert Suggs
Solomon Shelton
James Shepherd
Robert Wicker
Donald Baker
Herbert Landreth

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Ralph Cranford
Donald Moose
Jerry Ray
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

David Brooks
Thomas Davis
William Hunter

———:———

The young man who thought the world owed him a living is the old man who blames the world for his failure.—Exchange.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXIV CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 21, 1946 No. 51

CHRISTMAS

The cheer of the Christmas holiday embrace every creed, and brings to men the best and truest of all religions—the religion of humanity. In the cottage of the poor and in the palace of the rich; in the heart of the selfish and in the heart of the altruistic, the divine influence descends, and softens and blesses every heart and every home. For more than nineteen centuries it has illuminated the world with the spirit of love, peace and brotherhood. It is the time in all the year that is scared above all others; it is the richest and most hallowed in the opportunities it gives, to put into some other lives and homes, somewhat of the radiance and beauty of the season, in kindly sympathy, in generous giving, in true beneficence. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Square and Compass.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

PEACE ON EARTH

Shepherds there were who in the fields by night
Kept watch, not wisting that a chorus bright
Of angels would to them the news convey—
The dawning of the world's most potent day.

Countless the nights of darkness and of fear
The world has watched through, but the message clear
Of prophets, martyrs, saints, and poets brought
The healing word for which it blindly sought.

Visions from God—through men must come the word,
Till the whole earth to action deeply stirred
From war and dread and hatred wins release,
And hails once more as King the Prince of Peace.

—Helen Wieand Cole.

GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY

Almost two thousand years ago Jesus came into the world as it had been foretold by the prophets. He came as the physical embodiment of the Son of Man and also as the divine revelation of God. He came both as the Son of Man and as the Son of God.

When the tiny Babe was born in a manger in Bethlehem, He came into the world amid the lowliest and most humble scenes of the world at that time. He was born in a stable and cradled in a manger, because there was no room in the inn. He came not to the royal household nor to a palace of the wealthy, but He came as a member of an humble family which could feel the heartbeats of the world.

When Jesus was born, there was every manifestation that all that transpired at that eventful time represented the purposes and the handiwork of God. The prophets of old had foretold the coming of

the Lord, saying, "They shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is 'God with us'." Again, it is recorded in the Scriptures as follows: "The shepherds said one to another, 'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us'."

Again, the angelic host, who were God's own delegates from the portals of Paradise, welcomed the advent of the Christ Child as they sang the joyous chorus, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Thus, there is every proof and evidence that the birth of Christ, conceived by the Holy Ghost, was a manifestation of the handiwork of a great Ruler dominating all the universe.

It should be held in everlasting remembrance that when Christ came to the world the people of Palestine had been eagerly awaiting His coming. There was in the hearts of the people of that distant day, a great welter of unrest and confusion. There were in their hearts the deepest yearnings known to man. They were in their day looking forward to the coming of the Messiah, who by the power of His might would lead them out of the darkness of sin and oppression and into the light of a perfect day. Indeed, there was great anxiety, there was fear and there was widespread suffering and injustice, and all these emotions cried out for the coming of the Saviour.

In this modern day and generation, if Christ is to enter into the hearts of people, there must be that same sense of need and that same yearning which characterized the Christian people centuries ago. Likewise, there must prevail that hope and faith in the coming of the kingdom that shall transcend all obstacles and frustrations for all people. The Christian people must possess an undying hope that shall endure and flourish from year to year, and they must know that the coming of Christ from year to year is but the fulfillment of the dreams of those who love the Lord.

This year, as we celebrate Christmas time, the dominant note should be that there is joy and love and peace in the hearts of the people. To have the true spirit of Christmas, we must be able to cast out from our hearts all sentiments of hate, fear, and suspicion, and join our hearts in the lovely sentiments of the sacred Christmas carol:

Joy to the world the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

This year, it seems fitting that the world should give greatest emphasis to the fact that Christ came to bring joy and peace and good will to all men. At this very hour the leaders of the nations of the world are striving to formulate agencies and plans whereby people everywhere may dwell together in unity and brotherhood. We trust that the best efforts of our great leaders shall be wholly dedicated to the task of keeping peace among the nations in the name of the Master of Galilee.

If the world needed a Redeemer two thousand years ago, it needs one today even more. 'Tis easy to see that the world of today is shrouded in darkness and suspicion, just as it was in the dim days of Herod's time. At this very moment, there are vast storms of suspicion and distrust sweeping over the souls of men everywhere. The floodgates of hatred and malice have been opened, and we find it difficult to close them; the spirit of vindictiveness and revenge rides upon swift steeds across the universe and out into the remotest corners; the breath of the monsters of uncertainty and apprehension is blowing as a storm in our faces. At this fateful hour the human family, with the atomic bomb in its hand, is literally afraid of itself. Tragic indeed it is that we welcome in this manner this our second Christmas after the close of World War II.

In the olden times the people, in their distresses, were filled with expectancy; in their hearts were hope and faith, for God, in His sacred covenant, had promised to send the Messiah. And when the songs of the angelic host resounded across the Judean hills, the

souls of the people were so thrilled that they echoed the melodies in their hearts.

We are always aware that the supreme joys of Christmas time are reserved for little children. It is a time when childhood is enthroned in the hearts and affections of mankind. Good old Saint Nick, in his sleigh drawn by reindeer, makes his way across the woods and the fields, up on the housetops and down through the chimneys, laden with gifts for the boys and the girls. There by the firesides he fills the waiting stockings which have been so hopefully hung by good boys and girls.

In another land and time,
Long ago and and far away,
Was a little Baby born
On the first glad Christmas Day.

Words of truth and deeds of love
Filled His life from day to day;
So that all the world was blest
On the first glad Christmas Day.

Little children did He love
With a tender love alway;
So should little children be
Always glad on Christmas Day.

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USEFUL GIFT FROM MRS. P. R. RANKIN

Mrs. P. R. Rankin, of Mt. Gilead, has shown an abiding and an enduring interest in the boys here at the Training School. She has, from time to time, shown her interest by remembering them with generous gifts, which have shown that her interest is not superficial but genuine and real.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Rankins donated to the boys of No. 10 Cottage enough money to purchase a ping pong table. This has proved to be a very useful piece of equipment, and it gives much wholesome recreation to the boys when they are inside the cottage.

The boys and Mr. and Mrs. Liske take this opportunity to extend to Mrs. Rankin their sincere thanks for this generous gift. For it, she will be kindly remembered throughout the years. They extend

to her a cordial invitation to visit the cottage and the school sometime at her convenience.

All of us at the school appreciate Mrs. Rankin's sympathetic interest, and we wish for her a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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CHRISTMAS CHEER FUND

The Christmas season is again approaching, and throughout the history of the School there has been a Christmas Cheer Fund for the boys here. Generally the contributions to this fund have been generous, and they have come from many devoted friends of the institution and particularly of the boys here.

This year our friends will again be given the opportunity to make their usual contributions, and we wish to assure them that in doing this they will bring much cheer and happiness to the boys who are here. The funds are always spent for candies, fruits, nuts, or some small useful gift. Our friends are urged to make donations this year as generous as possible because of the fact that all goods or groceries purchased from this fund will cost more this year than in other years.

Contributions to this fund to date are as follows:

Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Cheer Fund	$217.87
Board of Commissioners, New Hanover County,	30.00
A. W. Klemme, High Point,	5.00
"7-8-8," Concord,	25.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
Board of Commissioners, Caldwell County,	15.00
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde A. Kivett and Family, High Point,	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield,	10.00
Mrs. W. H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Samuel E. Leonard, Raleigh,	5.00
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,	15.00
Mrs. Herman Finch, Philadelphia, Pa.,	8.00
Mr. and Mrs. James F. Caldwell, Concord,	5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
Forsyth County General Fund,	12.50
Board of Commissioners, Cabarrus County,	20.00
Department of Public Welfare, Richmond County,	10.00

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

B. T. U. Intermediate Group

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

The first thing on our program, when we met in the auditorium, was a talk by Mr. Sofness. He told about some of the places he visited while he was in England. He also showed us a few pictures he had in his scrapbook which shows a good many things about England.

After we went to our classrooms, the first thing on our program was a talk, "Love of Freedom," by Harold Kernodle. Glenn Evans gave the second part, "Evangelism," and Bobby Kerr gave the third part, which was entitled "Education." The fourth part was given by Eugene Martin. It was entitled "Co-operation." We had a few closing prayers. We had a very good meeting.

B. T. U. Junior Group No. 2

By Bobby Duncan, 4th Grade

First. Mr. W. H. Beck led us in prayer. Then Bobby Woodruff had the first part. The next part was given by Jesse Hamlin. Emory King and Howell Willis had the next parts on the program. Benny Riggins had the closing part.

Mr. Beck talked to us and asked us questions about the Bible. He talked about strong drink. After his talk, Edward McCall read the Bible reading for the day. Then the B. T. U. meeting closed.

We enjoy having the B. T.U. meetings. It helps us boys to live for the Lord and to do His will.

B. T. U. Junior Group No. 1

By John McKinney, 2nd Grade

We sang some songs, and John McKinney, James Arrowood, and Leroy Shedd prayed a prayer. Mr. Sofness told us about his book that he had brought with him. Then David Brooks told us about the airplane he had made. He showed us his airplane. Mr. Sofness told about some pictures that were found. He also told us about the Queen Mary and other things.

A Recent Visitor

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

Saturday, Mr. Wessinger, who is a student at Duke University and who is also the son of the pastor of St. Marks Lutheran Church near Salisbury, came to visit the school. Mr. Wessinger, who is majoring in business education, is required to take religious education at Duke. As a part of his work in religious education, he is making a study of the training schools of the state. His professor told him to get some information about the schools so that he might make a tenminute talk.

Mr. Hawfield, Mr. Hobby, Mr. Hines, and others at the School were very glad to have him come. He was given some copies of our school paper, "The Uplift," and he was shown around by Clifford Martin and Glenn

Evans. He ate dinner at Cottage Number 3. He secured information about the following places at the School: the day school, cottages, bakery, laundry, ice plant, gymnasium, swimming pool, and dairy.

We hope that he enjoyed his coming to the School as much as we enjoyed his coming.

Boy Scouts Go to Parade in Concord

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

Some of the Boy Scouts of the Training School went over to Concord on Friday, December 6, 1946 to be in a parade. Most of them were in the caterpillar in the parade. It had a lot of boys in it. There were other boys who were in the other things such as the clowns who pulled the elephant and kangaroo. We all had a good time.

Scouts See a Picture Show

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

Some Boy Scouts of the Training School went over to the Cabarrus Theater last Saturday to see a show.

The name of the show was "The Falcon's Alibi." It was about how the Falcon and his partner went to a hotel to stay, and some jewels were stolen. The Falcon was trying to find out who did it. At the end of the picture, the Falcon was coming into the radio room when Nick, the killer who had already killed two men and one woman, was about to kill another girl who had found out that he was the killer. The Falcon started to his room, and the killer threw a vase at him. It barely did miss him. Nick started out the window and down the fire escape, but he tripped and fell to the street below. They found out that he was the one who had stolen the jewels, too. The picture was exciting.

The boys who went wish to express their thanks for getting to go.

A Good Trip

By Clifton Rhodes, 7th Grade

December 6, 1946, Mr. White, who is in charge of the chicken force, took Emory King and Clifton Rhodes on a trip to Fort Bragg, N. C. It was an interesting trip, even though we went to help Mr. White work.

As we were going along, we passed the state sanatorium for whites and colored. We passed a lot of peach orchards in Montgomery County.

When we got to Fort Bragg, we got a truck load of bed springs for the School to use.

We enjoyed this trip very much, and we appreciate getting to go and thank the ones who made it possible for us to go.

Boys Attend Chucrh Service

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

Last Sunday, some boys went to the Southside Baptist Church. Two of them, Talmadge Duncan and Bobby Joe Duncan, sang a song entitled "O, Come, All Ye Faithful." Other boys who went to the service were the following: Leroy Shedd, James Arrowood, Paul Denton, and Robert Jarvis. These boys enjoyed going to this service and hearing the pastor of the church, Rev. E. B. Hicks, preach a good sermon entitled "Man's Extre-

mity and God's Opportunity." This was a very good sermon.

These boys surely do appreciate the fact that there were those who made it possible for them to go.

More Boys Are Interested in Joining the Church

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

Recently there has been much interest manifest on the part of some more of the boys about the matter of joining the church. There were about fourteen boys who expressed a desire to unite with the church and live a Christian life. Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Hines have talked with these boys and told them they were considering a very sacred matter and that it is a very important matter. Rev. E. S. Summers had a long talk with the boys last Sunday, telling them the things that they should know. They are going to be baptized on December 29, 1946. We hope these boys will do their best from now on. We believe they will.

The Constitution

By J. W. Smith, 7th Grade

We saw a very interesting picture today. It was about the constitution. It showed what difficulties Congress was having right after the Revolutionary War. The money that the veterans of the war had earned in other states was no good in North Carolina. The people were starving and needing clothes. The president and congress were trying to help get things straight. There were rebellious mobs raiding the country, taking supreme judges and higher officials and putting them in jail. Finally the Constitutional Convention was held and established the constitution of the United States.

Our Christmas Cards

By Billy McVicker, 3rd Grade

Today all the boys sent Christmas cards. Each boy sent two cards. One was sent to his folks and one to a friend. The cards are very pretty. We thank Mr. Hawfield for letting us send them.

The Radio Program

By Bobby Joe Duncan, 4th Grade

Tuesday the boys of the fourth grade went to the radio station. The first thing on our program was a song, "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing, The next thing on our program was another song, "It Came Upon a Mid-Night Clear." Then Leonard Allen read a story of the birth of Jesus. The next thing was a song, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," followed by another song, "We Three Kings of Orient Are." We sang "Silent Night." Max Ray Herring gave a solo, "Away in a Manger." The last thing on the program was a song, "Joy to the World." We enjoyed going over to the radio station.

Visitors from Salisbury

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

Last Tuesday morning some boys and girls from the Boyden High School of Salisbury came to the Training School for a visit. They were accompanied by their teacher, Miss Lippard. There were about eighteen

or twenty students who came, and they were all members of the sociology class.

They were interested in the work of the boys at the School, what the boys do to learn a trade, how the boys live in the cottages, and how the School does so many things for the boys. They were interested in the School's farm, the cattle, the horses, and the farm equipment.

Mr. Hawfield conducted the group in their tour to see the different things here at the School.

We were glad to have them come, and we want them to come again soon. We will be glad for any others to come, too.

The Chapel Program

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

The chapel program Friday was given by the 4th grade. Mrs. Hawfield announced the program, because of the absence of the teacher, Mrs. J. D. Morrison. Some of the parts are as follows: Devotional, "The Story of the Shepherds," Ralph Drye; Lord's Prayer, by all; Song, "Come, All Ye Faithful," by all; Poems, Woodrow Norton, J. C. Littlejohn, Floyd Bruce, Bennie Riggins, and Richard Messick; Song, "White Christmas," Jesse Hamlin, Bobby Joe Duncan, and Leonard Allen; and Poems, Franklin Stover and Cecil Clark.

After the above mentioned numbers, we had two stories by Danny Mac Hayes and Bobby Woodruff. Then Mrs. Baucom delighted the boys by reading a poem, "Dot Little Boy of Mine." Max Ray Herring sang a solo, "Away in a Manger." Mr. Hawfield made some comments on the program. All the boys enjoyed the program very much.

Church Group Visits Cottage No. 7

By Claywood Sparrow, 6th Grade

The Girls' Auxiliary from Kerr Street Baptist Church of Concord came out to Cottage Number 7 and gave a nice Christmas program last Tuesday evening, December 10th. Rev. H. F. Goodwin, pastor of the Kerr Street Baptist Church, brought the girls out. We all like him a lot. Mrs. Trull is the leader of this fine group of girls.

Mary Ethel Buckner played a number of Christmas songs on the piano, and the boys helped sing them. Then Edward McCall sang a solo, "Away in a Manger." Some of the girls read stories.

We all enjoyed this program very much, and we will be glad if they come back some other time.

The Birthday Party

By Ray Roberts, 6th Grade

Friday, December 13, the boys who had a birthday in October or November had a weiner roast in front of the cannery. Each boy roasted some weiners and got some rolls. Mr. Walters put on the mustard and slaw for the boys. Each boy received a drink. When the boys were through eating, Mr. Walters called them over to the fire and told them some stories. Then the boys sang happy birthday. After that, the boys were sent back to their cottages.

We thank all who made it possible for the boys to have a birthday party, for it is the first birthday party that

some of them have ever been able to attend.

The Show

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

The boys were entertained at the Training School last Thursday night by another picture show. The name of the picture was "The Mummy's Curse." It was an exciting picture show.

After the main picture was over, the boys saw a comedy. The name of it was "Woody Woodpecker."

The boys are glad that they are entertained every Thursday night by a show. We appreciated this one and are looking for more similar to it.

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THE CHILD THAT MAKES ME HAPPY

The child that makes me happy
Came many years ago,
But no one heard His footsteps
Upon the falling snow;
He came so very softly
Down to the sleeping earth
That no one knew till angels
Were singing of His birth.

The people of Judea
Who heard the angels sing
About the little Jesus,
Who came to be their King,
I'm told, were all so frightened
That blessed Christmas morn,
Until the angels told them
A Saviour had been born.

The child that makes me happy
Will make you happy too;
He fills me full of Christmas,
He'll do the same for you;
And now I want to tell you
Why He to me is dear—
No one could have a Christmas
If Jesus were not here.

—Lavinia E. Brauff.

PEACE BE UNTO YOU

By J. C. Glassford

It was the day before Christmas, the storm of the preceding night had worn itself out and as Uucle Jim glanced out of his cabin window he noted that the skies of the new day were blue and cloudless while the mountains that he had always claimed as his very own were raising their heads high and majestically as if endeavoring to pierce the very heavens with a new blanket of snow of virgin whiteness. . . . Jim's wild, primitive hills seemed to reach out into unknown distances. He also made note of the fact that old Mother Nature had taken advantage of the Storm King's fury and caused the high winds to plaster the trunks of the trees and as it settled before passing had deposited fresh snow on all the naked branches, coating them with a covering of sparkling snow crystals. The old fellow, accustomed as he was to the beauty of the hills, paused for quite a while to look at the beautiful panorama of mystic beauty, even the tiny icicles that hung to the snow laden branches were being kissed by the ever changing sunrays, causing them to reflect all the colors of a rainbow like massive jewels or pendants placed there by Nature. As the old fellow continued to admire the holiday trimmed spruce and pine trees that surrounded his cabin he thought of it as the most beautiful holiday trimmings he had ever seen, a fitting deed either by the Storm King himself or by Mother Nature to prepare Jim's hills for the celebration of the Nativity, or for the coming holiday season. Before turning from the window he happened to glance toward his nearest friend and neighbor's cabin, Old Zeb Miller. Zeb was already engaged in breaking trails toward the barn where his horses were stabled and to the woodshed where his winter's fuel was stored. Even as he watched Zeb working, there floated into the cabin the pungent odor of burning cedar and resin wood conveying the fact that Zeb had evidently been up for quite a while, perhaps had already finished breakfast before starting to clear pathways to the outbuildings. Knowing that as a rule Zeb was a late sleeper and Jim wondered why the activity of his neighbor so early on this one morning—in fact it continued to puzzle him until there came a knock at his door while he was preparing his own breakfast. It was Zeb himself who was wearing sort of a sheepish grin on his wrinkled features and after being asked "Why all this early exertion on his part?" his reply was: "There ain't exactly anything wrong, Jim, sort o' waked a little early this morning and began thinkin' of that there Christmas package that the Parson sent you and started guessin' as to what it was or might be, the more I thought on it the less chances of my goin' to sleep agin. Ye ain't by any chance have opened it as yet, have you, Uncle Jim?"

Uncle Jim, with an understanding mind, smiled whimsically and then replied: "No, Zeb, I ain't opened it as

yet, as soon as I finished breakfast I aimed to start breakin' trail toward your place so as to give you an invite to take supper with me this evenin', then after eats and finishin' chores we'd both tackle that there package. Remember, thet you, yourself called my attention to the tag on the outside when you unloaded it which said: 'Not to be opened 'til seven o'clock Christmas Eve', bein' signed 'Frank' I knew where it came frum and we'll stay with them instructions, neither one on us bein' ones to break a covenant. I'm willin' to confess though thet I'm jest as curious about what the package contains as you be, kin hardly wait, but I'll have to. Tonight's Christmas Eve, Zeb. We'll spent it together same as always, what say?"

"Course I'll be over, Jim—bin a thinkin' all the way over here thet that Parson friend o' yours sure thinks a heap o' you and our hills, sort of in love with things, ain't he Jim?"

"Seems to be, Zeb. Fact o' the matter is thet both you an' me love an' appreciate these self-same hills an' natural beauty o' our environments, but we jest cain't express our thoughts, nor our admiration ner appreciation same as the Parson kin, nor put our love and appreciation into words like he kin. All the time when we go huntin' together he keeps a tellin' me as how he enjoys gettin' away from his man-made world where he says he gits confused over the thoughts and ways of what he calls civilized communities. Thet every once in a while he jest hankers to git away from the soot-laden atmosphere of the great cities, thet he starts cravin' fer a smell of what he calls the bitter-sweet odor o' burnin' pine and rosin knots, thet these cravin's keep persistin', causin' him (I'm quotin' him) 'to cum up here to new hights as he calls our location so's he kin glance up into undefiled atmosphere or down, down into unimaginable depths'. Claims thet when he is surrounded by the undefiled environments o' Nature sech as he finds herabouts thet he gits new inspirations thet ain't deflected by way of the handiworks o' man. It's too deep fer me but he's dern likable at thet."

"I'll say he is, Uncle Jim. Him describin' our hills and mountains az he does, includin' our cabins, makes us more proud o' our humble homes, even if we do feel isolated at times."

"I'll say it does, Zeb. Last time he waz up he began a commentin' on the 'undefiled silence o' our hills', sayin' az how thet both you and me could make our 'little cabins into mountin thrones', thet's what he would do, while to you and me, Zeb, these here little cabins o' ours be jest sort o' neslin' places fer us to eat and sleep in. Then agin, while we waz a huntin' together last time thet Parson friend o' mine said thet every feller who owned a home could be a king in a big or humble way accordin' to his natural ability, includin' both you and me. . . . Thet evenin' while waitin' near the deer runway he said he had a sort o' placard or somethin' hangin' on his study wall readin somethin' like this: 'It's the songs a fellow sings, includin' the smiles thet he wears, thet makes life brighter fer folks everywheres'. Claiming' even thet them sentiments helps even him when he starts feelin' blue and discouraged."

"Its more then interestin', Uncle

Jim. I don't wonder thet you-all treasures the friendshlp o' sech a man. Wish I could become interested in a man az deeply as you be—but, gee-wilikins, feller! did you notice how time hez bin flyin'? I just have to be goin'. Thanks for the invite, I'll cum early so when we finish eats both on us kin finish our chores afore sunset. So-long, Jim."

Christmas Eve. One must picture in the mind's eyes the two old cronies who were standing just outside of Jim's cabin door with eyes turned westward so as to watch the changing panorama of Nature which they knew could be found in a Colorado sunset. As if especially portrayed for Christmas Evening, ever changing light rays were surrounding the great red orb of old Sol as it started to sink majestically into the great abyss. Fitting colors to crown the planet e'er it would finally hide itself away from man's earthly Paradise, even as they watched they both seemed to feel the presence of the Master-painter who was coloring the western horizon. Our two old friends continued to watch while the winter heavens gradually changed from gold to silver, then to become opalescent e'er the curtain of night enveloped them. It was Zeb who first caught sight of the evening star as it burst forth over the western hills. Both waited until it too slipped over the crest, the final symbol by the Creator proclaiming that one more day had passed forever from the existence of mankind. Uncle Jim broke the silence with: "Let's finish the chores, Zeb. I'll put fresh logs on the fire." Which he did, and soon new flames were enveloping the fresh fuel, causing tiny sparks to flash—to fly like tiny meteors. Even as they began to place their crudely made chairs, the tiny mantle clock started striking the hour; in a moment sharp blades were cutting away heavy cords. Even before the entire contents were exposed there fell to the floor an unsealed envelope; it was addressed to Mr. James Willery:

"Dear Uncle Jim: The enclosed present is for you, a token of reciprocation for the many, many happy hours that I have spent with you amid your beloved foothills. For the many unmolested sleeps that I have enjoyed in teepees formed by your evergreen trees, where I listened to the voices of your wilderness that always brought so many truthful messages to my ears, in your wilderness where I never did hear any false mutterings, where always I could feel the comforting presence of He, who gave to mankind such a beautiful world as yours for a heritage. It has been my desire for many years to make you a gift of a kind that could in a small way tie your foothills to the city where I make my home. Where you can obtain at first hand some idea of what we, as city people, are trying to do. Wife and I have been talking it over and finally came to the conclusion that nothing could be able to tune in on the outside world. I, as your hunting pal and friend, would like you listen to my Sunday sermons that I preach to my people when they gather for spiritual advice and comfort. By tuning in on Station J. X. F. K. you will be able to hear our Christmas Program as rendered. The good wife and I join in wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New

Year. (Signed)—Rev. F. G. Leonardson (Frank, to you). 12-24-1944."

When the unpacking was completed the two inexperienced fellows finally tuned in—both listening throughout the night with no interruptions. Christmas carols as sung by beautifully trained voices such as neither had ever heard before. What both treasured most were the personal greetings that Parson Frank sandwiched into his Christmas message to his people. Hour after hour, both kept listening. Finally, when neither one could hardly keep his eyes open, there came the soft crooning of a mother's voice somewhere, from what point neither could say, singing that song of songs that all love the most—"SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT." Then, as if placing the new-born babe into its crib, the same voice again fell on the air, saying: "Good night, my listeners, good night and PEACE be WITH YOU."

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WERE THERE FLOWERS

Were there flowers in the manager on that first glad Christmas Night.
When the little Holy Saviour came to make the world so bright?
Ah, I fancy, all unnoticed by adoring shepherds' eyes,
There were flowers, snowy-petaled, wafting praises to the skies!

Worshipping their infant Maker lowly, too, like Him they grew
Underneath the wooden cradle; but the baby Jesus knew,
Knew their starry, upturned faces offered homage wholly sweet,
Knew they longed to spread a carpet soft of blossoms at His feet.

Yes, in Bethlehem's rude manger, doubtless there were flowers fair,
Strangely mingling purest perfume with the pungent-scented air
Of the highly favored stable, where the star hung silver white,
When the Son of God incarnate came to earth that Christmas Night!

Rose of Sharon Valley Lily! Flower of the Father's heart!
May the offering we bring Thee, on this Christmas Day impart
Sweeter fragrance yet than flowers (real or fancied) of the stall—
We would give Thee, King of Glory, Star of Bethlehem, our all!

By Myrtis Chagnon.

THE CHRISTMAS MUSKETEERS

By G. E. Wallace, in Boy Life

It all started about a week before Christmas. The weather was abominable. Snow fell in sheets like a great fog, and melted into a sloppy slush. It was a far cry from a Christmas atmosphere.

"It's going to be a rotten Christmas!" exclaimed Johnny to his two companions, as the three slushed down the street.

"Knocks a fellow's Christmas into a flat hat!" seconded Jules.

Tubby made no response. "What's worrying you, Tubby?" asked Johnny.

"I can't agree with you two croaks," said Tubby. "The weather has nothing to do with Christmas."

"The dickens it hasn't!" It was Jules talking. "It atomics everything, that's all."

"No snow, no ice, just slush!" echoed Johny. "Where, oh where, have our winter sports gone?"

Tubby was emitting a sort of undertone whistle that resembled a Christmas carol. Then he looked at the friends and smiled. He was funny that way. Whenever a difficulty beset him, or when a new idea was about to break, he would drift into a low whistle.

"Tell you what, fellows," he broke out. "Christmas is what we make it. Let's do something!"

"What, for instance?" questioned Jules. There was a sneer on his face.

"Well, seriously, I have an idea there'll be a lot of youngsters in this town with a worse Christmas than you fellows are expecting, if—" Tubby stopped to see how his companions were taking the suggestion.

"If what?" asked Johnny.

"If somebody doesn't do something about it."

"Now don't get sobby!" bellowed Jules. He had a consummate disgust for sob-sister antics.

"This isn't soft stuff, Jules," rebutted Tubby. "I remember not so many years ago how crazy you were when somebody gave you a pair of skates for Christmas. Well, there are no skates to be had this year—except some old ones, maybe, stuck away in attics. I have a notion a lot of the older folks would be glad to give them away, if somebody suggested it to them."

The idea was sobering. The three sought shelter from the storm and went into a huddle. "I know a place where we can put the stuff," said Jules. And Johnny came up with a brilliant idea.

"Say, fellows," he exclaimed, "there's Jane, and Mary, and Agnes —why can't we get them to pick up old, discarded dolls, and—"

"And dress 'em up like new ones for the young 'uns!" suggested Jules.

The days that followed were busy ones for the inspired young men. The enthusiasm was so contagious that several others joined them in the undertaking. A number of young women formed a coterie to find forgotten Christmas gifts, while others busied themselves renovating, mending and "dressing up" numerous trinkets and playthings that had been

gladly contributed to the Christmas budget. It meant a week of meetings for the young folks more interesting than parties.

Then came Christmas Eve. The gifts accumulated filled a sizeable storeroom. A new problem now faced Tubby. The committee on gifts had produced a formidable list of names. How could the distribution be made in so brief a time as Christmas Eve afforded? It was four o'clock, and turning bitter cold. The storm had assumed blizzard proportions.

Tubby ran out into the street. He accosted the first man he met. "Can't you give us a hand, sir?" he asked.

"Why, what's wrong, my boy?" asked the man.

"Nothing wrong, sir. Come and I'll show you." The man followed Tubby into the storeroom filled to the doors. Tubby told the story of the week's effort to give a real Christmas to hundreds otherwise deprived. "If only we could get a truck."

"A truck!" exclaimed the man; "you mean a dozen trucks! But leave it to me!" And the man departed.

At five o'clock the trucks began to line up in ront of the storeroom. A score of young people were on hand to load and crew the trucks. There was hilarity and singing of carols a-plenty as the trucks departed on their Christmas mission.

Christmas morning dawned in perfect Christmas style. The earth was coated with an enamel of glistening ice. The streets and alleys were alive with youngsters and their newly acquired skates and coasters and gliders.

At the breakfast tables was the Morning Bugle with a flaming story written by the editor. "Three 'Musketeers' discover the formula for Christmas joy." It began, "Last night, disconsolate and lonely, I came upon a company of young folks who had found the secret of Christmas joy." Then came the story of the three young men, and the glorious culmination of the idea. It concluded with the admission of the editor's own part in providing the trucks to help spread Christmas cheer, and the editor pledged the paper's support to endow the idea as a permanent "formula for Christmas joy."

Tubby and Johnny and Jules were again in a huddle. "And that was the editor himself I buttoholed on the street! Gee, holly!"

"And see what he says here!" exclaimed Johnny. Endow the Christmas formula!' That means we'll have to do it again next year! Great sport, eh, fellows?"

"And the year after that, and the next one, too! Whoopee!" yelled Jules.

And the "three musketeers" looked at each other, and then down the icy street where scores were having the biggest Christmas of their lives! In a spontaneous burst of joy they yelled, "Christmas! Eureka!"

For somehow, not only at Christmas,
But all the long year through,
The joy that you give to others
Is the joy that comes back to you.

—Whittier.

NO ROOM IN THE INN

By Georgia Moore Eberling

Crowds were thronging into Bethlehem, and the down was not yet even pale in the east. Emperor Augustus had decreed that all the Roman world must be taxed and enrolled, and to do this, each one must go to his own city. There the Roman overlords made the enumeration and collected the tax.

Jared, keeper of the Inn at Bethlehem, had assigned his daughter Phebe to watch the gate. And thus early in the day the narrow streets were filled with people from far sections of the district. As the day progressed, the throngs increased. Phebe was hard pressed at the gate. "I cannot understand," she said to Jared, "how there can be so many of the House of David as have gathered in Bethlehem today. What shall we do?"

"The Inn is already filled," replied Jared. "All our living quarters around the sides of the outer court have been taken, and we have filled the central raised plaform with pal lets, and there is no more room." The central platform was where the family held morning and evening devotions according to the law of Moses. Now the central raised platform with pallets, and were lying so close together that Phebe wondered if they could rest.

It was now dusk. Phebe had left the gate. Surely there would be no one else to come. But there was a gentle knock at the gate. Then again —a little louder. Phebe hesitated, but opened it. There stood a tall, bearded stranger. Just back of him was a young woman seated on a donkey. She was leaning forward wearily.

"There is no room," Phebe said before the stranger could speak.

"But—but I must find a place!" the man protested. "We started at earliest dawn, and have journeyed from far up in the hills of Nazareth. And now it seems that all the tribe of David is here before us!"

Phebe's eyes met the clear brown eyes of the young woman, who smiled a bit uncertainly.

"Just any place," pleaded the man. "We cannot go any farther tonight."

"I shall see Jared," Phebe said, knowing full well that there was no more room. But she returned hastily, bringing Susanna, her mother.

"I am so sorry," said Susanna to the man. "There is no more room in the Inn. But the cattle shelter is not full. It is clean, and is almost as comfortable as the Inn, joined as it is to the court wall."

Phebe opened the gate, and the man led the donkey with its burden into the outer court. Then she bolted the gate. It would not be opened again tonight!

As they groped their way into the dusky stable, Susanna brought soft coverings. "At least you will be alone here," she said kindly to the strangers, and laid the coverings over the manger. "You should see how stuffy it is in the Inn. Jared and Phebe and I will have no place to sleep tonight."

Phebe flashed a smile at the strange young woman, who leaned so tiredly against the strong tall man. And as she turned away, she heard the man

say, "Now you shall rest, my Mary. And fortunate we are to find so quiet a spot."

Mary! Phebe said the name over and over to herself. It was such a beautiful name. She wished her mother had called her "Mary"!

The Inn keepers were busily engaged serving the needs of their many guests. The night was well spent when Phebe heard Susanna's voice in a whisper. "Come quickly, Phebe!" And she led her into the courtyard. "Ah, daughter, Mary and Joseph, the two in the cattle shelter, need us!"

"What is it?" Phebe asked anxiously.

"There is a little one there!"

The shelter was bathed in pale light, for Susanna had lighted a candle above the manger. An infant was lying in the circle of Mary's arm.

Phebe knelt by the side of the infant. She touched a soft little hand. "Sweet, O sweet!" she whispered.

Mary looked at Phebe and smiled. Then turning to the man, said, "Joseph, will you open the roll and get the coverlets?"

Susanna took the swaddling clothes and wrapped them around the infant.

"I wove them myself," Mary said shyly but proudly.

"And nice and wide they are—there now." And Susanna held up the infant in the flikering light for all to see. At first no one spoke. Their eyes were held by the thin circle of light that seemed to rest about the tiny head of the infant. Susanna's lips moved, but no words were heard. Phebe thought her mother looked like the priest in the Temple, and happier than ever she had seen her.

Joseph took the child. "Look," he said suddenly, "the manger is full of sweet new hay! Spread Mary's saddle blanket over it, and cover it with the new woven sheets and the coverlets —all woven by Mary's own hands. I shall put the child there, and he shall sleep like a little King in so snug and fragrant a bed!"

"Like a little King!" Phebe repeated, and her voice was like a sweet song.

Joseph spoke again, softly. "Mary is asleep. She is very tired."

Phebe turned and looked into Mary's face. A little smile touched her lips, as if her dreams were happy ones. Then Phebe bent closer. It seemed that the white circle of light beamed above Mary's head, ever so faintly. It might be the candle's reflection. But above the infant's head it was clear and plain. She wondered why Susanna knelt by the child, and bowed her head.

Phebe went out into the court. "How light it is!" she exclaimed. Joseph and Susanna came into the court to see, for it was yet in the depths of the night. "Look," said Phebe. "See the big white star!"

Right over the shelter the star hovered and shone with startling brilliance. Then a strange melody filled the air, as from myriads of angelic voices. It sounded very far away, yet the chants were clear and plain.

"Hear them! Hear them!" Mary whispered. "Glory to God in the highest—glory—glory!" And the sounds faded away in the vast reaches of the heavens.

Phebe knew now what it all meant. The Prince of Peace, so long foretold! Only the last Sabbath she had heard the great prophecy from Isaiah read from the roll of the Law. Here it was happening before her very eyes.

Susanna knew—that was why she knelt by the manger where lay the child. Mary knew, and Joseph!

And others knew, for shepherds came softly in, and worshiped. Then into the shadowy old stable came the Wise Men, and they placed rich gifts at the feet of the Child. Mary was silent, for she was pondering all these things in her heart.

Dawn came, and Phebe ran to see the Prince of Peace in the manger. It was empty! There was the faint imprint of where he had lain. She still felt the tiny hand as it brushed her cheek when she bent over him—soft as a rose petal and gentle as a butterfly.

"Susanna!" she cried. "They are not here! Where are they? I want to see them again!"

"Listen, my daughter," Susanna comforted her. "You shall see them again. We shall all see them again. All Israel must come to see and know."

"But where have they gone?" pleaded Phebe.

"There are those, my daughter, who seek the infant's life," Susanna said. "We heard the decree just before dawn. Joseph and Mary have fled with the Child into Egypt, where they will be safe."

Phebe's cheeks were wet with tears, but suddenly an enraptured look spread over her face. "Hear the music, Susanna!" she exclaimed. "Up there in the skies!" And she put her hand to her cheek as if to guard the tiny touch placed there by the infant's soft hand. And she placed her hand in that of Susanna, and the two crossed the dusky courtyard singing softly, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men."

———:———

IN SANTA CIAUS TIME

Ain't they lookin' rosy—
Ain't they feeling prime!
Li'l' bit of fellers,
In the Santy Claus time!

Peekin' from the kiver—.
Ever' li' l' face,
When the night wind rumbles
In the chimney place.

Listen to the witch wind!
Hide each curly head!
It's nuthin' but the runnin'
Of the reindeer on the shed!

—Frank L. Stanton.

AN IMMORTAL TALE

Adapted from Lawrence Gould and H. Stokes Lott, in Sunshine Magazine

One hundred years ago a promising young English novelist, who start his writing career as a struggling reporter on a London newspaper, gave to the world of English letters an immortal work destined to live as long as men shall read. It was on December 19, 1843, the Charles Dickens' A Christmas Carol, made its first appearance in the book marts of the world.

Every student of English literature, every patron of the fine arts, knows his Dickens' characters—David Coppefield, Little Dorrit, Martin Chuzzlewit, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby and all the others. But probably best remembered of all is Old Man Scrooge, redeemed by the Ghost of Marley; and Tiny Tim, with his "God bless us, every one."

There are other famous Christmas stories, to be sure. Best of all is the Biblical story of the Babe of Bethlehem whose birthday is the anniversary we celebrate each Christmas season—greatest of all Christmas stories. There are the legends and folklore out of which grew our conception of the benign old Santa Claus, Kris Kringle, Saint Nicholas, or whatever you choose to call him. Famous modern tales, too, such as Henry van Dyke's Story of the Wise Men.

Yet somehow this Christmas Carol of Charles Dickens shares a unique place in our affections, beloved by all. Every year we re-read it, finding new lessons in its lines, particularly the novelist's suggestion that Christmas ought to be carried throughout the entire year, the spirit of charity and tolerance and faith practiced in our daily lives. Reverently we sit and listen as the radio brings us welcome repetition of this human document on the eve of each succeeding Christmas Day.

It has been said, in effect, that a writer is more likely to be at his best when he writes about those people whom he best knows. Born in poverty, Dickens wrote about the lowly in the most humble walks of life. He could well have been the author of lines attributed to another—Abraham Lincoln—who is accredited with having said "the Lord must have loved the poor people because he made so many of them."

If Charles Dickens were alive today, and his pen still put to manuscript, it is likely he would write about the multitudes of his own people living in dugouts and in the shambles of what once were their lovely countryside Home Sweet Home.s His heart would have been touched by millions in the oppressed countries of Europe, ruthlessly dominated by Nazi-occupied rule; the millions of starving, homeless, suffering people of war-torn Europe. He would have been so much closer to this misery and suffering than we more fortunate Americans.

As it is, we can imagine how Dickens might thus have re-invoked the spirit of Tiny Tim, and re-asserted the lad's kindly benediction: "God bless us, every one." For there is promise at this Christmastide that

out of the world holocaust may emerge a new era of "Peace on Earth," to be preserved by a union of the great nations, against whom the warmongers may not soon again conspire to inflict themselves upon humanity.

SANTA CLAUS

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he soon finds the home
Of each little boy and girl.
His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
Not a bugleblast is blown,
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
As he mounts to the chimmey-top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.
The little red stokings he silently fills,
Till the stokings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the rook like a bird,
And springs to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.
He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
He waits for the crumbs of the Christmas feast
Of his goodies he touches not one;
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus does all the good that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, Children, be kind to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

—Author Unknown.

CHRISTMAS IS FOR CHILDREN

(Kannapolis Daily Independent)

Christmas is approaching but it is hard to find the real spirit of Christmas anywhere prevalent.

In our own land the spirit of "peace on earth to men of good will" is conspicuous by its absence.

In its stead we have strikes, bitter feelings between capital and labor. Classes and masses are constantly clashing.

The vast armies that fought in many parts of the earth less than two years ago have been greatly reduced but the outstanding features of the UN and Big Four peace conferences have been their constant bickering and utter unability to agree on any major subjects.

Rebellions are flaring and even in the Holy Land there is bloodshed on the ground made sacred by the feet of our blessed Savior. Christ is again being crucified in Jerusalem. The Prince of Peace who came into the world to make men holy and died to make men free is utterly forgotten in the land of his birth.

Instead of a rule of reason we have reigns of hatred, envy, spite, jealousy and cold-blooded selfishness.

Instead of love, charity kindness and good will ruling the nations and their people at this Christmas season we are in the midst of a winter of discontent.

So says the cynic.

But the cynic must not know about children. Surely he could not continue being cynical if he had seen the sparkle in childish eyes viewing Santa's wonders in toy departments and stores. He has never had a tiny hand on his knee and a baby voice asking:

"Daddy, will Santa Clause realy come?"

The cynic does not know that Christmas is for children. He must have forgotten that the first Christmas, brought a priceless gift to the world for all mankind; and, therefore he must not realize that mankind now returns a tiny portion of that gift annually in the form of a happy interlude for children—not exclusively for children, because all human beings with human hearts in their bodies share the young ones' joy, but mainly for the youngsters.

The cynic must have forgotten, too, that at Christmas time we celebrate the birth anniversary of one whom we can turn for comfort and guidance in time of discontent. Rebellions and bitter feelings and international discontent can be eliminated if we put our trust in Him.

———:———

The Bible is the only source of all Christian truth; the only rule for the Christian life; the only book that unfolds to us the realities of eternity.—Sir Mathew Hale.

THE STORY OF THE POINSETTIA

(Sunshine Magazine)

At the door of an adobe hut in Mexico stood a little girl, weeping as though her heart would break. She was a very poor little girl, and her name was Aleta. She was weeping because Christmas was at hand and she had nothing with which to show her love for the Christ Child. And she knew that all the people would come to the nearby church on Christmas Eve, bringing flowers to place around the crib which had been built upon the altar.

As she stood with the tears blinding her eyes, an angel appeared by her side and said, "Why are you crying, little girl?"

Surprised, Aleta said, "Because I have nothing to take to the Christ Child on Christmas Eve, to show how much I love him."

"Gather an armful of these weeds by the roadside," said the angel, "and when you come to the altar, place them by the crib."

"Oh!" exclaimed Aleta, "I do not wish to place weeds among the lovely flowers that will be at the altar!"

"Do as I say," said the angel, "and the Christ Child will know that you love him."

Aleta smiled and promised.

The church was ablaze with light Christmas Eve. Aleta came with an armful of the weeds, all she could carry, and gently made her way through the throng that filled the church. Then she placed the weeds among the flowers and bowed her head in silent adoration.

A gasp of delight came from every part of the great church, and Aleta raised her eyes. To her astonishment, the weeds she had placed at the altar had become a bower of most beautiful scarlet flowers.

Ever since, these flowers were known as the Poinsettia, the Christmas Flower, and the green and the red of this flower were known as the Christmas colors. Everywhere, in all the world, people love the flaming Poinsettia.

———:———

Merit is never so conspicuous as when coupled with an obscure origin, just as the moon never appears so lustrous as when it emerges from a cloud.—Bovee.

RECONSIDER RESOLUTIONS

(The Morganton News Herold

The beginning of the month of December reminds us that the year 1946 will soon draw to an end and individuals interested in self-development should remember that it might be a good idea to take stock of the year's accomplishments.

Not many of us have achieved all that we expected to in the present year. While the probability is that most of us have experienced an improvement in financial affairs, there are many people whose incomes have not advanced as fast as increased prices.

Nevertheless, in the present article we do not plan to consider progress along economic lines, but would rather direct attention to the growth and development of personality.

There was a time when the approach of New Year's Day was the occasion for what was called "resolutions", which in theory were supposed to represent intelligent decisions on the part of individuals to plot regular and systematic improvements. The custom has somewhat gone out of fashion, but it is worth considering.

We have heard a great deal about planning in the past few years. In fact, some people have become so irked with the plans announced that they tend to deride all planning. Nevertheless, much is to be gained by intelligent study of conditions and the application of a planned life to the purpose and ideals of the individual.

We cannot tell our readers what their plans for 1947 should be, but we do not hesitate to suggest to serious-minded persons that they deliberately set up a plan, or program, for the year. Once the goal is established, the individual consciously works toward it Despite disappointments and failures in details, the chances are that reasonable perservance will bring compensating reward.

If you feel sad and you are blue,
Think of the others worrying too;
Just because your trials are many,
Don't think the rest of us haven't any,
Life is made up of smiles and tears,
Joys and sorrows, mixed with fears,
And though to some it seems onesided,
Yet trouble is pretty well divided,
For could we look into every heart,
We'd find that each one has its part,
That those who travel fortune's road,
Sometimes carry the biggest load.

—Author Unknown.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was conducted by Rev. L. C. Bumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 12:31-37. As the text for his message to the boys, he selected the 36th verse: "But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

Rev. Mr. Bumgarner began by calling attention to a very familiar sign which may be seen in various public places, which is "Watch Your Step." This is a very timely warning, and it reminds us to be cautious lest we receive some serious bodily injury. To disregard this sign might even result in the loss of life.

Another good sign, said the speaker, which would prove most helpful to mankind, would read like this: "Watch Your Speech." Jesus tells us that the words we speak will either commend us or condemn us at the day of judgment. If we would only think more seriously of these words of the Master, we would be more careful how we talk.

There are no morally independent words, said Rev. Mr. Bumgarner. They are either good or bad. Some people like to make a difference in their use of words, just as they do with a falsehood or the truth. No matter how people may try to twist their meaning to suit certain occasions, words are just what they are. They are either good or bad. There is no half-way ground.

As an example, the speaker pictured a farmer sorting potatoes for the market. The ones that are marked with rotten spots or have been cut in the process of digging them from the ground are called "culls," and the others are sound. Only the sound ones are sent to the market.

Our words, he continued, should be sorted or chosen in much the same manner. We should cull out the bad ones and use only those which are good.

Rev. Mr. Bumgarner then pointed out that the words we use should be classified as follows:

(1) They should be reverent words. No word which blurs the name of God could ever be called good. The Second Commandment is a true square, by which no bad word can pass.

(2) A word to be classified as a good word should be a pure word. There can be no filthiness in clean speech. This was illustrated by the following story: A general was seated just inside his tent on the battlefield. There was a group of his officers nearby. One of the officers uttered an obscene word, and then made the remark that he believed there were no ladies present. The general overhearing the statement interrupted, saying "No there are no ladies present, but there is at least one gentleman here."

We should not utter words of which we should be ashamed, said the speaker. Our conversation should consist only of such words which we would speak in the open. Clean words come from clean thoughts, and clean thoughts come only from clean hearts.

(3) Our words must be earnest words. They must be words that have a meaning. They must have a purpose. Idle words have no hearing upon any subject. It would be far better to remain silent that to simply utter meaningless words.

(4) There should be words of humor. It is not necessary for us to talk nothing but serious words all the time. There are places for good, clean jokes. In many instances a bit of humor will turn one's mind from discouraging thoughts.

(5) Words should be cheerful. There are some people who never see anything good, no matter where they happen to be. They are always criticizing everything that is done—at work, in school, in church, or anywhere in the community. Such people make life miserable for themselves and for everyone with whom they come in contact. On the other hand, if we look for the cheerful things of life, we shall be cheerful, and so will those around us. The things we say and the things we do have a wonderful effect upon others.

(6) There is no place for bad words. Under this headline we find such words as "gossip" and "slander." Gossip is defined as idle talk or groundless rumors. Slander, so the dectionary tells us, is to injure by maliciously uttering a false report. We see many people who seem to take great pleasure in saying something bad about other people. Such people bring nothing but sorrow to others' lives. The best plan is to say something good about others, or say nothing at all.

Rev. Mr. Bumgarner then told of a very fine woman who, when someone attempted to tell her something unkind about another, would say: "just wait until we can find that person, and then tell him." That is a fine spirit, and if such a course were followed, the habit of using slander or gossip would be greatly reduced among people in all walks of life.

(7) The use of vulgar words. We have no right to poisson other people's minds by using vulgar language. This is especially true when we are talking in the presence of children.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Bumgarner told the boys that words never die, therefore, we should never utter those of which we would be ashamed. We are never justified in the use of language of an evil nature. If this sign "Watch Your Speech," were more closely observed by all people, there would be considerably less trouble in the world.

———:———

Fine eloquence consists in saying all that should be said, not all that could be said.—Exchange.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

One sure way to get the last word in an argument is to say, "All right!"

—:—

No matter what happens, there is always someone who knew it would.

—:—

Imagination has been defined as something that sits up with a woman when he husband comes home late.

—:—

We poor people can trust each other. We know that our friends are not scheming to get part of our poverty.

—:—

Money may not bring happiness, but most people like to have enough of it around so they can choose their own misery.

—:—

The man who is too busy to worry in the daytime and too tired to lie awake at night need not worry about being able to grow old gracefully.

—:—

Hotel Guest: "I can't stand this food. Call the manager."

Waitress: "It's no use. He won't eat it either."

—:—

Some people dust off their religion only on Sundays, while others use it at any time they think they can make a dollar out of it.

—:—

"They say a sharp nose indicates curiosity."

"Yes, then a flattened one must indicate too much curiosity."

—:—

The trouble with most fellows who boast of being self-made men is that they went on a strike before they completed the job.

—:—

Conductor: "This train is going to Chicago; your ticket is for New York." Passenger: "Does the engineer know he is on the wrong track?"

—:—

Here's to the chigger with a head no bigger than the point of a small pin, but the welt he raises itches like blazes — and that's where the rub comes in.

—:—

Bill: Why does the whistle always blow for a fire?

Joe: It doesn't blow for a fire. It blows for water. They already have the fire.

—:—

Uncle Sol threw aside the letter he was reading and uttered an exclamation of impatience. "Doggone it!" he cried, "Why can't people be more explicit?"

"What's the matter, Pa?" asked Sue.

"This letter from home," Uncle Sol answered: "It says father fell out of the apple tree and broke a limb!"

—:—

We read somewhere recently where a scientist claimed that metal had many of the characteristics of a human being. It is most difficult to believe such a statement. Whoever heard of a slot-machine having a heart?

—:—

A newspaper reporter wrote that George Grant, a nearby farmer, had lost two thousand twenty-five pigs when the river flooded his barnyard. The editor thought that was a lot of pigs for one man to lose, so he got Mr. Grant on the phone, and asked, "Is it true that you lost two thousand twenty-five pigs?"

"Yeth, ith qwite true," replied Mr. Grant. So the editor changed the copy to read, "two sows and twenty-five pigs."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 8,1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Autry
Hugh Ball
Roger Ivey
Marion Ray

COTTAGE No. 1

Hubert Black
William Britt
Horace Collins
Jack Lambert
Major Loftin
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
William Smith
Harry Thompson
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Julian Commander
Judd Lane
Eddie Medlin
Thomas Mantin
Nathan McCarson
William McVicker
William Phillips
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Christy
Paul Denton
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Elder Lindsay
Glenn Evans
Jesse Hamlin
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
John McKinney
Woodrow Norton
Clifton Rhodes
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

J. C. Alley
Glenn Bumgardner
Herman Galyan
Jimmy Hunt
David Johnson
William Lewis
James Norton
Lacy Overton
James Smith
Clifford Shull
Robert Thompson
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
George Byrd
Earl Hoyle
Aron McCarson
Ralph Medlin
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
John Gregory
Clyde Hill
Lester Ingle
Robert Evans
Melvin Ledford
Jerry Oakes
Robert Peavey
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Thomas Edwards
Edward Guinn
James Knight
W. L. Steele
Claywood Sparrow

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(Cottage Closed)

Microfilmed
SOLINET/ASERL PROJECT

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11
Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
Wade Cook
Donald Fagg
Leslie Gautier
James Phillips
Richard Sandlin
Raymond Cloinger

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Charles Moore
John Moretz
James Shook
James Smith
Thomas Styles
Charles Todd
James Walters
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best
Donald Baker
Alvin Fox
Howard Herman
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
Marshall Lamb
James Peterson
Charles Robertson
Alton Stewart
Thelbert Suggs
Robert Wicker
Herbert Landreth

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Carlyle Brown
Thomas Chavis
Ralph Cranford
Harold Kernodle
Perry Martin
Donald Moose
Roy Orr
Robert Phillips
Jerry Ray

INFIRMARY
Ray Covington
Thomas Davis
William Hunter

———:———

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of December 22, 1946

Dec. 25—William Ussery, Cottage No. 6, 15th birthday.
Dec. 28—J. C. Mikeal, Cottage No. 10, 14th birthday.
Dec. 29—J. C. Littlejohn, Cottage No. 3, 13th birthday.
Dec. 31—Fairley Thomas McGhee, Cottage No. 1, 15th birthday